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*The Family friend [ed.
by R.K. Philp].*

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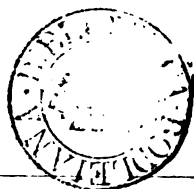
THE
FAMILY FRIEND

AND

Domestic Economist,

FOR MIDSUMMER,

1866.



LONDON:
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PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

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PREFACE.

WE complete the first Half-Yearly Volume of our New and Enlarged Series with considerable satisfaction. We feel that we have in some measure paid a debt which our old *Friend* had long owed to the literary progress of the age. Since the day when the *Family Friend* was pioneer of the periodical literature of its class vast changes have taken place in the world of letters. The abolition of the paper duty and the prodigious strides made by publishers to meet the increasing appetite for instruction and amusement are the circumstances which have brought about a great revolution in the appearance, quality, and price of our serials.

We felt that the *Family Friend*, the welcome guest of every English home, could no longer appear with decency in the old-fashioned attire of a past age; in other words, we felt it our duty to place the Magazine on an equality with similar Magazines of the day. How far we have succeeded in our efforts it remains for our readers to say. If, however, we may judge from the support we have received, there is reason to believe that those efforts have not been unsuccessful.

The last volume of the *Family Friend* contained but six ordinary Illustrations; the present volume contains *fifty*, many of which are by eminent artists.

“Needlework,” an old feature of the Magazine, had of late years been neglected. We have endeavoured to remedy this omission to

the best of our ability, and in the following pages will be found at least a dozen patterns for the lady's work-table.

There are many other items of improvement which are sufficiently evident to render allusion to them unnecessary.

We heartily thank our kind friends for their allegiance; and, in requesting their continued and earnest support, we venture to assure them that the omissions and imperfections of the past will be still further remedied in future volumes.

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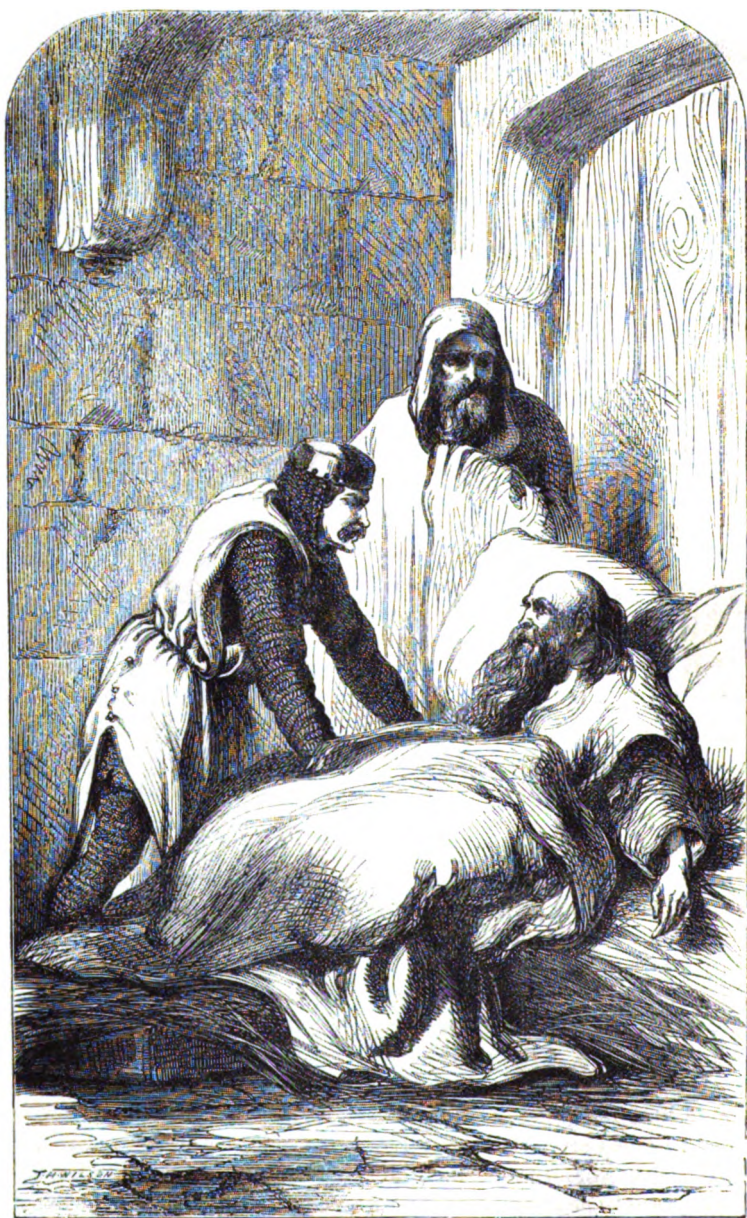
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With a desperate effort the invalid tried to raise himself and speak, but his mouth twitched convulsively, and he fell back speechless.

THE
FAMILY FRIEND.

JANUARY, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR DE LION.

CHAPTER I.

DANEDRED TOWER—GLAD TIDINGS AND ILL FOREBODINGS—A SOLEMN
WARNING AT HOUNSDITCH.



HE mistress of Danedred Tower was a proud woman. She was proud of the square mansion of massive stone wherein she reigned supreme—she was proud of the black forest and broad lands which she called her own—she was proud of the memory of her lord who fell pierced to the heart by a random arrow at the defence of Verneuil—and she was proud, above all else, of her brave and handsome son. When this son was a little, dark, curly-haired boy, she loved him with the deep, warm, passionate love of a mother; and now that he had become a sturdy, strong-armed young man, she adored him with the sterner passion of a mother's pride. Hugh de Danedred was her only child. When but eighteen years of age, being skilled in the arts of the tournament and the sports of the forest, he listened eagerly to the monks who pleaded everywhere for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, and his bold spirit soon caught the feverish enthusiasm of the times. It was a day to be remembered at Danedred Tower, when stalwart young Hugh, flushed with ambition and followed by forty stout-hearted retainers, went forth from his mother's mansion to meet King Richard at Messina. The priest of the house stood at the gate and blessed him. The Lady of Danedred stood there pale and erect, and solemnly kissed his forehead. A young girl, Mary de Lawnford, stood there, too, and watched him with her large dark eyes until he grasped her little white hand in his and pressed it to his lips—then she bowed her head down, the warm blood rushed to her face, and a bright tear fell glittering on his gauntlet. Without

the gate, a group of cottagers—mostly women, aged men, and young children—watched the warlike company. The old men and the women looked on in silence, but the children were boisterous in their delight at the gay apparel and bright armour of the troop, as over the wooden drawbridge and up the dusty road they hurried along till hidden from sight by the thick trees beyond. Then the outer gates were closed, and the gloomy battlements of the Tower looked gloomier, the black line of the forest looked blacker, and the halls and chambers within seemed to mock the footfall with hollow echoes for many a weary month after their departure. Mary de Lawnford was an orphan, and the house of her father was held in wardship by the King. Yet gloom and loneliness were not her natural lot—she had no need to be lonely. Beauty, wealth, friends, and influence were hers. The lion-hearted monarch had known her father in boyhood, and Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was her cousin. It was not so with the Lady of Danedred: few sought her company but the sheriff who went for the King's rents, tallages, and aids. Beyond the strip of forest on the hills, the barren moors, the half-cultivated fields, and the twenty huts which filled the landscape as you gazed from the Tower, she had no care for anything in the world except her son. When pilgrims journeying to the tomb of Saint Thomas A'Becket craved food and shelter, she received them herself in the outer gate, but these acts of hospitality were performed with a freezing stately grace. She studied what she deemed her duty, and did it rigidly; yet it gave her no visible pleasure. In years gone by it had been different. There was fire in her eyes of yore, and her firm lips were often moved into genial smiles; but the fire had become dull, only flickering fitfully ever and anon, and firm hard lines had settled on her face. When her son was enlivening her home, making the old walls ring with his blyth voice and manly tread, she was happy in her heart, but her happiness never found its way out—it was there nevertheless, hidden in her soul like some precious jewel, clouded at times by anxieties for his welfare, and kindled at others by ambitious hopes. The struggle of parting with him had been terrible, but her troubles, like her joys, were hoarded up and concealed within herself. She kept her vigils and fasted—she gave alms to the poor, and believed in the blessings of Heaven on the brave Crusaders. These things gave her strength, while pride whispered stories of glory and fame awaiting her son, and gave her secret pleasure. Mary de Lawnford respected and almost loved this stern and stately matron. Perhaps she saw below the stony surface, or perhaps there was a joy in being near to one who spoke so proudly of Hugh. Danedred Tower had been her home since Hugh's departure for Messina. Her cousin, Hubert Walter, knew enough of the Danedreds to trust her under the shelter of the old castle and under the protection of its mistress, who, knowing perhaps the secret of her bosom, and foresee-

ing the wealth and powers that would accompany the bestowal of her heart and hand, extended a hearty welcome. It was with the shadowy conception of a possible event favourable to her son that the Lady of Danedred invited Mary de Lawnford to the Tower four months previously to Hugh's departure. Mary and Hugh had met before at the Nottingham tournament. From that day Sir Hugh talked often and loudly of Mary's beauty, and Mary secretly pondered over the vivid impression which the handsome face and noble bearing of the young baron had produced. When she received the invitation to visit Danedred Tower she forgot the gay company she would have to leave behind, and impelled by a confusion of ideas which she feared to disentangle, but which all concentrated on the graceful agility, the cheery voice, and the manly countenance of Sir Hugh, she obtained her guardian's consent, and went, with a small retinue of women and serving-men, to abide awhile with the Lady of Danedred. Sir Hugh, with a troop of horsemen, met her on the road. The portcullis was raised, and the drawbridge down, ready to receive the fair guest; and Sir Hugh's mother advanced across the oaken hall to greet her with a heartiness that might have seemed more theatrical than real to a close observer, but appeared quite kind and genial to Mary.

The preparations were then being made for Sir Hugh to follow King Richard, but time tripped merrily along. The Lady of Danedred made greater efforts at hospitality than had been her custom for many years, and Mary had many reasons for being happy. When Sir Hugh, with his troop of followers, departed for the Crusades, she possessed but one desire—to await patiently his return, under the protection of his mother, and surrounded by all the associations of the blissful dream that had taken possession of her young life. The days which glided by so pleasantly before, now slowly followed each other with lingering monotony.

Embroidery was a private amusement among the Norman ladies at that period, and the Lady of Danedred was skilful with her needle. Mary, too, well understood the art, and much of their time was occupied in working elaborate tapestries.

One clear and frosty afternoon, soon after Christmas of the year 1192, when the sun was sinking down behind the dark trees that crowned the hills, and pouring a flood of light on the western battlements of the Tower, Mary and the Lady of Danedred were seated in an upper chamber, as busy as ever with their needlework, and conversing on their one favourite topic—Sir Hugh.

"I sometimes think he never will return," said Mary, who was seated on a cushion at the feet of Hugh's mother, and was gazing dreamily at the rich tapestry on the wall.

"It seems a dreary time, child, but Hugh is strong and brave, and fights under the banner of the Cross; all the legions of Heaven are on his side."

"Yet many a baron as brave as he hath fallen in the cause, mother."

"Truly," replied the Lady of Danedred; "and many a baron less noble-hearted hath returned safely home, crowned with lasting honour," she continued, after a brief pause.

"And think you it is true that the great King Richard has retreated from the Holy Land, and left Jerusalem still at the mercy of the Saracen?" asked Mary.

"The good Father Elfear tells me that he left Acre one day in last October, and that his fleet was overtaken by a tempest more violent than that which scattered the ships on their way from Messina. Since then little has been heard, but vague rumours, which wise people will not believe." The Lady of Danedred said this in very slow and measured tones.

Mary turned pale, and rose hastily from her seat. "Another tempest!" she cried; "another of those dreadful southern storms which flung poor Hugh and his companions on the isle of Cyprus!"

"Hush, child! Be still. Hugh is under the protection of Heaven. The same Almighty hand that rescued my son from the cruel Isaac of Cyprus—that preserved him from the arrows and stones at Acre—that guarded him in the fierce onslaught of Azotus, and saved him from the grip of the Saracen at Jaffa, when the Lion Heart, with his heavy battleaxe, shattered the ranks of the Infidels—will, if it so pleaseth Him, preserve him from the anger of the sea, and bring him safely to his mother and to you." The Lady of Danedred's voice trembled a little as she said this, but her face was supremely calm.

Mary stood silent and agitated. She had waited many a dreary month, and had bravely borne the frequent shock of startling news which travelled from the army of the Crusaders and reached Danedred Tower at distant intervals; but this seemed worse than all. She had hoped that Hugh would fight his way through the storm of battle, but she knew how helpless were strength and valour against the whirling winds and wrathful seas, and she shuddered at the thought of his being swallowed up by the cold, black waters.

The golden hue of the setting sun had turned to crimson, and the glowing light poured through the long narrow window, shedding a mellow radiance over a portion of the tapestry on the wall. The piece of tapestry thus illumined, was the work of her own hands, and represented Hugh de Danedred at the siege of Acre. The gentlemen engaged in mortal combat were of a very angular form, and appeared to be endowed with a supernatural power of doing deeds of valour with their feet in the air, and with an utter disregard of the toes and noses of their comrades. One gentleman in particular, on whose costume and figure a much larger share of workmanship and skill had been expended, was behaving in a most reckless manner with his

battleaxe. The piece of tapestry was the work of Mary's hands and imagination—the reckless gentleman represented Hugh.

Mary turned towards this sunlit picture and gazed sadly at the mimic battle. Then she went to the window and looked out at the fantastic seas and islands of fire in the cloud scenery of the setting sun. Her heart was heavy, and the landscape before her was a mocking allegory of her own troubled spirit. In the wintry gloom of the desolate moors and leafless woods were depicted the cheerless shadows that hung over her young life, and in the fleeting glory of the sunset she might have seen the transicnt and deceptive nature of her brightest hopes. She had not long stood by the window when her attention was attracted by a horseman who suddenly emerged from a path in the woods, and advanced at a rapid pace over the rough road towards the house. A short mantle of scarlet hue covered the horseman's body and fluttered behind him as horse and rider plunged over the uneven and slippery road. On his head he wore a steel cap tapering to a point, on which was fixed a large sprig of evergreen, which, as he approached, proved to be a branch of holly well sprinkled with red berries. There was something so grotesque in his action and appearance that Mary had good reason to be astonished, but when he arrived in front of the house, and lifting his helmet, waved it violently over his head, she recognised features which caused her to start with wild excitement.

"See, dear lady, see! Walrick!" she cried, clutching the oaken casement and bending eagerly forward. "Walrick—good Walrick has come back!"

The Lady of Danedred rose hastily and turned to the window with a quicker and less stately step than usual.

"Walrick, child! surely you mistake.—No, 'tis he indeed—the blessed saints grant that he may bring good news!"

While the Lady Danedred uttered these words the eccentric horseman halted before the outer gate, and quickly observing the ladies at the window he set to paying his obeisance by a series of antics in which the most profound gravity was mingled with ridiculous extravagance of action. Walrick had been already recognised by some of the male members of the household, and several domestics hastened towards the outer gate to welcome him. The drawbridge was speedily lowered, the heavy portcullis went slowly up with a harsh, grating sound, and the men pressed eagerly forward to greet their old companion. Their voices resounded through the frosty air—"Hail, Walrick!" "Welcome!" "We thought thee dead!" "Where is thy master?" "Thou lookest well," and many other exclamations and questions were simultaneously bawled out by the excited group of serving men.

Walrick waved his right hand with an air of majestic patronage in

answer to their boisterous greetings, and trotted over the bridge with a mock solemnity which raised a hearty laugh.

In the meanwhile the Lady of Danedred regained what little of her customary composure and dignity the event had disturbed, and quietly returned to her seat.

Mary, on the contrary, was about to open the chamber-door with the intention of meeting Walrick and ascertaining at once the fate of his young master Hugh. She felt that the moment was at hand when the struggle between hope and fear would be decided for ever. She courted and yet half dreaded the decision; her face was flushed, and there was a strange light in her large dark eyes. As her hand was on the door, however, she met the placid and dignified gaze of the Lady of Danedred, and half ashamed of her anxiety she turned away blushing towards the window, and made an effort to overcome her nervous trembling.

A few seconds only had elapsed when a servant entered the room with an air of great importance and secret pleasure.

"My lady, I have good news," said the honest man with a respectful bow and a broad grin.

"Then tell it," was the cold reply of his mistress.

"My lady, one hath come whom it will please thee to see," said the man persevering with his grin.

"How know you what pleaseth me?"

My lady, it is *Walrick*, the fool; he desires to speak with thee forthwith," said the man grinning more than ever, and laying great emphasis on the name.

"Enough; let him approach and speak," replied the Lady of Danedred with a frown.

The corners of the man's mouth went suddenly down. He had entered with pride and pleasure, but he went out humbled and vexed.

Walrick, the fool, waited not for any invitation; he was approaching the chamber as the discomfited serving man sneaked out.

"Good morrow to you, my lady, and a morrow to you, my Lady of Lawnford, as beautiful as yourself."

"You are welcome, Walrick. I am glad to see you back," said the Lady of Danedred.

"I may be welcome, yet I did not come so well, for the road was rough, the journey long, and the saddle most unmercifully hard," said Walrick with a grimace.

"What intelligence bring you?" enquired the Lady of Danedred.

"A fool, my lady, hath no intelligence," answered Walrick.

"Where is your master?" asked Mary struggling to suppress her emotion and turning pale.

"At the present moment, my pretty lady, I know not. His heart

is probably in thy sweet keeping, and his dutiful love hath been there many years in the safe custody of the Lady of Danedred. For the rest of him I cannot answer—

For what know we beyond our eyes
And ears of others' deeds and cares;
The monks may feast on pigeon pier,
While people think them at their pray'rs."

"When and where did you see him last?" interrupted Hugh's mother.

"When, my lady? When yonder sun now hiding his red face behind those hills was peeping through the early mists of the Thames. Where? By the postern gate at London Tower, where pious Longchamp of Ely hath been digging ditches for the discomfort of the king's enemies."

"This morning!" exclaimed Mary, "then he is safe in England."

"In England most surely, my lady of Lawnford; that he is safe I dare not say. If the eyes and ears of a fool are as the eyes and ears of other men, I should think there is no more safety in England than beneath the walls of Acre or on the shores of Jaffa."

"Truly, the times are fraught with trouble," said the Lady of Danedred with a faint sigh; "but how fares Sir Hugh?"

"When I left him, my lady, most heartily, thanks to a good appetite and an easy digestion."

"He is well then. Oh, what dangers and trials hath he passed through!" exclaimed Mary.

"Not dangers," returned Walrick; "your gallant soldier never knows danger; but as for trials, my lord Hugh and his followers, not forgetting this humble fool his servant, hath verily been much beaten about—

"They fell on him as thick as fleas,
As out of their hive do buz the bees,
But with his axe he downward sweep
On Saracen as bear doth sheep."*

Walrick threw himself in a heroic attitude while he sang, or rather chanted, these words. His appearance was so grotesque that Mary, in spite of all her bewildering thoughts, laughed heartily, and even the Lady of Danedred smiled. His short scarlet cloak had been thrown off and his costume was no less absurd than his manners. His legs were cased with gaiters, one of which was a bright red and the other yellow, and the upper part of his body was covered by a jacket that had been made from some of the rich Oriental materials of the East. These garments were, however, much dilapidated by exposure to the weather, and had been patched with more regard to a ludicrous than a neat appearance. The old-fashioned tall steel helmet being removed

* Early English Romances—Richard Cœur de Lion. It has been supposed that this was composed by one of the French bards who accompanied the Crusaders. The author has taken some liberties with the extract above to make it generally understood.

from his head displayed a cap of leather like a coronet, out of which sprang a long bag with one or two bells, the whole much crushed by the weight of the helmet and long service.

"Is your master on his way hither, Walrick?" interposed the Lady of Danedred.

"My lord Hugh always hath his own way, and if this be *his* way, then you may be sure he is not far off. He was about to have a goodly breakfast with the Constable of the Tower ere he started on the journey, for I did sniff most savoury odours through the crack of the kitchen-door;—

"Bread and wine,
Piment clarry, good and fine,
Of cranes and swans and venison,
Partridge, plovers, and herons;
Of larks and small volatile.*"

"Peace, Walrick! I am in no humour for your songs," said the Lady of Danedred, somewhat sternly. "Tell me, did Sir Hugh send any message?"

"What he sent is so foolish that my lady might be displeased ——"

"Your master's message foolish! How dare you speak thus ——"

"Forgive me, my lady!" returned Walrick, with mock contrition.

"He sent naught but me, and I'm a fool."

"Now, answer me—yes or no?" said his mistress, bestowing on him one of her haughtiest frowns. "Did Sir Hugh send any packet in your custody?" "No," replied Walrick.

"Did he say when we might expect him here?" "No."

"Have you anything more to say than what you have said?" "No."

"Oh, that will suffice, dear lady," interrupted Mary. "Walrick," she continued, addressing the fool, "you are a provoking fellow; you've brought nothing but noes."

"And lucky to have brought that!" quickly answered Walrick, "for, by St. Dunstan! the frosty wind hath nipped my nose most cruelly on the way."

"Humph! Go and warm yourself with some supper, and find some more suitable garments against Sir Hugh's arrival," said his mistress.

"We must have a merry gathering, and bid our people rejoice at their young lord's return."

Walrick, with a profound bow, made his exit, singing—

• "Then came squires and servance,
And took their swords and their lance;
The lady them kept with honour,
And unlaced their armour.
That night they had good rest,
And meat and drink of the best,"†

"Oh, madam!" said Mary, as the fool went out, "how thankful

* Flying birds.

† Guy of Warwick.

we ought to be to Heaven for bringing your son back from scenes of death and violence, where so many have been smitten down !”

“Thankful indeed ! Heaven has blessed him with strength and valour—the surest safeguards of a true soldier,” replied Hugh’s mother proudly.

“He cannot be many miles behind Walrick,” said Mary, looking towards the path in the woods which were fading away in the mists and shadows of the eventide.

“He would not go at such a reckless pace as Walrick ; he would have too much respect for his companions ; and if he stopped to accept the hospitality of the Constable of London Tower, it is possible he would not start till at least two hours after Walrick’s departure. The Lady of Danedred rose as she spoke. “I will see that all things are fit for his proper reception, and will send your tirewoman that she may prepare your toilet.”

The time passed quickly away in the hurry and confusion of preparing for Sir Hugh’s return to Danedred Tower. There was no need, however, for any such hurry. The curfew-bell had rung, and yet no signs of the young Crusader. Mary sat at the window, watching and listening—watching for some gleam of moonlight on the armour of the expected troop, and listening for the sounds of their horses’ hoofs on the frosty road. But she listened and watched in vain. Hours drifted by, and Hugh came not. The Lady of Danedred, in spite of all her calmness, all her haughty bearing, paced the room impatiently. The chilly night crept on. The domestics, rubbing their eyes and yawning, kept watch below, and added wood to the fires which were for once allowed, in disobedience to the curfew. Walrick, wearied with his long ride, and overcome by a hearty supper and an extra allowance of wine, was snoring like a faithful dog on a sheep-skin rug before the fire, in the hall. Mary never once left the window, but silently waited, peering into the misty depths of the moonlit scenery. And so the night wore on, and the cold, bleak morning broke, finding the little household of Danedred Tower very weary, very pale, and very anxious.

The sun crept up above the hills and scattered the white mists that hung over the moors, and again the sun sank down behind the hills, and the moors resumed their white night-robes of mist, and the purple curtains of night closed the scene. Still no tidings of Sir Hugh and his companions. Ill forebodings filled the house.

“Walrick,” said the Lady of Danedred on the second day, you are a good horseman, take the road to London, and let us know what detains Sir Hugh.”

On the morning when Walrick left London for Danedred Tower, and about two hours after his departure, a priest and a tall young man were walking across a field towards Houndsditch.

"There are trials for men beside those of battle," said the priest; "the trial to bear with courage and content the pangs of hunger and of cold is one of them."

"True, father," replied the young man; "many whose crests wave proudly in the thick of the fight would fail of heart under such afflictions."

"Yonder you shall see a warrior," continued the priest, "whom I reckon braver and nobler of heart than the noblest of your noble craft, for he has conquered himself, fought through the evil associations of a wicked life, and won immortal glory," and as he spoke he pointed to a row of miserable cottages built of mud, wood, and straw.

"Strange habitation," said the young man, "for such an one as you describe. What place is this?"

"They call it Houndeditch," replied the priest, "and these cottages have been built by the Priory of Holy Trinity, to whom the field belongs. They are inhabited by bedridden people."

"All of them?" inquired the young man.

"Aye, all of them," answered the priest.

"It seems very terrible!"

"And yet you never thought it half so terrible to ride through fields wet with human blood and strewn with the groaning victims of the sword," said the priest.

"Ah, in the hurry and excitement of battle, and inspired by a good cause, the eye and heart grow accustomed to such scenes," replied the young man.

They had arrived by this time at the door of one of the cottages, and the priest knocked with his fist. A faint voice bade them enter.

The young man had to stoop lowly as he followed the priest through the small entrance. On a rough wooden bench covered with clean straw lay an aged man enveloped in a coarse woollen blanket. His shrivelled face was of a pallid yellow hue, and his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets as he looked first at the priest and then at the stranger.

"I have kept my promise, Ralf," said the priest.

The old man was breathing with difficulty, and it was some time before he could answer. He stretched out his withered hand, and clutching the priest's cloak drew him to the bedside. For a moment there was a pause, and then the old man whispered a few words and pointed feebly at his companion.

"Draw near, my son," said the priest, and the young man advanced to the bedside. "Now Ralf, say what you wish, and thank Heaven that this last desire has been gratified."

"I do thank Heaven!" said the aged man faintly but fervently. "Closer yet," he whispered, as the priest's companion bent over him. "Art thou?"—And he muttered something audible to none but the young man.

"I am," was the only response.

"Then beware of——" the old man's breath failed him, and he struggled for several minutes before he was able to pronounce the name—"Fitz-Osbert."

"Who is he? I know him not."

With a desperate effort the invalid tried to raise himself and speak, but his mouth twitched convulsively, and he fell back speechless.

(*To be continued.*)

SAUL OF TARSUS;

A TRUE STORY,

BY THE REV. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Author of "The Life of Christ," "The Missing Doctrine," &c., &c.

The golden vale where Phœbus rolls,
Where proud Damascus' towers rise,
Is basking in the noontide ray
That falls from cloudless Eastern skies.

Look on that eager, angry man
O'er yonder height who leads his train,
And with bent brow and flashing eye,
Shows the fair city in the plain.

What changed the lion to the lamb—
The slayer to the suffering saint?
With perfume from Damascus borne
The noontide breeze came hot and faint.

A dazzling light outshone the sun;
The frightened train stood speechless all;
A voice from heav'n thrilled on his ear—
"Why dost thou persecute me, Saul?"

Verses for Holy Seasons.

IN an obscure despised province of the conquered colonies of the Roman empire called Judæa, some 1840 years ago,* a little company of twelve unlettered men of low degree had, for three years, followed up and down their land a new teacher, who professed to come from God.

For a while that teacher approved himself a prophet, mighty in deed and in word. He wrought great works. He spake as never man spake. Moreover, He declared Himself to be the son of God with power; able to work miracles; able to raise the dead; and, infinitely more and greater than this, able to forgive sins also.

* It will be remembered that we date our era from the birth of our blessed Lord. His public ministry began when he was thirty years old. As the true time was four years earlier than the vulgar era, our story begins A.D. 26, that is to say exactly 1840 years ago.

But by degrees His enemies had gathered round Him and hemmed Him in. One of that little company of twelve, one of those very men whom He Himself had chosen to be with him, betrayed Him to the death. Judas sold his master for thirty pieces of silver. Another of that company of twelve, who but a little while before had borne his willing witness: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"—when that Christ, the anointed One, was betrayed and put upon his trial, denied that he so much as knew the man. All his disciples forsook Him and fled.

Taken to judgment, He was accused of blasphemy, for that He, being a man, had made Himself, that is, had called Himself, the Son of God, making Himself equal with God. Being asked by the high priest, seated on the tribunal of the judge, "Art Thou the Christ the Son of the Blessed?" He answered, I AM. He was adjudged worthy of death for thus claiming equality with God. Accordingly, He was crucified (the Roman mode of capital punishment), dead, and buried.

Even the little band of His personal followers, the eleven who remained after Judas had hanged himself, were now overwhelmed at their master's seeming overthrow. Their hearts died within them. They were terrified, and scattered each to his own home.

But on the third day after Christ's death and burial, being the first day of the week, certain women of their company made them astonished, which were early at the sepulchre, and when they found not the body of the Lord Jesus they came to the Apostles, saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that He, their crucified, dead, and buried master, was alive again, having risen from the dead, as He had said. Then certain of those Apostles went to the sepulchre, and found it was even so, as the women had told them.

And now the eleven gather together in an upper chamber, and with the door fastened, for fear of the Jews their bitter enemies, they talk of choosing one in the traitor's room, to complete their broken number. That number so completed by the choice of Matthias, is, on the succeeding day of Pentecost, filled with the Holy Ghost, by the descent of the Spirit visibly, in cloven tongues like as of fire, which sat upon each of them, and imparted to them the gift of tongues, enabling them to fulfil the divine commission given them by their risen Lord at his ascension up to Heaven. The charge to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, making disciples of every kindred, tongue, and nation, and baptising them when made into the one great name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Hereupon their courage, which had ebbed away when they beheld Christ's death, is re-assured again by His resurrection and ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost: They look forth from their own

little trembling company, into the wide, wide world around them. They feel as though that world were waiting for the tidings which they had to communicate. They feel that they have a message from God to proclaim with power. They feel as though the world itself, with all its might, must yet bow down before the name of their risen and ascended Master, and own at last the power of His resurrection.

Nor is this hope of the Apostles disappointed, nor does this their expectation prove groundless or vain. From that completed company of the twelve, a voice went forth into all lands; a voice to which the world listened; a divine voice before which the world fell; fell down and worshipped, so that ere long, there was neither speech nor language but what the voices of those Apostles were heard among them, proclaiming glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men.

No visible strength was with them in their mission. No pomp of human array or human glory heralded their progress or forwarded their errand. On the contrary, that happened which their divine founder had foretold them. They were scourged, they were beaten, stoned, imprisoned, some of them slain, and others left for dead. The weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but they were mighty. The world and the devil banded against them in all the fierceness of hatred, in all the might of power and dominion. The force of the disciplined legions of the Roman empire of the world, the more vulgar violence of the common rabble; Grecian philosophers, Roman rulers, and lewd fellows of the baser sort, in every nation, all equally assailed them, and all with equal unsuccess.

Their weapons, the Apostles' weapons, were endurance, submission, love, faith, martyrdom. And with these they triumphed. Two and two they went forth to fulfil their Master's charge to them. They entered into every city and village and place of concourse, and there abode, with a presence at first unperceived. The world at first derided and despised them, and tried to trample them down under its feet. But by degrees the world admitted, slowly and most reluctantly admitted, their marvellous and mighty power. Those missionaries of the Crucified, stood beside the proud and lofty of the earth, as chiders and reprovers. They seemed like another conscience, so still, and yet so piercing, was their rebuke. But yet, if need were, they cried aloud and spared not. Their outspoken fearless boldness is on record. They stood beside the evil altar, and in the name of their divine Master they reproved even kings for His sake, whensoever they had to do with kings who wrought iniquity. The little company of their converts was ever adding to its numbers, and growing in its power. They spake words which had in them such deep meaning and such secret sweetness, that the hearts of those who listened melted within them at the sound.

They told all sorts and conditions of men, great and small, rich and poor, wise and simple, truths concerning themselves, their spiritual state, their heavenly hope, their present thralldom to evil agency, their means of deliverance therefrom; truths for which the spirits of all thoughtful men had until then been longing, yearning, and pining. They preached unto all men Jesus and the resurrection; His life, His death, His rising again, until men's stubborn spirits yielded. They bowed their hearts before the Cross of Christ. They were washed in the cleansing waters of baptism to the mystical washing away of sin; and they were made new creatures, born from above to righteousness and true holiness.

Thus it was that the Apostles of the Crucified stood between the dead and the living, and the plague of men's hearts was stayed. The Lord added daily to His Church all such as sought the healing of their souls. They ranged themselves under the Church's banner; they carried on the Church's spiritual triumphs; until the whole civilized world was trembling at the great change which it saw passing on itself. One leader had yielded and another, and the uneasy question still recurred, "who will yield next?" Restless with suspicion, fierce with the apprehension of defeat, the wondering world oftentimes resisted, and watered the ground with the blood of its victims.

But the blood of these Christian martyrs proved the seed of Christ's Church, helped on the coming of the Redeemer's kingdom, hastened the triumph of the Cross. The cause of Christ's religion has advanced in one unfaltering tide until this very hour. And now, all that is greatest in nobleness, all that is mightiest in intellect, all that is highest in power—the sovereign in his palace, the philosopher in his closet, the peasant at the plough—the wise, the mighty and the brave, the simple, the lowly and the meek—all, all, bow down in adoration, before the witness of the resurrection of Jehovah Jesus.

But if one link in the chain of irrefragable evidence to the divine origin of Christianity arises from the fact that it prevailed and convinced and converted an unholy and unbelieving world, and that too by the preaching of a few illiterate fishermen and Galilean peasants, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but by the power of God; it yet seemed desirable (even in the infancy of the Christian Church), that some one man should enlist in the cause of the propagation of Christ's gospel, who might be able to combat both the Jewish doctors and the pagan philosophers with weapons like their own; might by the very strength and subtlety of his intellect, afford a living instance and a standing proof, that the evidence in support of Christianity was sufficient to convince and to convert a man of remarkable mental powers and admitted acuteness of judgment. To change such an one from a zealous Jew to an earnest Christian. For this cause Jesus Himself interposed, and by a supernatural voice from Heaven called

a thirteenth Apostle to His service, an Apostle whose natural attainments, both in Jewish and in Grecian learning, were calculated to arrest attention and to command respect.

There is a district of Asia Minor in the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, opposite the isle of Cyprus, called Cilicia. It was conquered and reduced to the form of a Roman province by Pompey the Great. Pompey's friend Cicero, the orator, was appointed to preside over it as pro-consul, and the right of Roman citizenship was conferred upon its inhabitants. The seat of government was at Tarsus, a city celebrated for the learned men it produced. Indeed, it was the glorious rival of Alexandria and Athens in the pursuits of literature and the arts of peace. These signal advantages attracted many of the Romans themselves to take up their abode there, for the education of their children and the pleasantness of the place.

In this city, when at the zenith of its fame, was born the man who was to become, in God's good time, the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Saul's own account of himself is—"I am verily a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, of Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city, yet brought up in this city of Jerusalem, at the feet of Gamaliel. Taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, zealous towards God, and persecuting this way of Christ unto the death." Saul was of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. His subsequent name of Paul is commonly accounted for by supposing him to have taken it when baptized into the Christian faith. But this supposition is scarcely reconcilable with the fact of the name Saul being applied to him long after he had embraced Christianity. It seems more probable that, being born to the privilege of Roman citizenship, he had a Roman name Paulus, as well as the Hebrew name of Saul, and that he assumed and retained this Roman name from the time that he converted Sergius Paulus in the island of Cyprus. In Greek and Roman learning Saul of Tarsus had made no mean proficiency, as we see from various passages of his epistles, and from the sermon which he preached to the astute and fastidious Athenians on Mars' hill, taking his text from the anonymous altar which he noticed as he passed by, and from which he taught them the knowledge of that unknown God, whom until then they had but ignorantly worshipped.

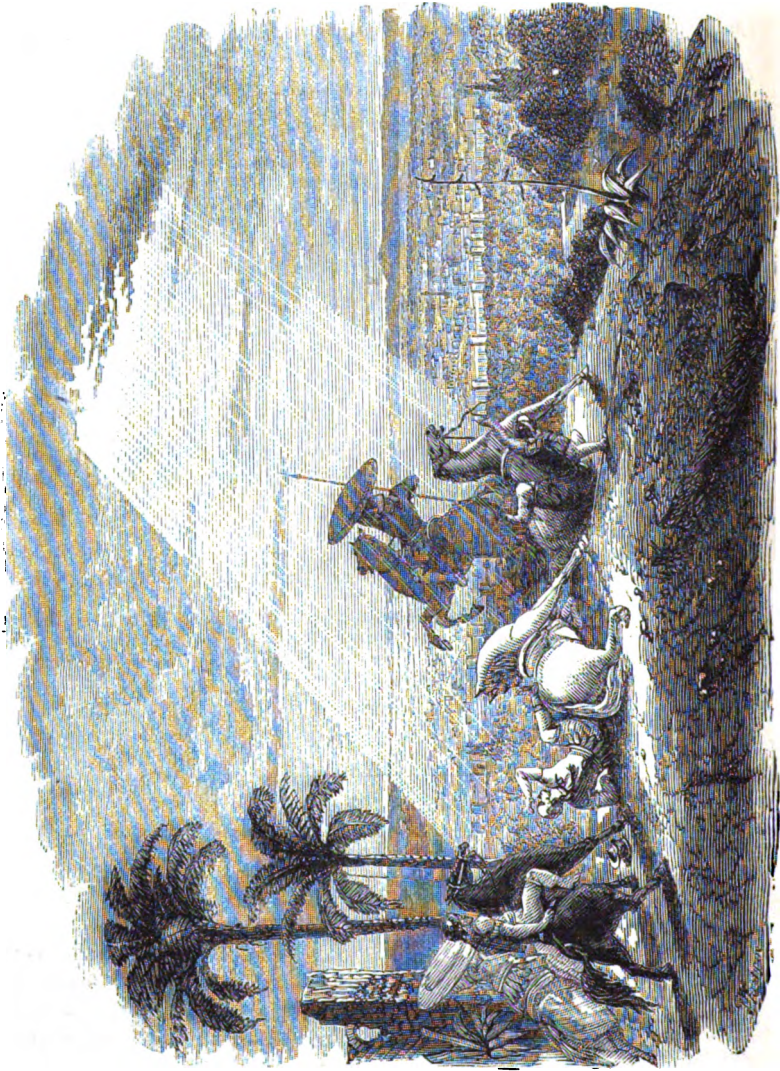
When the earlier and more miscellaneous part of his education had been completed at Tarsus, Saul was sent to Jerusalem for the purpose of receiving full instruction in the Jews' religion. This was imparted under the direction of Gamaliel, the most celebrated Jewish doctor or teacher of that age. Amongst the various sects then existing at Jerusalem he attached himself to that of the Pharisees, to which his father also belonged. In the sacred narrative Saul is first made mention of as a leader in the persecution raised against the Christians. When the blood of the first Christian martyr, Stephen, was shed, Saul kept

the clothes of those who stoned Stephen. Saul is then styled "*a young man.*"

Distinguished for his ability, as well as for his youthful zeal for the religion and for all the religious institutions of the Pharisees, Saul appeared to the chief priests and rulers the most proper person to entrust with the execution of their fierce decrees respecting "the new sect which was everywhere spoken against." For this end they grant him a commission to Damascus. Saul's own account of his own conduct is simple and affecting: "Many of the saints (that is, Christians) in Jerusalem did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them. I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme. Being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities."

But it pleased God to have mercy upon Saul, because (and the sacred narrative specially records the cause) he acted ignorantly in unbelief. Saul's violence was the mistaken zeal of an honest but mistaken heart. Concise as is the general character of the sacred narrative, it circumstantially relates the history of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus no fewer than three several times. First in the course of St. Luke's narrative in the 9th chapter of the book of the Acts of the Apostles; twice afterwards in the Apostle Paul's different justifications of himself at Jerusalem before the Jewish multitude, as recorded in the 22nd chapter of the Book of Acts; and again before King Agrippa and Festus at Cæsarea, as set forth in the 26th chapter.

The circumstances of the case were, indeed, so striking as to render the conversion of Saul of Tarsus one of the most remarkable events in the history of our religion that has occurred since the ascension into Heaven of our blessed Lord Himself. It is in itself a separate and independent proof of the truth and the divineness of the Christian religion. Saul had from his birth imbibed all the peculiar prejudices of the Jewish people; he had been confirmed in all those prejudices by careful education at Jerusalem itself; he had lived (and he appeals to all the Jews themselves for their familiar knowledge of the fact) after the most straitest sect of their religion, a Pharisee. But this same Saul, who had been eminently zealous even amongst the most zealous of his Hebrew brethren, for the law of Moses, in opposition (as he ignorantly supposed) to the Gospel of Christ—who had testified this zeal even to fury, by consenting to, and promoting, the murder of Stephen—Saul, who had not only joined with others in every act of violence against the new doctrine, but had even volunteered his services on an especial mission from Jerusalem to Damascus, for the sole purpose of searching out those hated Christians and dragging to punishment fresh victims of his vengeance,—this same Saul, "yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the



"At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me."

disciples of the Lord," was suddenly converted by a miraculous appearance from Heaven while he was on the way to Damascus. Converted and convinced by the appeal of the Lord Jesus Himself, speaking to him from Heaven with living voice, Saul thenceforth became the earnest friend, the most active advocate, the most zealous minister of Christ's religion. Saul's own account, before King Agrippa, of his miraculous call to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ, is thus given in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles:—

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

"Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against *them*.

"And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled *them* to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted *them* even unto strange cities.

"Whereupon as I went to Damascus with authority and commission from the chief priests,

"At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me.

"And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? *It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.*

"And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.

"But rise, and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee;

"Delivering thee from the people, and *from* the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee,

"To open their eyes, *and* to turn *them* from darkness to light, and *from* the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

"Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision;

"But shewed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and *then* to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance."

(*To be continued.*)

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED W. MILLS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. ERTH.

NO. I.



SCHOOLS for those who have left the Day School, and yet wish to go on improving their minds, have been found of late years a great help to landowners, manufacturers, and clergymen; and as many may wish to know what the experience of others has been with regard to such schools, some practical hints on Night Schools may be useful to those who either want to open such a school, or who, having begun one which has failed, yet wish to start again with better success.

The advantages of a Night School ought not I think, to be rated

above their true value. If clergymen or laymen, undertaking them, expect, by means of Night Schools, to impart direct religious knowledge—if they expect to see immediate religious fruit—or if, in fact, they think to make them Sunday Schools held on week-days—they will, in all probability, fail of their object. Exceptional cases may, indeed, occur where the zeal or the personal piety of a man able to communicate that zeal or that piety to his scholars by hearty words and electric teaching, will, doubtless, produce most satisfactory results; but these cases will be rare. Night Schools must be conducted on general principles; the scholars being treated as in nowise superior in mental or moral power to others in the parish, and the teacher as having no higher ability than that which all educated men may be presumed to possess. Night School teachers must not expect too much; those who do so are likely to be disappointed, to lose heart, to impart their own discouragement to the lads, and to see empty tables and empty benches when their less ambitious neighbours have enough—perhaps even more than they can manage. Those, again, who begin with small expectations will, I am sure, find their school thrive, their scholars improve in every way, and themselves encouraged and delighted; so that at the end of the winter they regret the loss of some of their happiest hours.

Of course, the great object for which a clergyman is willing to give up so many hours of very precious time is eventually to raise the religious tone of his people, or rather to give the knowledge of real personal religion to individual members of his flock; but for this he must bide his time, must trust to example more than precept, to incidental rather than direct teaching; he must *draw* his lads to goodness, not drag them. To civilise them—to make them understand with facility when an educated person speaks to them—to teach them order and regularity—to make them obedient to authority, from a sense of duty—to show them that he himself is actuated by a higher motive than his own interest or fancy—must be the standard which a Night School teacher must be at first content to reach. With the mass he cannot expect more; but it is better to bring all up to that level than to try to raise the few to a state of religious or intellectual excitement, at the risk of letting the many fall back into the depths from which he is struggling to raise them. For, indeed, while all are being raised to a level which it is not rash to attempt, the characters and inclinations of each individual may be so watched, that those who seem in earnest and are likely to make special progress may be carefully, and ably helped. Many a seed may be sown, many a word of encouragement or of rebuke or of warning may be spoken to those who seem willing to listen, or at a time when they seem most open to impression; and “a word spoken in due season, how good is it!”

To force religion on a body of young men is lost labour; but to

train them up to it is, I think, by God's blessing, quite possible. For, what a field for personal teaching there is in a night school! To every one in his turn, the teacher has a chance of speaking night after night, almost in private. A word or two while he sets a copy—a copy set from some hymn or psalm—a few words from his own head, as he thinks it may suit the scholar's head or heart—an idea put into his mind in reference to the sum he is doing—or even a few minutes of earnest conversation, apart from the subject he is engaged on—all these will be seized by the careful teacher and turned to good account. And I am sure that all, who have tried it, will agree that by this plan every boy may come under the teacher's notice constantly, and carry away with him something useful to think about before he comes again. Words thus spoken come pleasantly to the scholar; he likes the personal interest in him which they show, he remembers them, as addressed individually to himself; he learns affection for and confidence in his teacher, and he looks upon himself not as one in a common herd, but as one who has responsibilities which he must bear alone, a character which he alone can sustain, a future which he alone must mould from the present. But, as I think this of the scholar, I must say also what I think of the teacher. He must not look on the Night School as a drudgery. It must be a labour of love. To make it effective, the teacher should be patient, hearty, and firm. He may have much to put up with, much that a regular schoolmaster could not allow; but there is a point at which he must stand firm: no disobedience, no disregard of order, no impertinence must be allowed. The lads have been at work all day, and they will have their fun, their natural spirits, what is called, too, their chaff, ready to burst out even at school; and the tact of the master should teach him where they must stop, to what point they may be allowed, and beyond what limit they must never go. It is very easy with firmness to keep them within it, and if they see that with his firmness the teacher has pleasure in teaching them—pleasure in entering into their pursuits and their enjoyments—I feel certain that he will never have to complain of their ill behaviour. The master must treat them as "men of like passions" with himself, as those who have feelings, thoughts, even aspirations, such as he has. He must let them see that it is for their good that he is working, and he must not disdain to be a personal friend to each one of them, and they will seldom, if ever, betray his confidence. They will tell him their little pleasures, make him share their daily vexations, and I really believe love him and reverence him as few are loved and revered in this world of ranks and degrees. But with this friendship there must be a marked line drawn between his position and theirs. There must be no familiarity. The teacher's dignity must in no way whatever be compromised. He must still be of a grade decidedly and distinctly above

them. He must show that he knows this, and intends them to know it; and I can say that in my own experience I have never known one lad who tried to overstep that line which the order of God's providence had set between him and me. Firmness and heartiness do not always go together, but the night-school teacher should try to cultivate them both. There is a great point gained if the lads are sure that your heart is in the work, if they see that you really take a thorough interest in them. If you are earnest in teaching, they will be earnest in learning; your firmness may make you obeyed, but your heartiness will make you loved. In school you will have eyes turned on you with the eagerness of welcome, when they want your help; eyes light up, which at other times are dull and heavy; ears ready to catch every word you utter; and hearts ready to receive the good impressions or at times the holy lessons which you find occasion to instil. In your quiet way you may see an effect like that which struck me at Buckingham in 1859. When the Bishop of Oxford held a Confirmation there, the candidates were grouped in a perfect multitude around him. I was standing behind the Bishop, and a more stolid-looking set than met his gaze I never saw. Scarce a spark of mind glanced from any eye among those hundreds; but as the Bishop spoke—so simply that the merest child could follow him, yet so forcibly that the oldest grandsire could gain some new knowledge or experience—as he spoke, there seemed a lighting of lamps, one by one, throughout the church. The eyes were first fixed on him; then they seemed to feel that there was something in his words which concerned them; then they listened despite of themselves; then they were delighted; then they were instructed; and then the truth, the mighty reality of what he was saying, burst upon them, and every eye shone with awakened intellect, surprised impression, and startled love. Yes, the Bishop, who came among them an object of awe, as they shuffled awkwardly into his presence, seemed now a friend—one with whom their minds and their hearts could hold communion—one who, I doubt not, will never be forgotten by them—one in whose crown many of them will be set as jewels hereafter.

The light which shone into those lads' eyes is the same which will come into the Night Scholars' when they realise the hearty feeling between them and their teacher—when they feel that he is trying to do them good, and that he really has a love for them, which makes him come among them for their sakes, as well as for a pleasure which he feels in doing so.

I must not disguise the fact that the teacher must have great patience. If he is regular in his attendance at his school (which he must be to make it successful) he will find the mere labour of so many hours of close and steady work most trying to his patience. School time comes,

when he has had, perhaps, a long day in his parish; sick people, idle people, quarrelsome people have wearied him; his tempting fireside has made him long for rest, but his lads are waiting for him, and he must, however fagged, go for two hours of intense attention; and if he is impatient when he gets to them, he had better be away than there. Lads at that age have very tender mouths, and they want the gentlest hand. If you flag, they flag; if you are careless, they are careless; if you are angry, they despise you; if you try to exercise undue authority, they will rebel; but if you add patience to love, and keep both in hand by firmness, they will answer to your lightest touch, and they will work well, and steadily, because they feel that they are working with you, and in a manner for you.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE LORD PALMERSTON.

BY THE PRESENT DEAN STANLEY.



EACH human soul gifted above the souls of common men leaves, as it passes away from this lower world, a light peculiar to itself. As in a mountainous country each lofty peak is illumined with a different hue by the setting sun, so also each of the higher summits of human society is lighted up by the sunset of life with a different colour. Whether the difference arises from the materials of which it is composed, or from the relative position it has occupied, a new and separate lesson is taught by it of truth or of duty, of wisdom or of hope.

What, then, are the special lessons which we learn from the life and character of the remarkable man who has just been taken away from us, and to whose memory so great a national tribute has just been paid? First, there is this singular peculiarity—that the gifts to which the eminence of the departed statesman was due were gifts far more within the attainment of all of us than is commonly supposed. It has been said of Judas Maccabeus that of all the military chiefs of his time he was the one who accomplished the greatest results with the smallest amount of external resources. Of our late chief it might no less truly be said that of all political leaders he achieved great success by the most homely and ordinary means. It was that which made his life in so many respects an example and an encouragement to all. The persevering devotion of his days and nights to the public service, and the toil and endurance of more than half a century in the various high stations in which he was employed,—these are qualities which might be imitated by every single person.

They, whoever they may be, who are disposed, as so many young men are in the present day, to give themselves up to ease and self-indulgence—avoiding, if they can, everything which costs continued trouble, everything which demands honest, earnest, hard work—must remember that not by such faint-hearted, idle carelessness can either God or man be served to any purpose; or the true end of any human soul be attained, for either this life or the life to come.

Let men, whoever they may be, who are working zealously, honestly, and humbly in their several stations, work on the more zealously and faithfully from this day forward, reflecting that in the honours paid to one who was in this respect but a fellow-labourer with themselves, the nation has, in the sight of God, set its seal on the value of work, on the nobleness of toil, on the grandeur of long days of labour, on the dignity of plodding, persevering diligence.

Again, the departed statesman won his way not so much by eloquence, or genius, or far-sighted greatness, as by the lesser graces of good humour, gaiety, and kindness of heart, tact, and readiness—lesser graces, doubtless, of which some of the highest characters have been destitute, but graces which are not the less gifts of God, and which even in the house of God we do well to reverence and admire. They who may think it of little moment to take offence at the slightest affront—who by their presence throw a chill over whatever society they enter—they who make the lives of others miserable by wounding their keenest sensibilities—they who poison discussion and embitter controversy by pushing particular views on to the extremest consequences, and by widening differences between man and man—they who think it their duty to make the worst of everyone from whom they dissent, and enter a never-ending protest against those who may have done them wrong,—such as these may have higher pretensions, and, it may be, higher claims to honour and respect, yet they will do well to understand the silent rebuke which arises from the new-made grave, and which God designs for their especial benefit. From a statesman who had always a soft word to turn away wrath—who, when attacked, never bore malice towards his enemies, and who was rather the more desirous of seeing in those who opposed him the true merit and value of their essential characters—from him and from the honour paid to him, many an eager partisan, many a hard polemic, many a stern moralist, may learn a lesson.

Yet again, the long life which has just closed was an enduring witness to the greatness of that gift which even the heathen recognised—of hope, cheerful, lasting hope. The vicissitudes of the octogenarian chief seem to say to us, "Never despair." From a youth of comparative obscurity, from a middle age of constant turmoil, passing through a career of many changes, were attained at last that serene and bright old age, and that calm and honoured death, which in a

measure are within the reach of all, if God so permit, and which we should all try to achieve. Let us never think it is too late, or that our day is past; let us never lose heart, but hold on to the end, and we may at last be victorious and successful, even as he was—it may be in a still nobler cause, and with still more lasting results to ourselves at least, if not to nations.

Nor let us say that it was only the natural result of a buoyant and vigorous constitution. To a great degree no doubt it was so, yet it was also due in a large measure to a kind of quiet conviction that the fitting course for man was to do what was good for the moment, without vainly forecasting the future; to do the present duty and to leave the results to God. "I do not understand," he once said, "what is meant by the anxiety of responsibility. I take every pains to do what is for the best, and having done that I leave the consequences altogether alone." That strain was, indeed, of a higher kind. It was the strain of inspired wisdom in ancient days,—“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.”

This leads us to another view of the policy of the late Lord Palmerston in which the humblest may take an interest. If any one were asked what was the thought or belief that from first to last most distinctly guided his policy, he would say his unfailing trust in the greatness of England. He was an Englishman even to excess. It was England, rather than any particular party; it was the honour and interests of England, rather than the constitution or the state or the Church of England that fired his admiration, stimulated his efforts, and secured his fame. For this it was that his name was known throughout the world—in the most secluded village of Calabria, along the shores of the Caspian Sea, or among the wildest solitudes of Thibet. To England the vast length of that laborious life, with whatever shortcomings, was in all simplicity and faithfulness devoted.

Let us, then, earnestly reflect on what should be our own duty in our own place in that mighty commonwealth of which we are members no less than he was, and for which we, no less than he, are bound, in the sight of God, to lay down our lives and spend our latest breath. As citizens of England, think of our marvellous history, slowly evolved out of our peculiar situation; think of the fusion of hostile races and hostile institutions within the same narrow limits; think of the long continuous line of our literature, such as is unknown in any other country; think of our refuge for freedom; think of our temperate Monarchy and Constitution, so fearfully and wonderfully wrought out through the toil and conflict of so many centuries; think of our pure domestic homes; think of the English Prayer Book, the English Bible woven into our inmost and earliest recollections; think of our liberty

of conscience and of speech, which gives to conscience and to speech double and treble value—these are some of the elements that go to make up the whole idea that is conjured up by the sacred name of England, and for which our lamented statesman lived and died. What England is or will be, depends in great measure on her own individual sons and daughters. Nations are the schools in which individual souls are trained. The virtues and sins of a nation are those of each one of its citizens, on a larger scale, and written in gigantic characters. To be a citizen of England, according to our lost chief, was the greatest boast and the greatest claim on protection and influence, that a man could show in any part of the world. To be a citizen of England, in the fullest sense, worthy of all that England has been and might be, worthy of our noble birthright and of our boundless opportunities, we should seek, every one of us, not in presumptuous confidence, but in all Christian humility, to redeem the time that is still before us, and to understand what the will of God is for ourselves and for our children. It is impossible not to feel that we are witnessing not only the flight of an individual spirit into the unseen world, but the close of one generation and one stage of our history, and the beginning of another. We have climbed to the height of one of those ridges which mark off the past from the future, we are in the water-shed of the dividing stream. We have reached the turning point whence the stream of political and national life will flow in another direction, taking its rise from another source, to fertilize other climes. On that eminence, so to speak, we now stand, and to this new start in our pilgrimage each one of us has now to look forward. It is not in England as in other countries, where the national will is but little felt, compared with the will of a single ruler. That public opinion of which we hear so much, and which was believed to be the guiding star of the sagacious man who is gone, is moulded by every one who has a will, or a heart, or a head, or a conscience of his own, throughout this vast empire. If it be true that to follow, not to lead, public opinion must henceforth be the course of our statesmen, then our responsibilities and the responsibility of the nation are deepened further still. Just as in a beleaguered city, where every sentinel knows that on his single fidelity might depend the fate of all. A single resolute mind, loving the truth only, has before now brought the whole mind of a nation around itself; a single pure spirit has, by its own holy aspirations, breathed itself into the corrupt mass of a national literature; and a single voice raised honestly in behalf of truth, justice, and mercy has blasted for ever practices which were once universal. So I would call upon men, in the prospect of the changes and trials, whatsoever they are, which are now before them—in the midst of the memories by which they are surrounded, in the face of that mighty future to which they are all advancing—to forget “those

things that are behind"—to forget in him who is gone all that was of the earth earthy, and reach forward to his character in all that is immortal—in his freedom from party spirit, and in his self-devotion to the public weal. Let men forget, too, in the past and present generation, all that is behind the best spirit of our age, all that is before in the true spirit of the Gospel, all that is behind the requirements of the most enlightened and the most Christian conscience, and reach forward, one and all, towards those great things which they trust are still before them—the great problems which our age, if any, might solve—the great tasks which our nation alone can accomplish—the great doctrines of our common faith which they may have opportunities of grasping with a firmer hand than ever they had before—the great reconciliation of things old with things new, of things human with things sacred, of class with class, of man with man, of nation with nation, of Church with Church, of all with God. This, and nothing less than this, is the high calling of the nineteenth century—this is the high calling of England—this is the high calling of every English citizen; and he who answers not to this high call, is utterly unworthy of his birthright as a member of this our kingly commonwealth.

In these wise utterances of the Dean of Westminster on the career of our late octogenarian chief we must own to some surprise at his anticipated prevalence of public opinion as a new power of growing weight in the councils of the nation. If Mr. Gladstone is to be the coming man we cannot coincide in this opinion. Doubtless he will bow with ready acquiescence to public opinion moulded into the constitutional shape of votes of either House of Parliament. But he will not, like Lord Palmerston, catch the first flutter of opinion from educated society, and from the clubs, to trim his sails by, and to swell the gale of his success. He will not desire to do this, nor is he fitted to do it if he did desire.

Besides being a hard-working politician, Lord Palmerston was, in his private character, essentially a man of society. He relished it, and knew how to use it to promote his aims. Mr. Gladstone partakes more of the character of Cornwall Lewis. He does not, indeed, consume the midnight oil in writing treatises upon "the wakefulness of geese," but he is essentially a student and a man of an earnestly religious frame of mind, although inclined to be a philosophic Radical, while Lord Palmerston had not a particle of Radicalism in his composition.

No doubt the principle of non-interference in the affairs of foreign states, for any cause short of the immediate welfare of England, will still remain a cardinal point of our foreign policy. But Lord

Palmerston viewed this principle in a light peculiar to himself—a light coloured by the peculiar view which he took of the nature and the power of public opinion. Whilst he clung to non-interference by act in the affairs of other nations, he claimed and exercised the right to reprove, rebuke, and exhort.

His language and his feeling constantly were, this is not a case calling for the arbitrament of the sword by England, it is not our affair, but we cannot help having a strong opinion on the subject in question, and my policy is to avow that opinion. Two sets of public men disapproved of this line of policy. First, those who said, if you think what you say, why do you not act out your thoughts? It is a paltry thing to say and not do. The second said, we know very well you do not mean really to interfere; in fact, the country would not let you interfere in such a quarrel as this. Why then do you not hold your tongue and your pen? Almost the last words of Sir Robert Peel in the House, before that fatal fall which deprived the country of his services, were these words of solemn warning: "You will not advance the cause of constitutional government in other nations by using language which sounds to their rulers like the language of dictation. You will rouse feelings in their subjects upon which you do not calculate, and when you fail to support by arms those whom you have thus excited by words, you will leave upon their minds the bitter feeling that you have misled, if not betrayed them."

Lord Palmerston still maintained that there was a wise and reasonable middle course between armed interference and apathetic silence. We leave, he said in effect, we leave to foreign states the liberty of acting, uninterfered with by any act of ours. But our own very freedom consists in the right to think as we please, and to speak what we think, no man presuming to let or hinder us. Thus, then, we tell out our minds, and let our free opinions count for what they are worth. The weapon of Lord Palmerston's policy he himself declared was this: "There are two great parties in Europe, one which endeavours to bear sway by the force of public opinion, the other by physical force. But the system upon which this last is founded is, in my view, fundamentally erroneous. There is in nature *no* moving power but mind, all else is passive and inert. In ordinary human affairs this moving power is private opinion. In politics it is public opinion. He therefore who can grasp the power of public opinion, will subdue with it the fleshy arm of physical force, and compel it to work out his purpose instead of its own." This was the clearest and the ablest enunciation of his governing principle in politics that Lord Palmerston ever made. And he still maintained that he was fighting the battle of freedom by speaking out in its support, far more effectually and permanently than by resorting to Quixotic efforts of physical force.

We have received the copy of a sermon on the death of Lord Palmerston by the Rev. R. H. Baynes, perpetual curate of Maidstone.* He takes nearly the same view of the practical value of the example of the late Prime Minister as that indicated by Dean Stanley.

Mr. Baynes says: "Let it not be thought that because the station of the late Premier was so exalted, therefore these lessons are inapplicable to ourselves. We are where God in his providence has placed us. We each have our separate sphere and vocation—it may be high or lowly, we may wield larger or lesser powers of influence, but the lesson is the same: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Do it. Stand not idly by when duty calls, wondering as to the possibility of this or that undertaking, or as to the issue of this or that venture. Do it. Be in earnest. Redeem the time; buy up the opportunity, remembering that life is too short for trifling, too solemn for failure. This true earnestness must lie at the root of all useful and successful life for every one of us."

Everyone who knew anything of Lord Palmerston in the first half century of his life is aware that he was a man of wit and pleasure about town. As years wore on he conformed more carefully to the outward decencies of Christian life and high position. Since his death, one set of journalists speak of him as one for whom Christian burial is a mockery and a profaneness. Another, and strange to say, those of puritanical proclivities, proclaim him as one of the saints of the earth, translated by the last great change from high rank here below to higher rank in Heaven.

At such a time as this one would far rather fling flowers upon his grave than cast a stone at it, and the question is too delicate to discuss while his loss is so recent. For the present we prefer to sum up the subject in the well-known words of Gray:—

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

* Houlston and Wright, Paternoster-row.

THE BURIED HISTORY OF BRITAIN.—EXCAVATIONS IN DERBYSHIRE.



JEALOUS of Time's prerogative, men have made some efforts in almost every age to preserve the records of their existence. Looking back into the perspective of bygone centuries, where the chronicles of the early Christian era seem to lose substance and to melt away in the distance into wild legends and strange mythical stories; looking still further behind, into the dim regions of remotest antiquity, where all legendary record ceases, and nothing but bones and implements of flint and stone remain to make up the all but lost thread of human history, we still note evidences of the same regard for the future, the same desire to defy the passage of time, the same effort to thwart the finger of decay. Buried beneath the soil of Europe and Asia, lying in the beds of rivers, and hidden in the nooks of mountains, there are relics of man's past yet undiscovered, which were placed in their secret recesses long before the days of Abraham, and, it may be, long before the time of Noah. Our own island abounds in such treasures of antiquity, and when they are brought to the surface they seem to tell the history of our forefathers more eloquently, more truly, more faithfully, and more forcibly than the illuminated pages of the olden scribe or the rounded periods of the modern historian.

We propose to invite attention to this "buried history" of our country, and we shall begin with archæological excavations in Derbyshire. In the late Mr. Thomas Bateman, Derbyshire found an earnest, industrious, and talented antiquarian, by whose zeal and knowledge a large and splendid page of history hidden beneath her soil has been rescued from darkness and cleverly explained. He gave up the best days of his life with loving devotedness to the practical study of archæology, and by his untimely death the scientific world lost one of its most valuable labourers. By the very kind permission of Mrs. Thomas Bateman, who has placed the literary results of a large portion of her late husband's researches at our disposal, we are able to quote Mr. Bateman's own words on what we might call the subterranean antiquities of Derbyshire. Alluding to the general nature of his researches, he proceeds thus:—"At a period coeval with that in which the Egyptians toiled to accumulate those imperishable stone barrows, the Pyramids, while Abraham yet assembled his herds on the Mesopotamian pastures, and the cities of the plain, soon to be overthrown, were yet accessible to the traveller, there existed in Britain a population, possibly pre-Celtic—at all events, having habits corresponding with

those which were universally disseminated by the primitive races in their radiations from the Trans-Himalayan cradle of the species."

That the perishable remains of these patriarchs themselves should yet remain for us to handle and to descend upon—that we can still study and measure the bones, and in a great degree reproduce the outward presentment of the individual—throws an air of romance over the researches of the antiquary little suspected by many, which 'is by no means diminished by the glimpses of mental and moral feeling traceable in the make of the accompanying ornament or weapon, and in the motive which furnished its burial with the owner.*

The innate conviction of a future life offering to man in the first ages nothing more than a repetition of the occupations and joys of the present, and devoid of the terrors implied by the subsequent establishment of ritualism, has occasioned the preservation of nearly everything from which conclusions may safely be drawn respecting the primitive condition of man. All written or traditionary literature, except the Hebrew Scriptures and the oldest portion of the Vedas, being either so late as to possess little authority, or so overlaid with myth and fable as to be inextricably confused and contradictory, we gladly recur to the buried treasures; and as the geologist repopulates our planet from fossil remnants of the fauna and flora of its successive strata, each group presenting characters by which it may be distinguished from all others, so we exhume materials for the re-construction, or rather for the elucidation, of the history of mankind—a theme of all purely scientific subjects the most interesting, and only of late arrived at the importance it deserves."

The discovery of a large barrow called Gib Hill, on Middleton Moor, and another near Parcelly Hay Wharf, is thus described in the interesting notes of ten years' diggings:—

"*January 15.*—A tunnel was driven from the west side of the trench at right angles, in the hope of finding an interment; but, after carrying it four yards, it was deemed unsafe to continue it; and the supporting timbers being knocked away previous to abandoning the work, the whole superstructure fell in, and, much to our surprise, revealed the interment near the top of the mound which we had been so laboriously seeking at its base. This consisted of a rectangular cist, measuring inside 2 feet 6 inches by 2 feet, composed of four massive blocks of limestone, covered in by a fifth of irregular form, averaging 4 feet square by 10 inches thick. The capstan was not more than

* "Now, since these dead bones have already out-lived the living ones of Mathusalem, and in a yard under ground, and their walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and trappings of their conquests, what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his reliques? Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments." (*T. Browne's Discourse on Sepulchral Urns found in Norfolk*, 1619.)

18 inches beneath the turf, clothing the summit of the barrow; in fact, the men had been working directly under the cist for some time. By the sudden fall of two of the sides and the adjacent earth, a very pretty vase of small size was crushed to pieces, the fragments mingling with the burnt human bones, in company with which it had for ages occupied the sepulchral chamber. The urn, measuring $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, has since been restored almost to its original perfection. It is of that class of vessels indifferently deposited with human remains, burnt or unburnt, and which may probably have contained food or drink, but never the remains, as is the case with cinerary urns. Those facts lead to the conclusion that Gib Hill was not in the first instance a sepulchral mound; so large a portion of its interior having been removed down to the natural rock without any deposit of human remains being found, it appears impossible for any interment to have escaped observation at the base of the tumulus, where it would naturally have been placed at the time of its formation, had any such existed."



CIST OF GIB HILL TUMULUS.

"*March 6* was passed in opening a cairn, or tumulus of stone, in a plantation near the Parcelly Hay Wharf of the Cromford and High Peak Railway. We found the primary interment beneath the middle of the barrow, in a small oval excavation in the rock, below the natural surface of the land, about 3 feet in depth, and not exceeding the same in its greatest diameter; consequently the body had been placed upright, in a sitting or crouching posture, as was abundantly evident from the order in which the bones were found. The grave was roughly covered in with large flat slabs of limestone, which had prevented the materials of the tumulus from quite filling it up; a good deal of earth had, however, been washed in, which had the effect of preserving the bones in unusual perfection. The remains accompanying the body were of the poorest description, consisting merely of three pieces of chipped flint, some shreds from a drinking cup, and various animal bones and teeth, some of which were calcined. The fine skull

from this interment has been engraved in the magnificent work of Messrs. Davis and Thurnam, entitled 'Crania Britannica,' where its internal capacity is given at $72\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; length of the femur, 18·3 inches. The high antiquity of this interment may be inferred when we take into consideration the fact that upon the covering stones there lay another skeleton, quite unprotected from the loose stone of the barrow, and accompanied by weapons indicating that the owner lived at a very remote period. This body was badly preserved, owing to the percolation of water through the overlying stones, but it appeared to be laid, as usual, on the left side, with the knees slightly advanced; near the upper part of the person were placed a very elegantly formed axehead of granite, with a hole for the shaft, and a very fine bronze dagger of the earliest or archaic bronze period,* with three studs for fastening the handle. The engraving gives an accurate section of this barrow."



SECTION OF PARCHELLY HAY BARROW.

* With regard to the bronze period to which Mr. Bateman alludes we venture to refer to Worsaae (pp. 45, 135), who states that "there are geological reasons for believing the bronze period to have prevailed in Denmark five or six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and he supposes that the bronze was obtained from England. Should this have been the case, the bronze period must have been of much higher antiquity in this country than in the north of Europe, perhaps even synchronous with that of Etruria, where Celts identical with those of Britain have been discovered."

It is tolerably certain that the first inhabitants of this island were an ignorant race, whose only implements were of stone; and that subsequently, at a period difficult to fix, but certainly not less than a thousand years before the birth of Christ, there suddenly appeared a horde of invaders of a more intelligent and civilised character, who introduced bronzed weapons.

CHRISTMAS.

"Lord, thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry.
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor
 Who hither come and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 * * *
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That sows my land:
 All this and better dost Thou send
 Me for this end:
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly thine:
 But the acceptance—*that* must be,
 O Lord, by Thee."

HERRICK.

As Christmas comes but once a-year, there are some *improvers* who think it would be well to have the festival at a more gladsome season, when nature would seem to sympathise more with joyfulness of heart. With all deference, however, to those very clever persons who would make everything better than it is, and a very great deal better than it ever was, there are very good reasons why Christmas should be at this wintry season:—

"It was the winter wild
 While the Heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature, in awe to Him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim
 With her great Master so to sympathise!
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty paramour."

So sings Milton in his most beautiful "Christmas Hymn"; and if it

be said that, though the religious solemnity might well be kept in December, the festive rejoicing would better befit the month of June, there is an answer for that also. It is in this cold and dark and comfortless season that we most need some artificial stimulus to open our hearts—to make us pleasant with our friends and kind to the friendless. In the absence of the sunshine of the skies, there is a sunshine of the heart supplied by the happy faces of children enjoying their holiday with a zest to children only known. Some there are who partake of their joy through direct sympathy, and some by memory of their own childish days, and some seem glad when it is nothing present which makes them seem so, but only a reflected light from earlier years:—

“For we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often (glad no more)
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.”

He who is led by any domestic custom, or the good feeling of the hour, to put on the appearance of gladness, will most probably have something like joy in his heart, though it be dashed with pensive memories; and when the fire blazes up, and kindly voices are heard around, stern winter, and even the misfortunes of life, will be cheated of some of their triumphs. When June comes we may away to the fields, and listen to the birds, and be glad because Nature is glad.

Besides, if there were no other reason for keeping festival at this season, there is the sufficient one of antique custom. Even before the era of Christianity there were in the Roman world the *libertates Decembri*; and in the North the Yaoul log, and Druidical rejoicings, and festive ornaments of the holly-berry and the misletoe.

In his chapter upon Ancient and Modern Saturnalia, Disraeli the elder has grouped some curious information about the old Roman and the modern English festivities of December. Of the Roman he says: —

“It was towards the close of December that all the town was in an unusual motion, and the children everywhere invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment; all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one-tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purposes of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of raillery and truth with their masters, sitting with them at the table, dressed in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, telling them of their faults to their faces, while they smutted them. The slaves were imaginary kings, as, indeed, a lottery determined their rank; and as their masters attended them, whenever it happened that these performed their offices clumsily, doubtless with some recollections of their own similar misdemeanours, the slave made the master leap into the water head foremost. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to

be ready, and all were to drink when and what they chose; none but the most skilful musicians and tumblers were allowed to perform, for those people are worth nothing unless exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws decreed. Dancing, singing, and shouting, and carrying a female musician thrice round on their shoulders, accompanied by every grotesque humour they imagined, were indulged in that short week, which was to repay the many in which the masters had their revenge for the reign of this pretended equality. Another custom prevailed at this season; the priests performed their sacrifices to Saturn bareheaded, which Pitiscus explains in the spirit of this extraordinary institution as designed to show that time discovers, or, as in the present case of the bareheaded priests, uncovers all things.

"Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favourite popular recreation of Paganism; and as the sports and games of the people outlast the date of their empires, and are carried with them, however they may change their name and place on the globe, the grosser pleasures of the Saturnalia were too well adapted to their tastes to be forgotten. The Saturnalia, therefore, long generated the most extraordinary institutions among the nations of modern Europe; and, what seems more extraordinary than the unknown origin of the parent absurdity itself, the Saturnalia crept into the services and offices of the Christian Church. Strange it is to observe at the altar the rites of religion burlesqued, and all its offices performed with the utmost buffoonery. It is only by tracing them to the Roman Saturnalia that we can at all account for these grotesque sports—that extraordinary mixture of libertinism and profaneness so long continued under Christianity.

"Such were the feasts of the ass, the feast of fools or madmen, *fêtes des fous*, the feast of the bull, of the Innocents, and that of the *soudiacres*—which, perhaps, in its original term, meant only sub-deacons; but their conduct was expressed by the conversion of a pun into *saoudiacres*, or *diacres saouls*, drunken deacons. Institutions of this nature, even more numerous than the historian has usually recorded, and varied in their mode, seem to surpass each other in their utter extravagance.

"These profane festivals were universally practised in the middle ages, and comparatively even in modern times. The ignorant and the careless clergy then imagined it was the surest means to retain the populace, who were always inclined to these Pagan revelries."

These extraordinary licences of the Roman slaves, and of the semi-serf population of Northern Europe in less ancient times, open to us a strange chapter in the history of human nature. Whether there be, as Disraeli hints, a passion for masquerade in that nature—a delight in reversing the order of society, and in ridiculing its decencies, or that there is an irresistible tendency of any extreme in the institutions of society to beget its opposite—these old customs present us with illustrations which may be reflected upon with no slight amount of human interest.

They may also lead us to consider the effect of political or legal constitutions upon social manners. Such jocular familiarity as existed between slaves and masters, during the Saturnalia, could not have been, if they were equal before the law, as in our modern condition of master and servant. The master allowed his slave his few days of license, well knowing that, when they were expired, they could be presumed upon no longer. The slave must be the slave. The law allowed him no other rank. Familiarity with servants has

been very much destroyed since the line of demarcation between classes has become less definite, and he who is a servant to-day may in a year or two become a tradesman, and in ten years an influential member of society, and in fifteen or twenty, perhaps, a member of the Legislature. The late Francis Jeffrey, in one of his numerous essays in which the state of society was criticised, attributed the peculiar "exclusiveness" of English society to the absence of any definite and recognised separation of ranks. People are obliged to guard for themselves, by their own social or unsocial customs, that which the general law, political or ceremonial, has not determined. Thus it is that people of humble condition pay some penalties for that general freedom which enables the bolder and more enterprising of their numbers to rise in society. Masters and mistresses consider themselves obliged to keep domestics down to their place lest they should attempt to rise above it; whereas, were the servants' place absolutely determined, and were there no fear of undue advantage being taken of indulgence, it is very probable that they might often be treated with more familiarity and kindness. At all events, there are few things sadder in the state of modern society than the condition of servants—upon whom we so much depend for our comforts, and with whom we have so few sympathies—who are at the same time members of our families and (in many respects) mere strangers—whom we receive with something like suspicion, and send away without any feeling of regret—for whose service we pay in money all that is needful, and whose attachment too many would think it ridiculous to expect. The group of servants in many opulent houses (happily not in all) form a company as neglected, and as little praiseworthy in any moral or social sense, as can well be imagined. It won't do merely to lecture them, or to give them good books, or to exhibit to them, now and then, a certain freezing condescension. We ought to try to *know* them a little better than we do, and to make them capable of receiving something like familiar kindness. For this the Christmas season might afford no unfavourable opportunity.

Disraeli—a good authority upon a point of this kind—says our English Christmas festivities in the middle ages seem to have been more entertaining than in other countries. We were then "merry England." In Italy they had a proverb, *ha piu di fare che i forni di Natale in Inghilterra*—he is busier than Christmas ovens in England. It is Disraeli's remark, also, that the grotesque humours and clumsy pastimes of our ancestors (though "without what we think to be taste") had whim and merriment. Certainly, these two things are not extremely abundant in what is held to be the genteeler sort of society of the present day.

It is time to say a word or two of the mottoes at the head of this paper. It is very earnestly, though quaintly, expressive of that

grateful, thankful feeling which one naturally wishes to prevail at the present season—a feeling which may well belong to many who are not opulent, but yet have enough for simple comfort—enough from which to dispense something for the poor. Nor let the lesson be forgotten that good words—kind words—are something to the poor, as well as meat and clothes.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY WILLIAM JUSTYNE.

Hail ! hoary-headed sire
 With scarlet berries crowned !
 We'll stir the piled-up fire
 And pass the good wine round.
 Come, pretty children—little rosy dears,
 And ye old folk who bear the weight of years,
 With warm hearts beating,
 Bright looks repeating
 Our joy at meeting,
 We'll join in greeting,

Merry Christmas here !

All sorrows we'll forget,
 And all our worldly cares ;
 In friendship we have met,
 Kind thoughts shall aid our pray'rs ;
 The force of honest love shall fling aside
 All selfish dreams of folly or of pride.
 And though a world-rarity,*
 Amid our hilarity,
 We'll level with charity
 Frail fortune's disparity,

For Christmas is here !

Our children shall be taught
 There is a holy joy,
 By gentle pity bought
 That time can ne'er destroy.
 We'll teach them all with sympathy to think
 Of little ones who have no meat nor drink ;

* Quid est caritas ? Magna raritas.

Whose tender bosoms flutter
 By cold and dreary gutter,
 Too cold almost to mutter
 Their want of bread and butter,
 Though Christmas is here !
 And when we've done our best,
 With that which God has sent,
 We'll feel that all the rest
 Is blessed ; and sweet content-
 Shall crown with Heaven's love our merry feast,
 Our joy shall be ten thousand-fold increased,
 Around the table pressing,
 Our little one's caressing,
 And ev'ry one confessing
 The angels' holy blessing
 On Christmas here.

THE NEW YEAR.

" Tell Age it daily wasteth,
 Tell Honour how it alters,
 Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
 Tell Favour how she falters ;
 And as they shall reply
 Give every one the lie."—STILVESTER.

" But thou, oh Hope, with eyes so fair
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all her song,
 And where her sweetest theme she chose
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled and waved her golden hair."—COLLINS.

We are launched into a new year. We wish our readers, as in duty bound, all happiness during its continuance, and in many other years that lie in the more distant future. It is a good habit to begin the year with good wishes. Let us try to make it something more than a habit and ceremony. If we wish our friends happiness, let us try to put some reality beneath the words. Let us resolve to do our best to make them happy, so far as our intercourse with them extends. If they are old, let us determine to be attentive, dutiful, respectful—more ready than we have been to bear with the infirmities, and with what we possibly may consider the prejudices, of their age. If they

are young, let us resolve to be very kind and careful with them—to be very cautious of setting them any ill example of careless conduct or careless words, and yet to avoid frightening them by austerity. If they be in no marked degree older or younger than ourselves, let us resolve that we shall be friends indeed, not helping one another to waste the time in idle sneering or mocking, or even more senseless frivolities, but to improve the time by manly and generous occupation, and interchange of various thought. Let us add to the happiness of the opening year by good and cheerful resolutions. Who knows what beneficial result may not come of them, and no harm can :—

“Some silent laws our hearts may make
Which they shall long obey;
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

“And from the blessed Power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls,
They shall be tuned to love.”

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of regulating the temper in which we view all things, and in which we speak or write of them. It would be idle to pretend that such temper is merely a matter of will, and that we can by government make it what we please; but though we cannot do this absolutely, we may make some considerable approach to it. If we cannot pour forth the sunshine of good humour from a breast that, unluckily, has none in it, we *can* refrain our lips from evil speaking—we *can* check ourselves when the taunt, or the undervaluing remark, or any of the thousand forms of contempt, is leaping into utterance.

Not that it is desirable—at least, in the opinion of the writer of these “Notes”—to seem to accept as pleasant that which is not pleasant—to take what is wrong as if it were what is right—to receive impertinence as if it were wit, and sarcasm as if it were sense—to prophesy smooth things, and to refrain from indignation when that which is noble and good is slightly or slightly spoken of. The sort of temper which proceeds in that way is not a good temper, but more probably a weak or indolent, a mean or a timid temper. But while it is our duty always to be on the side of the honest and the true, according to our own best conviction, and to be decidedly opposed to all that we believe to be opposite to the honest and the true, we may fulfil this duty without being intemperate, without failing even in good humour. We may temper our firmness of principle with gentleness of manner; and, even if we are indignant, we may keep within the line which separates indignation from acrimony and personal attack. There is such a thing as generous enmity as well as generous friendship.

The opening of any new era or epoch of time seems to be, under

ordinary circumstances, appropriate to Hope. The mottoes, therefore, which have been chosen for this paper refer, after the first of them, to Hope. It is almost a trite thing to say of this feeling that it is the most delightful of all the feelings of the human heart. Indeed, if we should follow the analogy of the chemists, who expect some day to resolve all substances into modifications of one primal substance, and that one perhaps the lightest of all, we might say that moral analysis will resolve all human pleasure which is not derived directly from the senses into the pleasure of hope. Man is, morally and intellectually, a forward-looking creature. The present is every instant slipping from beneath his feet. He dwells on what is to be, and if he do prize the momentary present, it is rather as a foretaste of the future than as a complete satisfaction in itself.

Pope's well-known couplet—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blessed"—

is very well for witty and didactic poetry, in which some obscurity must be admitted for the sake of brevity. But, if the proposition were in prose, we might object to its accuracy. It is not true that man is never blessed, but only that he is not blessed in the enjoyment of the actually present. It is not true that his happiness is always something in advance of him which he never reaches; but that when he is happy it is in the hope of something yet to come. Fear and Hope are both exaggerating passions, and reality is tame as compared with our anticipation of it. All terrible things are found to be "less dreadful than they seem" when we come into actual contact with them, and all anticipated delights are less ecstatic in their reality than imagination has pictured them. There is in this world much less of positive actuality than people suppose. The worst of many kinds of wretchedness lies in mere presage and apprehension; the best of many sorts of happiness lies in the hope that precedes the actuality. Still we are no more wrong in saying that *this* circumstance is a wretched one, or *that* a happy one, than we are in saying the candle burns, when in truth it is a gas which heat has driven out of the candle that burns; or when we say that we see steam coming from the kettle, when in truth steam is absolutely invisible, and what we see is the watery vapour which has been steam.

We know things only by their qualities, and the impressions they make upon our minds. It is the quality of some things to suggest delightful hopes, and of others to inspire miserable terror, and hence are they (in great degree) the sources of happiness or wretchedness. It is the part of philosophy to govern the passions of Fear and Hope, so that on either hand we may not be borne into mental excess.

Wordsworth, in the opening of his poem on the "Wishing Gate," makes the following distinction between Hopes and Wishes:—

"Hope rules a land for ever green;
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen

Are confident and gay ;
 Clouds at her bidding disappear ;
 Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
 And fancy smoothes the way.
 "Not such the land of Wishes ; there
 Dwell frailties, day-dreams, lawless prayer,
 And thoughts with things at strife ;
 Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,
 Ye superstitions of the heart,
 How poor were human life !"

Yes, poor indeed ! if wishes were dismissed and we had to live upon mere actualities, or upon absolutely reasonable hopes. The distinction which the poet makes is ingenious, but in the circumstances of life it can scarcely be denied that hopes and wishes seem to come together as naturally as holly and ivy at Christmas. The wish is father to the thought, and the thought is hope. Does the poet mean that hopes are reasonable anticipations, and wishes are the wilder suggestions of a longing mind—the "fond impossibilities" of which Lovelace sings—the "superstitions of the heart" which reason cannot sanction ? Fine judgment consists in happy distinctions, fine wit in felicitous combinations. Let us for to-day, and in this matter at least, choose the side of wit, and combine wishes with hopes. We *wish* you a happy new year, O gentle reader ! and we *hope* you are gentle—that you can forgive many things—such as thoughts not well developed, or the inadequate expression of them, and (*horresco referens*) those typographical harlequinades which are called "errors of the press."

How can we look at the little children that crowd the streets and public places at this season, radiant with health and joy ? How can we look at them, without wishing that beauty and goodness might dwell with them to the end of their days ; and hoping—but no—*there* indeed does come the distinction. We cannot hope for them as we wish—we cannot hope directly against experience, unless we are in love, and therefore insensible to all forms of reasonableness. Cheerful, innocent, beautiful the children are now ; but we cannot hope that they will pass through such a world as this unscathed. They will learn to be wilful, proud, censorious—perhaps they will even be taught to scoff and sneer before they are taught to ask a blessing. And it were to fly in the face of experience if we were to doubt that some even of the best promise will meet with those "checks and disasters" so marvellously well portrayed in one of the extracts at the head of this paper. But there is a kind of hoping against hope—an indulgence of good wishes, which at this season need not be denied.

Let us not conclude, however, without saying something of that highest hope of all, which is adverted to with so great solemnity in the 15th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and which we pray for in that singularly admirable composition, the Collect for the second

Sunday in Advent. This is the hope in comparison with which all others are of but trifling interest. We cannot begin the year better than by trying to give this hope a home in our hearts, where it may dwell supreme above all others which affection may inspire, or benevolence suggest. The objects of all other hopes pass away from us, or we pass away from them, but this is the hope which brings peace at the last. The prayer of the Church, in which we ask for it, indicates one great method by which it is to be attained. Let us, then, now, at the beginning of the year, enter upon that important study, if we have not been diligent in it before, so that by patience, and the comfort that study is so likely to afford, we may embrace and hold fast *that* hope.

WITH A FRIEND IN PARIS.

RANDOM NOTES OF AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER WEIGH AND ON THE WAY.

IS the Channel ever like a duck-pond?"

We put the question one to the other—my Friend, the companion of my voyage, a Frenchman, and myself—as we leant over the side of the ship, and watched the retreating piers of Newhaven, whence we were going to Dieppe, and so on to Paris.

"Do people ever cross in high spirits and glorious health, and 'really quite enjoy it?' Are there ever times when the cry of 'Steward!' is unheard, when the engine-room has a grateful smell, when the sight of pork is exhilarating, and the throb of the vessel, like a pulse in your backbone, is a gratifying sensation?"

We compared experiences on this point. My friend had crossed several times, I had crossed several times; we were now crossing in company, and now as always, and always as now, our fate had been such as to render us altogether incredulous of the Channel duck-pond theory. For us, we mutually confessed, the wind had invariably blown, and the sea had always asserted its "lively" nature; the steward had always been in requisition; a whiff of the engine-room oil or a sight of pork had always been more or less undesirable, while that pulse in the backbone had preluded the sensation of having breakfasted off a live chicken, which speedily began to stir its wings with a view to taking flight up one's throat.

At the mention of this the Frenchman, whose expressive face had

been gradually changing colours like a dying dolphin, suddenly left us, without a word. It was a quarter of an hour before he returned to us. When he did so the shores of England were fading from our gaze, and the water had begun to dash over the vessel's side. Monsieur remarked on both circumstances, and rebuked our folly for remaining where we were, observing that there was a better view and less water on the other side. I am afraid Monsieur was guilty of a subterfuge. I fear that he designed to imply that he had only quitted us for that finer view and for those better quarters, whereas, Heaven knows, and the steward knew full well, why he had bolted to leeward. And the like cause moved others to the like course.

People who write poetry talk a great deal about the boundless expanse of ocean, and the pleasure which its contemplation gives to the mind. And no doubt we should all of us have entered largely into this feeling, but that very early the live fowls became exceedingly lively, and everybody found themselves somehow engaged in discussing the subject of sea-sickness. Now was the time for each to bring forth the stores of his experience; and this was of so diversified a character that it amounted to a mass of the absurdest contradictions. Thus, in the course of one half-hour we were advised to sit in the bow of the ship, to sit in the stern of the ship, and to take up our position immoveably amid-ships, to avoid sitting at all, as walking was the only plan, and to desist from walking in favour of a full-length roll on the deck. We were, moreover, to observe that smoking was the surest remedy, and that smoking would inevitably bring on the worst symptoms; that to eat was madness, and to drink worse, and that in eating and drinking lay our only security. The number of people who congratulated us on having taken a hearty breakfast before starting was only equalled by the number who were convinced that breakfasting before a voyage was a flat tempting of Providence. As to the "best thing to go to sea on," opinions were as numerous as passengers. One thing only was avoided by universal consent—no one ventured on any allusion to pork; and we observed that a little man who got so far as to mention "a beautiful rasher of bacon," had no sooner uttered the words than he turned pea-green in the face, and incontinently darted off to leeward. As to "remedies," they were of the oddest and wildest; but it was a satisfaction to know that the roughest sea could not have affected us had we taken the precaution to swallow six pickled walnuts, or to eat a slice of new bread powdered with black pepper and poppy seeds, or to have tied a red cotton handkerchief so tightly round our waists that we couldn't breathe. Many put all their faith in "a few drops of chloroform in cold water," but as, from the weight of the chloroform, they usually swallowed the water and left the remedy at the bottom of the glass—and as a glass of cold water is not generally considered comforting to a squeamish stomach—the recipe

could not, on the whole, be considered satisfactory. As to the new and fashionable remedy, creosote, the only effect it appeared to produce was that of adding to sea-sickness the sensation of toothache!

There is, in fact, no remedy. That mysterious "ground swell" will affect the best regulated interiors. And for my part, I feel that,



as an Englishman, I ought to rejoice in the fact; for, say what you will about our national defences, about our wooden walls, our fortifications, and our volunteer service to boot, I hold that Nature has done more for us than we can do for ourselves. She has devised that inscrutable *maladie demer*, and when I consider how peculiarly susceptible our noble allies are to its effects—when I see the depths of bile and misery to which Monsieur is reduced by it—I am constrained to see a Providence in the matter. Yes, my friends, I am moved to look with complacency upon things as they

are, and to find comfort in the conviction that England's safeguard is the Frenchman's stomach.

We had a rough passage; but even in a rough passage—that is, anything short of a storm—you cross from Newhaven to Dieppe in five hours. And the time seems shorter still, from the fact that for the first hour you skirt the white cliffs of Albion (that is, I believe, the proper expression), and for the last hour or two you have the darker cliffs of France growing upon you. Indeed, to a wholesome Englishman, who feeds on beef, fearless of rinderpest, and doesn't saturate his tissues with oil, or vitiate his natural tastes with sweets, the voyage is nothing to speak of. The unpleasant sensations are beneficial, and soon over; while there is not half the tedium and weariness attendant on a long, dreary, railway journey. On board the vessel everything is novel; the sky seems to present its beauties more directly to the eye, the water is of ever-changing loveliness, and even trifling events are invested with strange interest. The meeting of another ship is an event, and one can quite understand, from a few hours' experience, how, during protracted voyages, there grow up strange and superstitious feelings in the sailor's mind—how, in fact, he comes to invest not only the strange and terrible, but even the unusual, with mystery. I suppose, however, that the majority of people will still prefer the short route from Dover to Calais or Boulogne, taking the chance of the longer railway journey which succeeds the voyage.

It was evening when we reached Dieppe, though early enough for us to note as we approached the crowd at the pier-head dodging the spray as the waves dashed up the sides of the blocks of masonry. We could distinguish, too, in the distance the enormous crucifixes,—black against the evening sky,—one on either side the harbour, which



warn the traveller that he bids adieu for a while to Protestantism, and enters the domains of the old faith. The arrival of the boat appears to be the standing excitement of the Dieppoise. There is always as we approach the same crowd on the pier, the same women in flapping Normandy caps and short petticoats, the same peasants and gamins in the blue blouse and sabot, and the same dignified soldiers, or gens d'armes, or custom-house officers, or whatever they may be, in the same impressive cocked-hats. To these have now been added the long cloak with which we are familiar in the opera of *Il Trovatore*, only that in their case it is blue instead of white. In some cases it has a hood. I should have liked to see a hood

over a cocked hat. It must be very graceful; but I was not fortunate enough to realise the idea. All the time the steamer was coming to anchor, the crowd as usual indulged in cries and gesticulations; but whether they were imploring blessings on our heads, or hurling defiance at us, or simply giving vent to their uncontrollable emotion, I am not prepared to say.



There was, as usual, a great congregation of cocked hats at the Custom House, and very severe and impressive they were. But beyond being regarded with a look which should make the Englishman sink into his boots—a look implying a certain knowledge of his having smuggled goods about him, and of the fact of its coming to light being inevitable—the ordeal is not very trying. The Englishman passes along a gangway until he reaches a cocked hat seated at a desk, and guarded by the other cocked hats; the cocked hat at the desk demands his passport; he replies that he is English, and is ordered to move on, much to the

disgust of the natives of that favoured land from whom passports are inexorably required, and who, while producing their greasy credentials, evidently cannot understand why a privilege should be accorded to those perfidious *Anglais*, which the true son of the soil and of the Empire does not enjoy. Passing on, you arrive in time at another cocked hat, who dashes his hand into your open portman-teau, rumples your dress shirt-front, and bids you begone.

I pass over the trial which awaits the traveller in emerging from the Custom House. Who does not recollect the excited group who fight and quarrel and gesticulate over him, who intreat him to go to twenty hotels at once, who dive and dart after his luggage, and are not to be satisfied by the sternest adjurations to them to depart, unless, indeed—shrewd physiognomists as they are—they read in the countenance of the stranger that his destination is fixed, that he is bound for a particular hotel or private house.

The majority of travellers had, we found, been in France long enough—though it was only ten minutes—to appreciate a host who spoke English, and whose true instinct led him at once to pronounce the magic word “beef steaks.” Ah, yes, a beef-steak. After that pitching and tossing, and that terrible sense of vacuum which followed it, how delightful to find that one was to have something more solid than potage, less suspicious than any possible “kickshaw.” Beef-steaks by all means; but why, oh Gossol! why do you, even you, whose pride and glory it is to cater for my countrymen, persist in frying your beef-steak, and imparting to it the flavour of foreign sauces! There is one way of cooking a beef-steak, and there is no other. Broil it, O my friend! throw it upon the clear fire, turn it with the rapid hand, ere one drop of the essential gravy has escaped, and serve it in the nick of time, hot, tender, juicy, and in the fulness of its own rich flavour, which all the sauces of the universe cannot improve.

From Dieppe to Paris is about 120 miles. We started about seven o'clock by train, in exceedingly comfortable carriages, by the way, and the country was quite sufficient to amuse us while the light lasted. The scenery is most picturesque, and in its main features sufficiently distinct from that on this side the water. “If,” remarked an intelligent traveller in our carriage, “I went to sleep in one part of the world and woke up hereabouts, I should know I was near Paris by the everlasting rows of skinny poplars.” They are, indeed, a decided feature of the landscape, rising up black and spiked against the sky. The foliage generally, too, partakes of the same form. You do not see many round, swelling trees, as in England, and no fantastically spreading oaks. Probably, the boughs of the trees are systematically lopped, either for the timber or for the sake of the

crops, which would be affected by the shade. But the country is umbrageous, and we were repeatedly coming upon charming bits of landscape, to which quaint chateaux and homesteads gave a peculiar character. Almost every house has its gabled roof, and walls of black framework, filled in with white plaster. The abundance of water-mills should be noted. Almost every stream is set to turn a mill, and one is constantly coming upon the last scene in *La Sonnambula*, that is to say, on spots on which it might be enacted charmingly. The streams which intersect the meadows are crossed by rustic bridges: and in one case I saw an entire poplar tree, branches and all, thrown across the water with a very novel effect. The appearance of the land led us to the conclusion that it was very well and very carefully cultivated.

And here I ought to give you a crib from some clever but scarce book about the "land." I ought to show how it is broken up into infinitely small plots: every peasant setting it up as the ambition of his life to become an owner, if it is only of an acre or two. I ought to enlarge upon the effects of this system in an agricultural and in a political point of view, and, in fact, stuff out a chapter in this way. I admit that this is the modern rule of manufacturing travels; but that is not my object. I am only sitting down to gossip over a week's ramble, amid scenes which from their proximity ought to be familiar to everyone, but which really are about as strange to a vast body of Englishmen as if Paris was in Central Africa. Therefore it is that I shall spare you a great deal of what, though it might be true, would certainly not be new: and prefer, instead, to push on in search of that which I hope won't fall under the stigma of being neither new nor true.

The great point on the road was Rouen, which everybody was in a fever to catch a glimpse of. I am afraid Galignani was responsible for that: for in giving the route from Dieppe to Paris, through Rouen and Pontoise, he coolly sets down, "Cathedral, Church of St. Ouen, Statue of Joan of Arc, Museum, Bridge, Quays," as if all these sights were visible from the Station, whereas, under favourable circumstances, you can distinguish little but the iron spire of the Cathedral, rising up in a quaint pattern against the sky. And even this was denied to us, for it was night, and the night was clouded and moonless: so, when they shook us and shouted "Rouen," we were not voluble in the expression of our thanks. Even when we were reminded that this is the only refreshment station between Dieppe and Paris, and that coffee awaited us at one franc per cup, and even beer, pure Allsopp, at two francs a bottle, we were not altogether grateful. As a rule, it is never a very thankful duty to wake a man out of a sound sleep, even to bring him good news. Judging from myself, it usually excites in his mind a general idea of missiles, and, with me,

a particular reference to the bootjack. Tom Hood said that sudden waking was the best test of a man's temper. No doubt it is so; but it is anything but pleasant to me to put people to that test. I fancy I can always read in a man's eyes, as he uncloses them with a start, that for the moment he regards me as his deadliest foe, or, at least, with that mitigated form of aversion with which we instinctively regard the man who brings us bad news. However, being awakened at Rouen, we turned out, and yawned and stretched on the platform, and took coffee and a slice of *pâte* in a gorgeous saloon, served by a drowsy maiden and handed by dreadfully taciturn waiters (who contracted "Monsieur" into the shortest and sharpest form of "M'sr"), and then the bell rang, and we re-entered the carriages and prepared to smoke our way to Paris.

It seems to be the rule to smoke in French railway carriages; but it is always customary first to ask the company if it is agreeable to them. An illustration of this custom was given in the papers the week we were in Paris. Somebody entered a carriage in which a nobleman was seated and lit a cigar; the nobleman objected (there were other circumstances of an aggravated character which I have forgotten), and finally knocked the cigar from the somebody's hands; this was resented, and the nobleman threw the unpolite individual out of the window, the train being then in motion! The somebody scrambled to his feet and showed fight, whereat the nobleman threw the unpolite individual's great coat after him, and there was an end to the matter! But what a terrible warning to Englishmen not to violate the customs of a polite nation like France!

It was a quarter to twelve when we arrived at Paris, at the Terminus which serves for all the lines to the westward of that city, and which is situated at the junction of the Rue d'Amsterdam and the Rue Saint Lazare. There is nothing to be said of the Terminus, except that it is very large and very commodious. Some of the porters were attired in the English bottle-green; but others had a far more characteristic aspect. They wore loose pegtops of blue and the blouse of the same colour, which is the proper dress of the French *ouvrier*, and this was set off by a broad belt of showy colours, sometimes red and yellow in stripes, always very striking. The dress is peculiar, but eminently picturesque, only to our English notions it seems better adapted for little boys of from three to six. Still, that is a matter of national taste, and from the manner in which Francois and Hercule carried the luggage (when it had been passed) from the counters at which it is served out to the cabs in waiting, it was evidently a very good working dress.

It is not pleasant to arrive a stranger in a great city at midnight, though perhaps, on reflection, it is better than arriving at a small town at that hour. But the Englishman need be under no apprehension of

having in Paris to pass the night in the streets with only the "blanket of the dark" to cover him. Around the Terminus every house seems to invite the stranger to refreshment and repose. Many of the names are English, as also are those of the persons keeping them; but we did not explore these places, in which we might expect and probably would find about as much comfort as in an English railway coffee-house, having already decided upon an hotel in the neighbourhood of the Rue de Rivoli. We therefore chartered a *voiture*—there was a long row of vehicles in the Terminus—and set off at once. It was the smallest construction of the cab order of vehicle I ever entered. The two back seats were adapted only for the comfort of living skeletons, and as for the front seats, well, they constituted a sort of mantel-piece upon which a couple of sixpenny china dogs might have reposed in tolerable ease. But for my friend! I think it was with a look of serious apprehension that he exclaimed, "What manner of men can these Frenchmen be for whom such vehicles are made?" The age of miracles being past, he regarded the probabilities as utterly against his ever reaching the hotel.

You would like to know something about the French cabs? It is well to do so if you intend visiting the sprightly capital. Well, for my own part I have nothing to tell beyond the fact that we often rode in them and paid I am afraid a great deal more than our proper fares. True, the driver always asked us the time when we got in, and was very particular about the odd minutes, and made very thoughtful calculations over them; but as we, as a rule, paid the highest fares for the shortest distances, I have suspicions which I will not further enlarge upon. Instead, I will do what many travellers of more pretensions and less honesty have often done without any acknowledgment. I will "crib" for you a few facts from some authority. I am not barefaced enough to rifle *Galignani*, who is great on *voitures de remise* and *fiacres*, and *coucous*, and the rest of them; but I may state from another authority that "every ride within the barriers, short or long, is paid for at one fixed price, according to the quality or size of the vehicles. A tariff is fixed up inside. The driver gives you his number when you enter. The cabs generally belong to companies. Their number is not limited by law; but the prefect of police is very cautious in augmenting it. Although the prices are so low, ranging from eleven to fifteen francs, a cab is a valuable property. Five thousand francs are given for the number alone. There are still some free cabs called *voitures de remise*, which stand under cover, are a little dearer, but more expeditious. Every class in Paris uses cabs. A milliner takes a cab when she takes home a bonnet, and a washer-woman, dressed out neatly with a pretty cap on her head, uses the same mode of conveyance to distribute clean shirts to her customers." So far my authority. If you are familiar with his elegant want of

style, you will readily name him; if not, "your state is the more gracious," and I won't introduce him.

Although it was midnight, the streets were tolerably lively. The *cafés* were closing; but streams of people passed along the streets, probably on their way home from the various theatres. These people were all quiet and orderly. They were not singing, or shouting, or rapping at shutters; and manifestly they were not intoxicated. That is the one great redeeming feature of French society. Frenchmen may erect barricades, and worship the Virgin Mary, and covet their neighbour's wives, and regard the English with that feeling which the devil is supposed to entertain toward holy water; but they don't get drunk as a rule. It is not their practice. There are exceptions, of course. There are people who go raving mad with absinthe, and die in the streets drunk. But a Frenchman does not regard a "big drunk" as the most congenial form of enjoyment. 'Tis not the custom of his nation. And all honour to them for preserving that national distinction.

The arrival of guests at a French hotel always creates a commotion apparently quite out of keeping with the event. That on the drawing-up of a cab and the stepping-out of two quiet Englishmen with two portmanteaus, a porter should make his appearance, is natural. But we were literally surrounded by a *troupe* of waiters, we were confronted by a stout proprietor; and while the utmost excitement prevailed, while everybody shouted and gesticulated to their hearts' content, we were conducted to a sort of rabbit-hutch, from which there emerged a brown woman *en papillotes*, who handed us each a wax candle in a silver candlestick, and a key, and requested us to follow the *garçon*. Then we formed a little procession in this wise:—A *garçon*, with a dirty napkin round his arm, leading the way; my friend and myself, each with a taper and a key, as if doing penance; two waiters, shouldering our portmanteaus; the stout proprietor, with uplifted arms, perhaps invoking a blessing upon us; madame, *en papillotes*, turning up her expressive eyes, which at once looked a welcome and took stock of us. In this order we mounted the first flight of an ancient well-staircase with oaken balusters. After that flight the tail of the procession dropped off, but we continued our way, leaving the stairs behind, and traversing many passages, and at last stopping before a door inscribed "48." This door was locked. There was no reason, by the way, why it should have been locked, or why Achille should have made so much ceremony in unlocking it, seeing that the staple was loose and the lock would at any time come off in your hand. Faith in that lock was, notwithstanding, a fixed idea in the hotel, and every morning we solemnly went through the ceremony of turning the key in those wretched wards, and handing it up to the brown woman in the rabbit-hutch below with a polite bow; and every

night I repeated the bow to that brown woman at the door of the rabbit-hutch, and was handed the *clef* with a smile, and received it with a bend, and—I put it in my pocket and walked into my room as if the door wasn't locked at all. But that outer door led to a short passage paved with glazed tiles of a very slippery nature, which was somewhat awkward to me, as I have not been accustomed to slide into my bedroom. At the end of the passage was another door.

It was closed.

At which remarkable point in a narrative Mrs. Radcliffe, in her romances, invariably ended a chapter. I will do the same.

(*To be continued.*)

A CORONET AT LAST,

A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Authoress of "The Surface and the Deep; or True to the Last."

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels."—SHAKESPEARE.

"There is a mystery."—*Ibid.*

CHAPTER I.

PART OF THE FAMILY.

"HAT shall I do with myself?" exclaimed Alice Woodward in the languid tone of one whose life is burthensome.

"Call upon one of your young friends, my dear," responded the parent, to whom the appeal was made.

"No, I do not care about them," answered the first speaker, yawning.

"I hope you are not fickle, Alice."

"Indeed, mamma, you are mistaken in forming such a supposition. It is because I find them insincere."

"You must not expect to discover real and true friends in all. Such a friendship as you crave, child, rarely occurs twice in a lifetime; it may spring up where you least suppose, but requires the growth of years to strengthen and to prove it. Meanwhile acquaintances mutually contribute to each other's amusement and happiness."

"Dear mamma, I am only a silly, romantic girl, it is true; but it seems to me as if to grow wiser were only to grow like those selfish, untruthful beings I despise and pity. I may confess all I feel to *you*. If the world is like this, dear, dear mother, I cannot be happy," she cried, flinging herself on the stool at her mother's feet, and looking

up as she spoke. "I am not satisfied with life. I am ready to love everyone; why should they despise or dislike me? Why should we not all speak the truth?—why should we not all deal kindly by one another?—why need there be so many petty subterfuges, false appearances, and envious heartburnings? You advise me to be satisfied simply with amusement. Amongst those girls whom I know, I can neither give nor receive it. There is Helen, who in her sweet, winning way, has led me on in confidential parley, only to divulge my sentiments presently to half a dozen flippant comrades, and expose every opinion and fancy to the laughter of the group."

"Do you think on such an occasion that you spoke advisedly? Young girls should hesitate to assert opinions, love."

"But between young friends, mamma, may we not discover something of our minds? My companions do not care for anything serious or good. You call *me* ignorant, but *they* have no knowledge even of the common objects which surround them; and worse—no wish to know; not even a blush to tinge an exposure of deficiencies; on the contrary, such ignorance is no unfrequent boast; they seem to fancy it innocent, childish, charming! Oh, I am disgusted with them all."

"Darling, you are indeed superior in mind; but remember, acquaintances may be useful."

"There it is again. Mamma, I cannot fawn upon people I despise. With these girls dress and lovers are the object and aim of life; they are selfish, artful, and ignorant, yet admired, courted—in a word, successful. I know their opinion of me—they think me a little fool, whilst I almost regard them as knaves. I am ugly, and poor, and modest; there is nothing to be got out of me by courting, nothing to fear which requires propitiation."

"You must not become a misanthrope, Alice, but accept life as you find it."

"I *am* a misanthrope, and would rather court solitude than society. I *know* how to get on with these girls; to boast myself and family, to assume haughty airs, to push forward to obtain notice, to trample upon all weaker than myself, to condescend to falsehood, and to forget the humility that becomes the children of mortality."

The young girl poured out her grumblings with great volubility; suddenly she added, "Mother, I wish you had made me religious."

"I do not want any Methodists in the family, Alice. My poor father used to say they were a set of canting hypocrites."

"*Cannot* one be religious without being a hypocrite?" the girl asked doubtfully.

"Oh, not so dreadfully religious. I should like *you* to go to church, of course; but you *won't* go. You might read 'Blair's Sermons' or a chapter in the Bible on Sundays, but you never take up a good book."

"Of course not, because you never taught me to do so; you don't."

Alice did not speak rudely, but in the tone of one asserting a simple fact.

"Well, my dear, your father will not pay for a pew, and it is true that you are often not fit to be seen; but you might go to church when you have a new bonnet," quoth the mother, evading the drift of the last accusation.

"If I do not go to say my prayers, I will not go to show my bonnet," Alice replied slowly; "I call *that* wicked."

"You read novels on Sunday, and I am sure *that* is wicked," retorted the mother, whose conscience was slightly pricked by the last remark. "My poor father used to say it was as bad as card-playing."

"And you and pa' quarrel and swear all day. As for Hortense, she reads the Bible with her fingers in her ears, to be sure, but it does *her* no good; she likes to be *seen* doing it, and to go to church in her new bonnets," sneered the speaker. "And I tell you, ma—it is a dreadful thing—but there is no hope for any of us; you may depend on that."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Woodward asked, dropping her work, and looking up in a startled manner.

"Of course not. Just look how we live. As for me, I know it is all wrong, but I cannot alter; I cannot be good. It is no use thinking of it; it makes one disagreeable."

"I am sure, if you believe what you say, it is very unpleasant; but we shall never be different from what we are," replied Mrs. Woodward, who had relapsed into her old, indifferent, rather listless, manner again. "I think that Methodistical school did you a great deal of harm. Go to the library, and get some novels; you want something to do."

"I am sick of novels—I hate them," burst impatiently from her lips. "I am not one bit like any of the heroines, who are all good and beautiful, and surrounded by lovers. I wish someone would write a story quite different, and have half a mind to try myself. The heroines seem as much occupied with notions of lovers as Helen and all the rest whom I despise so heartily."

"I should be very sorry, Alice, if your head was filled with thoughts of any young gentleman." The mother's warning voice spoke out; but had she essayed to fill her daughter's mind with better things? Words without deeds are like dishonoured bills. Alice's native diffidence, however, stood as a wall around her. Alice was a girl who must be sought to be found; if ever she were won, there must be sincere wooing.

"Oh, do not fear for me, mamma; nobody will ever think of your Alice. It is as plain a fact as my own physiognomy that I was born for an old maid. Let me help you, and work away my ill-humour; it *must* be confessed, you see."

The girl was naturally of a bright, sunny, but earnest disposition; she yearned for a better life than this, but the injudicious hand had

well-nigh spoilt what a wise mother might have trained; yet there was a Heaven over the wild young plant.

"No," answered the foolish mother; "enjoy yourself whilst you are young; there will be a day, perhaps, when you may have no one to work for you."

"Then why not learn now? I should like to feel useful. Surely there must be much happiness enjoyed by those who work for the poor."

"Charity begins at home, Alice; for my part I believe we are poor enough. We have no time to think of others and no money to give away." (Poor indeed!) "Go and amuse yourself, child; you have no work."

"Let us drink tea, then; it is just five o'clock. Put away your darning for a little while."

"It must be finished to-night."

"Never mind; take a rest now; you will be *obliged* to work when papa returns. I hope he will not come home till late." Alice moved away with the keys her mother handed to her.

But it is high time to describe the two speakers. The daughter was not only an eccentric girl, but by no means personally prepossessing, being tall, awkward, thin, and pale, her rough hair thrust carelessly into a blue net, her dress of light alpaca considerably outgrown and without a collar. There was evidently not the slightest regard paid to attire, and apparently a dearth of the wherewithal, and yet she was not slovenly amidst all this neglect. About eighteen years of age, with the simplicity of childhood retained to the dawn of mental superiority, cynical, strange, uneducated, she had for redeeming points sincerity, originality, and a magnificent pair of large, bright, liquid eyes, very dark coloured and deeply fringed, shining out like two gems in a wild forest cavern. As Alice left the room to order the tea for her mother, she sang out in a deep, rich, full voice that echoed through the house. A gentleman with a bunch of violets in his hand was passing at the moment and paused in the street outside the portico; the girl as she stepped quickly along the hall was quite ignorant of such an auditor, quite unaware of the excellence of her own vocal powers. The stranger, when her voice ceased, noted the number of the house, and thought "a professional" lived there.

The beverage was presently brought upon table, and mother and daughter once more seated alone. Mrs. Woodward resigned her work and accepted the tea handed to her by Alice. She was a small woman with a very worn aspect, and had evidently been a beauty. For a moment, as she overcame the habitual air of languid dejection, which seemed to be woven around her like the toils of the hunter over the entangled denizen of the jungle, the sparkle of her dark eyes, the jetty softness of her hair, and the contour of her face were still very agreeable to contemplate. She wore an old silk gown, out at the

elbows, and a torn soiled collar, whose fabric had once been lace of value.

"Dear Mamma," said Alice, sliding into the stool from which the other had moved her feet, "how happy we are now! You love your child, but nobody else does," and she rested the shaggy-looking head against the old silk gown.

"Bless you, my darling, now my little one no longer. You are a dear, clever girl, Alice, and I am very proud of you."

"Oh, mamma! no one thinks of Alice as you do. I should die if I were separated from you." Mrs. Woodward stooped down and kissed the speaker. "There are some verses I made this morning; shall I read them?"

"If you please."

"Listen, then."

GLORIOUS SUNSHINE.

Glorious sunshine! happy sunshine!
 Let me roam the world with thee,
 With thee only, never lonely
 Field, or lane, or brook can be.
 The darkest river onward flowing
 Hath some spot where thou art glowing,
 Ev'n thro' tangled forests peeping
 Sunny spots are in thy keeping.
 Glorious sunshine! happy sunshine!
 Lighting up this world of ours,
 Birds are singing, flowers are springing,
 And thou smilest on the flow'rs!
 If hearts are ever dark with sadness
 Thou canst light them into gladness—
 Bid them hope, for clouds can never,
 Dark tho' they be, frown on for ever.

As she concluded, a loud, impatient knock reverberated on the hall door. Alice started, and with an apprehensive countenance hastened to obey the summons. A tall fine man, with his hat, which he did not remove, alouched over his eyes, entered the parlour. "D—— it all! why have you this huge fire?" was the salutation that burst from his lips as he looked scowlingly and fiercely at his wife.

"It is so cold to-day," she said deprecatingly.

"Cold, madam, cold? It will be colder let me tell you when you are cast adrift in the streets through your own extravagance; it will not be so comfortable in the workhouse." Whilst speaking he put his coat and hat on the table and flung himself into the arm-chair Alice had lately occupied.

"Don't talk in that way, Richard; surely you can afford a fire to keep your family warm; a working-man can do that."

"A working-man is earning money, and I am not."

"We had better live in a smaller house, then, and have things more comfortable; we want a new carpet, and Alice has not a dress to keep——"

"Alice may go to the devil!" roared her angry father as he flung one of his boots to the further end of the room. "What have you done with my slippers?"

"They are where you left them, I suppose."

"Well! and can't you fetch them?"

The wife obeyed, resuming, however, the thread of the conversation: "And Alice has not a dress fit for this severe season. The snow was eight inches thick last night, and the thermometer is something or other very low—only 45 here."

He cast the other boot, now extricated, with a herculean effort from the other foot, to an opposite point of the compass to its fellow, took the tongs and put out the fire.

"Good gracious! Richard, we cannot sit in the cold; I had the toothache last week, and Alice is so delicate—you'll kill the girl."

"Extravagance is always followed by privation. I expect a writ out against me to-morrow. I tell you we are ruined; we are burning other men's coals, and sitting on other men's furniture, and indulging ourselves at others' expense." He gloomily sunk his face between his hands.

"Tell me, Richard—is this true?"

"You shall not leave the room, Alice!" he cried, suddenly starting up, regardless of his wife's question.

"I shall!"

"Where are you going?"

"Where you told me to go."

"Answer directly; where are you going?" he vociferated, raising his voice.

"To the devil!" she cried passionately, passed out and slammed the door.

CHAPTER II.

HORTENSE COMES HOME.

"SHALL I send for Hortense to come home, Richard?" Mrs. Woodward asked in a subdued and tremulous voice that timidly broke the strange silence enveloping the house—a silence that may be called the atmosphere of a great sorrow, the shadow thrown from the form of a domestic trouble. Lines that yesterday were not apparent in the lady's brow, resembled to-day the furrows of some years' bitter experience, brought to the surface by a night of watchful and hopeless misery. Alice glided silently through the room, her high, wild spirits quite quelled, her pale face blanched to a ghostly whiteness—her fine eyes disfigured and discoloured by tears, whose fountain, passionately as they had been shed, was not exhausted, but continued to trickle silently like the overflowing of a reservoir, as if the resources of

sensibility had been replenished rather than expended by the recent torrents of grief.

"Yes—no—do as you like. It will be the last opportunity, perhaps, of an interview with her heartbroken parent."

"Alice, write a line to your sister at once."

"It is no use writing, it is too late to write. The sheriff's officers will be here soon."

Mrs. Woodward concealed her face with her hands, and, groaning bitterly, sunk back in her chair.

"A telegraphic message, father!" suggested the pale girl.

"Who is to pay for it? We're beggars—beggars." He rocked himself on his chair with hands tightly pressed over his face, and left the sentence unfinished.

Alice rapidly wrote a few lines, and left the apartment. In spite of her tears, and the evident struggle that had taken place in her heart on receiving the first rude shock, she was now calm, dignified, and determined; there was something almost majestic and noble in her bearing, contrasted as it was with that of her parents. After quitting the parlour with the dusty carpet, faded curtains, odour of bygone cigars, and general air of neglect, she glided into a little room on the same floor, and taking from her bosom a key suspended on an elastic chain, opened a small cupboard. The shelves were filled with toys of every description—dolls, cradles, little fancy pincushions, and childish knick-knacks; there was a box of wools and some carpet work on a centre shelf, a small glass case of butterflies and shells with the Latin names appended, and two masks and a pasteboard dagger lying by it. She took a little sand-stuccoed cottage from a corner, with the words "Savings Bank" emblazoned in scarlet on its mimic wall, and held it a moment in her hands. It was very strange to see the tall girl in her outgrown frock looking so pensively at her scarcely out-grown toys, with so much simplicity and childishness, yet with so much strength of character and moral fortitude evident in her countenance and bearing. It was, however, only the hesitation of a moment; with a strong hand she tore it in pieces, and caught the copper coins as they fell in her lap. Alice knew the amount well; there was little occasion to count them, but she did, just as the miser may tell over his store, though with a very different motive reigning in her heart. Fourteen of them. Alice was not rich, but it was her all; Croesus himself could not have surpassed the generosity of the gift. She left the cupboard door open, and hastened to the kitchen stairs to summon and despatch Martha, the old servant, to the telegraph office with the message for Hortense. It only said, "Come home directly." "Poor girl," thought Alice, "to what a home am I recalling her; but she will like to see us all again—she will desire to be with us in our trouble." She cast a glance again at her treasures

on re-passing the door. "I should like to take the butterflies with me, but I have no home where I can take them. I suppose we shall have to sit in the street like the poor blind woman by Tottenham Chapel. Oh, how dreadful! But I must think of my mother, not myself, and aunt will think of Hortense. "Mamma," she said, re-entering the room and whispering in her mother's ear, who sat precisely as she had left her, "I have packed your wardrobe, though I do not know what we shall do with it in the street." She received no answer, and did not like to repeat her remark. It was already past their usual dinner hour, and Alice felt very hungry, but no one else suggested the necessity of food; she thought perhaps it was as well to get used to do without now—it would not seem so bad to-morrow.

Mr. Woodward was busy tearing up old letters as he stood at his private bureau, the doors of which, for the first time within recollection, were flung open. A little portmanteau, a hat, and cloak were deposited upon the dining table, and the master wore his walking boots, ready to make his exit by the back door whenever the sheriff's delegate should present himself at the front. There are certain peculiarities in all families which a stranger cannot understand; actions which would appear simple and natural to the uninitiated, to the members of a secluded family may be awful prognostics of impending events. Such an omen was the opening of Mr. Woodward's bureau, the display and destruction of his secret correspondence.

"To think that I should ever come to this!" Mrs. Woodward at length exclaimed, gaining courage from her husband's silence—"to sit here expecting a bailiff at the door—to be cast adrift with my children, and their father flying by the back entrance! What will the Delmonts and the Templetons think of us now? Oh, Richard! you are a wicked man!"

"How dare you asperse my character, madam? This is your own work—your *own* work, I say! See to what a condition you have reduced your children; see to what a straight you have brought me! Bah! Don't quote your Delmonts and your Templetons; go and ask them for a home now."

"Oh! I wish I had never seen you, Richard; I danced with the Earl of Grizzlewig the very day I accepted you; I might have married him—and would a countess ever come to this? Go away, Alice—get away—go along with your father—you are all the same, and I wish I had never come amongst any of you." Mrs. Woodward's remarks were not always sensible or logical.

"What, madam, will you add insult to injury? Will you prate to the man you have ruined of earls and Grisslewigs? What was your father? A contemptible baronet! Why did you not have a son, madam, to claim the title in abeyance?"

"And to be turned out into the street whilst his father flies by the back door, and the bailiffs—I never heard such a word as bailiff before—Oh! Richard, you are a very wicked man!"

How much longer these recriminations would have continued is happily unknown, for a carriage driving up to the door deposited Hortense on the threshold of home, now likely to be home no longer. Alice rushed out to admit her sister, and fell weeping on her neck.

"Dear! dear!" ejaculated that young lady, extricating herself, "How rough you are, what is the matter?" And she passed disdainfully into the parlour. Hortense was exceedingly handsome, and must have borne considerable resemblance to her mother at the same age. A haughty elegance distinguished her manner; her brow was low, like that of an antique statue, and crowned with a mass of raven hair; her eyes, neither so large nor so eloquent as her sister's, were defiant in expression, and dark in hue; her lips were thin and compressed, but tinted with a beautiful red that enhanced the general brilliancy of her complexion. She was followed at this juncture by her aunt, Lady Timmes, who had necessarily been longer in descending from her yellow vehicle, though obsequiously assisted by Orpheus, her footman, in a sky-blue coat and orange-coloured plush. It was luxury, not nature, which had rendered her ladyship fat. In youth she had been remarkable for the gracefulness of her figure, though not possessed of such beauty as her sister, Mrs. Woodward, and therefore content to marry a rich baronet in her own station, as she remarked (her father being a very poor one), whilst Emmeline was flirting with the Earl of Grizzlewig. But, as it often happens, the plainest of the family settled the best, and when Miss Emmeline Melville, the belle of the season, married Mr. Woodward, the rich banker, her young friends knew not whether to envy or sneer. A golden bouquet holder, however, presented by the man of money to each of the bridesmaids decided the majority of the feminine world in his favour, who accordingly pronounced Miss Melville a fortunate girl. The young bride had a great weakness for display, and Mr. Woodward himself was not behindhand himself in ostentatious expenditure. A fine house, an elegant pair of ponies, and costly furniture, contributed to render the pretty woman still more attractive, and she found herself the centre of a somewhat brilliant circle. In the midst of her triumphs, and in the summer of her days, a fearful calamity, like an alpine avalanche or a southern earthquake, overwhelmed and engulfed them. The managing clerk absconded to Australia with the bulk of the capital; the bank broke; there was a commercial disgrace and a social annihilation; Mr. Woodward relinquished the country house, the furniture, and the ponies, and hid his diminished head and that of his wife, after a short continental seclusion, in a pretty little villa near the Regent's Park, whither their

children, still young, were conveyed, together with the plainest of the furniture reserved for the purpose. What money had been saved from the general wreck was unknown, but the rather high rent of their present abode seemed scarcely consistent with the state of penury Mr. Woodward constantly dwelt upon with so much irritable melancholy. They paid their way pretty handsomely, but *how* the master kept to himself. Yet the hour seemed to have come at last when the cloud so often prognosticated was about to fall, or rather had already burst, and would soon annihilate them in its deluge. Lady Timmes visited occasionally, since their first misfortune, in the character of a benevolent patroness. She expressed a decided aversion to the whims and eccentricities of Alice, and showed an equal partiality for the handsome Hortense, whose artifices succeeded in gaining some influence with her aunt. But Lady Timmes had other peculiarities besides a rotund figure, a florid face, a flaxen wig, and features whose outline was lost in substance. Left early a widow, she had been able to indulge all her oddities, the first of which was decidedly for the table, the second for pets—poodles, Cochin-China fowls, tall footmen, and little boys in buttons, not to mention her niece Hortense, who, thanks to *tact*, promised to outvie them all. But Lady Timmes was also sentimental, exceedingly romantic, and had an absurd passion for "sweet names," which she exercised by changing the appellations of all the servants she engaged and the dogs that she bought. With much difficulty and puffing, her ladyship waddled into the Woodward's hall—which was none of the widest, modern architecture having a daily increasing tendency to contract the vestibule—in a trailing, bright green dress, a scarlet *Colleen Bawn*, and a black and yellow bonnet. A long *châtelaine*, sparkling and noisy, distinguished her side and furnished an accompaniment to the music of her panting breath. A shaggy white dog clasped in a warm embrace finished the *coup d'œil*.

"What is the meaning of all this, and why am I summoned here in such a strange way?" cried Hortense as she stepped quickly into the parlour before her aunt had alighted, and satisfied herself with a hasty glance that no one was dead.

"It is an hour of deep affliction; we are ruined," said Mr. Woodward, walking up and down the room in despondent agitation worthy of the great Phelps in public—"ruined! ruined!"

"We are going to be turned out into the streets," Alice explained.

"Then why did you bring me here, Miss? How dare you send for me?" cried Hortense, turning to her fiercely.

"We are expecting *bailiffs* at the door," explained Mrs. Woodward. "Alice, for Heaven's sake keep it shut——"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" panted Lady Timmes, entering; but the next moment ejaculating in tones of horror, "Oh lud!" she sunk into a

chair, dropped Dido, who yelped piteously, and fainted away. Upon Alice calling for cold water her aunt suddenly revived, and sat bolt upright. "Good gracious! what a house for me to come near! Mr. Woodward, how dare you send for us? Hortense, I must go. Pick up Dido and give her to Orpheus. Open the door, Alice; I do not want to have anything to do with you."

"You will not leave me in all my trouble?" sobbed Mrs. Woodward, "Nancy!" (Yes, that was Lady Timmes's sweet pretty name; the suppliant had better have forgotten the disagreeable and incontrovertible fact just now.) It was breathed in touching accents, but smote the wrong chord, and the owner of the appellation, instead of opening her arms, flounced round to quit the room. "Oh! do not leave me with this wicked man; see what he has brought me to!"

"Wicked man? You *are* a wicked man," Lady Timmes observed emphatically, pausing an instant and facing her brother-in-law—"a very wicked man to marry into *our* family and ruin yourself twice over. But I discard you *all*. Thank goodness, [you have not the name of Timmes." And she prepared to quit the house. "Dido, Dido, come, sweetie!"

"Here is Dido, aunt *Nancy Timmes*," cried Alice running after her; "and it's a pity you don't think more of your relations and less of your dogs."

The lady turned up her hands and eyes whilst Orpheus carried the favourite quadruped down to the carriage and deposited him beside his mistress. "Home! Kavanagh," cried she to the coachman, and her niece, standing at the door, wondered whether it was his real name. The voice of Hortense soon recalled her.

"Leave the house? I tell you *I* will not!" and the passionate speaker stamped her foot upon the ground. "You are blighting my prospects—you are destroying my opportunities——"

"Everything is destroyed now."

"I repeat, it is the very moment when you ought to refurnish the place and get the outside painted; I want you to give a dinner party and two or three dances."

"Hortense, you are beside yourself."

"I am not; it is *you* who are mad—blind to the advantages I shall lose, ignorant of the acquaintances I am forming. I tell you, appearances must be kept up a little longer—they *must*."

"It is too late—there is no stemming the torrent—no damming up the flood," cried her excited and angry father in heroics, as he bent his severe eyes upon her.

"But it *shall* be so—it shall! it *shall*! I will *not* have my hopes thwarted," cried Hortense, flinging her elegant little bonnet and warm cloak—her aunt's gifts—upon the floor. "To balk me now! To bring me back to such a home—to scenes of misery and distress—at the very

moment of my triumph: worse than all, to drive my aunt away—to make an enemy of her—oh!” and Hortense burst into a violent fit of hysterical rage, laughing like a demoniac, and sometimes sobbing.

“Only this was necessary to complete the scene,” remarked Mr. Woodward bitterly, suddenly adding, “Hark!” as a dull, heavy knock sounded, “they’ve come, clear the way for me!” and catching up hat and cloak, without waiting to attire himself in either, he rushed through the passage. Quickly as the fugitive moved, however, Alice was always before him with an open door to accelerate his flight; but when they came to the bottom of the garden, egress was barred and the key not there. Time was imperative and Alice trembled with a strange sensation of guilt as he scrambled up the high wall, paused an instant to catch the cloak and bag she flung towards him, and disappeared on the other side. Listening an instant, a cry, followed by a scuffle, smote upon her ears; she tried the door, forgetting it was locked, and ran in to fetch the key. The bolt was rusty, not being often used, and when Alice succeeded in opening it at last, and looked out into the street, she saw a man at the further end dragging another apparently insensible or dead, but the increasing twilight prevented her from recognising either of the figures, and the next moment they were lost in darkness.

CHAPTER III.

LADY TIMMES’ LITTLE SECRET, AND HER ROSE-COLOURED BOUDOIR.

“HOME, Kavanagh,” said Lady Timmes to the blue and orange coachman, who flourished his whip in obedient compliance to the word of command, and the yellow chariot was whirled by its white horses from the north-western suburbs to more aristocratic quarters. Belmont-street was not far from Hyde Park Corner, and with what inward satisfaction its fair tenant reached her town abode may be conceived when it is known that she ascended the stairs into her boudoir without once pausing, notwithstanding her corpulency, pulled the bell violently, sunk into her own particular chair, and burst into heartrending hysterics. Thus it was that Alphonsine, her French maid, discovered her when she answered the somewhat ungente summons. The boudoir was hung entirely with rose colour and white lace, and had the chairs and ottomans not been stuffed with yellow, nor the carpet variegated with scarlet and blue, doubtless the effect would have been charming; as it happened, incongruity of colour in furniture otherwise handsome rendered Lady T’s boudoir a chamber of horrors, nor was that term less appropriate when the pictures which literally covered its walls were taken into consideration; the owner intended them to display her taste, and so they did. At the present moment she was making a personal display of another kind.

"Oh! madame, vat is de mattaire?" cried Alphonsine, entering with Dido in her arms, "sal I go fetch ze salvolatile ou ze doctaire? vitch? Ah! madame, zis is *terrible*! Vat can Alphonsine do for you? She who is so devoted to madame to see her suffer thus! Ah! speak to me miladi!"

The mistress moved her lips between her sobs, but not a word was audible. Alphonsine stooped down to catch the syllables, and with an effort the sufferer gasped, in stifled accents, "Brandy!"

"Ver gude, ver gude," said the Frenchwoman, opening the lady's reticule, and abstracting her keys, and then offering her own little handkerchief, with a tender interest, in place of that removed, "but *un moment*, I return to madame with ze physique." But when arrived at the well-known cupboard she raised the bottle to her own lips and imbibed a comfortable quantity of the stimulant ere seeking to relieve her mistress's wants; doubtless with the laudable intent of supporting her own strength the better to wait upon her lady.

"Mademoiselle Hortense not killed?" she asked with national curiosity as her patient recovered after a liberal dose of cordial.

"No, Alphonsine, no," sighed the lady.

"Yet madame return without her, and madame weep like *La Niobé*."

"Ah, Alphonsine! my too sensitive heart! If my poor dear Sir Timothy were alive to protect me! If those blessed babes," she added, pointing to their respective likenesses in oil suspended in the apartment to be constantly in her view—"If those blessed babes had lived to console the afflictions of their mother! Oh! Oscar and Malvina, why were you swept away by the measles in the first days of your existence? Alphonsine, I have had such a shock! such a blow! I have been called to my face——"

"Vat, my lady?"

"Never mind. How very impertinent you French are!"

"Interest for my lady's welfare, to whom is all my devotion. Pardon me, but my countrywomen are ——"

"I do not converse with my domestics," said Lady Timmes, suddenly assuming a lofty manner.

"Just so; my lady is right. Pardon!"

"It is very cold; put Dido on my footstool, to keep my feet warm, and stir up the fire. Have they sent the last number of 'The Woman in White'?"

"It is here."

"Then wrap a shawl round me, and read. I should like to doze a bit."

Scarcely, however, was the chapter commenced, and her ladyship snugly settled in the arms of Morpheus, when the faint echo of a loud knock on the hall-door penetrated even this retreat, and startled the dreamy god from the chamber.

"Dear me!" ejaculated her ladyship, "who can it be? How very rude of people to knock so loud! I must have that instrument of torture removed; it is quite antiquated. I think I have heard that Noah had knockers on the Ark. Everyone has bells now,—much better. I really consider it an affront for people to storm the entrance to a friend's house, as if they were mutineers coming to the East India House."

Now amongst the persons of fashion who tolerated poor Lady Timmes, she, of course, was regarded as—what we have already shown her to be—a very vulgar woman; and one of her greatest atrocities happened to be the thundering knock of Orpheus, who, if not so musical as his classic namesake, at least knew how to make stones reverberate to his performance. In her youth Miss Melville had been free from these anti-aristocratic failings, but the charms that won Sir Timothy Timmes—a graceful figure and a becoming silence—seemed to have vanished together. Words had only failed in consequence of an equal paucity of ideas, and quietude from the absence of opportunity to act for herself. Now she had more confidence and perfect freedom, and her native vulgarity developed. She, good woman, knew it not, and it would have been an ill-natured as well as fruitless act to make her wiser.

"Run, Alphonsine," said she, resettling her shawl, "and tell Orpheus to say I am out."

But, alas! the mandate came too late; ruthless Fate had ordered it otherwise, and ere a timely denial could be given the steps of the intruder were on their way towards the drawing-room, whilst his card was borne triumphantly above. "Mr. Picklebury, Lincoln's Inn," was inscribed thereon; and Lady Timmes accorded a wonderfully pleasant smile to this by no means "sweet, pretty name;" but then her ladyship knew that Adam was the only man to whom the blessed privilege was accorded of naming all things; else why should she be Nancy Timmes?

"Show him up, by all means; I should have been vexed indeed had I sent him away." Alphonsine removed the shawl, and arranged a mauve and crimson Mary Queen of Scots cap, whilst the lawyer was on the stairs. "Good morning, sir! [It was only just four.], You are the very person I was wishing to see."

"Then it is most fortunate that I happened to call. I hope I see your ladyship well?"

"Thank you, no, Mr. Picklebury—no. My nervous system has been most rudely shaken to-day."

"Nothing serious, I trust?"

"I do not know. I cannot bear much, sir; I am very delicate, though I may not look so. Dr. Chaff says a feather would be enough to upset me."

"Really now, madam, I should never have thought it. Your ladyship appears a picture of bloom."

"No one thinks it natural," was the answer. And well might she say so, for Nature was maligned by the liberal quantity of magenta visible on those puffy cheeks not less than by the flaxen ringlets and laboriously pencilled eyebrows—a tableau daily arranged by the skilful hands of Alphonsine.

"I trust that in my short term of absence, totally unavoidable and highly imperative, my excellent partner has rendered you every attention?"

"Mr. Sharpsett was here only a month ago, and drew up an entirely new will at my particular request."

"I trust, in a satisfactory manner. Would you like me to run my eye over the document?"

"Thank you, that will be unnecessary, as I am about to request you to add a codicil completely reversing the disposition of my property."

"Just as you please; I shall be most happy."

"Have you the necessary articles with you? I should so like it done at once, whilst I am in the humour. Think if anything should happen, Mr. Picklebury, and the money wrongfully disposed of! Ah! it is as great a responsibility to leave one's property in good hands when one goes out of the world as it is to name one's children with propriety when they come into it. There are many lamentable errors made. *You* know it, but I would not have the servants discover that my name was *Nancy* upon any account. I have all my linen marked with the coronet. Sir, I rely upon your honour as a gentleman to keep my little secret inviolate."

"Depend upon it, my dear lady, your secret is safe with me. I am a man of secrets." And the lawyer buttoned up his coat, from which parchment, pen, and ink had made their *debut*, and slapped his breast confidently.

Certainly, that man looked as if he were made of secrets screwed down close together, whilst his sharp nose and shrewd eyes seemed accustomed to ferret them out, as if he lived upon them and had an insatiable appetite.

"The parish clerk knows it, and two clergymen—the one who married me, and the one who christened me; but I rather think they are all dead, in which case, with the exception of yourself, my dear sir, and a remote and discarded branch of the family, not a living creature is in possession of the fact."

"Nor ever will be, as far as I am concerned. When a lady trusts me with her private affairs, madam, I never think of divulging them. Now, to whom do you wish to leave the bulk of your fortune? I am ready to draw up the codicil, and the sooner the better—eh?"

"Certainly. It is impossible to be too soon in these matters. I have been convinced of that ever since poor Sir Timothy neglected to add the few words that would have put me in possession of as many additional thousands."

"To whom shall I say?"

"To the National Gallery, together with the portraits of Oscar and Malvina, my two infant children, and the rest of the valuable collection of paintings hanging on these walls—say the walls of my rose-coloured boudoir, if it is legal. Do you not think it sounds pretty?"

"On the said walls of the said rose-coloured boudoir," muttered the lawyer. "Anything else, ma'am?"

"Twenty pounds a-year to Dido, my Maltese poodle, to be entrusted to the care of Alphonsine; ten pounds to Orpheus, the same to Kavanagh and to Hyacinth, my page. Yes, and you may also write Adelinda, the cook; but five pounds a-piece to buy black, is enough for Laura and Zelia, the housemaids, Stephania, the kitchen-girl, and Valdemar, the groom. That is all."

"You have a very good heart, madam, to think of everyone."

"It is so pretty to see their names written. I should dearly like to hear my will read."

"May it be long before that is necessary!" And no doubt the lawyer was sincere in this wish at least, for, judging by precedent, he had a prospect of drawing up half-a-dozen a-year as long as this one client lasted.

"I shall be under the necessity of wishing you good-day," he said, when his little work was finished and duly witnessed by two of the domestics, "as I have another engagement with a gentleman of the name of Woodward."

"Indeed!" cried the fickle testator, fairly surprised out of her prudence. "May I inquire your business with him?"

"Nay, my clients' affairs are sacred—undivulgable secrets, dear madam, as I was just now assuring you. I have the happiness of wishing you good-day." And, bowing with angular politeness, the lawyer made his exit, leaving her ladyship's wish unsatisfied.

(To be continued.)

THE FREAK WITH THE LOGAN STONE.

HAS the reader ever reached the south-west coast of Cornwall? Did he avail himself of the "West of England Excursions" which the glorious weather of last summer brought forth in such welcome numbers, giving access to beautiful bits of scenery which would not otherwise have come within the pecuniary means of every-day folk? If not, let him wend his way in the summer of this same good year 1866, and go thither: he will have something to think of for the rest of his life. Among the multitude of things to see is the far-famed *Logan*, or *Loggan*, Stone. This name is given in Cornwall to huge blocks of granite which are so curiously poised on one point or one edge that we can rock them to and fro. It is Nature's work—"nobody did it:" the stones got into that state and that position through natural causes, owing, as is believed, to the crumbling away of the strata in the lower part of the stone. The word *Logan* means "rocking," in the Cornish dialect; and although the country people are not without some legends of pixies and fairy sprites having brought the huge blocks into their curious position, they are generally content to assign natural causes to the phenomenon.

The Logan Stone—the *Logan Stone par excellence*—is situated on the coast, ten or twelve miles westward of Penzance. After a long railway ride, and a good night's rest at an inn, you ought to be able to take this walk on a nice fresh morning; there is plenty to reward you on the way. After scrambling over a few stone fences—for stone is as plentiful in Cornwall as brick is in Middlesex—you come to a jutting promontory of granite, sixty or seventy feet above the level of the sea. The *Logan* is perched on this promontory in a way that never fails to strike an observer with wonder. Like the flies in amber that Pope speaks about, he is puzzled to think how the deuce it could get there. The block is about seventeen feet long, and thirty-two feet in circumference round the central portion. The bottom is slightly convex, and the centre of gravity is so exactly over the middle of this convexity, that a steady push with the shoulder suffices to set the whole vast mass rocking. The old Cornish writer, Borlase, said:—"It is morally impossible that any lever, or, indeed, any force, however applied in a mechanical way, could remove the *Logan Stone* from its present position." He was wrong in this, as we shall presently see, for mischief sometimes takes a world of trouble to make itself manifest; but it was a very reasonable supposition, nevertheless, and most persons would agree with Borlase. There it stands, as if boldly to challenge the Atlantic; and few persons visit that part of Cornwall without trying to rock the *Logan Stone*.

If the Cornish people could have caught him—*him*, the mischief-maker—they would have thrashed him till his bones ached. Natural curiosities are in some sense common property in our counties, especially in the eyes of sight-seers, guides, hotel-keepers, car-drivers, and those who live by or through tourists. In this sense Cornwall is

proud of her Logan Stone, and thoroughly resents any attempt to injure it.

The freak was an ugly one, certainly. Whether incited to bravado by the assertion of Berlase, or wishing for some active exertion to relieve the monotony of ship life, or moved merely by a whimsical folly, a naval officer resolved in 1824 to upset Borlase's assertion about the Logan stone by upsetting the stone itself. This officer, Lieutenant Goldsmith, a nephew of Oliver Goldsmith (honest Oliver would have disowned him for his foolishness), commanded the revenue cutter "Nimble" on the Cornish coast at that time. On the 8th of April in the above-named year he landed with fourteen of his crew, provided with hand-spikes and a kind of hand-screw, called by sailors a Jack-in-the-box. With an energy worthy of a better cause, he set his men to work until he had overturned the huge mass from its position and hurled it down to the beach below. Whether he felt satisfied with his work when he got back to the cutter is very doubtful; possibly, he and his men felt this to be a shabby achievement for British seamen.

The matter was not allowed to rest here. Two Cornish men had watched the mischief from a neighbouring point; they were not strong enough to prevent it, but they disseminated the unwelcome news very speedily. Cornwall was aroused to indignation; to insult the Logan stone was to insult *her*. Men of science, antiquarians, country people, innkeepers, tourists, guides, all protested. The occurrence was made known to the Admiralty, and the lieutenant was made to feel the folly of what he had done. He was ordered *to set up the Logan stone again* on pain of losing his commission! We know that "all the King's horses and all the King's men" failed to set up Humpty Dumpty after he had his great fall, and most persons thought that Lieutenant Goldsmith would equally fail to set up *his* Humpty Dumpty again. However, he set to work, resolving to keep his commission, and to show that he had some ingenuity and skill in him. It was a hard penalty on an officer of slender means, but as he had brought it on himself nobody pitied him. He was allowed the use of any tackle he might want from Plymouth Dockyard, but he must find his own plans and pay for the labour. Having obtained aid and formed his plan, he caused strong beams to be placed round the Logan, chains to be coiled round it, pulleys to be rigged, and capstans to be manned. Fortunately, the block had fallen on another rock, which prevented its descent to the sea. After a week's hard labour on the part of all concerned, the ponderous stone was raised into its former place. Not exactly raised, however, as before, seeing that the centre of gravity underwent some displacement. The writer of a "Londoner's Walk to the Land's End," about a dozen years ago, states that he could not move the Logan stone at all. The writer of the present article certainly *has* moved it—only a little, it is true—but still something; his shoulders bore testimony to the fact. There is a particular part of one side of the block to which the force must be applied.

May the Logan live a thousand years without any further mischievous overturning!

BOOKS WORTH READING.

AT this season the bright colours and principal illustrations of the books for Christmas presents first catch the eye, and claim precedence in our notice. The gayest of all bindings is to be seen in

Our Children's Pets (Partridge). A robin in full song, set off with green leaves and a blue sky, and enclosed in a gilt frame, adorns the cover. The inside, too, abounds in pretty illustrations, but not coloured. The letterpress is simple reading for children.

The Arabian Nights Entertainments (Warne) used to be the most popular of children's books. In this new edition all objectionable incidents and expressions are removed, and the text is supplied with a sprinkling of useful notes, chiefly explanatory of Eastern customs. Some well-drawn woodcuts complete its attractions.

The Island of the Rainbow (Routledge) is a graceful fairy tale, with a twinkling of humour in it.

True Tales in Short Words and Large Type (Griffith and Farran) are all about birds and beasts. They are adorned with eight exquisite illustrations.

The Butterfly's Gospel (Jackson, Welford, and Hodder) is a very pretty book to look at, and embodies the old familiar allegory.

Little Foxes (Bell and Daldy) is by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, a series of essays on the insignificant little habits which mar domestic happiness. These are the little foxes that spoil the vines.

Charity Helstone (Secley, Jackson, and Halliday) is a religious story likely to please girls, by Mrs. Carey Brock. School life is well depicted in it.

The Fairy Tales of Science (Griffith and Farran) is a fair attempt to tell some of the real wonders of science in an easy and attractive way. One of the chapters is "The Life of an Atom." It records the various combinations in which an atom of carbon has found itself since its first creation. There are sixteen charming illustrations to the book, by C. H. Bennett.

CHESS.

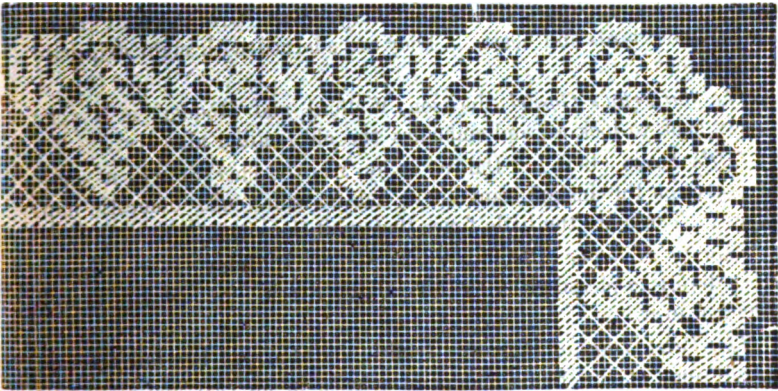
We purpose giving a series of Chess problems and games, and it was our intention to have begun with the present number, but we are compelled by want of space to postpone our good intention until February

NEEDLEWORK.

IT has been a remark with us that many of the patterns given with periodical publications are certainly original, but otherwise undesirable or unserviceable; whilst, on the contrary, others are too elaborate for ordinary capacity and industry, and are suitable only for the amusement of the few ladies, the greater portion of whose time is devoted to manufacturing with the needle, like Fenelopean disciples of the late Miss Linwood, beautiful works of art and patience.

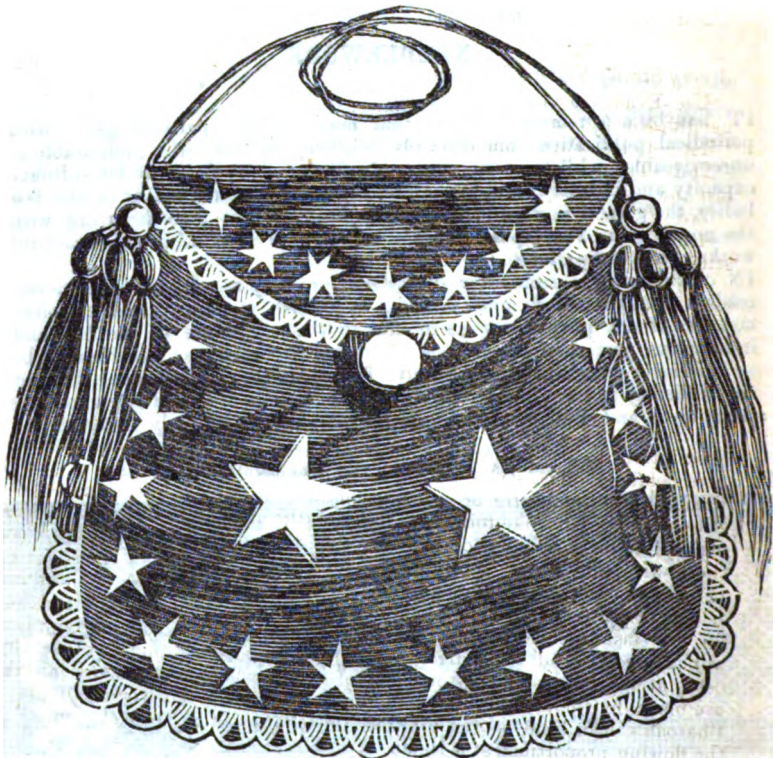
IN commencing a series of work patterns, we may as well announce to our readers that it is not so much our aim to publish startling novelties, often tasteless if not purposeless, as to offer to the acceptance of the fair and industrious portion of our friends useful and easy designs; and these to be so familiarly described as to render them clear to the simplest mind. Should any difficulty in carrying out our instructions arise, we invite questions on the subject, and shall be most happy on all occasions to reply to them.

BLACK LACE BORDER FOR BERLIN WORK.



The subject of our illustration is a pattern resembling black lace, which has been very popular in Paris as an edging to all kinds of Berlin work. The pattern is executed in black wool, with Walker's tapestry needles No. 22; the groundwork of the lace being worked in cross-stitch, with rather fine black sewing silk. A pair of knitting needles, Walker's 21, and a tapestry needle, No. 23, will be required, as the black lace groundwork is done over a knitting needle to give it a lighter appearance. After the first one or two cross stitches are taken, in and out, over the needle, no difficulty will be found in keeping it in its place and working the silk over it in a row. The first row completed, the second needle must be adjusted. When the second row is finished, the first needle is drawn out and placed beneath it, and so on till the lace is grounded. Two or three rows in Berlin wools, of three or more colours graduated, are then worked beyond the lace; and this outer edge is either similar to the centre groundwork of the pattern, or a good contrast in colour. The lace itself is transparent, and shows the canvas partially. The effect is very pretty round a group of flowers or any other device. The corner only is given in our cut, but, of course, the sides can be worked down the canvas to suit any desired size.

A PURSE IN RED VELVET, WATERED SILK OR SATIN.



This design is exceedingly easily and quickly made. The materials must first be cut according to our illustration, and the gilt stars stitched down upon it. Or in preference to the stars, any other of the many metal ornaments now manufactured. The back and front are to be stitched together twice and lined with silk. The edge is afterwards sewn over in buttonhole stitch with knitting silk, but the stitches are to be made a little way apart at regular intervals. Next, through the edge of this row of buttonhole stitches make a series of crochet loops all round, as seen in the illustration. Attach a silk cord at each side of the top, and two tassels. At the bottom of the purse three tassels may be placed if desired, one in the centre and one at each side. Cut larger, this makes a pretty bag.

For the stitching, as for all plain works, the new patent "ridge-edged" are the best needles, they go so easily through the work. Should any of our readers experience difficulty in procuring these or any other of the needles we name we may as well tell them that such can always be procured by writing to Mr. Walker, 47, Gresham-street, London. E.C.

CROCHET EDGING FOR TOILET COVERS, ANTI-MACASSARS, &c.

Use Evans' boy's head cotton No. 10, Walker's Penelope needle No. 7. Make 11 chain, 1 tr. in the sixth loop, 1 ch., miss 1, 1 tr.; 1 ch., miss 1, one tr.

2nd Row: 4 ch., 1 tr. into the first space; 1 ch., 1 tr. into second space; 1 ch., 1 tr. with third space; 8 ch., unite it into a little loop by one plain

on the first stitch of the 8 c. h., and work backwards into it, 1 ch., 1 d. c. 11 tr., 1 d. c. This completes a hanging flower. Then 4 ch., 1 tr. in first space, 1 ch., 1 tr. in second space, 1 ch., 1 tr. in last space,

3rd : Same as second.

SHELL EDGING.

A very Strong Narrow Trimming for Underclothing Worked the Narrow Way.

Use Evans' boar's head cotton No. 16, Walker's Penelope crotchet needle, No. 5.

1st : 4 ch. Turn, commence on 2nd loop. 3 d. c.

2nd : Turn. 7 ch. One d. c. into the 1st d. c. at the extreme point of last row.

3rd : Turn. 1 ch., 10 tr. into loop of 7 ch.

4th : 1 ch., 3 d. c. over the tr. of last row, commencing on the 2nd stitch. Work the d. c. through both the upper loops.

5th : Turn. 1 ch., 4 d. c. over the 3 d. c. of last row. Repeat from the second row.

LA MODE.

IN commencing a series of articles on fashion, we intend to confine our descriptions to articles for the toilette, as they are generally accepted, and to give details of such styles as can be worn without any danger of the fair wearer appearing *outré* or conspicuous, or otherwise infringing on the etiquette of a lady-like toilette. Many of the articles that we name must necessarily be of a more costly description than others—many styles exceed those with which they are compared in elegance and effect. It is for our perusers themselves to judge amongst such a catalogue which is most consistent respectively with combined means, position, and personal attractions, for no "fashion" can be more open to censure than that which attempts an appearance beyond the warranty of circumstances, or more vulgar than ostentation and tasteless assortments of gaudy colours. Also many mistakes are made by the adaptation of the habiliments of a fat woman to one of Pharaoh's lean kine, or the binding the charms of a "pocket Venus" in the flowing proportions of a Helen.

Winter, with wintry cold, has hardly yet set in upon us. A long summer of unprecedented warmth encroached so completely on months generally autumnal, that autumnal fashions and autumnal goods were held back together. Materials for winter have been slow in making their appearance, and there are not many novelties amongst them. The skirts of morning and walking dresses are very generally made plain, but satin-stitch hand embroidery is in great favour upon goods of all kinds. The woollen reps, or poplinettes, and the handsome walking and dinner robes in *gros grain* are thus embroidered. Under skirts of flannel are similarly edged, the scarlet with black and white, and the white with colours. Stripes are still in favour, especially in those totally different materials, linsey wolseys and moire antiques. *Corsages* are all rounded at the waist, and for morning toilettes cut high in the throat, with coat sleeves, epaulettes, loose cuffs and white undersleeves; but a few are made tight at the wrist, with a lace or linen wristband.

A pretty style for a walking silk is to cut out the hem of the skirt like leaves, and trim bodice, &c., in a similar way. More elaborate robes are ornamented with medallions round the skirt above the hem, or with sash end trimmings, or with robings up the back and front breadths, continued on the bodice. For *demi-toilettes* nothing is more fashionable than white Garibaldia of lace or muslin, or of lace or ribbon. These are worn with basqued bodices cut like corsets, or ornamental braces. Fichous, capes

and collars of all kinds are also very much worn. Those that are shaped like the picco cut out of a square bodice, trimmed round with lace and worn over a high corsage, are pretty and more appropriate for winter weather than a style which exposes the chest to draughts of cold air no leaving or entering an apartment. In mantles there is but little variety beyond the introduction of the Anna Boleyn or Faust sleeve, a large open sleeve pointed or square; but these are not yet general. Great changes are to be seen in bonnets; amongst others, the Marie Antoinette or Gipsy hat having made its appearance in velvet. There prevails amongst head-gear, as well as in every other article of the toilette, a perfect republicanism with regard to taste, and perhaps at no era was such a variety of style open to acceptance as "fashionable." The ladies of the present day are no longer compelled, short and tall, fat and lean, from seventeen to seventy, to attire themselves in a uniform chosen by some beauty, perhaps of exalted station, or assumed to hide the personal defect of a great person; there is no longer any excuse for wearing ill-chosen articles. To return to bonnets, however, there is a decided tendency to abolish long ears, and to resume a small shape. Those mostly worn now are perched on the top of the head, the cap not high on the forehead, and the chignon revealing all its beauty, natural or artificial; below the curtain. Muffs are rather larger than formerly—at least, the extremely small ones are not worn, and in Paris the immense old-fashioned ones are already in use. Grey astrakan, and the same material in black, are the most fashionable furs. Colarettes are worn, but the small very narrow boa is newer. Gloves—especially for festive occasions, if we follow the extreme of fashion—are made with six buttons, and are approaching very near the elbow. In lingerie there is an attempt in favour of large collars, but it is not expected to be permanent, because too showy. A few are made like those used in the reign of Charles II., with large points in front. Small collars are made about four inches deep; and ruffs, whether worn over or under the sleeves, are similar—and straight, not pointed. Other narrower collars have points in front measuring about four inches, the band at the back being about a quarter of that width. Nothing is so fashionable as the Cluny lace with which even petticoats, for evening wear, are trimmed.

In bijouterie fretwork silver ornaments are at present the rage, and a rather heavy kind of filagree work. Dress ornaments, clasps, earrings, necklaces, and tiararas, are all manufactured in this style. Boots of the Polish make—that is, high on the leg, and buttoned—are more general. None are worn without military heels. The astrakan fur has become so popular, that it is used even to trim carriage-boots and house-shoes, many of the latter cut in velvet *à la Fendou*, with very large buckles.

Neck ribbons worn under the collar, and tied in front, are to be re-introduced this winter. For evening toilette, bands of inch-wide velvet, with violets, pompadour roses, and other flowers sewn on close together round the throat, the velvet tied in a bunch behind with very long ends, are very pretty.

There is no great change in coiffures. Curls are extremely fashionable. Crops are worn, and also chignons dressed rather high, and we may add that false hair, in Paris especially, has become the rule—not the exception. We trust that in this respect it will be long before the French mode is heartily accepted in England. It is needless to mention the long veils; short ones have been disposed of many months.

FANS FOR PAINTING.—It is worth young ladies' while to know that the enterprising perfumer, Mr. Rimmell, has imported a number of large fans in plain white wood, for the purpose of affording fair hands an opportunity of painting their own designs, and thus adding double value to a present. Those unacquainted with drawing may ornament such articles with delcalcomaine transfer.

THE MUTTON OF MONDAY. BY THE HE-ARTISTE TO THE RAG AND FAMISH.

MUCH has been said and written of late upon domestic difficulties, the scarcity of good servants, especially cooks, and the necessity of all ladies of moderate incomes learning the art and mystery of plain cooking; but, so far as the present writer is aware, no one has, as yet, set about informing the uninstructed *what it is* to learn cooking, and how they should apply themselves to the study. The *Family Friend* hopes, therefore, that a little discourse on the subject may not be unwelcome, especially if it tend to show that the art in question is much easier of acquirement than is generally supposed..

The very first thing to note is that not everybody knows how to use their cookery book. The writer is afraid that nine young mistresses out of ten think that if they look over the recipe they want, and go through it with their cook, it is the book's fault or the cook's if the dish be not a success, whereas in all good cookery books—Miss Acton's par excellence—the recipes are carefully classed, and the *preliminary chapter* to each division of the book is of as much importance as all the particular recipes in the division taken together. The principles on which each operation is performed, whether of roasting, boiling, stewing, or hashing, are what the mistress—or rather every young lady before she becomes the mistress of a household—should endeavour to learn, and she will find that an infinite variety of dishes are at her command when she shall have once thoroughly learned some half dozen rules, all of them easy to understand and to remember. There is also to be learned in her preliminary studies the management of the various provisions in common use.

As, then, the *Family Friend* hopes to visit many a home in which comfort depends much on good economy, and where the professed cook's services are unattainable, the first little chapter presented shall, without apology, be on

The Economy of a Leg or Shoulder of Mutton.—It is presumed that the *Family Friend* is addressing those who care nothing for appearances, and everything for making the most of the joint. As soon, then, as the meat is delivered by the man in the blue apron, cut off not merely the shank, but the joint of bone next to the shank, with its little round piece of meat attached. This should be put on at once in a stewpan or saucepan, to make broth or stock; while in cool weather the joint itself may perhaps be improved by hanging three or four days. Here come in three rules: 1. Meat for making broth cannot be too fresh; 2. Meat for roasting should be hung till tender, since that mode of cooking will never reduce tough meat to tenderness (an excellent gift in juvenile spinsters and elderly sheep!); 3. If meat *must* be dressed, although quite fresh, it may be boiled—that is, not really boiled, but only simmered, till perfectly tender. Note well, the blue boy should always be asked, on delivering meat, "When was this killed?" and the joint be dealt with accordingly.

To proceed with the economy of the joint in question. The main portion will, of course, be roasted or boiled, as may be preferred, and in carving this and every joint it should always be endeavoured not to put on the plates any tough parts that are likely to be left uneaten; those tough parts have their own good use. Having been carefully avoided for help in the first carving, and cut out and put aside in preparing hash or mince, these cautions to mastication, including brown and skinny outsides, add wonderfully to the wealth of the stock-pot.

Now, be it noted that this "economy of a leg of mutton" applies equally

to every other joint, with the addition that from joints which have too much fat (such as loin of mutton, beef, pork, or veal) the surplus fat should be removed and chopped up while quite fresh, dredging in flour at the same time, and carefully picking out every meaty, or pink, or skinny morsel, the morsels aforesaid being good for the omnivorous stock-pot, always at hand.

To recapitulate in brief:—The good parts only—by which is meant such parts as will be eaten—are for helping round at the first cut.

All superfluous fat is equivalent to suet. All bones and coarse parts, gristle, skin and scraps, are for the stock-pot.

The cookery books will tell how to roast, and how to manage a stock-pot, and *some* of them tell how to boil, or rather how *not* to boil, but they do not tell clearly and so as to ensure success, how to make *hash*, and the writer believes that more uncomfortable dinners are owing to ignorance of this simple dish (hashed mutton or beef) than to any other single failure in kitchen management.

There is a strong opinion in the minds of many people that all twice-cooked meats are unwholesome; and so they avoid, if they can, all hashes, mincees, and such like. And well they may *if* the hash be twice *cooked*, but the very first rule for hash and for minced and *all* made dishes of fish, flesh, or fowl, is that they must *not* be twice cooked. The once-cooking mode of making hash is as follows:—Cut the meat from the cooked joint in rather thin slices, as nice as its condition will allow; not avoiding a due proportion of fat, if the family party eat fat, for by this receipt the fat on the meat will not grease the gravy. Be sure to cut off into a separate plate all gristly and skinny parts, and put them into the ever-open stock-pot, according to the rule already given.

Then set about the gravy according to the resources at hand. Perhaps the joint was roasted, in which case there must be some rich gravy under the dripping, somewhere in a basin. Perhaps there is only some liquor in which meat has been plainly boiled. Perhaps there is nothing at all!

If there is roast meat gravy, about three tablespoonfuls made up with water to half a pint will be a good foundation to begin upon. If there is only liquor, the foundation must be simply as much as is required of that. If there is nothing at all, it is to be hoped that there is at least a little sweet dripping, or fat off broth, in the larder, for if not "F. F." cannot concoct a good gravy out of nothing. But this may be done. Put on a small frying-pan, with as much dripping, or other fat, as being melted shall very well cover the bottom of the pan. When the fat *boils*, flour well all the scraps in the plate for the stock-pot (these scraps will be just as good for the soup, even after they have been fried in the boiling fat, and then put into the stock-pot), also some sliced onions, if there be any at hand, much or little, according to the family taste. Fry the scraps and the onions, and, when all are nicely frizzled, fish them all out into a plate, pour off the fat into a basin, not draining the frying-pan very dry, and then pour about half a pint of hot water into the frying pan, shake it well round, and, in fact, *rinse* the frying-pan well with the water, using a spoon to help the process. This will serve as a very tolerable foundation for a gravy.

Having achieved the half-pint of suitable something, put it in a saucepan over the fire, while that which is called thickening is prepared, which must be done as follows:—Put into a cup about two tablespoonfuls of *cold* water or liquor, and rub quite smoothly down into it a good heaped teaspoonful of flour; then stir in any sauce-flavouring that is liked—a dessertspoonful of ketchup, and a teaspoonful of Reading, or a *half* teaspoonful of Worcester sauce (if the latter, shake the bottle well). The contents of the thickening-cup being smoothly mixed, the gravy on the fire is by this time probably almost boiling; now watch the stewpan, cup in hand, and the moment the gravy *boils*, pour in the thickening, stirring quickly, and continuing to stir for a minute or two. If decidedly brown gravy be liked, burn a little moist

sugar in an iron spoon and stir it in. Now the stewpan must be placed—not merely off the *hottest* part of the fire, but *on the hob*, and when the gravy has *quite* ceased to bubble—or squeak—and *not before*, the meat, whether it be in slices or minced, must be put in, and the cover shut close down. And there, *on the hob*, the hash must stand, simply soaking till it is time to dish up; and if the meat should have come off a joint not quite tender, it will be all the better if it stand a good half-hour, otherwise ten minutes will do. Serve with sippets of toast, and send in any pickles that may be liked. If the meat be beef (in Paris it would be horse-bee a little grated horse-radish is a good seasoning).

Now let the young housekeeper elect observe that the principles on which this dish proceeds are—1st. The *gravy must boil*, or it will not take the thickening; 2nd, that the meat *must not* boil. Further be it noted, that these two rules apply to every sort of made dish done in gravy, whether white or brown, such as stewed fish, soles or eels, or the like (this is nothing but to make a gravy as above described, using suitable flavourings, and putting in the fish at last, just as is directed for meat), fricasseed fowl or rabbit, stewed cutlets, and even with curry, harries, or Irish stew the finishing part of the process is much the same. The meat must never be *twice* cooked.

One more observation, and the present article shall be concluded. Such a misfortune will occasionally turn up as a joint sent to table uncatable, tough, and undone, for we sometimes have a practical exemplification that

Heaven gives us good meat,
But Old Harry sends the cooks.

What is to be done? Meat may not indeed be *twice cooked*, but the cooking process, if *incomplete* the first time, may be *taken up and continued*. Set the joint on next day at 9 o'clock in the morning, if for 1 o'clock dinner, in a pot that will both hold it, and just enough water or liquor to cover it; there let it simmer, very gently—only just a bead upon the surface—a bubble rising to the brim—till the delightful hour of dinner. Then the meat will be found—if of good quality—like the Douglas of the ballad, tender and true, soft as silk, and juicy as a peach that melts in your mouth in September.

"Man is more pleased to see a well-cooked dinner on his table than to hear his wife read Greek.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Johnson was right. I don't agree to all
The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager;
But very much approve what one may call
The minor morals of the "Ursa Major."

Johnson was right. Although some men adore
Wisdom in woman, and with learning cram her,
There isn't one in ten but thinks far more
Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar.
I know it is the greatest shame in life;
But who among them (save, perhaps, myself),
Returning hungry home, but asks his wife
What beef—not books—she has upon her shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,
They're little valued by her loving mate;
The kind of tongue that husbands relish most
Is modern, boiled, and served upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may command,
Some home-made verse the happy matron show him,
What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand
Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady—deep in love with Tom or Harry—
 'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as this;
 But here's the moral of it: don't ye marry;
 Or, marrying, take your lover as he is—
 A very man, with something of the brute
 (Unless he prove a sentimental noddy),
 With passions strong, and appetite to boot—
 A thirsty soul within a hungry body!
 A very man—not one of nature's clods—
 With human feelings, whether saint or sinner;
 Endowed, perhaps, with genius from the gods,
 But apt to take his temper from his dinner.

JOHN G. SAXE.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.



HE leading event of the closing year has been the death of Leopold, King of the Belgians. He expired at his palace of Laeken, near Brussels, on Sunday, December 10th, six days before completing his 75th year. He began life at St. Petersburg in 1808, when the Grand Duke Constantine married his sister Ulrica, and he himself was appointed a General of Russian cavalry as aide-de-camp to his brother-in-law.

Six years later he visited England in the Grand Duke's suite, and attracted the favour of our princess Charlotte, who married him in 1816. Her death the following year led to Prince Leopold living in retirement from 1817 till 1829. Between 1824 and 1828 the attention of Europe was in a great measure centred in the struggle for independence then raging in Greece. At length it seemed good to the Five Powers to use their best energies to put an end to the conflict by taking the Greek nation under their protection. The Powers were to find money, and to have the veto upon the person nominated as the future King. In the autumn of 1829, the crown of the new kingdom was offered to Prince Leopold, it having been previously offered to Prince John of Saxony, who had declined it. Prince Leopold accepted it. On the 20th November, 1829, the King elect had a communication with Charles X., then King of France, in which he solicited his support in certain initiatory matters, which were to pave the Prince's way to his future throne. In February the Prince wrote to Lord Aberdeen, insisting that either the island of Candia should be included in the new kingdom, or that her integrity against outrages on the part of the Porte should be secured. The reply of Lord Aberdeen informed the Prince that the Protecting Powers left no option on the part of the King elect to dispute the protocols which called him to the throne, or before he ascended the throne to interfere in questions of boundary or of territory. Prince Leopold, on February 3rd, 1830, replied that if "he was to govern Greece he could not enter upon his functions with an *unconditional* surrender to the dictates of the Protecting Powers." Nevertheless, on February 28th, 1830, Leopold wrote to Capo d'Istria, the Greek Dictator, announcing his acceptance of the crown, and the efforts he was making to obtain from the Allied Powers as many advan-

tages as were possible for the new kingdom. But the answer of Capo d'Istrias, coupled with the difficulties already mentioned, were enough to dismay any man. Capo d'Istrias, in a Greek and thoroughly sycophantic note, assured the Prince of his high consideration. He then proceeded in the softest language to tell him (always with high esteem and respect), that the Greeks were, as a people, much displeased at the way in which the Protecting Powers disposed of their internal affairs. In the first place, it had grieved them that the choice of the Sovereign had not been submitted to the representatives of the Greek people. Secondly, certain rights of the Greek people which had not been mentioned at the conference ought to be reserved. Thirdly, the new King must embrace the Greek persuasion. Fourthly, the boundaries fixed by the conference should be readjusted. Prince Leopold declined the terms.

Now our motive for recalling to our readers' remembrance all this familiar bit of Greek history, is to introduce a statement which was made to us years ago at St. Petersburg, by a high functionary in the household of the then Emperor. He said that King Leopold made no secret, to those whom he honoured with his intimacy, of the impression strongly stamped upon his own mind, that he had missed his destiny in refusing the throne of Greece. He believed that by the judicious exercise of his influence in the councils of the Czar, the dominions of "the sick man" would in due time have been annexed to the little kingdom of the former subjects of the Porte. And with the fairest and most fertile portion of Europe added to his Greek dominions, he would have become one of the great potentates, and his subjects one of the great peoples, of the earth.

It is well known that Leopold did not take much pride in being King of the Belgians. When the French Revolution of 1848 inflamed the passions of "the fierce democratic" in every nation, an attempt was made at Brussels to expel the King. Leopold called around him the first men of each section in the Chambers, and, having reminded them of the circumstances under which he ascended the throne, of the difficulties through which the kingdom had passed, and of the material prosperity which it had attained, he solemnly assured them that if the country really desired a republican form of government he would oppose no bar. He was most willing to lay down the crown. He would be quite as well content to retire to his seat at Claremont as to remain in the more exalted station he filled among them.

This was a more dignified course than that escape of Mr. Smith, and averted the threatened catastrophe.

The good old King's body was buried in peace on Saturday, the 16th December, being his Majesty's 75th birthday! May his successor govern as wisely as his father.

Take it all in all, the projected marriage between Princess Helena, the third daughter of Queen Victoria, and Prince Christian of Augustenburg, is one of the most remarkable Royal marriages of modern times. The Prince is some fifteen years older than the lady; he is not immediately connected with any reigning house; he is so poor that he would not be considered a suitable match for the daughter of a duke; his eldest brother has just been signally defeated in an attempt to get

the Dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein ; and altogether, looking at it from a business point of view, it seems a most ineligible match. The Prince has, indeed, two recommendations. He is of unmixed German blood, and it seems to be the settled policy of Queen Victoria that none of her children, except the Prince of Wales, shall marry any Prince or Princess who is not entirely German by birth, education, and sentiment. Then the Prince, having nothing to do abroad, will be able to settle in England, and devote his time to courtly duties. By this means his poverty will be turned into riches. The faithful Commons will vote the Princess Helena a handsome dower, and there are many nice posts in the army that will yield the Prince a pretty addition to his income.

FAMILY PASTIME.

1.

AMPUTATION.

If you cut off my head, I have half a head left !
And I'm naught but a tail, if of tail bereft !!

EUREKA.

2.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

My whole delights you well, if I
Correct am in my etiology ;
Curtail me twice, and I apply
To an excuse, or an apology ;
Behead my *whole*, and without doubt
A contract, bond, or an agreement's shown ;
Behead again, you'll find me out
With ease ; say reader, am I to you known ?

EUREKA.

3.

If a sweet little name is joined to a pan,
You will find it delicious. Solve this if you can.

EUREKA.

4.

Entire, I'm Irish you will own ;
Curtail, the whole world claims me ;
Behead, transpose, correctly done,
An English title names me ;
Curtail again, I'm Spanish now,
As Italian some greet me ;
Transpose my whole, a letter change,
And England, Ireland, Scotland rangs,
Or Wales, throughout you'll meet me.

EUREKA.

5.

My first is very wrong,
My second all men long
To shirk (by folly blinded*) ;
My whole is full of rules
Well known in modern schools,
But vastly little minded.

"An ignorant impatience of taxation."

ENIGMAS, &c.

1.
I am a word of eight letters. My 1, 2, is (in sound) a cloth measure; my 4, 2, 6, 7, 3, 8, moves round a sun; my 5, 3, 6, 8, is pleasant in winter; my 2, 3, 6, 7, is the reverse of corpulence; and my whole cannot travel without a trunk.
HIGGINS AND RODDICK.

2.
Is there a 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, who does not love,
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,
When the shadows creep around my 7, 5, 4, 4,
And the silvery moon rides like a queen in state?
LIZZIE M'LIVOR.

3.
Away to the woods this sunshiny morning
To seek for my 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,
While the dews 1, 2, 6, the sweet flow'rets adorning,
And the 1, 2, 9, 3, of the sun do shine.
O'er the hill-side we'll wander to the streamlet's edge,
Till my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.
Clustering in bunches beneath the hedge
We find, most temptingly luscious and fine.

ALICE M.

HISTORICAL PICTURE.

A throne was contested for by two persons, both of royal blood, when one of them was chosen by popular consent; he immediately attacked the castle of his rival. His soldiers were stationed around the castle, when suddenly the drawbridge was pulled up, and the duchess accompanied by her ladies made their way to his (the king's) tent. They fall before him and beseech him to allow them to bring forth their greatest treasures and to be conveyed with them to a place of safety.

He gives them permission, and expects to see them come forth loaded with their jewels and trinkets; but what is his surprise and astonishment as well as pleasure, to see them come staggering forth beneath the weights of their husbands.

An immediate accommodation took place, and the parties lived ever afterwards in peace and harmony.

Required the name of the king and that of the castle, together with the family name of the duke.
IVY GREEN.

OUR COUNCIL;

OR, NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

THE NORTH POLE.—As there is much talk now about another Arctic Expedition, can any of your correspondents tell which Arctic explorer made the nearest approach to the North Pole; Parry, who advanced by way of Spitzbergen, or Kane, who proceeded up Baffin's Bay?—*Robert Seeley.*

CABINET MINISTERS.—Is there any book that contains "in a nutshell" a list of all the Prime Ministers and Cabinet Ministers from the time of William the Conqueror, or, at least, from the time when regular Constitutional government was established among us?—*P. A. Morley.*

"HURST" AND "BY."—In Kent and Sussex there are numerous places that end the name with "hurst." In Lincolnshire and Yorkshire a very common ending is "by." What do these endings denote, in reference either to the nationality of the early settlers, or to geographical features?—*Topographer.*

CELTIC AND KELTIC.—Can any of your readers solve the following difficulty? Historical and antiquarian writers were accustomed, until a few years ago, to employ the form "Celtic," but now the use of "Keltic" pre-

vails extensively. Why was the change made, and which is the better form? —J. S. D.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN."—Who first used this expression, and to what work does it belong?—*R. Middleton*.

LOVE'S INDEPENDENCE.—Love is a plant of mysterious origin and spontaneous growth, existing under multitudinous conditions, in different soils and atmosphere—defying training, and independent of cultivation. Envy, calumny, and malice may compass it about, and endeavour with foul breath to quench its tenacious life. In vain! Neglected or maltreated, it can flourish in perpetual vigour. And its perfection of vitality and strength is irrespective of the lapse of time. It may be as fully and gloriously matured at birth as after a gradual and slow development.—*Caradacus*.

Editorial Correspondence.

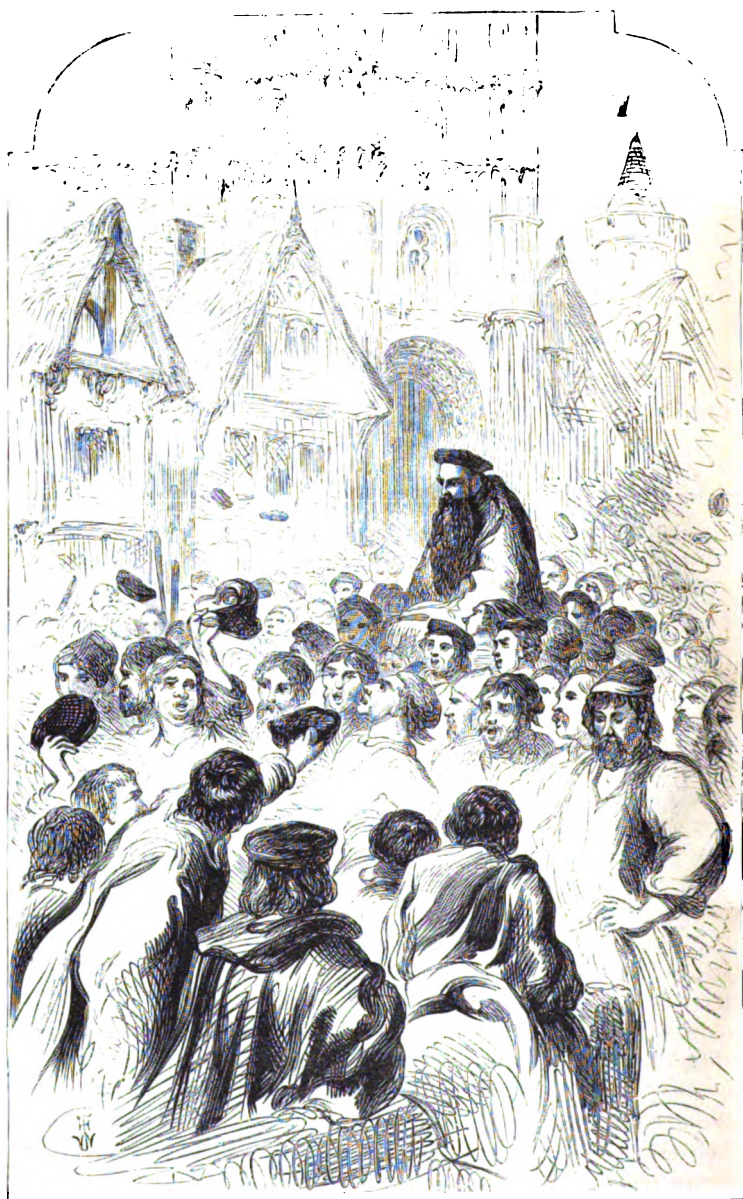
We begin our editorial duties amid much confusion and difficulty. The good old *Family Friend*, like a vessel which has been tossed about for many years on a very tempestuous sea, sails forth this month with new rigging and many internal improvements. A vast cargo of contributions have been sent from various parts of the kingdom, from India and the colonies, for which we cannot find room this month; but a large portion of which we hope to take on board at a future time. Prepared for storms, yet hoping for fair weather, we expect to make a pleasant and successful voyage. Those kind friends who have hitherto supported the good little ship will, we trust, rally round her now with renewed zeal. Contributions will always receive our most impartial and careful consideration. We desire to be regarded as "a friend" in the real sense of the word, and we cordially invite communications. The best advice which we can offer will be ever at the service of our readers, and even on complicated questions of law we shall be happy to give the opinion of an experienced lawyer whenever they may be needed.

We have on our table contributions from Maggie Symington, Daisy H. Caradacus, Lizzie M'Ivor, Emerald Green, Eureka, E. McLoughlin, E. Lamplough, Ellys Hope Erle, Alice McIntyre, Quiz, Maida Incog, Constance, Myrtle, Isabel, Allan Ebury, Pazienza, Nella Catherine, Barbara Halifax, A. C. Wilkins, B. F. Adela, &c., all of which we shall publish at fitting opportunities.

M. A.—You say that you are the patron of a living likely to become vacant before your son, who is preparing for the Church, is ordained. The course for you to take, if you wish to secure the incumbency to him, is very simple. If the present incumbent dies before your son is fit to be presented to the Bishop, you must within six months from the death of the present incumbent present another clerk, and get him to sign a bond to resign the cure in favour of your son when prepared to take it. This would not involve the offence of *simony*, so called from Simon Magus, although at one time in our legal history it would have done so; but now it is sanctioned by positive law. The bond called a resignation bond must, however, be deposited in the Registry of the Diocese within two months from the date of it, and the public have a right to inspect it.

Communications for the Editor of the *Family Friend* must be forwarded to EXETER STREET, Strand.

Rejected MS. cannot be returned excepting under special circumstances.



"He was supported on the shoulders of two powerful men, and had the appearance of a person of higher social grade than the majority of the rabble which surrounded him, and bore him along in triumph."

THE

FAMILY FRIEND.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER II.

NELLY FITZ-OSBERT.—THE PRIAR'S ADVICE.

E is dying," said the priest, stepping hurriedly forward, and gazing calmly, yet intently, at Ralf's convulsed features and glassy eyes. "Leave us awhile."

The young man looked bewilderedly at the priest, and silently left the cottage.

"Humph! Strange!" he muttered, drawing a long breath, and surveying the line of almshouses with thoughtful scrutiny. "Fitz-Osbert! Fitz-Osbert! The name seems familiar. What does he mean?"

The last words of Ralf were an enigma which he could not solve, yet they seemed to ring in his ears and to expel every other idea. He paced moodily up and down for several minutes, he executed accurate kicks at unoffending pebbles, he turned slowly on his heels, and stared vacantly at the little clusters of houses which dotted the open country far away to the north-west; he counted the little columns of smoke that rose over the hamlets beyond, but he could find no solution in the pebbles, none in the little villages, and none in the curling smoke of the hamlets. Weary of the mysterious problem, and somewhat chafed by the bleak wind which whistled around him, he halted suddenly before the cottage where he had left the priest with the dying man, and looked at the closed door with an air of extreme impatience. The voice of the priest engaged in prayer for the dying came through the portal, and fell with a low, wailing cadence on his ear. Subdued by the solemn earnestness of the tones, and a consciousness that death was within the chamber, he folded his arms, and secretly resolved to practise the virtue of patience. That virtue was the one

which of all others he most needed, and, aware of the moral deficiency, he was perpetually promising himself an immediate reformation; but as he attached more importance to the promise than to the fulfilment, the desired reform was never achieved. Perhaps the roving and hazardous nature of his past career had given habit and therefore strength to the hasty and more violent side of his character, for his costume showed him to be a young Crusader, and his bronzed face bore the marks of rough service. He was standing motionless in front of the door, trying to wait with becoming reverence for the priest, when his attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps; and looking round, he saw a young woman advancing towards the cottages. Her dress was that of a wealthy citizen, but yet very simple, consisting of a pale blue kirtle over a dark grey woollen skirt; her head was encircled by a small cap resembling a coronet, from beneath which streamed a profusion of long, wavy hair, tossed over and anon by the gusts of wind, and fluttering in the sunlight like golden spray. She slackened her pace when she observed a stranger standing at the cottage door; and the young Crusader was so startled by the marvellous beauty of her face, that for a moment he lost his presence of mind; but quickly recovering himself, he moved respectfully on one side. Encouraged by his manner, she advanced to the door of Ralf's cottage.

"Pardon me, gentle lady," exclaimed the Crusader; "seek you the old man who is within, or the good friar of Holy Trinity?"

"I have come to see Ralf; he is my grandfather, and is very, very ill. Pray, Sir Knight, do not detain me."

Her hand was on the latch as she spoke, and she looked pleadingly into his face.

The young man thought he had never before seen a pair of blue eyes so softly eloquent. "I wish not to detain you against your will, fair lady, but a holy friar is within engaged in prayer, and unless you be an angel bearing the answer to his supplications, 'twere better not to enter yet."

"I am no angel, Sir Knight, but a mortal woman, come with a few comforts for a sick and poor relation."

There was a quiet firmness in her answer which seemed like reproof.

The young man would have replied, but at that moment the cottage door opened, and the priest stood before them.

"Hush, my daughter," he said; "this is no place for thee this morning."

In his sorrowful eye and on his pale, calm brow was written the tragic event of the last few moments.

"Oh, tell me, good father, what evil has happened! Where is Ralf?"

"No evil, my child; for Ralf hath gone to a happier world."

"Dead! Is he dead?" she asked, looking eagerly at the priest.

"Dead to the pains and trials of a vain world, but alive to all eternity in the kingdom of peace beyond. Do not weep, now that his soul is at rest; rather should you have wept when it was struggling with worldly desires and cruel vengeance for a freedom which, with the blessing of Heaven, is now obtained."

He took her gently by the hand, and led her a few paces along the narrow path.

The young Crusader never moved. The strange warning, the dying convulsion of old Ralf, and his own impatience were all forgotten in his admiration of the womanly beauty before him. It was not altogether her almost supernatural levelness of form and complexion which fascinated and absorbed all his mental powers; there was a gleam of high and unusual intelligence in her clear blue eyes, and there was a nobility of soul visible in every movement of her graceful figure which would have attracted attention even in a less comely person. He noticed her quick apprehension of all that had occurred; he saw the ready tears gush forth at the first words of the priest, and then he observed the self-control, the womanly grace and wisdom, assume the place of impulsive grief.

For some moments she remained in earnest conversation with the friar, and then, pointing to a small basket which hung upon her arm, she turned away and entered one of the other cottages.

"She is the granddaughter of the poor old man who has just breathed his last," said the priest, approaching the Crusader, who stood watching the door through which she had disappeared.

"What is her name?"

"Fitz-Osbert," replied the priest.

"Fitz-Osbert! The very name of which the old man warned me. Know you what he meant?"

"He warned you of a person—not of a name, my son. That young woman is Nelly Fitz-Osbert; she is the daughter of the man whom you will do well to avoid. William Fitz-Osbert is a citizen who hath many good parts, which endear him to the poor of London, but he is a man of iron will and violent temper, dangerous to oppose."

"And wherefore should I fear this man?"

"Because he has conceived a wicked hatred against you—a hatred fostered from the day of your birth, and which he has sealed with an awful oath of vengeance. In the same hatred and in the same oath the dead man yonder participated, but it pleased Heaven to soften his heart in the hour of bodily affliction, and he left Fitz-Osbert's house to die beneath this humble roof, where he might spend his last remaining days in peace with all men. He often urged me to watch for your return to England that he might tell you of the secret feud, and so

avert the evil which he himself had assisted to promote. By a lucky accident while at the Tower I heard this morning of your arrival, and, anxious to satisfy poor Ralf's last earthly wish, I persuaded you to accompany me here. The rest you know. I advise you now to lose no time in leaving London, lest they who seek to do you evil have opportunity for their bad designs. You have returned to a country much disturbed by violent and unscrupulous men. Would to Heaven King Richard were here to awe the unruly and to bind our broken and distorted laws!"

"But why does this Fitz-Osbert plot my injury?" demanded the Crusader, darting a fierce glance at the priest. "And why am I to fly with dastard fear from men I never wronged?"

"Peace, my son! 'Tis this hot blood which, running loose through the distracted land, upsets the social order of the State and mocks the teachings of the Christian Church."

"Better that my blood be liquid fire than I should turn tail like a starving cur before this upstart citizen! What trade is this fine fellow who breathes such mighty vengeance? Some doctor of worn-out shoes, a keeper of salt pans, or a vendor of greasy pork? Forsooth your Christian Church, for which my trusty sword hath done some work in Palestine, would never sanction abject flight from anything so mean!"

"Ah! yours is the doctrine of this unhappy age," replied the priest with a sigh. "Self-pride and the might of sinew usurp the throne of charity, and that intellectual might, humility."

"You may be right, good father," said the young man, cooling down, for at that instant he saw Nelly Fitz-Osbert go forth with a nun and enter the chamber of death. "You may be right because you view these matters from higher ground. I never gave myself to much philosophy, and I like to judge things in my own rough way. Know you why this William Fitz-Osbert, whose name I never heard before, bears me this malice?"

"Old Ralph hath told me all; but he wished the melancholy story to go no further. Your mother, the Lady of Danedred, may throw some light upon the mystery. Hark! the priory bell summons me away. Heaven protect you, my son! Remember my advice, and leave London a good forty miles behind you ere the sun sinks down this day."

With these parting words the priest walked off in the direction of Aldgate, and the young Crusader, after lingering behind a few minutes and casting many an anxious glance in the direction of Ralf's cottage, strode back to London Tower.

CHAPTER III.

FITZ-OSBERT'S HOUSE—A PLOT.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT dwelt in Cheapside, then a narrow thoroughfare with wooden houses on either side, mostly one story high and thatched with straw. There was nothing very remarkable about the street excepting the venerable church of St. Mary-le-bow, which towered high above the roofs of the neighbouring buildings. Some of the houses were being pulled down, and others were in course of erection. The lumber and confusion caused by these works, and the heaps of filth and rubbish piled up in front of almost every habitation, gave the street a very disorderly appearance, yet it was by no means the worst in the city, and being the principal thoroughfare from east to west, the traffic added to its importance.

While the priest and the young Crusader had been conversing by Houndsditch the shopkeepers in Cheapside were running to their doors or thrusting their heads out of the narrow windows above in great excitement. A large concourse of people, mostly of the poorer class, were hurrying through the street and shouting boisterously. In the midst of the bustle was a man with a black beard of extraordinary length. He was supported on the shoulders of two powerful men, and had the appearance of a person of higher social grade than the majority of the rabble which surrounded him and bore him along in triumph. In the midst of all the enthusiasm, all the gesticulation and babble of the crowd, Fitz-Osbert—for it was he whom they thus carried victoriously home—maintained an easy composure of manner. Yet, notwithstanding his bland smiles and gentle remonstrances at their rather rough display of approbation, there was a fiery light in the small dark eyes beneath his overhanging brows, and a hardness of feature which would have conveyed an unfavourable impression to a physiognomist, and which were by no means relieved by a deformity of the back, causing his shoulders to be raised unnaturally and his head to be thrown forward. The noisy crowd stopped before a house close to the church, and making way for him to enter, concluded the proceedings with cheers and yells. Having exhausted their raptures, and perhaps their lungs, they gradually dispersed in various directions, evidently much pleased with themselves and their hero.

"Hallo, there! Master Wickles," bawled a burly citizen, who stood at the door of a shop where numerous vessels of tin and brass were exposed for sale.

The person addressed was a little fat man, who had been a much excited actor in the drama just ended, and who was walking past with a red face and vigorous step. He turned round on hearing his name.

"Ha! it's thee, is it, Master Tapper? Merry doings these for St Ambrose Day."

"By the good Saint thou art right," replied Tapper. "I fear me that thy loyalty to Will Longbeard will jeopardise thy trade as purveyor of candles to the Barons of Exchequer."

"I care not," replied Wickles. "Were I a maker of stew-pans I would be a man of even more metal in this righteous cause. Fitz-Osbert—whom ye nick-name Longbeard—is a noble fellow. Had'st thou seen him face the justices in court this morning, and had'st thou heard him talk about the unfair taxes on the poor, thou would'st have risked a few of thy tin pots to give him greeting. The King's Bailiffs go to seize old widow Langton's goods to-night, and they say the people will oppose these unjust stewards, e'en if the Chief Justicier himself and all his train be at their heels. There'll be a riot, Master Tapper, such a riot as hath not been since the slaying of the Jews. If it be not as I say I'm no candle-maker, but a——"

"Come, come, Master Wickles, cool thyself a trifle. If thou goest home in this fuming manner thou wilt melt thy wares. I know not what this good old city's coming to. 'Twould be more profitable if people minded their own affairs. For my part, I shall sit by my fireside with a mug of ale, and let others run the streets for broken heads. We're going on too fast with new fangled notions; there are those commissioners pulling down the houses, because they say a stone wall should separate each house to prevent the spread of fires; and they are making honest people move the dirt and refuse of their house without the walls, because, forsooth, it makes the streets unpleasant to the nose. Have not our fathers before us been content to let these matters be, and why should their children's nostrils now revolt?" The worthy maker of pans folded his arms, and looked like a martyr surveying with pity a foolish world.

"Thou dost not move with the times, Tapper, and thou lackest public spirit; thou laggest behind while the world is moving on."

"Moving on to destruction! 'Twill be well when King Richard comes to put an end to all this turmoil. They say there is to be a tax to pay his ransom," said Tapper.

"A tax!" quoth Wickles, getting redder in the face—"A tax! To be sure, a hundred taxes! taxes on everything! taxes everywhere! while the poor are fools enough to pay them, and the rich can keep their money in their coffers. See! here comes Fitz-Osbert's fair daughter. She is a comely creature, and worthy of her noble father."

Unconscious of what had taken place, Nelly Fitz-Osbert walked briskly along Cheapside with her little basket on her arm, and her golden hair floating gracefully over her shoulders. She was an object of admiration to many a stalwart apprentice. The armourers stopped their hammers, and allowed the iron to cool on the anvil as she passed.

The vendors of herbs and medicines peeped at her between their bottles, and the carpenters and carvers of wood rested their chisels and files to look at her. She was too shrewd not to know the influence of her personal attractions, but a lofty mind taught her humility, and filled her with thoughts of charity. No matter how dreary, how stormy, how wet and cold the outer world, there was a warm, cheerful little world within herself, which accompanied her on her daily rounds visiting the poor and giving alms.

She tapped at her father's door, and it was opened by a Saxon bondsman with a bright silver ring round his neck. The man had been a faithful domestic in her mother's family, and had followed their fortunes, clinging to them through good and evil, and even learning to like and obey Fitz-Osbert, who was of Norman blood.

"Is father within, Wilfred?"

"Aye, he hath returned home with half London behind him."

"What mean you?" asked Nelly.

"He hath been speaking before the justices against the taxes on the poor, and they say that one of the justices wept, and people never heard such bold and moving talk before, and in their joy at his doings they carried him home with such shouts and cheers as have not been known for many a long day."

Nelly knew her father's boldness of spirit and powers of speech; she had met on her way home an unusual number of citizens, and she conjectured at once what had taken place. Hurrying into the chamber where her father sat, she flung her arms round his neck and wept. She foresaw the beginning of a great trouble, yet she believed her father was engaged in a good cause, and she watched his plans with pride, with love, and with faith.

The death of her grandfather, Ralf, had been a severe strain upon her nerves, and for a moment she lost all control over her emotion.

"Nelly, dear Nelly! What is the meaning of this?" said her father, gently disengaging himself.

"Oh, I know not; I feel so troubled. Grandfather is gone! and it seems as though something dreadful were about to happen."

"Old Ralf dead! Well, that is no reason to be troubled. He had been long useless here, and worse than useless to himself. He left my roof to dribble in the ears of some old-woman priest, and give the lie to all his former life."

"Stay, father!" interrupted Nelly, regaining her composure. "Do not blame the dead!"

"It matters little, child, my praise or blame will not affect the will of Heaven!" said Fitz-Osbert with an evident desire to dismiss the subject from his mind. "See, Nelly," he continued, "here is our faithful friend Armstrong, the armourer."

Nelly was startled to find that they were not alone, and gracefully craved pardon for her negligence.

Armstrong was a young man of giant proportions and awkward bearing. He received Nelly's apology with extreme confusion, swayed his heavy body from side to side, scratched his rough head of red hair, and muttered some clumsy answer. He had a loud voice and bold spirit among men, but he had a feeling towards Nelly which made him lose all courage and all power in her fair presence. He felt like a coarse, clumsy brute when he looked on the dainty maid, with her golden hair and bright blue eyes. He was ever planning pretty winning things to say to her; but when the opportunity came, his hands would tremble, his voice seemed gone, and a cold perspiration stood on his brow. Yet he loved her with a love all the deeper because it remained sulkily in his own soul, the only food on which his dull intellect ever fed.

"Had any new customers to-day, Armstrong?" inquired Nelly, trying to be cheerful.

"No—that is—I have not attended much to business to-day."

"I thought you might have had some good orders, for Sir Hugh De Danedred and his few remaining followers have just returned. They must surely need new armour."

Nelly's back was turned towards her father, or she would have remarked the terrible pallor which spread over his face, and the peculiar light which gleamed beneath his brow at the mention of Sir Hugh.

"He is such a fine, handsome, brave-looking young baron!" she continued. "I met him at Houndsditch. He was waiting for one of the friars of the Priory who had been attending on my poor grandfather. His face was quite bronzed with the Eastern sun, and he seemed to have such kind and graceful manners. I did not know he was the brave young Crusader until I met Margaret of the Tower, who told me of his arrival, and then I recognised him by her description. He looked so noble!"

William Fitz-Osbert paced the room moodily, his arms folded, and his head bowed down over his chest.

Armstrong, the armourer, moved uneasily on the bench where he sat, and felt a strange sensation of hatred for the young Crusader.

"I have customers enough without him," he stammered in a sulky tone. "These fine Crusaders are not worth much after all!"

"Nelly," said Fitz-Osbert suddenly, "go and prepare our noon-tide meal; let us have some of the best ale."

His daughter tripped out of the room at once, and Fitz-Osbert approached the armourer.

"Armstrong," he said, in a low husky voice, "I want you to assist

me in a dangerous matter, but one of great importance. You heard my daughter speak of the young Crusader, Sir Hugh de Danedred."

"I did," replied Armstrong.

"I must have him under bolt and bar within my power before to-morrow's dawn. Can you—will you help me? Ask no questions; be sure I have good reason for so bold an enterprise."

"How am I to do your bidding?" asked the armourer, again scratching his red head. "The task don't appear very easy."

"I will tell you how," replied Fitz-Osbert. "Promise me your help—your will to do—and we will soon discuss the means."

(To be continued.)

SAUL OF TARBUS:

A TRUE STORY,

By the REV. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Author of "The Life of Christ," "The Missing Doctrine," &c.

No. II.



HEN Saul attempted to struggle to his feet again, he found that the glory of that great light had smitten him blind. Led by the hand, he tottered into Damascus, and there remained three days without sight and without food. Doubtless, these days he employed in serious meditation and earnest prayer. From his youth up he had habitually repeated forms of prayer. But now his very heart was raised to Heaven with anxious supplication. When first the sinner sees the error of his way, it pleases our Heavenly Father ordinarily to leave an appointed season for the exercise of penitential sorrow and heartfelt prayer for mercy, before He pours in upon the saddened heart the clear light of heavenly day, and all the glorious comforts of the Gospel. But though that heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. After this useful and necessary preparation, the offender comes fully to himself, and so seeks his loving Father in the right frame of mind for pardon and forgiveness.

Accordingly, we find that at the end of these three days, the Lord extended further mercy to Saul. Ananias, a disciple at Damascus, one of those hated Nazarenes whom Saul had come thither to persecute, was warned in a vision to visit the disconsolate and sightless penitent. The Lord said unto Ananias (by express revelation), "Arise and go into the street which is called Straight (it is so called at Damascus to this very day), and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus, for behold he prayeth." The coming and design of this mes-

senger was intimated to Saul also in another vision, and this coincidence of providential circumstances is a further proof, to all who believe the Holy Scripture, that there was no delusion, no mistake of enthusiasm in the matter — no mere thunder-clap and blaze of lightning, as the sneering infidel is ready to propound.

When Ananias placed his hands upon the head of Saul, there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and forthwith he recovered his sight. Then he arose and was baptised, and received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Upon this he appears (like his great Master, after His baptism by John in Jordan,) to have been led by the Spirit into the wilderness. For he tells us (Gal. i.)—"Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia." There, in retirement, Saul dwelt alone with God, for a season.

How long he remained in solitude, meditating on the marvellous revelation made to him by Jesus Christ, is not recorded. But after that time, whatever it may have been, he returned again to Damascus and preached Christ in the synagogues there, that He is the Son of God. Then were the Jews which dwelt at Damascus confounded, because they heard Saul prove by his preaching that Jesus of Nazareth is indeed the promised Messiah, the very Christ, the anointed Saviour, He that was for to come. Anxious to impress upon the wavering Christians of Galatia the essential fact that the commission which he received to preach the Gospel was by immediate revelation from Heaven, he tells them that upon his conversion by the voice of Jesus speaking to him from the skies, he did not so much as go up to Jerusalem. He knew indeed that all the apostles who had lived with Christ on earth were at that time residing there. But he needed not the counsel even of inspired men, when he derived his commission direct from their Divine Master. He therefore betook himself to an appropriate solitude (in Arabia), there to be instant and earnest in prayer, that he might be strengthened, settled, and established in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus—in the true and trustful faith of Christ—that living faith which worketh by love unto obedience, and so worketh to the saving of our souls alive.

After this journey, undertaken for the purpose of communing with his own heart and being still, whilst he listened heedfully to the Divine suggestions which stirred within him, Saul returned again to Damascus. There, as has been said, he entered into the synagogues and preached the faith in Jesus—that very faith which he had before laboured to destroy. He taught the great doctrine of the Gospel of God—the doctrine of man's justification in the sight of his Almighty Father, only by the atoning merits of his crucified and risen Saviour and Redeemer. He taught the efficacy of faith—of trust in the redeeming merit of the Divine Redeemer's blood—of confidence in that

Redeemer's love,—and he confounded the Jews, both at Damascus and wherever else he encountered them, by proving the Divine Messiahship of Jesus out of those very Scriptures of Moses and the prophets which they themselves not only admitted but gloried in, as being the Divinely-inspired oracles of God.

Unable to resist the heavenly wisdom with which he spake, or to answer by argument the preaching of Saul, the Jews of Damascus formed a conspiracy against his life. They watched the gates of the city, by which they expected him to attempt to escape, both night and day, to catch him and to kill him. They even engaged in their enterprise the governor of the city, appointed under King Aretas, and he put his whole garrison into requisition to assist the Jews to apprehend Saul.

It was only by being let down in a basket by night, from the window of a house that overhung the city wall (instead of passing out at any of the city gates) that Saul was enabled to effect his escape. This event took place three years after Saul's conversion to the faith of Christ, or five years after our blessed Lord's ascension. He at once repaired to Jerusalem, and then, for the first time in the character of a follower of the Crucified, made his appearance in the holy city. It is to be remembered that in those days intelligence travelled but slowly from place to place. The holy brethren were at first, not unnaturally, slow of heart to believe the fact of Saul's conversion to the true faith. They could not at first conceive that he who had so wasted and made havoc of the Church of Christ had now himself become a zealous and most true disciple. But being introduced by Barnabas, who testified to the boldness and success with which Saul had preached Christ at Damascus, they gradually yielded to the truth, and received him amongst them as a faithful apostle, and it is written that "he was with them, coming in and going out at Jerusalem."

Saul's stay at Jerusalem on this occasion does not appear to have exceeded a single fortnight. During this time he became personally acquainted only with Peter and James amongst the apostles. But even in this brief sojourn he availed himself of several opportunities for disputing against the Hellenistic Jews (that is to say, Greeks who had been converted from their heathen idolatry to the Jews' religion), and the gist of his arguments ever was the same—even that the Lord Jesus was indeed the promised Messiah, the Christ (or anointed) of God.

This unpalatable doctrine soon produced a second conspiracy of the Jews against Saul's life. The brethren having knowledge of this new design to get rid of him, conducted the apostle to Cæsarea. Thence he went home to Tarsus, his native city. From this time to the departure of Barnabas to Tarsus "for to seek Saul," as recorded in the eleventh chapter of the book of Acts, comprises a period of about two years. Hence it appears that before the Apostle entered upon his

public ministry to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, he spent nearly seven years in suitable preparation for the great duty assigned him by the Lord Jesus; a pregnant intimation that the preaching of the Gospel is not to be enterprised or taken in hand suddenly, lightly, or unadvisedly, without the solemn call and setting apart of Almighty God, according to His own appointed means. For here we see that though Saul was called by a miraculous conversion and a most real inspiration, and told by the living voice of Jesus Himself of the mission reserved for him by Divine appointment, he yet does not appear in the Church of Christ as a recognised teacher and apostle until after many years of preparatory exercise, of intent study of the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament under the glorious light of the Gospel of God, which the coming of Christ had now so brightly shed upon them.

Before, however, proceeding to consider the labours of Saul of Tarsus in winning souls to Christ, it may be well to recall to recollection the state of the primitive Christian Church. That persecution in which St. Stephen fell, the first martyr and confessor who testified the constancy of his Christian faith even unto death, was followed by the dispersion of the disciples. The Gentiles were not as yet admitted to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. But after Saul's miraculous conversion, and while he was yet preparing himself under Divine influence and direction for the great work appointed him, St. Peter (the special apostle of the circumcision) was the first commissioned and commanded by the Holy Ghost to open a door of faith unto the Gentiles also.

The Jews, as the peculiar people of God's previous dispensation, had the offer of salvation *first* tendered unto them. The various and important reasons for this course are beside our present purpose; only we may remark in passing that perhaps if the Apostles had known at the very outset of their mission that the heathen Gentiles were to be equal partakers of the blessings of the Christian covenant, they might have been induced to give up their fellow countrymen too soon, before they had sufficiently exhorted them (with all long-suffering and earnestness) to enter into the kingdom of Christ. But by the apostles remaining at Jerusalem for nearly three years, and by the travels of those disciples who went into Asia preaching to none but unto the Jews only, we see the divine purpose effectually brought to pass, that *first of all* the lost sheep of the house of Israel should be invited to return to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

The time, however, speedily arrived when a new and wider field of usefulness was to be laid open to the labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. Cornelius, a Roman centurion dwelling at Casarea—a just man, one that feared God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews—was warned from God by a holy angel (as he was praying in

his house, about three o'clock in the afternoon) to send men to Joppa for Simon Peter, who was then lodging there with one Simon, a tanner, in a house by the sea-side. And here, too—as in the case of Saul and Ananias—there was a corresponding vision and Divine command to Peter, to accompany the messengers who were sent by Cornelius to Joppa, and return with them to Cæsarea. And thus, as Peter had before been chosen, by Him who had so solemnly bestowed on him the power of the keys, to open the door of faith to the Jews at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, so now also it was he who was chosen to open the door of faith to the Gentiles also, by instructing and baptising Cornelius at Cæsarea, and his kinsmen and near friends. When Peter returned to Jerusalem and proclaimed the astonishing tidings that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost, the other apostles and holy brethren (that is, the Christianised Jews dwelling in Judea) could scarcely believe his words. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could enlarge and extend their views to such a measure of abounding grace and mercy—to such a Catholic and comprehensive creed as that the Gentiles should be admitted to a parity of God's favour and of religious privileges with the Jews themselves; but when at length they saw evidently the hand of God—when they heard the simple and convincing narrative of Peter touching the vision which he saw, and the conversion and baptising of Cornelius and his house—they no longer withstood the sovereignty of God's free grace. Silencing their surprise, they held their peace from fault-finding, and glorified God, saying “Then hath God granted to the Gentiles also repentance unto life.”

The manner in which the Apostle Peter initiated the first Gentile converts into the true faith of a Christian, we see at length in the tenth chapter of Acts. His own words to the devout centurion, Cornelius, record “how God anointed Jesus Christ of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; whom the Jews slew and hanged upon a tree, but whom God raised up the third day openly.” And he further testifies that it was that same Jesus who was ordained to be the Judge of quick and dead. “To Him,” saith the zealous Apostle, “give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.”

It was thus that Peter used the golden key of knowledge—the keys of that wisdom which is from above, and with which he had been entrusted and commissioned from on high—to open the Kingdom of Heaven to the Gentiles now, as he had before done to the Jews.

On his return to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him for having held intercourse with the Gentiles at all; but the simple recital of his remarkable vision at Joppa, and the facts which followed thereupon, abundantly justified his conduct in the sight of all the brethren. And now, having executed the commission



VIEW OF JOPPA.

entrusted to him from on high, he took his place among the apostles at Jerusalem, from which time we hear no more of him individually in the inspired history for about the space of four years:

Soon after the door of mercy had thus been opened to the Gentiles, the Holy Ghost poured out His Spirit upon the city of Antioch. As there was another Antioch in Pisidia, it may not be superfluous to mention that this Antioch was situated in the north of Syria, on the river Orontes, about twelve miles from the Mediterranean sea. It is famous in Christian history for being the birthplace of St. Luke, and its bishop was honoured with the title of Patriarch; it was a great city, adorned with many sumptuous temples and palaces, and it had this distinction above all others, that the followers of the Crucified were first called Christians here. It was from hence that Barnabas, the son of consolation, repaired to Tarsus to seek Saul, whom he needed as a helper and coadjutor in Christianising the numerous converts of that great city. Barnabas then conducted Saul to Antioch, and there they assembled themselves with the Church, and taught much people, for the space of a whole year. Here then, and now, that change took place which the rending of the veil of the temple in the moment of Christ's death upon the cross had prefigured; for all distinction between Jew and Gentile (when once converted to the true faith of Christ) being now done away, the disciples—whether Jew or Greek, male or female, bond or free—were called by the general name of Christians, first in Antioch.

But during the year in which Antioch enjoyed the joint ministrations of the two missionary friends, the saints (or Christians) at Jerusalem began to be distressed by a famine. This is mentioned by Josephus, as well as by St. Luke, as occurring in the days of the Roman Emperor, Claudius Cæsar. The Christians of Antioch sympathised with those at Jerusalem. Hence we read that the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren which dwelt in Judea; and they sent it by the hands of Barnabas and Saul. When this charitable errand to Jerusalem was accomplished, they returned to Antioch, accompanied by a sister's son of Barnabas—John Mark, the son of Mary—who wrote the second of the four gospels.

And now at length the special missionary career of the great Apostle of the Gentiles was assigned him and began. Receiving the torch of Truth from Him whose word is Truth, to carry it to the people still walking in darkness, Saul set forth to spread the glorious light of the Gospel through the isles of the Gentiles, and make the tidings of salvation the glory and the joy of all peoples and all lands.

(To be continued.)

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED W. MILLS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. ETHE.

No. II.



WITH regard to the practical working of a Night School, the fewer rules the better, because to ensure success those rules must never be broken through.

In opening a school of this kind, the first things to be considered are the hours, the payments, and the studies. The season should begin as early as possible, for, when the harvest is over, and the days get short, the lads of the parish are ready for all kinds of mischief between the time of leaving work and of its being positively dark; while, as soon as the days begin to lengthen they are wanted for the spring work in their gardens and allotments, and the greater number of the scholars are sure to leave by the middle of February. Thus, if the school be not opened till the middle or end of November, the season is hardly long enough for practical use.

I have always found that by the second or third week in October the lads are anxious to come. If you open about the 15th of that month you are sure to have a good number to start with, and by degrees the number will increase till Christmas, when it will gradually fall off till February, when there will be about the same number and the same individuals as when you began. As soon as two-thirds have left, it is time to close, in order that the idea of a small, decaying school might not be left on the boys' minds for another year.

If you begin in the middle of October your time should be from 7 to 9, but as days get shorter it is well to begin earlier—first, from 6.30 to 8.30, and then, if possible, for a few weeks in the dead of winter from 6 to 8. This is the best plan for two reasons. First, the lads should only have time to go home and wash and get tea before they come to school, lest they should be tempted to run elsewhere; and, secondly, the parents do not like sitting up for them, and naturally grudge the candle and the fire being kept alight so long.

The length of schooltime should be two hours, for the lads ought to have time to get interested in the work in hand, and to make some progress in it, and yet not to be wearied by too much of anything. It must be remembered that they have been at work for many hours of hard labour, with poor and often insufficient food, and the natural effect of a light room, a blazing fire, and the possibility of idleness is to make them sleepy and stupid; sufficient variety is, therefore,

necessary, and, if they have been occupied for forty minutes on each of the three subjects—of which more anon—they will have had time to do some good without having had too much. With two hours at a time the school should be opened three times a week. This gives every other night for necessary occupation at home, and yet does not give the lads time to run riot, as they will if they have night after night to form plans of amusement for themselves, and only an occasional night for what will seem a drudgery if it be not made a pleasure to them.

This may seem much for the teacher, but I am giving my own experience of what is best; and *that* to one who really loves the labour, is reason enough for a little extra fatigue and self-denial. So much for time.

With regard to the school being open free or at a small payment, I think the latter by far the best plan. The lads value what they must use some self-denial to obtain. They don't like the idea of charity. They won't like to waste time which they have paid for, though they don't mind wasting what you have given them. There is a hearty feeling of independence if they have saved their penny and thus earned their schooling.

I have hardly ever, except in seasons of great distress, found that the lads could not get the penny or halfpenny for their schooling; and if there should be a difficulty, it is better to give them the money to pay than to have a distinction in the school between free boys and paying boys. It is not only the lowest class that we want: there is an intelligent, but ignorant set among the lower-middle class, who would not come without paying, and who are yet glad of the chance, while they cannot afford the small sum much better than the others. The sum to be paid must vary according to the rate of wages and kind of occupation. In an ordinary district a halfpenny a night, in a very poor one a penny a week, and where wages are high a penny a night will not be found too much. If absolutely necessary, a halfpenny a week might be charged rather than nothing; but it is best, if possible, to let the payments cover the expenses.

That this is possible, I can show by the accounts of a school in a parish of about 2,000 inhabitants, which during the time was suffering great depression from failure in the silk trade. The use of the school was given, but books, lights, and fire had to be provided.

The lads brought their own copy books, and therefore the money paid for them will not appear on either side of the accounts. In the first year a large outlay had to be made for books, &c., to start with. But these will be available for several years, although as funds allow, new books for reading will be supplied and old materials renewed, as they are required.

EXPENSES.			RECEIPTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
1861-2.					
Reading Books	1	2 9	At a half-penny a night ..	3	5 1½
Arithmetic Books	0	5 9	Balance against School..	0	4 9
Copy Slips.. ..	0	3 8			
Blotting-paper	0	0 4			
Candles	1	4 10½			
Fire	0	12 6			
	£3	9 10½		£3	9 10½
1862-3.					
Candles	1	0 0	At a half-penny a night..	2	7 8
Fire	0	12 6			
Balance in favour of School	0	15 2			
	£2	7 8		£2	7 8

Circumstances caused the season of 1862-3 to be shorter than the preceding, but the receipts of that season exceeded the expenses by 15s. 2d.; while in the season 1861-2 the expenses were only 4s. 9d. over the receipts, notwithstanding the extra payments for working stock. There is a dignity about a school that pays which tells on all concerned. The lads like to think they pay what they consider a fair price for their learning; the teachers like to think that no one is hampered by the scheme of kindness in which they are engaged, and the head of the school feels a natural and pardonable pride in not being beholden to charity for his means of working.

Having spoken of the payments, we now come to the studies. There is, no doubt, a great temptation in the idea of raising in your school some clever lad who may turn out a village wonder, if not a country's honour. To have counted Stephenson or Adams among your scholars, would be a boast for life; but to force one at the expense of many is a bad and unwholesome rule. Be sure that a lad who has it in him to rise will do so, whether he is forced or not; and a good foundation of simple things will be no bad beginning on which to build. I would, therefore, advise a plain education—perhaps, it may be said, the plainest possible—to be the standard. If the mass learn to read, write, and sum *well*, and really understand what they do, it is easy to encourage others who seem inclined to advance by personal, individual help. A very little attention will show who are above the common run, and those will answer willingly and delightedly to your efforts; and it is easy to give them all the help they require without exciting the envy or checking the less aspiring struggles of others.. A good, sensible manner of reading, a useful, legible hand, a sound knowledge of the common rules of arithmetic, form a good groundwork on which proficiency in all these branches may be built; and this is what the wise master-builder will *generally* aim at.

According to the average attendance, it is well to divide the school

roughly into three classes, keeping, maybe, one or two who are profoundly ignorant for separate teaching. If there are three classes—A, B, and C—the time should be divided into periods of forty minutes, during the first of which A should be writing, B reading, and C summing; at the end of thirty-five minutes a quiet notice should be given to finish lines—not to begin a fresh sum—to halt at the next full stop. As soon as all have finished, A should take the place of B, B of C, while C occupies the place of A. This causes a little stir, wakes up the sleepy, and gives an air of life to the proceedings which tends very much to stop the constant running out which otherwise the lads like to make into a custom.

The books, copies, &c., must, of course, be chosen by the school-master. And here I may say, once for all, that I am supposing the clergyman, or some influential person not the regular schoolmaster, to be the presiding genius and always present. The copies I consider are the most useful engines of instruction; hymns are generally very much liked. Historical facts or sketches; an account of the British Constitution, simply given; stories from the Bible; axioms of health; the meaning of ordinary terms; the use of tools, articles of furniture, metals, &c.,—all will form useful subjects for the lads to write from; and if the master does not mind the trouble, he will find that they write more cheerfully and learn much better from his handwriting, even though it be not like copperplate, than from such dull but appalling statements as “Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra,” “Timbuctoo, a city in Africa.” By means of copies it is possible by a little thought to lead the lads to better things and higher thoughts than in the formality of a class can be easily suggested. A word in season, kindly spoken, may avert an outbreak of impertinence—may warn from a bad intention—may plant or water a better feeling—aye, by God’s blessing, may sow the seed of eternal life. The forty minutes of writing may be turned to better account than many an hour of formal teaching—perhaps, to your thoughtless lads, than all your preaching and all your services.

Turning to books, there is a difficulty in this. So many are wanted, that it is a matter of considerable expense to get any but those published by one of the societies. Those of the Irish National Society are perhaps the best; but as they all get wearisome after a time, it is well to make the lessons as pleasant as possible by impromptu stories, by somewhat lengthy but catechetical instruction about things they read of, and by spelling and easy grammar lessons springing from the subject in hand. As to arithmetic, if the teacher has the head or the patience, he cannot do better than set each a separate sum; but as few can do this, some book of Examples* should be provided, and the

* Such as “Arithmetic, for the use of National and other Elementary Schools;” by Rev. W. Griffin, M.A.; published by the National Society, price 1s. 4d. per dozen.

answers be pasted on a board, to which the teacher can easily refer. The separate rules must be taught to each scholar, as very few can understand what they read sufficiently to work from a rule, however simply worded.

It is very difficult to get the elder lads, or in fact any of them, to learn their tables accurately, but this should be encouraged as far as may be, for though it takes some time at first, the value of having them at the fingers' end cannot be too highly considered. Very few scholars will pass beyond Simple Proportion; many will stick hopelessly on the wrong side of Division, and one here and there will go on manfully to understand the use and working of Decimals. The teacher will find a difficulty in keeping his head clear among the numberless sums and ever-varying capabilities of his lads, but let him by all means keep his temper, and rather confess that his head is confused and that he cannot then work out the difficulty, than let his pupils suppose he is worried or angered by their dullness. What seems simple to him, accustomed to such things from childhood, is indeed a real puzzle to them, and the wonder is, that they catch the leading idea of a rule as quickly as they sometimes do. The confession of inability to work out a sum on the spur of the moment in the noise of a Night School will not lower you in the eyes of the lads. The difficulty will form a new link of sympathy between you and them, and the honesty will strike a chord in their hearts which is not, I hope and believe, wanting among any English boys or men.

Having spoken of the times, the payments, and the studies, I will now, before proceeding to the important subject of assistant teachers, give a few suggestions as to the general conduct of the school. Punctuality is an essential virtue in a *day* school and to be greatly encouraged among the lads and adults, but it is impossible to enforce it. By putting the hour as late as is consistent with what I said above, and by being always punctual himself, the master may do much, and will certainly secure a band of punctual scholars in each class to begin with. There are many who will always dawdle to play, and others who have a long distance to come; and these must be taught to come in with as little noise as possible. They will, as a rule, be all in the room by half an hour after the time of opening—(this is essential if they are to be examined under the provisions of the Revised Code)—and then the school should go on steadily. Some noise must be expected, but if the master begins firmly and checks all chattering and gossiping by a kind word, but with a manner which shows that he means what he says, he will not have much difficulty in keeping order.

He must, however, be constantly on the watch and have his attention in every part of the school to *prevent* what he might find it very

hard to cure. If once the lads get the upper hand they will be sure to keep it, and one night of carelessness will bring weeks—I might almost say years—of lessened influence.

One year's seeding,
Seven years' weeding,

is true of the moral no less than the physical garden.

At five minutes before the hour for closing school, all the employments should be over, and the evening's work should end with prayer.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY DEAN STANLEY.



IGHT hundred years have passed since the Abbey was completed and dedicated. Like the temple of the Jews, it was beautified and adorned beyond all other buildings, and in its magnificence swept away every vestige of that which was left of the work of earlier times. We know not what existed here before, or whether it was the Royal Edgar, the doubtful Sebert, or the still more doubtful Lucius, who first erected a fane for the worship of God amidst the tangled thickets and stagnant waters of Thorny Island, then divided by many a stream, and not a few green meadows, from the Roman fortress on the distant hill of London. We need not go back to them. We may be content to carry our thoughts back for eight centuries, when the act was completed which first fixed the destinies of this building and this spot for all future time. There is something in the simple words of the Saxon chronicler in recording this event which finds an echo in every heart:—"At midwinter King Edward came to Westminster Abbey, and had the minster there consecrated, which he had himself built to the honour of God, and of St. Peter, and of all God's saints." It was at Christmas when the Court re-assembled, as was usual in that age, in the adjoining Palace of Westminster, and when this long-desired dedication was to be accomplished. The King had long been impressed with the thought—like David in the Psalm, "I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep nor mine eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest, until I find out a place for the great sanctuary," which henceforth was to be the centre of his kingdom. On Christmas-day he appeared in state, wearing his royal crown, but that night he was seized with the last fatal illness. He struggled through the next two days, but on the Festival of the

Holy Innocents the King was too weak to take any part in the ceremony, yet he aroused himself so as to be able to sign the charter of foundation, and to direct the Queen and Court to join the assembly within the walls, now, indeed, venerable with age, but then white and fresh from the hands of the builders, which were about to receive the rite of consecration. By that effort the feeble frame and over-taxed spirit of the King was worn out, and in the evening of Innocents' Day he sank into a mortal stupor. One startling rally took place on the 5th January—recollections of two favourite teachers of his youth—dim and shadowy fears as to the future of his country—a few incoherent words—as to the succession, variously reported, burst from his lips—some expressions respecting his hopes in passing from death to life, and he then expired in the chamber long called after his name in the old Palace of Westminster.

We are told by the historians that at his death a thrill of horror filled the whole nation. With him it seemed as if the freedom, the strength, and the happiness of the people, had vanished away, so dark were their forebodings. And the next day, while the new King, Harold, was being crowned in St. Paul's, the Confessor was buried in the newly finished Abbey, the first of the thousands who have since been laid here around his honoured grave. This is not the time or place to enlarge on the merely historical or antiquarian interest of these remarkable events—to describe how far the present fabric corresponds with that erected by Edward, or where we can still lay hands upon stones that witnessed the scene of that first burial—what has been done or what still remains to be done to complete and carry on that work which was then dedicated for ever to God. But there are reflections suggested by these events which can be offered nowhere more fitly. First, the celebration of this foundation, the whole growth of the Abbey, and all its glories, suggest that the life and death, and grave, of such an one as the founder, is a lasting tribute to the enduring force of that childlike goodness which distinguished him. Let us see what his character was. If we look at the details of history, it is hardly possible to imagine a figure more unlike any of our own time. The guileless King, who alone of all the canonised English saints lies undisturbed in his ancient shrine, we know well as he is described by his contemporaries; we see his grave and gentle figure moving solemnly along with downcast eyes; we recognise his rose-red face, contrasted with the milky whiteness of his hair and beard, and as he draws near we hear one of those startling peals of unearthly laughter with which it was his wont to break his ordinary silence. We see his thin white hands and long transparent fingers with which it was believed at the time, and for a century afterwards, that he had the power of stroking away as it were the diseases of his subjects. In his conduct we find a childishness of thought and

action, and it is evident to us now that his title of Saint and Confessor arose as much out of the jealousies of ecclesiastics and the policy of the Norman rulers of the country, as out of the loving regret of his Saxon subjects. In spite of all divergencies, this innocent childlike face was the secret cause of the charm exercised by him over his countrymen.

We sometimes hear it said, with a cynical sneer, that many are buried here who are great without being good—many wise without being simple—many noble whose nobility is not that of virtue, but of the earth earthy, and of the world worldly. But meanly do they conceive of the goodness of God who would complain of this recognition of His gifts to man. This centre tomb, around which these warriors and statesmen and great men repose, contains the ashes of one, weak and erring as they were, but who rests his claim to interment here—not on his rank or deeds, although he ranked with the great ones of the earth, but on the artless piety and guileless faith of those early days. He to whose dust was attracted the fierce Norman, the proud Plantagenet, the grasping Tudor, the fickle Stuart, the powerful Edward, the frivolous Richard, the lustful Henry, the wordly Elizabeth, the light-hearted Charles, the Dutch William, and the Hanoverian George—was one whose virtues were within the reach of every man, woman, and child in every age, if we only separate the perishable form from the immortal substance. To follow his footsteps we must not look to *his* age but to our own—not to the 11th but the 19th century. Again, this day invites us to think that not only have eight centuries rolled by and brought with them their accumulated stores of thought, and wealth, and experience to our country, but the very event we are celebrating was itself the beginning of a new order of things. The year in which the Abbey was dedicated was not only the last year of the Confessor's life and reign, but the eve of the Norman conquest—the greatest change, with one exception, this church and nation ever witnessed. Christmas, 1065, was the last which ever saw the Saxon Kings worship within these sacred precincts. Edward, Saxon as he was by birth, was Norman by education; and almost till the last moment of his life he wavered between a Saxon and a Norman for his successor. This house was a shadow cast before by the coming event. Few changes could be more significant than that which replaced the wooden wattled church of the Anglo-Saxon period, with the majestic pile, the architecture of which Edward brought from the Normans. Its solid pillars, its rounded arches, its lofty roof, its cruciform plan, and its storied windows, were all new and strange to the people of that age, in a degree we can hardly conceive now; and of this new style and shape and dimensions the Abbey built by the Confessor was the first example. When Harold, with his brother Gurth and sister Edith, passed beneath these lofty towers

and signed his name to the charter of this Abbey, he might have known that he was signing his own doom and preparing his own destruction. The "old cathedral," as it was then called, at Winchester, where the Saxon Kings for centuries had been crowned and buried, was then discarded, and the Royal favour settled upon Westminster. It was founded, therefore, not only in faith, but in hope—in the hope that England had yet a glorious career to run—in the hope that the line of her great Sovereigns had not dried up, even when the race of Alfred ceased to live, and that the troubles which the Confessor saw in prophetic vision would pass away, and that a brighter day was yet in store than he or any other living man at that time could anticipate. It was founded in hopes that have been more than fulfilled. We know that this Abbey has been renovated and beautified by successive kings whenever for a time it was neglected or disfigured, and that it has kept its hold upon the affections and reverence of the whole English people. We know that its precincts have witnessed not only every successful stage of this English monarchy, but the rise and growth of English constitutional freedom. We know how it has been the refuge in life and death to princes who had no other place in which to lay their heads—how in the change of faith (greater as I have said, than the Norman conquest) it received the great shock of the Reformation, and became a shelter for that famous school which is bound to it by illustrious names; and how under its shadow were held assemblies to discuss momentous questions affecting the interests of the Church of England, and also to compile and set forth the only confession of faith ever imposed by law upon the population of the whole island, and which at the present moment, although bearing the name of Westminster, is the established formulary of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. How its walls embrace memorials from every rank and profession in life—Sovereigns and statesmen divided in all but death and the hope of a common resurrection—the doubting sceptic hard by the enthusiastic believer—the ornaments of other communions, Romanist, Puritan, dissenting, beside the uncompromising prelates of our own. The smoking flax beside the blazing lamp, the bruised reed beside the sturdy tree.

Such has been the development and expansion of the seed planted here by our founder, and we do well to think of it. The Abbey so constructed is a standing monument and witness of the peculiar process by which our English constitution has been framed, and the peculiar duties we owe to it as Englishmen and as Christians. The Norman church, founded by a Saxon king—the new future springing out of the dying past—new advances with old liberty—prerogative side by side with precedent—Church and State inextricably mixed with each other—opposing parties in Church and State neutralising, counterbalancing, and completing each other; neither by the other

entirely subdued, each by the other honoured and respected. From this thought we pass naturally to the direct object of the foundation of this august edifice. I speak not now of the curious legends, and dreams and visions, which wrought upon the Confessor's mind; but I refer to the fixed intention, which has never died out, that this magnificent pile should be a house where Christian souls might meet and hold converse with their Maker. Whatever it has since become—Royal, heroic, historic, or artistic—it has always been a place dedicated for ever to the worship of Almighty God. This, it is true, is a character which it shares with the humblest church or chapel in the kingdom; but to us, who here carry on that worship, the greatness and importance of our office must be brought home with double force with the reflection that on it, as on an invisible thread, hangs every other interest which from generation to generation has accumulated around us. Break this thread, and the whole building becomes an unmeaning labyrinth—a cold, artificial valhalla—a lifeless museum. But in all times—in sorrow and in joy, in difficulty and in triumph—God, the consoler and the giver, has been sought here in prayer and praise.

[The foregoing is a brief abstract of the admirable address delivered by Dean Stanley, in celebrating the eight hundredth anniversary of the festival of the dedication of Westminster Abbey, in the dying days of King Edward the Confessor. We may add that the *first* foundation of Westminster Abbey is attributed by some early chroniclers to the British King, Lucius, A.D. 184, by others to King Sebert, A.D. 616. Its site was then called Thorney Island. Having fallen into a decayed forlorn condition, Edward the Confessor, in fulfilment of a vow made by him during his exile from the kingdom, erected on the same site a new church and abbey dedicated to God and St. Peter, built in a style hitherto unparalleled in English architecture. The Abbey as it now exists was, for the most part, rebuilt by Henry the Second (A.D. 1220 to 1269), out of regard to the memory of the Confessor.

THE BURIED HISTORY OF BRITAIN.—EXCAVATIONS IN DERBYSHIRE.

No. II.

“Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor’d mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given
Beyond the cloud-topp’d hill a humble heaven—
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced—
Some happier island in the watery waste—
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No friends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”*



HE custom of burying with the body some small article or articles which belonged to the deceased, a custom which widely prevailed among the earliest inhabitants of the earth, has made the graves of our remote forefathers so many rich storehouses of antiquarian lore, and so many mines of historical treasure. We shall not hesitate, therefore, to avail ourselves yet further of Mr. Bateman’s interesting and instructive journal:—

BARROWS NEAR ARBORLOW.

“On the 15th of March we re-opened a barrow near the boundary of Middleton Moor, in the direction of Parcelly Hay, which was unsuccessfully opened by Mr. W. Bateman on the 28th of July, 1824; nor did our researches lead to a more satisfactory result, as the entire mound seemed to have been turned over by deep ploughing, by which the interments, consisting of two skeletons and a deposit of burnt bones, had been so dragged about as to present no characteristic worthy of observation. A neat whetstone was picked up amongst the ruins, and a carefully-chipped leaf-shaped arrow-point of flint has since been found by ploughing across the barrow. About fifty yards south-east of the last is another barrow of very small size, both as to diameter and height; so inconsiderable, indeed, are its dimensions, that it was quite overlooked in 1824. Fortunately, the contents, with the exception of one skeleton that lay near the surface, had been enclosed in a cist, sunk a few inches beneath the level of the soil. As in the com-

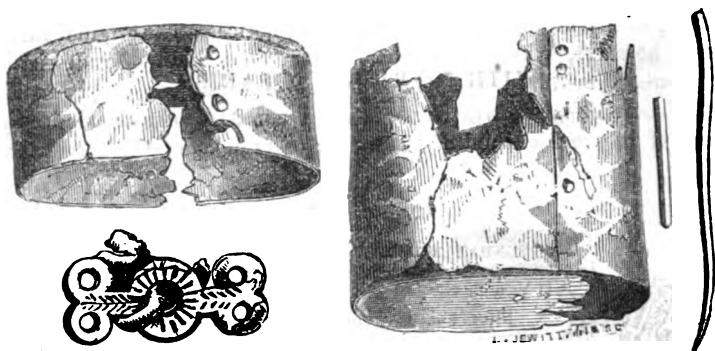
* In a barrow on Middleton Moor a human skeleton, of remote antiquity, was found, in 1824, with a skeleton of a dog lying at the feet.

panion barrow, the skeleton near the top was dismembered by the plough, so that it affords nothing worthy of notice. The original interment, however, which lay rather deeper, in a kind of rude cist or enclosure, formed by ten shapeless masses of limestone, amply repaid our labour. The persons thus interred consisted of a female in the prime of life, and a child of about four years of age; the former had

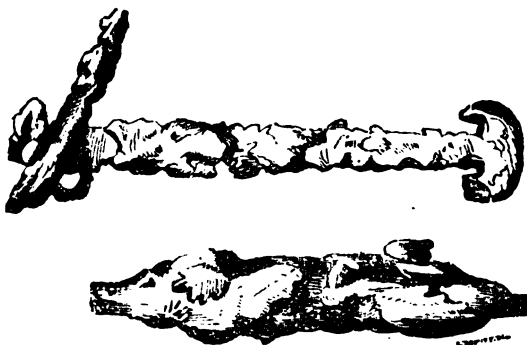


been placed on the floor of the grave on her left side, with the knees drawn up; the child was placed above her, and rather behind her shoulders. They were surrounded and covered with innumerable bones of the water-mole or rat, and near the woman was a cow's tooth, an article uniformly found with the more ancient interments. Round her neck was a necklace of various-shaped beads and other trinkets of jet and bone, curiously ornamented, upon the whole resembling those found at Cow Low in 1846, but differing from them in many details. The various pieces of this compound ornament are 420 in number, which unusual quantity is accounted for by the fact of 348 of the beads being thin laminæ only; 54 are of cylindrical form, and the 18 remaining pieces are conical studs and perforated plates, the latter in some cases ornamented with punctured patterns. Altogether, the necklace is the most elaborate production of the pre-metallic period that I have ever seen. The skull, in perfect preservation, is beautiful in its proportions, and has been selected to appear in the '*Crania Britannica*,' as the true type of the ancient British female. The femur measures $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches."

Between the Buxton and Ashbourne road and the village of Church Sterndale, there were three small tumuli occupying the summits of hills. The first of these, situated in a field known as the "Top of the Hurst," was opened by Mr. B. in July, 1848, and was found to contain a skeleton extended at length, with the head to the west. Beside the left hip was a small iron knife, four inches long, and near the right shoulder were several articles indicating the period of interment. Conspicuous among these was a small bronze box or canister, with a lid, made to slide on or off. It measured altogether two inches in height, and the same in diameter. When discovered it was much crushed, but still contained the remains of thread, while the exterior bore impressions of



linen cloth.* Close by this interesting relic were two bronze pins or broken needles, and a mass of corroded iron, some of which had been wire chainwork belonging to a small bronze ornament. This ornament had five perforations, plated with silver, and engraved with a cable pattern. Two iron implements were likewise found near the same



spot, comprising, with the other articles, the girdle and chatelaine, with appendages, of a Saxon lady. Some pieces of hazel stick near at hand were probably the remaining portions of the basket which originally contained the relics of the deceased. All the iron bears impressions of woven fabrics, three varieties being distinguishable, namely, coarse and fine linen, and coarse flannel or woollen cloth. The box is faintly ornamented with lozenges, produced by the intersection of oblique lines scratched in the metal. This ornamentation was sometimes produced by *dotted* lines. In his interesting work entitled "Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire," the late Mr. Thomas Bateman alludes to a Saxon bronze box thus adorned.

* Verstegegan, according to Strutt, whose "Manners and Customs of the Saxons" is not very perfect, contradicted the idea, that Saxon ladies generally wore *linen*; but this excavation discovers an evident exception.

WITH A FRIEND IN PARIS :

RANDOM NOTES OF AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY MORNING'S BREAKFAST.

"HY was the second door closed?"



That was the very question I asked. Not because there is—except in a romance—anything more remarkable in a door being closed than in its being open; but because the closing of it did not add a bit to the

security of the chamber. The outer door, I have said, had a broken lock; and the second door had one in which the key turned very perfectly, but the bolt of which slipped into nothing! So here were the guests of the hotel, sleeping at night and leaving their valuables by day under the delusion of double-locked doors, while they and what appertained to them were at all times accessible to everybody.

On entering the apartment two things struck us; first, that it did not look like a bedroom, and, secondly, that it smelt like twenty. It was a handsome apartment, richly carpeted, brightly papered, and with elegant furniture and chairs and sofas in Utrecht velvet *en suite*. Over the stove, which would have been a fire-place in England, was a fine glass, and before it a time-piece, with a great many Cupids and flowers about it, and with only one defect,—it didn't go. That, however, is a malady incidental to all French clockwork, and therefore was not remarkable. Englishmen have sometimes procured keys and endeavoured to remedy what they will persist in regarding as a defect; but this is unnecessary trouble, as the key will turn round for ever and nothing will come of it. A good shake may sometimes send the hands on a second or two; but, as a rule, it is not so potent in machinery as in medicine. The furniture consisted of a centre table, a side table, a bureau, two sofas, and half-a-dozen chairs. But as it was let as a double-bedded room, one naturally looked round for beds. Seeing this the *garçon* threw open what appeared to be a closet-door, and there in a recess in the wall, were two beds standing side by side upon a glazed tile pavement. The bedsteads were shaped like oaken troughs; or, rather like two of those cars which ascend and descend in the roundabouts at the fair. And this latter idea possessed me so strongly that often in half-slumber I would fancy myself sinking or rising, and this, combined in a general sense of insecurity as to the doors, one

night procured me a sweet dream, compounded of assassins and trap-doors. Leaving the beds exposed, our *garçon* proceeded to open another closed door, and disclosed a marvellously small dressing-room with every convenience for two persons, except room for the two persons to stand in. A third door disclosed a lavatory, only open to the same objection. In other respects it was marvellously convenient for France. The ewer was larger than any cream-jug I remember, and the basin exceeded the limits of a soup-plate! Of course there was no soap; and I was rather amused at the serious way in which the *garçon* put it to us whether we would have any? As if its use was an open question.

The opening of all these doors had transformed the elegant apartment into a sleeping chamber; but before we could sleep in it one thing more was necessary. And when we mentioned it François opened his black eyes, and an incredulous smile played all over his face.

"Open all the windows, Monsieur?" he cried.

"Exactly," replied my friend, who with a mania for fresh air was already stifling; "how long is it since these windows and doors were opened? I will tell you. Last summer at the very latest. Why, I can detect in this pestilent atmosphere the breaths of a long succession of guests, clean enough people, I daresay; but no man's breath is wholesome kept a month. Impossible!"

The windows were with difficulty opened, and remained open during our stay; but I may mention that when I chanced to return to the hotel for a book within an hour of our supposed final leaving, I found all the windows fast, and a close smell already beginning to assert itself in store for the next occupants!

It was pleasant to wake in the morning with a sense of being in the finest city in the world, with all its wonders unseen, and with nothing to do but to set about seeing them. There was a busy hum of life in the street beneath our windows, but not a roar as in London, though we were in the heart of the city. Above all, one could distinguish the street-cries, very like ours, but, of course, in French. And this fact was very striking. Every one has experienced the odd sensation of hearing for the first time children speaking French over their marbles or in their romps; but it was not so odd to me as these costermongers' cries. One always regards a foreign language as an accomplishment, and its very familiar use by these people and in this way is startling. Looking down into the street, I observed that nearly all, but not quite all, the shops were open, and this partial closing reminded me that it was Sunday, and that we had come in time to note its observance in this great centre of Catholicism.

Most of the hotels of Paris are built on the principle on which the Irishman constructed his cannon. "Take a hole and pour the metal

round it " was his recipe. The hole would represent the small central court round which the hotel is built, and which is accessible through its main entrance only. In this court we took our morning walks. It was about twenty yards square, and had on one side the kitchen offices, on another the *salon*, with a pianoforte as its chief attraction, on a third the *bureau*, with which the guests had nothing to do until the dreadful day of reckoning, and on a fourth the *salle à manger*, in which we breakfasted. A promenade in the open street might have been more refreshing, but a walk in the court was far more amusing. It gave us an insight into the domestic arrangements. We saw a starved *garçon* sliding about the *salon* with a pair of brushes on his feet to polish the parquet floor,—it seems, by the way, to be a great point with the French to have highly polished floors on which the unwary may break their legs—and suggesting the idea of his being a magnified house-fly. We saw the arrangement which answers to the English use of the dust-pan, namely, a large shoot, similar to those we have for carrying off water from the roof, with broad openings under the various bedroom windows, so that the *garçon*, who supplies the place of the chambermaid so far as making beds and seeing to the rooms is concerned, has only to bring the dust and pour it in, or shake it in from a duster, and it descends to a receptacle below. We detected a tall white cap pertaining to the *chef de cuisine*, a fat individual, so fat that



it was a problem how he ever got through the narrow doorway into his den, and how he would ever be got out of it quick enough in case of fire. We saw the advent of the baker, who came every morning with

a faggot of long loaves—over a yard in length—on his shoulders, and manacles of ringed bread on his arms, and a nest of small rolls in a funny little basket, and looked less like a baker than a juggler who had come to do tricks in the courtyard.

But on this Sunday morning we shortened our walk on an intimation that breakfast was ready. We plunged at once into the *Salle à Manger*—a long apartment with a table running down it and a stove at the end, and with a highly-flavoured atmosphere, arising from viands being constantly consumed there, and the fresh air scrupulously excluded. There were a great many people at breakfast, most of them English, and these all to be detected at a glance from being plunged into *Galignani* or the *Times*. A word, by the way, about the *Times* and the mischief it does. During my stay I saw no other English paper, and, consequently, its statements on any and every subject were always uncontradicted. It is the oracle with those among the French who can read it. Fortunately the number is limited, or the amount of misinformation about the English and their doings, which already prevails on the other side of the water, might be greater than it is. An Englishman reads his *Times* “with a grain of salt,” makes allowances for its prejudices, and the private interests of those connected with it; but to a Frenchman it must be a source of perpetual misdirection.

We found the great topic among the English was the proper place at which to attend morning service. In an inconsiderate moment I suggested Notre Dame; on which, to a man, woman, and child, they uttered an exclamation of disgust, and metaphorically shook the dust off their feet at me. Having done so, they proceeded to consult some three or four placards hanging against the wall, and sharing that honour with cheap tailors’ puffs, all relating to Protestant places of worship in Paris. And there was a great deal of discussion as to the superior attractions of 17, Rue de la Madeleine, under the charge of the Rev. A. Gurney, and some rival establishment, under the Rev. E. Forbes. Two other Protestant chapels also had their charms; but I found that the whole bent of the discussion was as to which place would afford the likeliest good preacher.

“Surely,” quoth I to my friend, “this is unworthy of a people who affect to despise the worship of their brethren, and to regard a visit to their temples as a desecration of the Sabbath! Far be it from me to approve of the Mariolatry of this land; but are not we, O my friend, in danger of running into a worse form of superstition—that of Parsonolatry? The worship of preachers may in fairness be described as the religion of half England. And with all this mob the first thought is to gratify the ear; the second, to fling their Protestantism in the face of the benighted Papist; their third, and last, to unite in the worship of God. Let us, O my friend, profit hereby! Let us put the

last first, and try if we cannot this day approach the All-Father even in the temples of the benighted. Let us to Notre Dame."

And he went.

But there was first that business of breakfasting to go through, and it took time. Not so much by reason of the fare being hard to consume,—stewed kidneys and an omelette had sufficed us,—but from one's attention being distracted by those present. I suppose it is a weakness of mine, but I can't go into a railway waiting-room, or ride in a 'bus, or meet strangers at the top of a monument or at the bottom of a mine, without falling into a study of their characters as expressed in their faces, or inventing little romances in which they unconsciously play their several parts. And this breakfast table was very rich in material for this pastime, so that, but for my friend's impatience, I might have sat dreaming there all day. One individual only is strongly photographed on my mind out of the group. He was an Englishman, and I fancied,—I really don't know why,—was connected with the wholesale button interest. He was, I could see, of a very bilious temperament; and when the *garçon* brought on a sole floating in what looked like Dr. De Jongh's cod-liver oil, his emotion was pitiable. I had made some few remarks before the advent of the sole, and when it came, he turned to me and unbosomed himself in these words,—“I believe, Sir, if you were to throw me into the Seine, I wouldn't sink.” “No!”

(I hadn't studied the theory of floating bodies, but my impression was that he *would*.)

“No, sir, I should only float like oil on water. Like oil! Why, sir, it's no exaggeration to say that I *am* oil. I am a man fond of plain living—the plainer the better—but ever since I have been in this place I have been subjected to a course of oils. If I have a beef-steak it comes up shining like lubricated leather. If I add potatoes,—dreaming of the nice mealy ones of England,—they appear in slices like apples fried in—faugh! Yesterday I wanted a bun in the Palais Royale, but ‘bun,’ sir! there isn't the word in the language. Sponge-cake soaked in sweet-oil is their only idea of confectionery. And now, look, these three mornings I have tried fish. I want fish plain-boiled or plain-broiled. Those were my orders, and the first day they bring it baked in cheese, the next day pickled in oil, and here—what is this?”

“Egg-sauce,” I suggested.

He held the dish up to the light and regarded it curiously: a deadly pallor crept over his face as he replaced it on the table, covered it over, and drew from his pocket a sailor's biscuit.

“My only comfort,” he observed, “six from England. This is the last. When that is gone ———”

The contemplation of the oleaginous existence to which he would then be reduced was too painful. He did not finish the sentence. On the following morning he was gone.

Galignani, who is an awful bore, and yet to whom we all fly in our need, gives a list of places "that *must* be seen by a stranger." There are thirty-four in Paris and six in the neighbourhood. Not to have "done" these forty sights is not to have seen Paris. So people rush from place to place, from church to church, from gallery to gallery, from one suburb to another, with the firm conviction that the converse of the proposition must be right, and that *to* have "done" all this *is* to have seen Paris. I am rather disposed, myself, to take exception to this conclusion; my own impression being that the way to view Paris, and, indeed, almost any place in a brief time, is to avoid nine out of ten of all the places which you "must" see. My meaning is this, that in all foreign places the real sight is the street-life and home-life of the people. Why "must" I see the church of St. Eustache, or the Chapelle Expiatoire? I have seen fifty Catholic churches in my time, and, save that twenty-five may have been Gothic, and twenty-five Grecian, I cannot discriminate between them any more than between fifty turns in a kaleidoscope. They are all alike, at least so far alike that it is not necessary for me to go from Dan to Beersheba to note their individual peculiarities. And with all deference to *Galignani* and with, I hope, a due sense of what I "must" do, if I had only two hours to "do" Paris in, I would stroll for half-an-hour down the Champ Elysée—take half-an-hour's turn in the Palais Royale—give half-an-hour to that marvellous Rue de Rivoli, and wander for the remaining half-hour in the few remaining quarters associated with memories of the Revolutions. In this way, too, and in less time, I should have caught the spirit and character of Paris. I should have secured an idea of its magnificence and of its squalor, as well as of that transition state which it is passing through under the will of the Emperor. I should, moreover, have seen the people as they are; should have gathered from them and from the shops a notion of their civilisation and their pursuits, while from the placarded walls a voice would speak to me of their amusements and of the bubbles which give a zest to their lives. I would not say to the stranger, "Don't see any of the 'sights' of this city"; but I would say, "Make them the secondary rather than the primary object. Don't move in a treadmill of show-places as if they were everything. They are very, very little, even in this show-city of Europe *par excellence*." I never can imagine why some people travel at all. With a map, Murray, and half-a-dozen photographs they might "do" any city in the world, according to their plan, that of seeing what, and only what, they are told to see, and what a saving of time, money, and labour would it be to them!

But this is a digression.

And, now I think of it, I may as well pull-up here, and begin another chapter another day.



THE TROOPER'S STORY.

By WILLIAM JUSTYNE.

Down where the shadows are rolling
Thick folds in the curtain of night;
Down where the sad winds are tolling
O'er dying and dead of the fight.
Down where the meadows are broken
And scattered with grim human wreck;
Where the red blood wreathes a token
The brow of the hero to deck.
Slowly and sullenly gliding,
No sound but the war horse's feet,
Arthur's brave comrades are riding,
All haggard and pale with defeat.
Ah! the quick flash of a rifle!
A plunge o'er his proud charger's head,
A groan that the winds seem to stifle,
And Arthur is left with the dead.

* * * * *
Sadly a woman is weeping,
Bow'd down like a withering leaf,
Over a rose-bud sleeping—
Her infant unconscious of grief.

Truly they've told her the story
Of how her belov'd Arthur fell:
Stretch'd on the earth cold and gory,
The winds sighed his funeral knell.

Holy the tender light gleaming
From forth her blue sorrowful eyes;
Looking up through her tears streaming,
For comfort to Heaven she cries.

"Father whose mercy is ever
Vouchsaf'd to the poor widow's pray'r,
Save me! I feel I can never
Have strength this great anguish to bear!"

* * * * *
Open the cottage door flinging,
Lo! Arthur looks down on his wife!
While round his neck she is clinging,
He tells how the foe saved his life.

FRANK TRAVERS' LETTERS FROM MESOPOTAMIA.

HOW IT WAS THAT FRANK WENT.



WENTY-ONE years of age—respectably connected—said to be good-looking—of refined tastes—brought up to nothing—left an orphan with two hundred a year, and—over head and ears in love with Cyrella Sinclair!

“What on earth am I to do? As the song suggests, ‘Let me go hang—ang—ang’—I believe that is how they vocally express it—No, emphatically, no; I object to hanging as decidedly low, suggestive of Newgate—and other unpleasant associations. The only hanging I should like to see would be Cyrella hanging round—bah! What *am* I to do?

“Drown myself? Don’t like cold water, except when it is well mixed. Shoot myself? Well, no. The noise is disagreeable.

“I’ve hit it! Travel!! Write a book—become famous—make a fortune, and—and—MARRY CYRELLA.

“Travel and write a book, eh, Frank Travers? And where the *dooce* will you travel? There is nothing in this mortal world to be done without difficulty. Hang it! drat it! con—found it! Where can I go? eh! ‘there’s the rub; to *go*, or not to *go*?’ No, that quotation won’t do—to *go* I’m determined—let me see, Father Shakespeare, ‘Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once,’—and, faith, that’s nearer the mark. ‘Go at once’—there we come to the very heart and core of the grievance. Cain, the first traveller upon record, never felt more helpless than I. He ‘had the world before him where to choose.’ Don’t see, myself, that I’ve a bit left to ‘take to it kindly’—all been chosen up long ago;—fact; Burton’s done Africa, Layard’s done Nineveh, Cumming’s done the Lions, Davenports have done the Spirit-world and London ditto—heigho! it is Omega—we have come to Zero—and what is left for poor Frank Travers? Were this a play I should write, ‘Here Frank drops a tear.’”

The young man leant his head on his hand and remained a few moments absorbed in thought, with as pensive an expression as a jovial pair of eyes, a clear complexion, and the silken but scanty growth of a first crop of “Dundrearys,” of a rather fair shade, permitted. Frank Travers was a tall, finely-built young man, with an indolent spoilt air, and looked five-and-twenty years of age.

“I have an idea!” he exclaimed, starting up suddenly and clapping his hand to his forehead with a melo-dramatic air. It was impossible for Frank to remain thoughtful beyond five consecutive moments, or ten at most. “A ruined gamester’s idea—and it seems to me I shall

be ruined in the game of life if I do not look out. Egad! my uncle will get me a commission!" Bah!—why did not my father make a tailor of me? Why? I might have risen in that trade, and outshone Messrs. Moses and Co. "O! Ambition! Ambition! I'll do something for you yet," he cried, shaking his fist at nothing, "and—and—marry Cyrella."

Frank Travers took the large map of the world off the library-wall, placed it on the table, and set a humming-top, the property of one of his little cousins, spinning in the centre. Then leaning forward on his elbow, he watched its sonorous gyrations. "By Jove! my fate is fixed!" he cried, "and Fate, in the shape of a humming-top, points to Mesopotamia. Mesopotamia! Land of—of—of—hang it! if I know what. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, Abraham, Isaac, and his seed for ever—though I rather think it is Ishmael's—I must coach the subject up a bit—I will immortalize you, and you shall immortalize me. That is an honest compact." And, so saying, he replaced the chart.

"Now," said he, folding his arms and gazing thoughtfully at the toes of his excellent boots, "to break the news to Cyrella, and get my trunks packed. She is my cousin, so I suppose they will let me write to her. Of course they will! The tour will be instructive, and shall be written on illustrated note-paper—if they have any thereabouts. And I will give her before I go—I will give her—a map of Mesopotamia!"

LETTER THE FIRST.

FRANK TRAVERS, HAVING BEEN REFUSED PERMISSION TO WRITE TO CYRELLA, INDITES HIS FIRST EPISTOLARY FAVOUR TO HER BROTHER.

"Aleppo.

"Dear Tom,—Here we are at Aleppo; and a nasty dirty place it is. I pass over the protracted incident of our voyage, &c., and briefly say, we arrived here. In truth, of the voyage itself I know nothing, though Dabble has been in ecstasy about the scenery; and I shall put down all he says in my book. In fact, I am not my own man upon the briny, nor for a good four and twenty hours afterwards, so you will be spared cerulean skies, and transparent waters, and the usual sort of thing in that line. The true state of the case was that I paid first-cabin fare, and went down to reconnoitre the beauties of art, as associated with the present occasion, and at the same time to appropriate all available comforts before I became incapable of selfish exertions. And who do you suppose I found engaged in the same task, attired in a species of sporting suit, enveloped in a voluminous plaid, with a pair of spectacles on his nose, and a drab wide-awake on his head? Nobody else but our friend of water-colour fame, young Dabble! The strangest thing is that he was bound for the

same place, and he, too, was in search of fame. His is a sketching tour; said sketches to immortalise him for ever. We swore fraternity at once, and I promised him the illustrating of my book. Meanwhile you will be expecting me to give you some idea of how they do the thing in this part of the world, and, for the look of the place, Dabble will enclose you a sketch."



CARAVAN PREPARING TO START FROM ALEPPO.

"Barak.

"Could not write you another word from the considerable Eastern city whence I first dated. Had to scramble up my writing materials and be off, for the caravan was ready, and we had no time to lose. A caravan, for some reason, puts me in mind of an omnibus. First, you have to wait for it; secondly, all sorts travel by it. A kind of wandering medley is a caravan; and Eastern travel is by no means to be attempted solus, so misanthropes may as well give it up; recommend *them* to try London, there's no place in the world—Paris, of course, excepted—where one can be so confoundedly alone—especially if they are hard up with the 'ready.'

"Dabble and I each got a horse and weighted him with a drinking cup, a small Turkey carpet, and warm cloak (par parenthesis, the Eastern apology for bed, blankets, counterpane, paliasse, and all that sort of thing), plenty of bird's-eye, and sundry other articles; for instance, in mine I put pen and ink and half a ream of foolscap, lined, for my

notes; whilst Dabble, poor fellow! varied his pack with a sketch box, and Heaven knows what artists' paraphernalia.

"If Cyrella could see us, clad in the queer-looking costume of the country, I feel uncertain what she would say. It would either be, 'Oh, how sweetly romantic!' or 'Dear me, Tom, what queer-looking guys they are.' We are bound in blue cloth of the Arab cut --by-the-bye, my travels, illustrated by Dabble, (poor fellow! it will be a loss to me to have anything so inferior to Roberts' style, but still it will be putting something in his pocket, and he will not get patronage everywhere.) I will have my travels bound in blue cloth, also, to be in character. But I anticipate, as romancers have it. I was describing our costumes. Bound in blue cloth of the Arab cut, ornamental *headings*, in the shape of white turbans with red huzzar-like bags hanging out of them, *illustrated* with crimson sashes, and—shades of peace preserve us!—armed like so many pirate chiefs cut out of Cooper's or Marryatt's novels, and nicely coloured,—Damascus sabres, Turkish *revolvers*, carbines and pistols, all by way of *asterisks* and *daggers*. *Foot-notes*, baggy-looking ducks, and peaky shoes: our spirits *are* *there*—there—don't I smell of printer's ink already? Thinkst thou not, oh, Tom! that my visions even thus early turn from dreams of fair women to screams of Printer's Devils' 'Copy, give us copy and *copy*'? From the fair Cyrella to the grimed and coatless youth; from Spottiswoode to Cyrella; 'tis but a means unto an end. An end? *Heavens!* but a beginning of bliss! Tom, I rave!

We expected a scrimmage on the road, for a hostile troop were *announced*, but, like Cæsar, 'they came, they saw, and they overcame,' that is, walked off in the opposite direction—on horseback, of course.

"The worst part of the matter out here is, that one needs such a confounded credit for the 'ready.' Why, before venturing towards Aljeaira, we had to carry bills for a hundred pounds with us; to say nothing of twenty or forty pounds in the queer-looking cash of the country. In Assyria, too, the murrain amongst the cattle has made everything dearer than ever.

"I forgot to tell you that round about the river of Aleppo were some gardens, green enough to send poor Dabble into cloudland, but as for me I squinted askance at the horrid baked-looking country bounding the horizon in the far expanse. Dabble is a fellow who would paint a bit of oasis, and decoy his fellow-creatures into a miserable desert. That is poetry, is it not, Tom? I call it homicide. Tell Cyrella there will be no poetry in Frank Travers' book. I am not going about in pink spectacles.

"To reach this destination (*vide* postscript) we have passed no end of villages. Horrid places, most of them; but Dabble is charmed. Some of the Arabian women, when they are young, are pretty enough

They wear white garments and red or white never-mention-'ems, and bind strings of coins round their heads whence the long black hair falls in abundance. I say, Tom, I wonder how much some of the pretty coquettes and others we wot of would give for such tresses to make themselves *chignons* wherewithal? Easily turn it the fashionable and abominable carrotty colour with some of Unwin's auricomus, eh? What says Petrarch?—

'Loose to the wind her golden tresses streamed;'

Or Milton—

'She as a veil, down to her slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore.'

But it is my opinion Eve was dark. Fair women are only a degeneration. I hate namby-pambyism and washed-out eyelashes; notwithstanding the immortal Swan sings of

'A golden mesh to ensnare the hearts of men.'

You may depend upon it he alluded to the *porte monnaie*.

By-the-bye, is there any record of Ann Hathaway's colour? She must have been a black swan, I'll swear; for nothing short of a *rara avis* could ever have enslaved the bard of Avon, even at downy nineteen.

"But I wander—you see, Tom, I am getting up my phraseology against my typographical appearance in print. (Call for the brandy.) The Turkoman females are prettier than the Arabs, when all is said and done. They are fairer and rosier (not bloom of roses), they are neater and better-dressed, sporting garments of striped silk and coins of real gold; and after all, Tom, dress is 'a most commendable thing in woman,' especially when a fellow don't have to pay for it. I believe Cyrella has a few hundreds of her own, therefore *that* will never trouble me. But I perfectly adore the little *gants* she gets at Madame Vanitipore's. There is nothing of that sort here.

"In some villages they give us to drink out of quaint tall pitchers, just as Rebecca did in the Bible, when Isaac's servant found her at the well. Queer, is it not? Some give us a sort of curds and whey, and refuse money. Querer still. Barnum ought to have the money-refusing species to exhibit in his native land. Not like the American gentlemen, I should say.

"When we reached a village called Chamoory we could get a glimpse of the Taurus Mountains. They looked high up, like 'cobwebs in the sky;' therefore 'the bull with one poke tossed them into the oak,' cried I, with a reminiscence of nursery rhymes, and dropped a tear for 'auld lang syne' and days of the short coat. The tops (I don't mean tops and bottoms, but mountain-tops) were covered with snow, like twelfth-cakes, famous at the same period. Dabble sketched them. He came out strong on tinted paper, with Chinese white. An admirable invention, that sort of paste, for artists. Sometimes we

pass the nights on our Turkish carpets, in the open air. Such stars! Cyrella would be in raptures about them. The air, too, is genial and fresh, and the breeze soft and cool as the climate is charming. When we lie down at night, in this primitive fashion, the grass has the most exquisite perfume of mingled freshness and sweetness that I ever inhaled in my life. Mr. Rimmel ought to get some of that—'Algesiran grass'—though, by-the-bye, we were not in that province yet.

"At Chamoorly there was the ruin of a mosque and a hill dotted above with scraps of basaltic stones, many of them stuck up like grave ornaments. The blue-looking mountains in the distance and the clear skies sent Dabble into rhapsodies. As for me, I got some sporting now and then. Once we shot a gazelle, and had it for supper. The natives call it a luxury, but as for Frank Travers, he held his nose and left table. Dabble seconded both motions. We got some lovely birds in these latitudes; something like pigeons, with white breasts spotted black, brown wings, and a centre feather in the tail a foot and a half longer than the rest. They call them ghattars.

"There are some remarkably queer religious customs out here. It would give a hint to Spurgeon or Brother Ignatius—extremes meet, they say—to join company and come out here. Bellew and Cumming, too, might pick up an idea to raise the wind spiritual. The new moon is an object of great veneration, and down go all the Arabs on their scraps of travelling carpets, and pray to it. These same carpets remind one of Ahmed Brother's bit in the "Arabian Nights," that transported folks where they wished, and I often half expect to see the praying Arabs caught up in mid-air, like Mahomed's coffin, and floating towards their deity, the moon. At the same time, let me remind you, Tom, that coffee is the chief imbibement in the fluid line hereabouts. When it is not coffee it is questionable milk—that is, camel's milk—and when not milk, water. But, I say, would not "masses to the moon" take at Norwich? There is quite a Tennysonian alliteration about it, eh? Or, "Trances at the Tabernacle, familiarizing the favoured with Lunar Latitudes and the concomitant company of Spirits of the Spheres!" Tom, I'm no infidel; Heaven forbid!—but I hate the money-changers in the Temple.

"The Arabs are fond of lamb for supper, but, as it is generally served fresh-killed, I cannot call it remarkably tender. Also, they have a kind of cake, baked on the hearth, made of honey and other messes, and served in the tents of chieftains. A sheik's tent is a large affair open to the air, with the women's apartments inside, wattled off by reeds sewn together by worsted. The outer part is furnished with cushions, carpets, and beds. The chief is most hospitable, and seems jolly as regards this world's goods. He pitches his tents here and there at his various villages throughout the year, collecting his own rents, and paying tithe to the Pasha at Aleppo for the privilege.

These villages, by the bye, show crowds of canvas like any runaway brig, but some are "bricks" in more ways than one—that's for accommodation and hospitality—a common Arab virtue—and comparative cleanliness—mind, Tom, whenever I mention that word during my travels it is always in the comparative degree, which, according to an English Lindley Murray and a Johnson's dictionary in joint-stock company, we might literally and crudely translate dirtiest, dirtier, dirty. That is Frank's definition, at all events. But in these places, per compensation, and I expected different, the women do *not* wear veils, which is a great advantage, as not a few of them can show tolerably handsome faces. Say nothing about that to Cyrella."

(*To be Continued.*)

A CORONET AT LAST, A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or 'True to the Last.'"

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—IBID.

CHAPTER IV.

IS VERY POOR.—ST. GILES AT HOME.



HE gentleman with a bunch of violets in his hand, who listened to the singing of Alice's powerful voice (for, soft and gentle as it seemed, it pierced the stout walls and was distinctly audible in the street without)—the gentleman, who had noted the number and name of the street, walked rapidly onwards, turned down a road by no means one of the best in the neighbourhood, quitting that again for a humbler, till he found himself in a very honeycomb of the dwellings of the poor and low. Dirty women, with ragged, dishevelled hair, hung listlessly against some of the door-posts, supporting pale, inanimate, unclean babies in their arms. At another turning the female gender had more life, if not more refinement, and were struggling along the crowded, narrow kerb, elbowing the way vigorously, to avoid a precipitate movement into the dirty kennel of a road scarcely wide enough for the passage of a huckster's cart. Bonnets of indescribable shape, and brilliant with tawdry flowers or crude-coloured ribbons, bespoke the comparatively wealthier condition of their owners, whose coarse, vixenish voices were giving vent to a hideous species of wit,

bawled across the street to "Joe" or "Bill," or levelled at the mounted Jehu of some vehicle *en passant*. Preferring the sloppy roadway, where more than one pair of wheels could hardly move at a time, rather than encounter the stout elbows of the fair natives or jostle against the corduroy clothing of the male population—not to mention his repugnance to inhale the fumes of coarse tobacco-smoke emitted from short clay pipes—the young man was speedily in that quarter termed "the market." There fish—from the cheap herring to the huge, turbot-like flounder—suspended on a rusty nail to a beam appertaining to the cart, was not always in the freshest condition. Piles of old hampers might be seen not far from these carts, covered with ancient and dried fish-skins—a curious sight. Side by side with drooping vegetables were ranged articles of crockery, and stalls of boot-laces, braid, and coloured cottons heaped together *en masse*, and diversified with other articles of cheap hosiery. Lollypops of doubtful mixture, shell-fish, gridirons and kettles, highly coloured but primitive works of art in clumsy frames, toys, second-hand boots and shoes, hats with bright plumes, butcher's meat, black-puddings, trumpery jewellery,—all found vendors, and all found purchasers.

A few brutish-looking faces turned to stare after the gentleman for a moment; but, to judge by the indifference with which he passed along, and the patience with which he picked his way across the road, through cabbage-stalks and other garbage, and waited for the passing of two onion-carts barring the way, he must have been accustomed to such scenes. Again traversing a darker and a narrower street, marked by a bird-fancier's, an easy shaving-shop, and a row of coloured handkerchiefs, and across that into one where no pavement, however narrow, graced the way, he stopped at a door bearing, in half-obliterated letters, the legend "Marine Stores," and, stooping to avoid the black doll which swung, with extended arms, over the threshold, entered.

"Well, Mrs. Dawkins, how is your little one to-day?"

"Ah, sir! it is very good of you to come," answered a woman whose appearance indicated care and poverty. "Jim's sober, sir," she said, dropping her voice to a whisper, and pointing over her shoulder with her thumb bent backwards, like a crescent or an umbrella-handle; "he's coming to show hisself. What you've said, sir, has made a mighty impression like on Jim; though it's more what you've done. It's all along of your work with that blessed child that I've sevvun shilling in my pocket this here week, instead of in the public. He can't forget your paying the rent, time when the things was seized last week, and he says to me, he says, 'In the gratitude of my heart I made bold to seize his hand and say "I'll lay down my life for you, sir!" and you says, says he, "You can oblige me in a less matter than that, Jim," quite kindly, like as he'd

been your equal, and not scorning to hold his hand in yours the while, 'you can oblige me in a less matter than that, Jim.' 'And what's it?' says he; 'and I'd like to see the thing you'd ask of me that Jim Dawkins wouldn't do straight off.' 'And do you mean it, Jim?' says you, grave and solemn, and as earnest as if your heart was set on it; so that when he says 'D—— me if I dont!' it seemed for all the world as though he'd taken a Bible oath; and when you says 'It's to give up the drink, I want of you,' them words fell as cold and quzer on his heart as what the judge speaks when he puts on the black cap; and, as you know, he dropped your hand and slunk away into th' corner, sulky. But Lord, sir! there was good in that; he hasn't touched the drop forbye a pint o' ale to work on, as he asked *me* to fetch 'un; 'for the gent's a knowing one,' says he; and I heerd him praying to the Lord to keep him out o' temptation."

At this moment Jim stepped forward and took off his cap.

"I'm very happy to see you, Jim," said his visitor, thinking it best at present to take no notice of the new reformation; "I hope you've had a busy week."

"And that I have, sir, thanks to you; and thanks to you, I'm here to say it."

"No, no, Jim; it's another you've got to thank—not me."

"Well, I don't see no other, noways. It's you as giv' me the money, and it's you as I'm going to thank."

"Now, Jim, if you had a shilling, which would you rather do—give it away, or drink it?"

"Well, master," answered Jim, looking guilty, "drink it; and d—— me, if that arn't the truth!"

"It is human nature. And which would you rather be doing—seeing Tom Sayers and Heenan in the ring, or getting another man's work when he was drunk, his wife starving, and his children dying?"

"Now, that's well put, that is," said Jim, placing his thumbs in his breeches-pockets, and balancing himself backwards, with a knowing look and a wink. "Why, see the sport, on course I would, and let the drunken fool look to his own family; it's more than I does to look over and above specially to mine."

"That is human nature, Jim. Now, when I give you twenty shillings to pay your rent, instead of treating myself, and come and see your child instead of going after sport, I am acting contrary to human nature; and it wants a very powerful motive to make a man or an animal either, act contrary to human nature."

"On course it do."

"Now, your wife tells me you've not touched the drink since I was here, and I'm very glad to hear it; but it must have been a very powerful motive which induced you to give it up. Was it love for me?"

"That it were, and gratitude too, sir, and the kind of promise I gave you."

"Very well; it is love to God which makes me feel sympathy with the poor and the misguided. *He* gave me everything, and it is out of gratitude to Him I feel bound to give a part of it to those who are worse off than myself. It is God who makes me do so, and therefore you ought to thank God."

"Well, really," said the woman, "you almost make me believe you; but the Lord hasn't made the child well, as you prayed Him to."

"I am going to read to Johnny; will you come up a bit?"

"D—— it! no. You got me to give up the drink, and I'll hear none of your cant. I'll be took with a praying fit next." Jim rolled his burly figure with a threatening movement towards the door.

Mrs. Dawkins shook her head, and followed her visitor up a ladder, guided by a rope, and filling what might be described as a wooden funnel conducting to the room overhead. Stretched upon a narrow pallet, under a thin coverlet, lay a little child, with common, coarse, pinched features. There was no romance in the place. A small round table, nearly filling the dark, close chamber, only left room for one chair by the bedside, and a little stool between its foot and the chimney-piece (fixed sideways in a corner), where the mother crouched and commenced rocking a baby in a washing-basket, who, having been awakened by the intrusion, filled the apartment with loud, disagreeable cries. There was nothing sentimental even in the sick child itself, whose plain little face has already been described, but when it saw who entered—when it turned round feebly, and smiled—an expression of angelic sweetness and a strange light broke over its face. There was nothing vulgar in it now. "Teacher," said the artless little voice, distinctly and softly, as he took the thin, tiny hand and met the blue eyes.

"See, I have brought you some violets, which were sent me out of Devonshire. The snow is on the ground, and you know it is too cold for them to grow here; but that part of England is warmer."

"I love flowers," said the child, taking them in its long yellow fingers; "they remind me how good God is, and how He must be always thinking of us, to make such beautiful colours and such sweet odours to please us; and sometimes it is difficult to remember that *here*," he said, looking at his mother. "I wish God would talk to mother as He does to me, and put the same pleasant thoughts into her heart. Once everything was so dark and dismal and wretched to me in this world; do you remember that time?"

"Was it one Sunday, when I found you on a doorstep, crying with the cold?"

"Ah, yes. Father and mother were fighting at home, and I did not know where to go; and I was such a wicked child, when you

spoke to me, as to use dreadful words like father does, bidding you go away; for my heart was full of hatred and malice, and I did not know anyone meant kindness. I did not know how much God loved me."

"And what now makes you think God did love such a bad, wicked boy?"

"Because He sent you, and when I spoke ill you did not go away, but coaxed all my story from me. You gave me a biscuit out of your pocket when I said I was hungry, and asked me to come to school with you; then you took my dirty hand and led me through the streets, just as I was—such a miserable, wicked child; and the folks stared at you, and some gentlemen laughed and pointed, and called you 'Methody'; then I thought you would let my hand go, and get out of my way as quick as you could, and I was ready to run away—for I was a proud child then, and, dirty as I was, didn't like people to be ashamed of me—but you only held my hand tighter, and took me to the school."

"And did you like the school?"

"No, I didn't; but I came because I loved you. At first I did not understand what you taught me, and I didn't like sitting still, and the boys made fun of my old rags, for nobody was so poor and wretched as Johnny. And then, when father and mother knew where I went, they beat me; but by that time I knew that God had made me, and that Jesus had died instead of me; for think how wicked I had been; and I knew that He expected me to do what was right, come what would. And I used to tell father and mother what I heard, and they always beat me again; but I thought of St. Paul, who received from the Jews five times forty stripes save one, and then I remembered how St. Paul himself once persecuted the Christians, and how God turned his heart to be as zealous for the faith as he had been against it, and I prayed that father and mother might be converted likewise."

The teacher now opened a small Bible he took from his pocket, and read the 10th chapter of St. John. When he came to the 16th verse the little boy stopped him, and repeated, "And other sheep I have, not of this fold; them also must I bring; and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." "That's father and mother. I have prayed for them, and He has heard me. He sent me this illness, and it softened their hearts that were hardened like wicked Pharaoh's, and it brought you here. Father's left off drink," he said, suddenly raising himself, and flushing with excitement; I can see it all now quite plain how He is working for their good. They shall hear His voice, and you, teacher, are His minister. I have never done any good yet. Is not the Lord merciful to promise to save me and pardon all my sins? I only wish to be a man for one thing—just that I might be a teacher like you, to serve God a little; but if I die, to bring father and mother to Him—that's better than pleasing myself. Please will you read me the 22nd chapter of Revelations."

It was strange to see that young man in the miserable, unhealthy abode of poverty, beside the dying child. He could not have been more than twenty-two years of age, tall and aristocratic in his bearing; he wore his Inverness with the graceful air we generally imagine to be the concomitant of high birth. His features, regular and noble, were delicate and of a transparent paleness, and there was an almost angelic softness of expression that gave not exactly a feminine appearance to the yet smooth face; the nose was too decided, the chin too marked, the brow too powerful, the eyes too earnest, the mouth too firm—otherwise it might have been so. The look of a grave, earnest purpose was fixed in that face, and evidently his life was devoted to one work. A mass of dark hair clustered above the open, white brow; his cloak, which was now thrown aside, showed his dress to be plain black, his shirt studs ivory; he wore a watch and a signet ring of blood-stone—no other ornament. It would have seemed more natural to have found such an unusually handsome man in the saloons of pleasure amongst a bevy of admiring belles, such an aristocratic bearing in the broad streets of St. James's, not soothing the sickness and poverty of an offspring of St. Giles's; more natural to have found such an intellectual countenance poring over the learning that brings fame, than reasoning with atheistical rag-dealers and coming the Scriptures with a dying child. But Bernard Romilly thought differently.

CHAPTER V.

ST. BERNARD.

ROMILLY returned home about nine o'clock the same evening, opened the door with a latch-key, and called to his landlady at the top of the stairs. "Good evening, sir," she replied, coming up with a guttering kitchen candle in a china stand aslant, and thereby ornamenting her stairs with "pearly drops," not quite of such poetical celebrity as those that "gem the flowers." "It's Mr. Romilly, isn't it?" she added, stumbling over her gown and recovering herself. "I do believe I've been and tore it, but that's just like me. I have tore the braid off the nasty thing," she asserted on a further examination with both hands, when the flat candlestick was safely deposited on the bracket. "And here's your candle all the while on the slab, and a spill to light it by the gas." And the speaker, a tall, wiry woman, with an anxious expression, a red nose, and a look as if her half grey hair were awry like a cheap front, stared at him, and wondered at his impudence in summoning her under existing circumstances.

"Oh, yes! Mrs. Pybus, I perceive that you have not neglected my comfort; but I wished to ask if you had a blue-book or a Post Office Directory?"

"Well, sir, I havn't such a thing, but I could borrow it, and that's the truth, if you particular wishes."

"Thank you, I shall be much obliged."

"Jim'll fetch it. Jim'll do anything for you. Jim'll bring it up. I'd better light your candle now and save the spill. It'll do for Mr. Walker, for what time ov the night—mornin' I should say—that young man comes 'ome it's beyond my knowledge to tell, for thank goodness *we're* abed and asleep. I wish you'd take to talking to 'im, sir; you can persuade anybody black's white; it 'uld do im a world-ov good, not but what I was thinkin ov talkin to *you*, sir, with *your* leave, ov the quantum of candle you burns, whereas he uses the public lamps, which don't cost *us* nothing."

"I intend buying myself a moderator, Mrs. Pybus, so you can make your mind easy."

"A moderator? Lor' *that* won't make my mind easy; why, if you're agoin to be more moderator than you *is* you'll starve. A drop of hot brandy and water now and then—"

"A moderator lamp," interposed Bernard. "I'll take my candle, thank you, and send me up the book."

"Well, he's a rum un, he is," she soliloquised, regarding her lodger as he ascended the narrow staircase. "So wonderful quiet and pious. I'd give something to get him to take to brandy and water and cigars and more fashionable hours—it arn't natural or healthy in a young man, and a handsome un, too—more's the pity; but he pays regular, and don't owe no one, and Jim's awful fond of him and 'is 'ymn books. 'Owever, if all the world was like 'im it's small profits would be made—why, lor', there'd be nothing but open plain trading, and devil a perquisite for the lodging-'ouse keepers, tho' I'd like my boy Jim to go to 'eaven, methody or no methody, for this is a bad world anyhow, and one needs a drop of something now and then. Blue-book and Post Office Direc'ry—Mitchell's 'll lend it. The nasty braid."

Bernard meanwhile had reached his apartments, set light to his fire, opened a huge iron safe, a legacy from his father, and extracted bread, and cheese, and writing materials. By the time that a cheerful blaze illumined the hearth, the young man had finished his entries in his diary, and Jim, bearing "the blue-book," tapped at his chamber door. After a short colloquy with that hopeful youth, who grinned from ear to ear all the while, and blushed Solferino both in hands and face, the latter conspicuous for the lumpy squareness with which they terminated, Romilly was once more alone.

"18, St. Stephen's-road, Keston Villa, Richard Woodward—Woodward, Woodward—there is no singer of note of that name. If I meet Walker on the stairs to-morrow, I'll ask him—he knows the private history of every professional in London." He took up a work on the

Cape Missions and read a few pages, but threw it down before long. "It is strange how that girl's voice haunts me. I know it is a foolish thought, but I fancied it sounded like an angel's voice. I felt a strange chill, and the thought arose within me that I had heard the tones of a spirit that was destined to influence mine materially." He took up a pen and wrote on some blank paper "A Discourse on the Voices of Angels." (Text—"And the angel of the Lord spake unto Abraham.") "I must be unwell," he cried, relinquishing his task, "and had better seek my rest. I can write a few telling lines on this text to-morrow."

At a very late hour on the following night Mr. Romilly was hastening home from Brompton, where he had been tending the death-bed of an old and friendless man, in the double capacity of patron and minister. He had not expected to find him so near death, and it was impossible to leave until the last sad struggle was over. He had just taken out his watch, and found the hand pointing to one, when a lurid glow lighted the sky, and an almost simultaneous cry of "Fire" arrested his attention. It was in the neighbourhood of Hyde-park, and buttoning his under coat tightly over his watch, he ran thither with energy. Romilly was impulsive, but prompt thoughtfulness ever guarded his quickest actions and tempered generosity with prudence. He would willingly exert himself with right good will to extinguish the fire or save human life—but to lose his watch would be sacrificing himself without benefit to others—nay, *he* thought, placing that temptation in the path of dishonesty from which he prayed to be exempted himself. He was nearly a mile from the scene of conflagration, though it seemed within a few yards of him, but the lurid light of the devouring element is as deceitful as most mundane appearances. The deepening glow informed Romilly that the foe was gaining ascendancy, and, guided by this terrible beacon, he at length reached the scene of devastation. Only one engine was on the spot, feebly throwing its jets against the burning mass, and beside it stood the fire-escape of the neighbourhood, which at first refused to act. A fearful conflagration on the Surrey side of the water, part of the reflected glow from which had deceived Romilly as to the extent of the present danger, had called off all the principal engines in the metropolis. The flames, which seemed to proceed from the lower part of the house, had risen above the coping of the parapet. Amidst the burning mass where the fiery tongues were blown apart by the wind, at a second-floor window a female was making frantic gestures to the crowd beneath. The fire-escape at last was set in order and raised to her assistance. Twice she essayed to throw herself into it, and twice she was driven back by the returning flames. It appeared evident that she could not bear the heat and smoke much longer. A breathless pause succeeded amongst the crowd, a jet of water from the

engine quenched the flames for a moment, and the smoke and steam hid everything; once again the crowd perceive that she has jumped upon the window sill—the flames are darting upwards—she will be scorched, she will be driven back—no! she has plunged into the escape with her dress all alight, and comes down in two or three seconds safe. Bernard Romilly is ready with his Inverness coat; she wears no crinoline, and the flame is extinguished without further damage than a slight scorch. “Ah,” cried the woman, clutching him with frantic hands and protruding eyes—“my mistress, my lady is up zere—she will burn to death—she cannot move—I would carry her, but zese arms not strong—she will burn, I tell you.”

“There is a lady in the house,” cried Bernard, turning to the firemen.

“Too late now,” they replied, “the house is enveloped in flames.”

“Has everyone else escaped?”

“Seven or eight persons—servants, we think, ran out before the engine came, and sought refuge in the neighbouring houses.”

Romilly glanced at the door; it was already crackling in the fire. With amazing rapidity he ran round to the back, and found there a street of shops, but no entrance to the house itself. He knocked furiously at a door which he deemed to be nearest to the burning tenement. The inhabitants, already awakened by the glare, answered his summons, fearing their own premises were igniting. “There is a lady in danger—give me a poker, the front is wrapped in flames,” he cried incoherently and hastily, but they understood his words, complied with his request, and gave him a passage through the house. Springing over the back wall he assailed the garden door with his weapon, broke the lock, and entered. The flames had not reached the back of the house, but were already darting from the parlour-doors and creeping up the passage walls. The smoke was suffocating. Bernard’s eyes smarted, and he gasped for breath as he climbed up over the banisters, almost losing his hold and falling into the hall below. With the energy of despair, however, he clutched a rail above him, raising himself another and another flight; that dense smoke was rolling under the drawing-room doors, and as he gained the next floor, the scarlet forks broke triumphantly out and curled, like the tongues of restless and mortal snakes, up the marble walls. Frightful as the scene was, the firemen would have ventured had they not believed the whole interior already consuming. Had there been any other engine than the wretched one of the parish, matters would have been differently conducted. Opening a door on the second landing, Bernard beheld by the feeble light of a night-lamp a small room, which the fire had not yet reached, hung with rose-coloured curtains, full of rich and showy furniture and bright-hued pictures in new and shining frames. It is hardly likely that he

paused to note such details, but the overstrained nervous system caught in everything at a glance—even the white bed revealed through the open door. In the centre of the apartment the object of his search stood in the loose garb of night, with a pair of blue eyes widely opened and fixed on the flames, which penetrated the front windows. She was a very stout woman, and perfectly paralysed with the excess of fear. In the first alarm she had started from her couch and hastened hither probably to fetch the small box she clutched tightly, and had become terrified at the sight of the flames. Bernard spoke, but she made no answer, and seemed neither to see nor hear him. He ran to the bed, and stripping off a blanket wrapped it round her. As he was about to leave the apartment a little white dog howled pitcously—the young man was humane—he caught it up and held it under his arm. But the lady could not be induced to move; he coaxed, he remonstrated, he reproached, all was alike useless; the crackling noise of approaching destruction became more and more audible, and warned them of increasing peril. Dragging her by main force from the apartment and up stairs, through flames now rapidly becoming triumphant, he heard the lower part of the staircase fall with a crash just as he gained the top of the house. There was a trap-door, and providentially a ladder, by which, with his helpless burden, he gained the roof and passed on to the adjoining house, the fire rapidly following in its ruthless course. It was necessary to pass over two houses before there was a prospect of resting in safety. A loud cheer from the street told him that he had been watched, and the inhabitants of the place where he sought refuge speedily came to his assistance. On finding herself once more in safety the rescued lady recovered her scattered senses, and dropping the little box she had held so tightly, exclaimed, as she wrung her hands, “Oh! Dido! Dido! have *you* perished.”

“There is no other person, I trust, in the house from which we have so providentially escaped?” Bernard asked with emotion.

“No, no! my dog, my dear poodle!”

“Is this it?” and the speaker liberated the four-footed owner of the silky coat from an unpleasantly tight embrace, for which he was thanked by a series of dismal howls, before rendered impossible by reason of external compression.

“Ah! my dog, my darling, my little beauty!” cried the lady as she wept over him tears of joy. “I am infinitely indebted to you—my will is burnt, and I shall make another—may I ask your name? But what is this?”

The sudden and horrified exclamation of Lady Timmes—whom the reader has already recognised—was caused at the sight of an object held in full view by the lady into whose house she had thus descended, like one of the Muses—through the roof—it was a fair flaxen wig,

with all the curls in paper. Lady Timmes clapped her hands upon her head, and with a sudden scream fainted away in somebody's arms, just as one of the servants brought to light various other toilette articles scattered from the box, which, like its owner, lay prostrate. Bernard seized the opportunity to leave the house, and finding that another engine had arrived at last, and the fire was in a fair way of being extinguished without his assistance, wended his way home. He had to pass Keston Villa to reach his own lodging; a streak of light was visible through the parlour shutters, and he could hear some one weeping bitterly. He felt more than ever interested in that house, and hastened homewards forming all sorts of improbable conjectures. At the corner of the street he was encountered by his fellow-lodger.

"Holloa, Romilly, is that you? I thought you were St. Bernard, all dogs and mountains."

"I have been rather in that line to-night," his companion said laughing.

"I don't mean *that* either, but unthawed ice, monastic vows, early hours, bread and water, and all sorts of uncomfortable things."

"It would thaw ice to go where I have been to-night, at all events; there was plenty of water certainly, but mixed with the fiery element, and as for uncomfortable things——"

"Come now, I am glad to hear it; you're a sly dog, Romilly. Why, Mrs. Pybus says"——

"Never mind what Mrs. Pybus says—do you know a singer of the name of Woodward?"

"Woodward? There's no one of the name."

"Or related to a Woodward?"

"Let me see—no—Signor Falsetto married a Miss Nevermuch, of Woodstock; both of them stars of the season. Their duet in 'The Dying Swan,' the new opera, is the finest thing ever heard."

"Do you know if anyone professional lives in St. Stephen's-road?"

"Not a soul."

"Stop, Walker, you are passing the house." Bernard took out his latch-key and opened the door. "We shall have to find our way in the dark—the gas is out."

"Not we; here's a candle and a spill. By Jove, I haven't a Vesuvian left; hold the door ajar."

"What are you about, Walker?"

"Did you never hear a capital old motto of your grandmother's about 'Where there's a will?' He went out, pushing the candlestick into Romilly's hand, climbed a lamp-post and lighted the spill, contriving to hold it within the hollow of his hand to preserve the flame from extinction. When the candle burnt up, and Romilly turned from securing the hall door, Walker uttered an exclamation of surprise and consternation,

"By Jove! Why, all your hair is burnt off—and your eyebrows, and—what have you been doing?—how did it come about?"

Romilly putting his hand in the direction indicated, ascertained that there was yet some left. "I got it amongst the dogs and mountains, &c."

"St. Burn-hard—ha! ha! ha! Why, your coat's wet through, and what have you done to your inverness? Come into the parlour, and I'll brew some punch to keep the cold out."

"No, thank you. Good night, I'm going to bed."

"Good morning, Romilly," roared Walker after him, loud enough to let the landlady know for once at what time he really did come home. "You won't catch me offering you rum punch again. It's your turn now to ask me."

"Not a public singer! 'Twas a splendid voice," Bernard mused. "Awake at this hour, and in trouble—I should like to know more about them."

CHAPTER VI.

A CIVIL WAR.

BERNARD ROMILLY was the only son of a widow of high family, but extremely small means. He had been intended for the Church, but disgusted with college life and some specimens of the cloth whom he had encountered, with the impetuosity of youth he renounced the established faith and joined a body of Dissenters, by whom his extraordinary talents and religious zeal were hailed as a blessing and example. College expenses had proved a heavy drag upon her slender means, drawing deeply upon the principal, and diminishing her annual income, and as Church preferment through family influence was the prospect of his life, the new and unorthodox views of her son were very disappointing to Mrs. Romilly. Eventually she was reconciled to her son's choice, but not so the family. The "family" was a Conservative family, very high church—Puseyite, in fact, leaning to Romanism. Their objections were not raised against any particular doctrines of dissent, but excited by *the lowness of the thing*. Bernard was eccentric, no doubt, and eccentricity is very shocking in conventional life. He was young, and when he first came in contact with "his family," he imprudently expressed his opinions with enthusiasm and eloquence. They considered the enthusiasm vulgar, and failed to appreciate the eloquence. He was pronounced "queer," "a disgrace to the family," and formally outlawed from all claim to relationship. They gave him a week to decide which he would renounce—his madness or his "family," and he gave up the latter in a lengthy epistle containing youthfully heroic flourishes; a very bravo-like brandishing of arms in the face of "the family," which had the effect of making their

decision to ignore him firm and unyielding. The younger branches of "the family" were forbidden to mention his name, and only allowed to entertain general and vague notions that he had done something disgraceful. He who could defy society, scorn appearances, and throw off altogether the family yoke, might prove too dangerous an associate for their sons.

When Mrs. Romilly died Bernard found himself alone in the world, with a very small pittance by way of fortune. The young man was handsome, and bore the unmistakably aristocratic air of one who belongs to "a family" which that offended body were powerless to take from him, or perhaps they might never have allowed him to carry it about amongst a dissenting congregation and sickly poor. He had obtained the ministry of a chapel near Islington, and to do him justice, although impetuous, self-sufficient, and headstrong with regard to the immaculateness of his religious views, he was not content with being a star of brilliant oratory in the pulpit—he was not even vain of a gift that brought thousands crowding into his chapel—he was only zealous for religion itself, and humble in his conception of all besides. He lived a frugal, hermit-like life, and occupied his time in teaching and visiting the poor, with as much assiduity and tenderness as a woman or a Sister of Mercy. With his doctrines the reader has little to do, except as they affect the actions of his life, and relate to other more prominent characters on our stage. One or two scenes which must occur in their proper order will sufficiently illustrate their working and his character in a book which disclaims all title to a religious novel. Bernard, if somewhat extreme and Quixotic in his views, was the minister of much good, and youth that possesses nobility, genius, and heroism is generally visionary, extreme, and Quixotic in whatever path it chooses, whatever prize it aspires after, until maturity and experience secure moderation, sterling good sense, and sound judgment. It is more natural for the camp, the council, or the muses, to fire the fancy of ardent and well-favoured boyhood. But Bernard, as we have said, possessed a peculiar disposition. He beheld the vainness of the warrior's glory; he read in history how the mightiest monarch resigned his throne at the summons of death; he saw that the breath of popular applause is fickle as the wind that blows from east to west or north to south, and changes in a night; he saw how wealth had perished, how the most generous love has been blighted, and the noblest friendship betrayed; he saw how noble deeds are often requited by a nation's perfidy and hatred; he saw how deceitful are the enticements of pleasure and the promises of ambition; how unhealthy the indulgences of wealth—and should he occupy his life struggling for any of these? To what did they all tend? To the tomb. And after the tomb comes Eternity! To prepare for Eternity, then, was the real business of life.

"But," asked one of his companions, "how can you prove to me

that there is any eternity, or that these means you employ to secure a happy position are not purely visionary?"

"I can prove to you that all in *this* life is no better than visionary," Bernard answered, "because I can prove that, granting the struggles of a lifetime are successful, every man must die; and I can prove that when he dies he must resign everything he has struggled for. At the hour of death riches or poverty, success or failure, are of no more moment to him than a thistledown floating on the wind. I say, what is the use of devoting every thought and energy to acquire that which we must surely resign soon after possession—that which we shall not even value in a dying hour? Few men really doubt the immortality of the soul, for, as everyone has a soul within him, all have a vague consciousness of immortality. You ask me to prove eternity; I say your own soul proves it to your own conscience. You ask me to prove that Scripture points out the true way to acquire what the soul will take with it into eternity, in contradistinction to what the body leaves behind. I ask you to prove that it does *not*, by showing me a better way."

His companion remained silent.

"Eternity may present a vague idea to our view—we may long to know more of it—but whilst I can show that your worldly policy is a mistake, by proving that it perishes, you *cannot prove* the fallacy of mine."

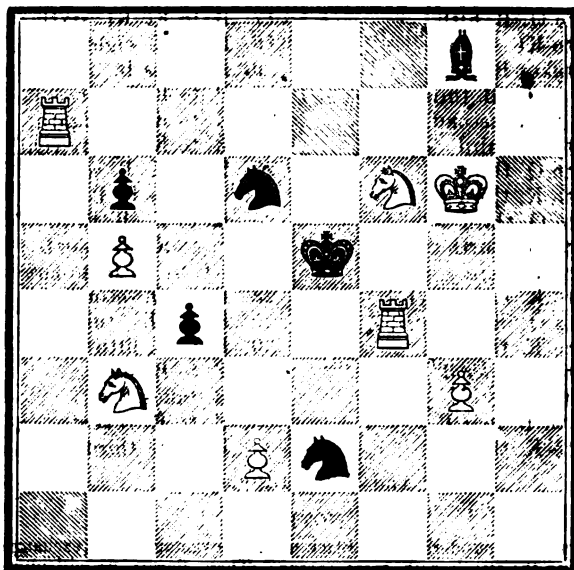
Thus it was that Bernard argued and looked coldly upon the dazzling but untenable prizes of life, to grasp at the highest—the highest, because human intellect can penetrate no higher—which no man has or can prove delusive, and of which hope and faith promise all things. Bernard's was a noble ambition, an exalted enthusiasm, and one that separated him more effectually, in its present phase, than a poet is separated, from his fellow-creatures; but he stood strong in his faith.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. I.—By F. HEALEY, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in five moves.

GAMES.

THE following game was played between the distinguished player, Herr Harrwitz, and one of our strongest metropolitan amateurs, at the odds of the exchange. Before playing over the game, therefore, it will be necessary to remove White's Q. R. and Black's Q. Kt. from the Board.

Game I.

White. (Herr HARRWITZ.)

1. P. to K. fourth
2. P. to K. B. fourth
3. K. Kt. to B. third
4. P. to K. R. fourth
5. Kt. to K. fifth
6. B. to Q. B. fourth
7. P. takes P.
8. P. to Q. fourth
9. B. to Q. Kt. fifth (ch.)

Black. (AMATEUR.)

1. P. to K. fourth
2. P. takes P.
3. P. to K. Kt. fourth
4. P. to K. Kt. fifth
5. Kt. to K. B. third
6. P. to Q. fourth
7. B. to Q. third
8. Q. to K. second
9. B. to Q. second

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 10. Q. to K. second | 10. Castles, Q. R. |
| 11. Kt. takes B. | 11. Q. takes Q. (ch.) (a) |
| 12. K. takes Q. | 12. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 13. P. to Q. B. fourth | 13. Q. R. to K. square (ch.) |
| 14. K. to Q. third | 14. P. to K. B. sixth (b) |
| 15. P. takes P. | 15. P. to K. R. fourth |
| 16. P. takes P. | 16. P. takes P. |
| 17. P. to Q. B. fifth | 17. B. to K. Kt. sixth |
| 18. R. to Kt. square | 18. R. to K. eighth (c) |
| 19. R. takes B. | 19. R. takes B. |
| 20. Kt. to K. B. third | 20. P. to B. fourth |
| 21. Kt. to K. second | 21. R. to K. R. eighth |
| 22. K. to K. third | 22. R. to K. square (ch.) |
| 23. K. to Q. third | 23. R. to K. B. square |
| 24. K. to K. third | 24. R. takes R. P. |
| 25. B. to Q. third | 25. R. to K. B. third |
| 26. K. to B. fourth (d) | 26. R. to K. R. fourth |
| 27. R. to K. third | 27. Kt. to K. B. square |
| 28. R. to K. eighth (ch.) | 28. K. to Q. second |
| 29. R. to Q. Kt. eighth | 29. Kt. to Kt. third (ch.) |
| 30. K. to K. third | 30. P. to B. fifth (ch.) |
| 31. K. to Q. second | 31. P. to B. sixth |
| 32. B. takes Kt. | 32. R. takes B. |
| 33. Kt. to B. fourth | 33. R. to R. seventh (ch.) |
| 34. K. to K. third | 34. R. to B. third |

And White resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) Well played, considering that Black has the advantage of the exchange.
 (b) Pursuing the attack with great energy. These Pawns, as will ultimately be seen, become the stronghold of Black's game.
 (c) The best move.
 (d) A last resource to gain these terrible Pawns.

CHESS ABROAD.

Under this heading we propose to give, from time to time, one of the best games that may have been played during the preceding month by the leading masters on the continent. The following interesting and instructive *partie* was contested by the eminent players, Professor Anderssen, and Herr Mieses.

Game II.

White. (Herr MIESES.)

1. P. to K. fourth
2. Kt. to K. B. third
3. B. to Kt. fifth
4. Castles
5. P. to Q. fourth
6. P. to Q. fifth
7. B. to R. fourth
8. R. to K. square
9. P. takes Kt.

Black. (Professor ANDERSEN.)

1. P. to K. fourth
2. Q. Kt. to B. third
3. K. Kt. to B. third
4. Kt. takes P.
5. B. to K. second
6. K. Kt. to Q. third
7. P. to K. fifth
8. P. takes Kt.
9. Castles

10. Q. takes P.
11. Kt. to Q. B. third
12. B. to K. B. fourth
13. Q. R. to Q. square
14. Kt. to K. fourth
15. Kt. takes B.
16. K. to R. square
17. P. to K. R. third
18. P. to Q. B. third
19. B. to Q. B. second
20. K. to R. second
21. Q. to K. R. fifth
22. B. takes Kt.
23. B. to K. fifth
24. Q. takes Q.
25. B. to K. Kt. third
26. P. to Q. B. fourth
27. B. to Q. sixth
28. B. to Q. B. fifth
29. B. to K. third
30. P. to Q. Kt. fourth
31. P. takes Q. P.
32. Q. R. to B. square
33. R. to B. seventh
34. R. to B. sixth
35. R. to Q. sixth
36. K. R. to Q. B. square
37. K. R. to Q. B. seventh
38. K. R. to B. eighth
39. Q. R. takes Q. R.
40. R. to B. seventh
41. R. takes P.
42. B. to Q. fourth
43. R. to R. eighth
44. R. to Q. eighth
45. K. to Kt. third
46. P. to K. R. fourth
47. K. to B. fourth
48. R. to Q. sixth
49. K. to Kt. fifth
50. K. to B. fifth
51. B. to K. B. sixth
52. P. takes P.
53. R. takes B.
54. R. to Q. sixth

10. Q. P. takes P.
11. Kt. to K. B. fourth
12. B. to Q. third
13. Q. to K. B. third (a)
14. Q. to Kt. third
15. P. takes Kt.
16. P. to Q. fourth
17. Kt. to Q. third
18. Kt. to K. fifth
19. P. to K. B. fourth (b)
20. Q. to K. B. third
21. B. to Q. second
22. B. P. takes B.
23. Q. to B. fourth (c)
24. R. takes Q.
25. Q. R. to K. B. square
26. P. to K. Kt. fourth
27. Q. R. to B. third
28. P. to Q. Kt. third
29. Q. R. to R. third (d)
30. B. to K. third
31. P. takes P.
32. Q. R. to B. third
33. Q. R. to B. second
34. B. to Q. second
35. P. to K. R. fourth
36. K. to R. second
37. B. to K. square
38. Q. R. to Q. second
39. B. takes R.
40. R. to B. second
41. P. to Q. Kt. fourth
42. B. to K. square
43. R. to K. second
44. B. to B. third
45. R. to K. third
46. P. to Kt. fifth
47. R. to K. square
48. R. to K. B. square (ch.)
49. R. to K. Kt. square (ch.)
50. R. to K. B. square (ch.)
51. P. to K. Kt. sixth
52. P. to K. sixth
53. P. to Q. fifth

And Black resigned.

NOTES.

(a) Perhaps he might have played B. to K. third, followed by Q. to K. second. The position is interesting, and worth examining.

(b) This is all very well played.

(c) If he had played Q. to B. second, White would probably have replied with Q. to Kt. fifth.

(d) We should have preferred to have marched on with the K. R. P.

THE BUTCHER PLAGUE AND ITS REMEDY.



WE are appealed to as domestic economists and faithful expositors of intelligent public opinion. It therefore becomes our duty to treat of the great beef and mutton question, which at present stirs to its foundations the general mind of England. In our capacity of public journalists, as well as private professors of wholesome well-cooked dinners, we are beset by two classes—both numerous, and each most respectable—with complaints so strangely contradictory, that they would seem at first sight to neutralise each other, and amount to little more than an impossible quantity, or a negation.

First, the producers and fatters of oxen and sheep declare that the wholesale prices which they can obtain for fat stock fit for the carcass-butchery, have been for the last six or eight months *lower*, by as much as from one shilling to three shillings per score pounds weight, than the prices for similar stock were at the corresponding markets of the year before.

Secondly, the consumers of the said beef and mutton still more loudly complain that the butcher's retail prices range from one penny to five pence per pound *higher* than they did at the corresponding period of the previous year. Hence the groans of the Britons; hence the incessant and eloquent appeals to the *Family Friend and Domestic Economist*.

Now, without meaning to disparage the vastness of the great bread-and-butter question, which at the present crisis is dissolving Oxford into the discordant elements of discontent, we must needs say, in all seriousness and sobriety, that this beef-and-mutton grievance outweighs the bread-and-butter enormity more than a thousand-fold—as much, in short, as a great national grievance exceeds a local one, even though the locality be our beloved Alma Mater, the famous University on the lilyed banks of classic Isis.

How can we be bold Britons without beef? And how can we have beef without a butcher? And how can we tolerate the butcher if, as the carcass commodity diminishes in cost, the sirloin and the leg of mutton increase in price? This is the *Butcher plague*, so much more deadly, so much more practically pernicious than the so-called plague in cattle. To this, then, and the remedy for this, we propose to address ourselves in the following remarks. The importance of the thesis surely none can doubt:—

The plainest man alive may tell ye,
The seat of empire is the belly.
From hence are sent out those supplies
Which make us English stout and wise.

The strength of every other member
Is founded on our belly-timber.
The qualms or raptures of our blood
Rise in proportion to our food ;
Our stomach makes our fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.

That great Achilles might employ
The strength ordained to ruin Troy,
He dined on lions' marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread.
But by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play.
Effeminate he sate, and quist,
The slave of milk-and-water diet !

Or, to place this great theorem of the close connexion between flesh and spirit in another point of view, which comes more closely home to our own business and bosoms, as men and Britons, it was A. Pope, an infallible doctor, who thus depicted a model citizen of famous London town :—

Where London's column,* pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame—
A plain, good man—John Thomas was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal from his birth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's.
Constant at church and change, his gains were sure ;
His givings rare,—save shillings to the poor.

One *solid dish*—yes, the plain substantial joint—no kickshaws from Johnny Crapaud, smothered in sauce so that you can't guess what you are eating—none of these foreign disguises—but the open, honest slice, or if not a joint, at least

The embrowning of the *steak*, that tells
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells !

For this, too, the Chatham and Dover Railway has kindly provided for us a silver grille at the gate of Lud. All, then, that remains to complete our wishes, is the steak or the chop to hand to the cook ; but there's the rub. Our *artiste* is a man of genius, yet even he owns with a sigh, that it needs more than an onion and a pat of butter to produce a satisfactory bovine or ovine result. And this brings us back to our muttons, and to the inflammation of our weekly bills. The man in blue says, "It is all along, Sir, of this dreadful disease among the beasts." "No," quoth the burly functionary whose talk is of bullocks, "for when I send my flocks and herds to market, I tell the cattle-salesman to get the best price he can, of course ; but I am compelled to add, 'Sell them, however, you must, at whatever price you can, for I dare not drive them home again, now that they have encountered the risks of the market.' The butcher knows this sad necessity as well as I do, and so beats down the salesman to those lower prices than those

* "The monument still stands on Fish-street Hill."

of the year before, that I began with complaining to you of. But having thus taken his turn out of me at the live-stock market, he hangs up the slaughtered animals in his stall, and excises his customers in the price of their joints and cutlets to an unheard-of figure, on the score of diminished supply through the ravages of the Rinderpest.

Canny Newcastle has taken the alarm. They have held a public meeting at Gateshead, and the speakers suggest two different remedies. One was to persuade some obliging butcher to sell his meat at prices less unreasonable than the present, the meeting guaranteeing to him no end of custom. The second remedy, if no butcher should embrace the opportunity offered by this resolution—of making a rapid fortune by judiciously preferring the nimble ninepence to the slow shilling—was to form a society to purchase stock, and employ proper persons to slaughter it, and sell the meat at such prices as the cost of the stock, and the necessary expenses attendant upon purchasing and slaughtering, would allow.

Now, then, comes *our* remedy. The London Meat Consumers' Company (Limited), offices, 19, Poultry, London, has actually been established to *do* what the men of Gateshead talked about. They undertake to supply the public with butcher's meat at a fair and reasonable price. They have arranged to open depots in various parts of London for the sale of meat. They will purchase their stock in all the best English markets, and also import carefully-selected stock from foreign ports. They will establish slaughter-houses near London, constructed on the most approved principles, with all modern improvements for cleanliness and ventilation, from whence their depots will receive a constant supply of English grown meat, purchased direct from the producers and sold direct to the consumers. They also propose to construct a floating abattoir to receive sound foreign cattle, and to be moored, from time to time, off such grazing lands as the company may rent on the banks of the Thames. All the impurities of this floating slaughter-house are to be discharged down pipes, not into the river, but into contractor's barges lying alongside, such rich manure being eagerly sought after at a remunerative price.

The directors have put forth a prospectus, and the weekly working account of one of their meat depots, showing that of prime English cattle and sheep their prices, under the now existing circumstances, would not exceed eightpence to eightpence-halfpenny the pound, for the very best joints; while foreign meat, even the very best, can be sold considerably cheaper, and yet a very handsome profit be returned to shareholders. The labouring class can thus be supplied with sound and wholesome meat at a really reasonable rate. In a word, they set forth that from the economical working of their plan, the whole public will be supplied, according to their wants, at a price unapproachable by any other existing system.

We see no reason to question the soundness of the calculations upon which this Meat Consumers' Company is based, its beneficial effects to the public, or its financial success to the proprietors, if carefully and judiciously carried out, according to the promises of the prospectus. We know indeed that the political economists (who are far enough from being domestic economists) will be ready to declare that the outcry against the retail butcher as a cause of excessive prices *must* be mistaken and fallacious; that the trade is too free, and that there are too many persons engaged in it, to admit of any such interference with the natural law of demand and supply; that the markets of the world are open to us; that from the pastures of other lands, as well as of our own, we now supply our wants; that there are no guilds or companies possessed of exclusive privileges, which can monopolize the business, or prevent any man from stepping into the market to feed the consumer; that freedom is the rule of our trade, and competition is without let or hindrance; so that it is contrary to the principles of political economy for tradesmen to sell the same joints at one price in Leadenhall market and another in Bond-street, or extract unfair profits from the public. Fair words! but they neither butter our parsneps nor diminish the sense of butcherly injustice under which we are smarting. But hard-hearted as political economists are too apt to be, they usually repose great confidence in Blue-books, and we therefore feel pleasure in presenting them with a return on a very kindred subject.

The Commissioners on the Fisheries of Great Britain state in their report, recently published, that the fish which is supplied to the London market at wholesale prices of three-pence to four-pence per pound, is retailed forthwith at from one shilling to sixteen-pence the pound. They recommend also that the low wholesale price should be extensively published and advertised, for the purpose of making the consumer generally acquainted with the enormous difference between what the fish salesmen get wholesale, and the fishmongers charge by retail.

Here, then, we have on official authority a confirmation of our complaint, in the analogous case of the wholesale and retail prices of meat. If the company now in course of formation succeed in supplying the London market, even for a single season, with wholesome meat at fair and moderate prices, with the comfortable conviction to the consumer that, in buying what he eats, he has not been done by the butcher as brown as his roast, then we hesitate not to avow our belief that they will have accomplished more towards promoting the solid happiness that waits on solid joints—aye, far more than all the political economists who ever mystified plain men by dogmatic statements which every day's experience shows to be as shadowy as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

We may add, too, that besides and beyond the ordinary benefits of

competition with the retail butcher, lower prices may well prove remunerative where the commodity is supplied by a number of well-chosen men, than where the provision is made by only an individual purveyor. A joint-stock company may secure to us beef and mutton more excellent in quality and at lower prices. Our laws now greatly facilitate such combinations for the common supply of the members and their neighbours, whether with meat or other necessities. We are weary of scolding Mr. Highprice. Let us now turn over a new leaf and give this meat-consumer's plan a fair trial. And even when Mr. Highprice is brought to his senses, who shall say that there is not room enough in the land both for the common butcher and the co-operative company?

It is natural to all, and especially to those whose comforts must depend on economical household management, to wish to obtain fair value for their money; and not a little indignation is called forth when prices, which are plainly exorbitant, are put upon the ordinary necessities of life. At the present time there is a general tendency to seek for some effectual remedy for this evil in relation to the particular trades and in the particular localities in which the hardships of it is specially felt.

F. F. heartily hopes that all success may attend every good measure that may be adopted in furtherance of the desired end, as well as to that one of which we have been speaking. There is, however, one other point to which it is only fair to call the attention of all just minds and thrifty housekeepers.

It is palpable that if a tradesman is to charge upon every article no more than a just profit, such as he is entitled to put into his own pocket, with no extra except for loss on perishable articles, he must be secured *absolutely* against losses from bad debts. A very little reflection will enable anyone to understand that no legal provision for *recovery* of debt can possibly constitute real protection. It is mere throwing, as it is said, good money after bad to institute process of law against those who have no means; and as to the great sinners—the deliberate swindlers—they cannot even be caught. In fact, the only defaulters who can be squeezed to any purpose are a certain class of people who have fair means in proportion to their mode of life—who are not quite without principle, but who are of careless habits.

It will not do to leave it to tradesmen to trust this person and refuse to trust that. There are—it is to be feared—many persons of the highest respectability who would be greatly offended if they were not immediately on their arrival at a new place of residence or sojourn, served on trust. The watering-place tradesman knows this; he is aware that if he took precautions for his own protection, he would not only lose many a customer, but sometimes *make an enemy*, and, therefore, he closes with the alternatives; he trusts everybody, and charges

according to the average that he finds he must allow for bad debts.

The only remedy is in the hands of the respectable public. Let all who really mean to pay, *insist* on paying cash, and refuse to deal at houses that give credit. Let tradesmen pluck up courage, revise their charges, and reconstitute their business, issuing their notices with clear explanation, and it would not take long to bring about a most comfortable improvement in terms between the seller and the real *buyer*, and proportionate discomfiture to those worthies who have hitherto lived on the fat of the land at their neighbours' expense.

It is noteworthy that the localities known as *cheap* are invariably the ready-money markets, or quiet, rural, unfashionable neighbourhoods, whose custom is regular and payments certain; while the *dear* places are those in which luxury and display, and carelessness, and long credit abound, and specially, and worst of all, in the haunts of idle and *shifting* populations, such as the fashionable watering-places.

There is, perhaps, a small class both of shopkeepers and of customers whose interests are independent of the above-mentioned arrangement, namely—those shopkeepers whose acuteness is equal to securing to themselves a good paying connexion while taking advantage of the high prices rendered customary by the bad debt evil, which they manage to avoid. These are the men who make large fortunes in trade. And there are wealthy customers to whom the arrangement of daily attention to money matters would be greater than could be compensated by any saving in their expenditure. These know, and are content, that both their tradesmen and their servants derive large profits from their well-filled purses, so that they will but serve them well, and save them trouble. The arrangement above proposed need not inconvenience these good people, for they happen just to link each other, and can carry on together as long as they please; but the large majority would derive as much advantage as their customers from the no-credit system, for it would be found to lead to a great reduction in the numbers of bankruptcies, many cases of which arise from no other cause but bad debts, and *every* case of which tends to bring on other cases by the hardship which it entails on the bankrupt's own creditor.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Meditations in Advent, on Creation, and on Providence. By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, Strahan.

DEAN ALFORD is most at home in discoursing about, or giving expression to, his own personal history or feelings. Indeed, he almost writes his biography into his compositions. The home affections are very strong with him, and he descants upon the various members of his family in a tone of an elevated and amiable domesticity quite charming to the friendly ear. The death of a beloved child has suggested some fine thoughts, which remind one of the beautiful *Pulchra Maria* vala of Bishop Lowth:—

O sweet refreshment to the weary heart,
This converse with the unalterable dead!
I know not where, or rightly what thou art:
I only know that thou art blest and bright,
Unfading, and mine own: and thus I sit
Long pensive hours alone, scarce stirred in thought,
Scanning thy presence through a mist of tears.

In the same spirit, in the "Fifth Lesson" of "The School of the Heart," the poet writes of one who was, he says, "the wonder and delight of all who knew him" (Hallam, the son of the historian), to whose memory has been raised that extraordinary structure of elegiac verse, the "In Memoriam" of Alfred Tennyson:—

But one there was that left me, whose fresh loss
Time, nor the changeful world, hath never healed.
I am not skilled with robe of artful verse
To cheat the destitution of deep woe:
Sorrow and I in the sunny days of youth
Have been but rare companions; I have loved
Rather in beauty's temple ministrant
To treasure up sweet music, and enshrine
Thee, the bright saint of my best holy-day,
In some deep fretted niche of poesy;
But those short tidings reached me—and my heart
Was sorely stricken, and the bitter springs
Were broken up within me.

By the way, there is an unpleasant and unseemly war of words at present raging between Dean Alford and the Roman Catholic authorities in Italy. The dean stated, and persists in stating, that he heard, *proprie auribus*, in the church of Vico Varo, the *Miserere nobis* ("Have mercy upon us") in the Litany to the Virgin, very many times. The priests of Vico Varo solemnly declare, upon their faith and honour, that never at Vico Varo has *Ora pro nobis* been changed into *Miserere nobis* in the Litany of Loretto, as asserted by the dean.

There seems a possibility of some confusion, as it is admitted that there is in this Litany a *Miserere nobis* which occurs five times, but always, it is alleged, addressed to Almighty God, and not to the Virgin.

Lost Friends Found Again. By EDWARD SHEPHERD SMEDLEY.
London: Hamilton and Adams.

This book is devoted to the elucidation of a theme which must have

occasionally occupied the thoughts of everyone who looks into the future—the probability of our being reunited in a higher state of existence to the beloved ones whom we have lost and sorrowed for here below. Mr. Smedley does not give many of his own thoughts on the subject, and what he does give is in the form of foot notes, except a very tender and beautiful preface. He confines himself to the task of selecting from the works of the most noted English theologians appropriate passages, and sometimes whole chapters on different aspects of the subject.

The Restoration of Health. By WM. STRANGE, M.D. London : Longmans.

This little volume is unlike the majority of popular medical works, and possesses merits which few of them can claim. The author does not profess to give any prescriptions for the cure of all diseases, or to make his readers their own doctors, but he furnishes them with such directions as will enable them to intelligently co-operate with their professional advisers. We particularly commend the section on the "management of the sick room," and the remarks on the duties and qualifications of nurses. Much useful information is scattered through the book, making it a really valuable "invalid's manual;" and it is written in an easy, graceful style, which has materially contributed to our pleasure in reading it.

NEEDLEWORK.

HONITON SPRIGS TO BE SEWN ON NET.

EVANS' boar's head cotton, No. 20; Walker's Penelope crochet needle, No. 5.

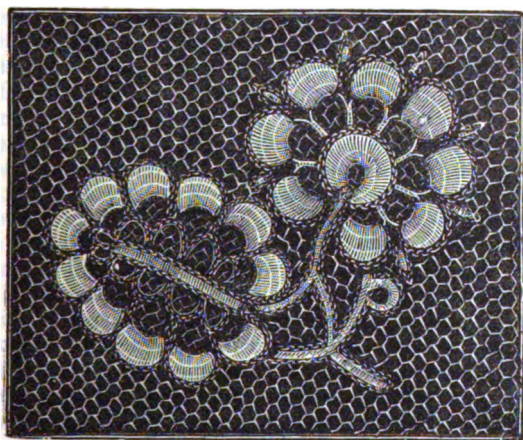
Make a chain of 20. This chain is to support flower, leaf, and bud.

First the leaf is formed by working back again on a part of the foundation chain 12 stitches in plain crochet, missing the first loop. The rest of the chain is reserved for the flower and bud, and for the present the worker need only go backwards and forwards on the 12 plain stitches just made. One chain must be now made, the work turned in the hand, and the thread carried underneath; make 1 plain, 3 ch., miss 1, 1 plain; * 5 ch., miss 1, 1 plain; repeat from * 3 times more; then 3 ch., miss 1, 1 plain at the point. Down the other side of leaf * 3 ch., miss 1, 1 plain; repeat from * 4 times. This completes the first round of the leaf.

2. 1 ch., to cross the stem. Work in the first loop 2 plain, 1 ch., 4 tr., 1 ch., 2 plain; work the same in every one of the eleven loops, to complete the leaf. Now for the stem of the leaf work 5 plain on part of the foundation chain left in your hand. When you have worked so far make a chain of 13 for the flower and stem. (The rest of the foundation chain is reserved for a bud and a stalk to the whole sprig.) Unite your chain of 13 at the seventh loop by 1 plain; into this little ring, to form the flower, work 1 plain, 1 ch., 14 tr., 1 ch., 1 plain, and unite them.

3. For the next round each petal of the flower is worked backwards and forwards separately. For the first petal 7 ch., miss 1, 1 plain. Turn your work in your hand, so that you may work backwards again upon the loop just made, 6 plain; turn the work round again, and work over the 6 plain, 1 plain, 1 ch., 6 tr., 1 ch., 1 plain. This completes the first petal. Work 7 more in the same way. The flower is then finished. Down the 6 ch., intended for the flower-stalk, work 6 plain. Now to form the bud, make 6 ch. and unite it to the centre of the last petal; make 9 ch. more, turn your work, and make 8 plain back again upon these 9 ch., missing the first loop. Down the 6 ch., joined to the petal, work 3 more plain; then join to the first stitch of the 8 plain, to make the bud, by means of a loop. Work 3 plain down the stem of the bud, and finish with plain crochet down the flower-stalk.

Sewn on net, this design may be used for veils, collars, lace dresses, berthes, &c.; or sprigs joined together, without net, for collars or handkerchief-borders.



A PRETTY ANTIMACASSAR.

A very pretty antimacassar may be made from the same pattern, using, if fine, Evans' boar's head cotton No. 16, and Walker's Penelope crochet needle No. 5; if coarse, boar's head cotton No. 12, and Walker's Penelope needle No. 6 or 7. It is very quickly made, and forms a handsome coverlet for a chair or cushion. Of course, according to the number of sprigs used, the size will depend. These sprigs may either be sewn together, forming a point-lace pattern, or skilfully mounted on coarse net. When the right size is obtained by joining the sprigs together, a chain in crochet may be worked all round, uniting it by double stitches to all the salient points, then work a row of tr., a row of open crochet, and a second row of tr.; then unite a number of sprigs to form a lace edge, and sew them on. The sprigs sewn together make a charming bassinet cover, which should be lined with the palest shade of Alexandra blue taffetas.

LA MODE.

AT the present moment the shop windows at the West-end are chiefly filled with ball dresses, in which there is no very decided change. A great many of the embroidered grenedine skirts, with ribbons inserted both round the dress and lengthways, are still in favour. Tarlatans trimmed with rouchings placed on the skirts in various devices also form simple toilettes. Coloured rouches on white skirts appear to be very prevalent, and also narrow flat tucks of coloured tarlatan arranged round the skirt, and ending a little above the knee. Blond skirts bullionné about half way up for more stylish wear, are exceedingly tastily trimmed with bouquets or wreaths. For instance, a white blond robe bullionné in this manner has small wreaths of forget-me-nots measuring rather more than half a yard in circumference, arranged at intervals carelessly upon the puffings. The corsage has a berthe of folds of blond and sprays of forget-me-nots carried over the shoulder-like braces, crossing on each sleeve with two small ends, forming an epaulette, and very long ends depending from the waist. These ends should be tacked to the skirt, and reach the top of the bullionné. A black velvet round the throat may be ornamented by a spray of similar flowers closely sewn on, and fastened behind with a bunch of velvet loops and very long streamers; small wreath of forget-me-nots fastened on one side of the head, and a long end falling behind. With this costume, the hair, slightly waved, was not turned back, but dressed plain, short at the ears, and raised by pads at the temples. It was plaited behind and arranged in a centre knot with side loops of rather massy Grecian plaits. Another robe, somewhat similar, instead of wreaths of flowers, was ornamented with bouquets of roses. A third was bullionné half way up, headed by a wreath; a corresponding wreath encircled the berthe. Skirts bullionné in large diamonds about three-quarters of a yard up the skirt, and each point ornamented with a pearl, coin, or small flower, are much worn in tarlatan or Brussels net. A very simple but charming toilette for a young lady which came under our notice consisted of a tulle skirt caught up by a spray of water-lilies, and grass, and dew-drops over a white silk slip. The berthe was simply folded and fastened in the bosom by a drooping bouquet of the same flowers.

A more elaborate and elegant skirt for a ball dress was also of white tulle bullionné to the knees over a white grosgrain slip. A tunic of tulle, very full, and rounded from the front to the back, was looped by sash ends of the new brilliant blue grosgrain, edged round with Cluny lace turned back on them. These sash ends were rounded and had medallion-like holes in them, through which the tulle was pulled in puffs, and ornamented with a bouquet of pompon roses in each. The sash ends were graduated in length, the first having two medallion spaces, the second three, and so on. Many dinner-dresses in rich materials—such as velvet, moire, and stout grosgrain—are cut with low body and skirt in one, *à la Gabrielle*. Cluny lace and large cords are the favourite trimmings at present.

A very elegant dinner-dress, of white moire antique, had round the skirt a series of graduated sash-ends describing a tunic. They were formed of ribbon, a quarter of a yard wide, of a delicate mauve, fringed at the edge with mauve and white chenille. When we say that a tunic was described, of course our readers will understand that the first sash on either side of the waist was short, and that they were gradually longer towards the back. The moire was cut so as to overlap each sash with strap-ends, secured by cameos. The first sash had two buckled ends, the next three, and so on, increasing in proportion to the length. A similar and very pretty ball-dress was of white tulle bullionné, even the straps over the sash-ends being puffed. The ribbon was of the charming new blue. The sashes ended with bouquets of water-lilies, and ends of feather-grass, &c., long and floating. Figured tarlatans and sashes of exceedingly broad ribbon will be worn. Dinner-dresses of grosgrain, satin, and velvet are worn; insertions of black and white lace laid, in perpendicular or horizontal designs, on the skirt, form favourite trimmings.

In hair-dressing the Greek styles are in favour; small ringlets in a row on the forehead, the hair puffed up on the head between bands of velvet or gold, and tied in a bunch of curls behind, or taken quite flat off the face and tied in a bunch of curls behind, and bands worn. Some coiffeurs have the hair turned back and raised on the forehead, and a few small ringlets arranged in the centre.

Mr. Jay, of Regent-street, has lately designed a dress on such a principle as to fit every figure, short, tall, thin, or stout. It is self-expanding, and eminently suited for ladies in delicate health. The *tout ensemble* is stylish. Mr. Jay has been lately selling off his winter stock at an unusual sacrifice; many of the costly velvet mantles, ten and twelve guineas, under cost price.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ACROSTIC ENIGMAS.

1.

A youth who drove 'midst three, and pleased not any;
A lady fair and false, the death of many.

1. A wretched outcast on the tramp again,
2. Cold as a stone, not fair, yet never plain;
3. Murm'ring a song as ever on the flow,
4. A stimulant, or paint, when sick and low,
5. A master pitiless who drives to woe.

2.

A youth who sinned and rode a dreadful ride;
He whom he served. The tale's known far and wide.

1. A long lost science ancient sages boasted.
2. A Hebrew name in England often "toasted."
3. A wild fanatic crew, a lawless band.
4. A title for a lord in Eastern land.

5. A statesman nicknamed, who with death has slept.
6. One who at Heav'n's gates trembling stood and wept.
7. A personage high who travels with a suite.
8. The friend of monarchs, but no king complete.

3.

Two powers, brothers, lately knife to knife,
Risked country, commerce, wealth, and even life.

1. A power that light and light itself controls.
2. A water vast that in a vast land rolls.
3. "In brief authority," but little "dressed."
4. Emotion of the head more than the breast.
5. And a doxology to Heav'n addressed.

G. C. CENTREVILLE.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the Atlantic cable like the Bishop of Natal ?
2. How was the first drowned cat drowned ?
3. When does a thing (according to Johnson) diminish by "increasing?"

STANTONVILLE.

CARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

AMPUTATION.

Ended. (End (h) e (a) d. End (ed.)

2.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Please, plea, lease, ease.

3.

Panada.

4.

Irish, Iris (the rainbow), Sir, Si, Shire.

5.

Syntax.

ENIGMAS.

1. Elephant.
2. Twilight.
3. Raspberry.

HISTORICAL PICTURE.

The name of the King was Conrad III.; that of the castle, Weinsburg ;
and the family name of the Duke, Guelph.

IVY GREEN.

OUR COUNCIL ;

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

WE closed our notice of the late Lord Palmerston in last month's *F. F.* with a hope, expressed in the language of the poet Gray, that writers would forbear from speculating on his new condition in the world of spirits. Instead of this we find that Mr. Sullivan, of Jersey, has printed an "Élégie sur la mort de Lord Palmerston," and Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper has translated it. Mr. Sullivan writes—

"Palmerston est aux cieux, la divine patrie

Où bientôt nous irons—

Séchons, séchons nos pleurs—à l'immortelle vie,

Demain nous le suivrons !"

Which Mr. Tupper thus translates :—

“Palmerston is in that blest realm where we
 Shall soon forget all sorrow ;
 Dry, dry those tears ! Eternal life shall be
 Also for us to-morrow !”

Truly a comfortable creed, for all who find no difficulty in believing.

THE QUEEN'S OWN REFORM.

“JOHNNY PRIMUS,” quoth her Ma——y to the Premier, “what’s all this about giving the throne the robes of state to wear at the opening of Parliament, while I sit by in my weeds?” J. P.: “Please your Ma——y, we thought it would look very imposing.” “Imposing! No doubt of it. Such an imposition as only ladies’ maids and flunkies could ever have thought of suggesting. But you never studied the philosophy of old clothes. Ah, John, John! they always did say that you weren’t strong enough for the place. How poor dear old Pam would have laughed at such an idea! No, no, Johnny. Neither a veiled statue, nor a gown hung over the arm of a chair, shall ever come in place for the monarch of my brave Britons. Besides, in these sharp, searching days of retrenchment and reform, any public functionary ceasing to fulfil his or her mission in the commonwealth, is soon thrown over and forgotten.

“By the way, what has that Bright namesake of yours, John, the bitter Quaker, been telling the lieges at Rochdale about low franchise and household suffrage? Can the man not see, with half an eye, that his pretended argument cuts its own throat? ‘Every *class*,’ quoth he, ‘ought to be represented.’ Truly; but if he had his way, one class—and that the lowest, which is ten times as numerous as all the others put together—would alone be represented. Their votes would carry every election everywhere, and *no* other class but that one would have a chance. Instead of the good old rule that

‘They who think should govern those who toil,’

those who toil would govern those who think, and everybody else besides; in fact, a Red Republican revolution would be accomplished under the name of Reform.

“Now, John, listen to *me*. I have a radical reform of my own *in petto* and petticoats, and I’ll thank you to carry it through both Houses in double-quick time. Just you bring me in a bill (you may call it the Queen’s Bill if you will, and then let me see who’ll venture to vote against it, in the face of those Court balls I mean so shortly to resume)—bring me in a bill, I tell ye, John, enacting that whenever a marriage licence is applied for at Doctors’ Commons, the lady named shall come up to Exeter-street and answer an examination in cookery and domestic economy before the learned and loyal Editor of the *F. H.* If she passes that sage and savoury commissioner, well and good; the licence will issue, of course, and without delay. But if she is gulfed or plucked, the wedding must stand over for three months, and she must come up again, and so on *toties quoties*, till she qualifies and obtains her certificate, like the fellows of Magdalen, of *bene vestit. satis doct.*

“This is the way, John, to reform the nation and establish ours as the reign of universal content. We know by experience that it does

people as much good again if they eat their meat with a relish, and smack their lips with satisfaction as they taste their vianda.

Now, when the wives, by this maternal and solicitous anxiety of the legislature, have learnt their duty, and can keep their kitchens in order, it is just as easy with a little attention to cook well as ill. Then Johnny Bright and his mill-men may go hang or drown themselves in their own mill-dams. So throw up your cap, John, for the Queen's own reform and well-cooked dinners! That's the cry to go to Parliament with."

J. P.: "Hip, hip, hooray! Why your Ma—y, your royal lips have spoken sense, absolute sense! I could say nothing better about reform myself, and that's a strong form of expression I seldom see occasion to have recourse to. It shall be done, Madam, and the wise and witty F. F. shall publish to the wondering world your Ma—y's gracious will and pleasure in the premises."

[Exit Johannes, in a transport of entusymuzzy, on his way to the F. F. office, to record the principles of the new Reform Bill, by which the present Government is determined to stand or fall.]

ANSWER TO QUERY IN JANUARY NUMBER.—"The child is father to the man" first appeared in Wordsworth's "My heart leaps up."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—The subject of a pure and genuine love is instinctively acquainted with its object. Where there is a real moral affinity, there must be a mutual perception of moral lineaments. Kindred souls anticipate intuitively the knowledge which a long fellowship establishes; and hence, we argue, may mingle in a moment as truly as during the intercourse of a life.—*Caractacus*.

Editorial Correspondence.

STONEY.—Your poem is genial and composed with good taste. We thank you for your allegiance to the "Good Old Friend," and we will avail ourselves of your contribution for a future number.

EVA.—We shall be glad to regard you as a member of "Our Council."

WINIFRED.—Many thanks for your contribution.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—The cost of the invention to which you allude will greatly exceed the sum mentioned by you; it is not the subject of registration at Stationers' Hall.

FLORIAN.—We shall be glad to know your address. Accept our thanks for your valuable contribution.

HOPE DOUGLAS.—A letter forwarded by post has been returned to the Editor through the Returned Letter Department.

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.—We hope to have space for your contribution next month.

CARACTACUS.—We sent an acknowledgment of your kind letter by post, but the address given was insufficient, and our communication was returned. We are extremely obliged to you for your congratulations, and we hope to number you among the friends of the "Friend."



[Drawn by 'Henry Rafters.']

" Broadhart stood in silence by the window, and Sir Hugh drank in every word with eagerness and surprise."

THE
FAMILY FRIEND.

MARCH, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTRACT—NELLY ALONE.



HE armourer and Fitz-Osbert regarded each other for a few moments in silence. Armstrong looked with curiosity and doubt into the hard, pale face of his companion. Fitz-Osbert returned the searching gaze of his little grey eyes with an unflinching firmness which resisted all inquiry.

"Some great purpose, doubtless, prompts your scheme," said Armstrong, slowly and cautiously, his eyes still fixed on Fitz-Osbert, but with a rather more subdued expression, "the game is much too desperate for any ancient feud or common enmity; yet 'twere better to consider well the make of our net ere we cast about for such a fish. This warrior-sprat hath got some praise for flourishing his fins at coward Saracens, and if we fail to land him quietly and safely the whales will be enraged, and crush us."

"I know the risk," replied Fitz-Osbert, sharply; "I know that failure would be ruin—death. I know that half the kingdom would rise up in wrath to be avenged on such an insult to a tried soldier of the Cross, but I am resolved. I have a contract to fulfil, for which end I am prepared to face the people's anger, to sacrifice all other hope, and, if need be, I'll throw my life into the bargain."

Armstrong began to feel uncomfortable beneath the strange, fierce light that gleamed from under Fitz-Osbert's heavy brows.

"And you wish me to share this danger without any knowledge of your object, and without any further interest in the enterprise than the respect I bear you as a neighbour and a good citizen? If this had aught to do with the cause of our fellow citizens; if justice for the poor of our city could be purchased by the capture of Sir Hugh, or twenty such young striplings, I would have them all like birds in a cage, even though I had to bear the torture of red-hot iron for every one of them."

The blood rushed up over the armourer's face and forehead as he spoke. It was evident that he and Fitz-Osbert were one in the tempestuous nature of their passions.

"There is no time now to tell you the story of my long stored-up hatred. You have known me well enough these many years to be sure that no petty whim can rule my conduct in this matter. I ask you, as a brave man, to help me in a task which requires a stout heart to accomplish, and I am prepared to reward you for the work."

"I know not how you can reward me," replied Armstrong, sulkily.

"If there is anything that I can do to make you a *happier* man, demand it of me as the price of your service, and it shall be yours," said Fitz-Osbert, significantly.

Armstrong guessed his meaning, and again the warm blood suffused his face, not with the excitement of passion this time, but with childish confusion. He looked down on the ground, and nervously passed his large red hand through his rough hair.

"There *is* one little matter in which you might assist me," he said, after an awkward pause. "If you think me worthy, I—I—am very—that is, I very much admire Nelly, and if you would consent to her being my wife, I think—I know I should be a good honest husband, and for that reward I will do your bidding without further question."

"Give me your hand, Armstrong," said Fitz-Osbert; "you are a hard-working and faithful citizen. You have courage and strength, and you stand foremost among our party in defence of the people's rights. I know none more worthy of my daughter's love. She shall be yours."

The armourer did not raise his eyes, but held out his hand while Fitz-Osbert spoke, muttering some words of thanks. After a few moments of silence, he looked up suddenly, as if annoyed at his bashfulness and want of self-control.

"How are we to set about this work?" he asked.

"Our first step must be to delay Sir Hugh's departure from London."

"Perhaps he has already started."

"If so, I have lost another opportunity, and must again bide my time; but it is folly to lose more time in conjecture; let us act. If we succeed in delaying his departure till to-morrow, he will, doubtless, avail himself of the leisure to saunter through the streets, and feast his eyes on the good things of the city; nay, if he be like most of his rank and profession, we shall find him ere the curfew sounds roaming after mischief with some band of revellers, and none the steadier for our city ale and wine. Trusting to some such chance, you must watch, and be prepared to meet him. Do you know that ancient cell of solid stone down by the river side? I mean the old Saxon cist that I purchased four years ago?"

"I remember it well," replied Armstrong; "about an arrow's flight due south from here."

"Tis well you know it. I had a strong door put to the entrance, and some rushes laid upon the floor. I did it all for *him*—for Sir Hugh de Danedred!" Again the strange, fierce fire darted from Fitz-Osbert's eyes.

"How can we delay him?" asked the armourer, trying to conceal the curiosity which Fitz-Osbert's mysterious conduct and violent manner aroused.

"Leave that to me. There is a report that some headstrong people will oppose the bailiffs who go to-night to seize poor Widow Langton's goods. I like their spirit to defend the poor, but the time is not yet ripe for riot. We should strive to alter, not oppose the law. I dread this disturbance, because it will undo all that we have done to gain the ear of those who hold the false-weighted balances of justice. I will, therefore, serve the city while I serve myself. The Constable of the Tower shall have notice of the pending riot, and shall be advised to hold all his forces in readiness. The garrison is very small just now, and he will gladly claim the help of Sir Hugh and his retainers. The stupid people, finding precautions taken to enforce the law, will quickly relinquish their purpose, and Sir Hugh and his followers will be left to amuse themselves as they list."

Nelly entered the room while her father was thus expounding his plan to delay Sir Hugh. She busied herself preparing the table for the noontide meal, and did not appear to notice the conversation until the name of "Sir Hugh" fell from her father's lips. She looked up at once, and, not knowing that she was an unobserved listener, she became immediately interested.

"Thus delayed, it will be your duty Armstrong," continued Fitz-Osbert, "to watch your prey, and by stratagem or by force to fasten him safely in the stone cellar by the river. Once there, you have won, nobly won, your reward, and I—I shall have put my heel at last on the proud, treacherous family of Danedred! Curse them all!" The veins stood out on his forehead, his brows were knitted, his dark eyes glistened unnaturally, and he clenched his fist as he hissed between his teeth the awful malediction.

Nelly stood pale and astonished. Well she knew her father's nature. Well she knew how great and terrible he was in his wrath, but never before had she seen him so moved—never before had she seen that fierce, eager, thirsty look in his eyes—never before had she heard him utter a curse. The horrible hiss of that last cruel exclamation seemed to vibrate like the hiss of a serpent in her ears, and to send a cold sharp pang to her heart. She was standing like a beautiful statue, her large blue eyes fixed on her father, her hands dropped by her side,

and her face blanched, when he turned round and saw that he was not alone with Armstrong. "I told you to prepare the ——" He was about to speak with unusual severity, but her frightened look and ashy paleness checked him. The hard lines on his face seemed to melt away; he put his hand to his burning head as if conscious of a pain caused by sudden revulsion of feeling; and approaching his daughter, he pressed her to him and kissed her. "You look ill, Nelly dear," he said, in a low voice. "Go to your room, and never mind our meal to-day; I must away directly on important business, and Armstrong must go with me."

Armstrong had been as much surprised as Fitz-Osbert on seeing Nelly in the room. When her father looked into her face and spoke so tenderly and kindly to her, he drew near to say something himself, but while he was fumbling about in his mind for some suitable apology the opportunity slipped by.

"Take care of yourself, Nelly," said her father, with his hand upon the door; "do some of your tapestry work, and don't worry yourself, my child, about these troubled times. Come, Armstrong, I want you with me."

Armstrong was looking dreamily at Nelly, anxious to say something, but as her father was in a hurry, he contented himself with extending his hand. Even in that small expression of his sentiments, however, he awkwardly failed, for Nelly did not observe the action, and, nervously withdrawing his huge fist, he scrambled out after Fitz-Osbert.

When they were gone, Nelly cleared away the few viands which she had placed upon the table, and ascended a small oaken staircase to her room. The apartment had a warm and cheerful appearance. The walls were covered with tapestry, and a carpet of the same material was spread over the centre of the oaken floor. Seating herself in front of the log fire, which was crackling and blazing cheerfully on the hearth, she began to do what her father feared she would do when he left her—she began to think, to ponder over all the events of the day, to twist and turn over in her mind every little incident, to place them side by side with things of the past, to seek for knowledge through little avenues by carefully collected evidence, and to turn back hopelessly when the little chains of evidence became broken, and the avenues of conjecture led nowhere. She thought of poor old Ralf. She had been familiar with his kind old weather-beaten face from childhood; and he had gone; the black curtain of death had fallen between him and her. Why did he leave her father's house? What secret evil was that, what dreadful bond which bound him to her father, and which, to save his soul, he broke asunder? What had Sir Hugh de Danedred to do with old Ralf? How noble he seemed! How kind and gentle! Why should her father *curse* him? Was there

any mistake? No. The horrible curse was too real; the stone collar by the river was indeed her father's, and its purpose was always a mystery. Yet her father was so great and good; it seemed impossible that there could be this black spot upon his soul—impossible that he, the people's advocate, would ever stoop to a wicked revenge—revenge on that brave, generous-looking young Crusader. So poor Nelly sat and pondered over the strange and gloomy events which floated before her troubled brain like phantoms too shadowy and indistinct to comprehend, too volatile to grasp. Her mind was accustomed to exertion, and the success which usually attended her efforts of thought only made her failure now more disappointing and painful. Again and again she went back over all the little links of evidence; again and again she failed. There was only one thing becoming more clear—more terribly distinct—and that was what she sought to avoid, what she retraced her efforts again and again to prove false—it was the hideous dark spot on her father's soul.

The logs of wood on the hearth had crackled and blazed away into a heap of glowing embers, and the red glare lighted up her golden hair, and threw a rich warm hue upon her thoughtful brow. She rested her head upon her hand, and looked into the fantastic scenery of the fire as if to find there an answer to the questions which she endeavoured so vainly to solve. But no answer came. Slowly the bright pile of fire fell away into white ashes, and weary of the day's anxieties, Nelly slept.

CHAPTER V.

THE TREACHERY OF ARMSTRONG.

WHEN Sir Hugh de Danedred returned to the Tower he found his followers fraternising with the soldiers. The place was full of life and bustle. A large ditch was being constructed for the better defence of the city. The hour had arrived for rest, and the workmen were collecting together in groups round large wood fires. Sir Hugh saw that his men were drinking with the men of the garrison, and knowing how much they had suffered during the campaign from which they had just returned, he preferred delaying his journey for another hour rather than disturb their honest conviviality. He had also another reason for delay. What the priest had said of Fitz-Osbert aroused a strong feeling of curiosity, and the loveliness of the citizen's daughter had left a peculiar feeling of anxiety on his mind. He was of too impatient a nature to analyse this feeling or to see the folly of a curiosity which might lead to disaster, and could certainly bring him no good. As for the disaster he rather liked the idea. It savoured of adventure and excitement, which had been the only food of his mind for years. Early in the morning he had been very eager to start off for Danedred Tower to clasp the hand of his dear, dark-eyed

Mary, to tell her and his mother of all his adventures, and to wander through all the old paths and nooks in the woods, for it seemed an age since he left for the Crusade. Now his mind was changed; Mary's eyes appeared to lose their attractive power. London was for a time more inviting than the woods round Danedred Tower, and he felt but one strong desire, to meet his mysterious enemy Fitz-Osbert, and to look once more into Nelly's beautiful and intelligent face. Perhaps he felt a slight pang of conscience, for he stood in a hesitating manner, looking at the group of soldiers, and then down towards the city. If so, he did not much regard its warning voice, for advancing towards his men, he called one of them aside and told him that he should not start till the evening; then turning towards the city, he slowly walked down Tower-hill, and wended his way through streets and gardens until he arrived at Cornhill. There he met the little red-faced citizen Wickles, who was hurrying home to his candle store by Bishop's-gate. Perceiving that he was a citizen, and judging from his bearing that he was a tradesman of some importance, Sir Hugh accosted him. The little man had an instinctive dread of anything really warlike. In questions affecting the welfare of the city he was always deeply interested, and being of an explosive nature he would oftentimes utter anathemas against knights and barons, and when out of their hearing he would even swell out with pious indignation and fierce defiance. But to meet one face to face was almost too much for him. He looked at the Crusader with suspicion and trembling, and had he not been so uncomfortably corpulent he would have taken to his heels.

"Know you anyone named Fitz-Osbert?" asked Sir Hugh, smiling at the little man's trepidation and confusion.

"Aye—no—yes—there is a citizen of that name," replied Wickles, cautiously shuffling as far as he could from the young baron.

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

"Yes, certainly, certainly I can, Sir Knight; everyone knows him; he is the defender of the people's rights—that is—I mean he is a good citizen, and——"

"I only want to know where I can find him," interrupted Sir Hugh impatiently.

"Find him? Truly thou'lt find him—that is, I suppose—indeed I know thou'lt find him at home, Sir Knight," said Wickles, perspiring and getting into hopeless confusion,

"Stay, man! Are you afraid of me?" shouted Sir Hugh, for Wickles was shuffling away further and further by degrees.

"Afraid, Sir Knight! Oh no, Sir Knight, not afraid, Sir Knight, but a——"

"Then tell me in what part of London I shall find this good citizen, as you call him, Fitz-Osbert."

"Thou'lt find him in the Chepe, Sir Knight. He is an honest man, and thou wilt find him great of speech. He is ——"

"Thank you," and without troubling citizen Wickles any further, Sir Hugh walked on towards Cheapside. As he strolled down the street, looking into the small shops and stalls, and wondering how he should find Fitz-Osbert's house, and what he should do when he found it, he observed two men parting company by the church of St. Mary-le-Bow. One was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a profusion of red hair, and the other was a man of shorter stature, humped-back and with a long dark beard. The latter crossed over and went down a narrow lane towards the church of St. Stephen, Colman. Sir Hugh approached the large man with the red hair, and asked if he knew the house of a citizen named Fitz-Osbert, but the fellow started back and appeared so confused that he turned away with contempt for the whole race of chicken-hearted citizens. The man, however, suddenly recovered his self-possession, and calling after him, said respectfully, "I will show you the way, Sir Hugh, if you so desire."

"Do you know me?" asked Sir Hugh, somewhat astonished at the man's use of his name.

"Every one should know the brave Sir Hugh de Danedred," replied Armstrong the armourer, for it was he whom Sir Hugh had spoken to.

"I thank you for your fine words, good citizen, and will thank you more if you will take me to Fitz-Osbert's house."

"By the good saints," that I will, Sir Hugh. Follow me this way. Fitz-Osbert is a quaint man, and has a private entrance that runs beneath the ground to his house. The entrance is by the river side—and you will be astonished at the long passage. He is proud to receive guests, and will be rejoiced, I do most solemnly swear, to see you within his habitation.

"Are you so sure of this?" asked Sir Hugh.

"Quite sure." It was but to-day that he spoke of your arrival, and said he would like to see so noble a soldier of the Cross beneath his humble roof.

"I dare be sworn you're right," said Sir Hugh, remembering the Priest's warning, and resolving to be prepared for treachery. They walked on in silence, Sir Hugh, thinking of his chance of looking again upon Nelly, and on his determination to discover the cause of Fitz-Osbert's hatred, and Armstrong sulkily measuring Sir Hugh from head to foot. At last they came to a pile of uneven stones, and close behind it a small square building of solid masonry, with a door in the side, strengthened with bars of iron. The armourer opened the door and looked hastily round. No one was near but Sir Hugh. Sir Hugh observed the look, and his suspicions of something wrong were at once aroused.

"This is the entrance, Sir Hugh," said Armstrong.

"Then enter it yourself, fellow, and I will follow, replied Sir Hugh."

Armstrong did not reply, but seizing Sir Hugh round the waist, lifted him from his feet.

"Traitor!" shouted the Crusader, striking Armstrong full in the face; but the armourer would not relinquish his hold, and Sir Hugh's blows, for want of scope, were ineffectual. With a desperate plunge he tried to free himself from the great sinewy arms which were folded round him. Again and again, in rapid succession, he struck his obstinate adversary, but the armourer held on, drew a long breath, and hurled him into the cell with tremendous violence. He felt a dull, heavy blow on his head, a flash of fire darted before his eyes, a momentary sense of agony, and he remembered nothing more.

How long he had remained stretched on the ground at the further corner of the cell he knew not. Returning consciousness was accompanied by a strange confusion of ideas. There was nothing visible to assist his memory. Darkness—thick, impenetrable darkness—enveloped him. He raised himself on his arms, sick and giddy. A horrible chill ran through every limb as he put out his hand and felt the cold, damp wall. Then slowly and indistinctly the truth dawned upon his aching, burning brain, and with desperation he scrambled on his feet and groped his way round the narrow chamber. Stone—nothing but hard, cold, repulsive stone—answered to his touch. At last, however, he found his way to the door; but not a crevice, not a single ray of light, relieved the oppressive darkness. With the violence of a strong man mad with wrath, he struck at the solid timber with his clenched fist, but it gave no sign of weakness. Cruel, hard, and firm as the cold blocks of stone, it remained immovable beneath his blows. Dreadful thoughts came upon him. Was he left there to starve? Was that dungeon to be his tomb? Grim and terrible were the fancies which rushed through his mind as, exhausted with his efforts, he threw himself down on the ground and pressed his hand over his throbbing temples. Then an uncontrollable feeling of drowsiness crept upon him; he tried to shake it off—he felt that his brain was reeling, and he was losing all mastery over the fantastic ideas rushing through it. He shuddered at the thought of going mad, and clenched his hands to pray. Prayer seemed to have the power of dispersing the phantoms which were gathering around him. Fervently, earnestly he cried for help. Humbled and subdued, he confessed all the follies of his vain life, and praying, he fell asleep. His sleep was troubled. He dreamt that he was thrown from his horse on a field of battle, and that a crowd of furious Saracens were hammering at his head. He saw his own men drinking and laugh-

ing in a group some distance off, and he shouted vainly for help. Then the Saracens were suddenly transformed into a large man, with grizzly, red hair, and they were wrestling together, while a priest was holding their armour. Again and again the priest declared that the red-haired man would win, and more and more desperate grew the encounter as the one was encouraged and the other became incensed by the declaration of the priest. Suddenly there was a loud, grating noise beneath the earth, and a great flood of dazzling light burst upon them. The priest and the Saracen vanished, and a beautiful girl, like a spirit, with wild, golden hair, stood in the stream of light.

(To be Continued.)

SAUL OF TARSUS;

A TRUE STORY,

BY THE REV. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Author of "The Life of Christ," &c.



IT was in the year of our Lord 44, when Saul was about 38 years of age, that he went up to Jerusalem, accompanied by Barnabas, to carry the relief contributed by the brethren at Antioch, to the Christians of Jerusalem who were suffering from famine. Towards the close of the year 44, or the beginning of 45, at a special meeting in Antioch for fasting and prayer, the Holy Spirit said (probably by the mouth of some prophet) "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." So when they had fasted and prayed they laid their hands on them and sent them away. And they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Seleucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus.

Seleucia lay at the distance of about 16 miles from Antioch. The general features of the seaport may still be traced. The outer basin was formed by two projecting moles, one from the south the other from the north. The narrow entrance for vessels lay between the two. Seleucia was about four miles in circumference, surrounded by a strong wall. At the south-east side stood the gate of Antioch, adorned with pilasters and defended by towers. By this gate the Apostles entered, and following the hollow way down to the port took ship for Cyprus. This island lies about 100 miles to the south-west of Seleucia in the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean sea. It is 150 miles long from east to west, and 60 broad from south to north. In the middle of the first century the inhabitants generally were Greeks, but great numbers of Jews were interspersed. This may have been the reason which induced the envoys of Christ, who were charged to offer the tidings of salvation first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, to select Cyprus for opening their commission. The two principal cities were Salamis at the eastern extremity, and Paphos at the west. When Barnabas and Saul reached Salamis they preached the word of God in the Synagogues of the Jews (still *beginning* with the Israelites), and they had also John (Mark) to their minister.* After some time they travelled thence the whole length of the island to Paphos. This city still retains its ancient name with a slight variation. It is now called Baffa. Here was the shrine of the sea-demon Venus, the great goddess of the Cypriotes. It was the capital city of the island and the residence of Sergius Paulus, the Roman pro-consul. At his court there lived and flourished then a Jewish impostor named Bar-jesus. He was also called Elymas, or the magician. Elymas in Arabic signifies a cunning man, as we trace our word wizard from wise-acre.

The Pro-consul is described by the evangelist Luke as an intelligent person. He seems to have been possessed of the same inquiring turn of mind as his descendant, of whom Galen speaks:—"Sergius Paulus, a man of the first stamp in all things, both in word and deed, as regards philosophy." The pro-consul therefore did not blindly acquiesce in the absurdities of the gross heathen superstition. Even from Elymas he may have learned some of the wholesome truths of revelation respecting the unity and spirituality of the Divine Being.

The same thirst for knowledge which had led the Roman deputy to listen to the teaching of the crafty Jew, led him yet further to send for Barnabas and Saul, of whom he desired to hear still more of the Word of God. But as the Apostles were urging the great truths of the

* Probably Mark ministered in the important duty of solemnly admitting into the pale of the Christian Church, by baptism, the multitudes of converts made by the Apostles.

Gospel upon the deputy's attention—how the dayspring from on high had now fulfilled, and so superseded, the dispensation given to Moses—Elymas, the sorcerer, withstood them, and sought to turn away the deputy from the faith which the Apostles preached.

Then Saul (who also, and now for the first time, is called Paul), filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on Elymas, and said, "O, full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now behold the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season." And immediately there fell upon him a mist and a darkness. Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord.

As the Roman name Paulus signifies little, some have supposed that Saul was so named from his diminutive stature. Others, that it was out of compliment to Sergius Paulus, his first great and conspicuous gentile convert. But the Jews of that day were in the habit of bearing two names. Thus Thomas was also called Didymus, the former being the Hebrew, the latter the Greek, for twin. Peter's Hebrew name was Cephas, each signifying a stone. John bore also the Roman name of Marcus, or Mark; Josias was called Barnabas, the son of consolation; and so on.

It is to be observed that Peter and Paul each performed one miracle of punishment. Peter on Ananias and Sapphira; Paul on Elymas, the sorcerer; but the coals of fire thus heaped upon the magician's head may possibly have been the means of melting his hard heart, and running it, when molten, into a better mould!

And here it is important to observe that Paul possessed no power of working miracles at his own option, or whenever he deemed it a suitable opportunity. No such prerogative has ever belonged to any mere mortal. To accredit Paul's testimony it was necessary, from time to time, to establish the authenticity of his heavenly mission by the display of supernatural gifts. But the circumstances under which such a manifestation was to be vouchsafed, depended, not on the will of the agent, but of Him who deputed that agent. He could strike Elymas blind because he was so directed, but he could not cure Trophimus or Epaphroditus when they were sick, or rid himself of the thorn in the flesh which so sorely distressed him. He had the gift of tongues, but at Lystra the Lycaonian dialect was unintelligible to him. When tossed by the storm in Adria he could predict that not a life of the 276 on board should be lost, and that they should be cast away upon a certain island. But when he parted from the Ephesian elders on his third circuit, he could not foresee that he should visit them again. When imprisoned at Rome the first time he could not tell

whether he should suffer execution or be released, but contemplates either alternative. And when again a captive, though feeling the strongest presentiment that he was soon to suffer martyrdom, he yet provides for the contingency of his future labours, by bidding Timotheus come to him from Pontus, and bring Mark with him, as useful in the ministry. So far as the dispensation of the Gospel seemed to the Divine wisdom to call for superhuman agency, either by the working of miracles, or by the gift of tongues, or by the foresight of future events, so far, and so far only, was Paul invested with supernatural powers. For the rest he was a man of like passions, and of like weaknesses, with ourselves.

Paul and Barnabas having traversed the island of Cyprus, proposed now to enter upon a wider field, and to transfer their labours to the continent. Embarking, therefore, in the port of Paphos, they sailed for Pamphylia, a region lying between Lycia to the west, and St. Paul's native Cilicia to the east. The name Pamphylia signifies All-tribe land. Accordingly, the inhabitants are said to have been a mixture of many races, but they were principally of Greek extraction, and Greek was the language commonly spoken. Pamphylia and Pisidia, like the rest of Asia Minor, were under the dominion of Rome. Pamphylia Pisidia and Lycia formed one united province under an imperial propretor, who resided at Antioch in Pisidia, which being a Roman colony was regarded as the capital.

Now, when Paul and his company loosed from Paphos, they came to Perga in Pamphylia; and John (Mark) departing from them returned to Jerusalem. We are nowhere told why Mark deserted the Apostles at Perga. He was sister's son to Barnabas, and Mary, his mother, was still living at Jerusalem. Cyprus being the native country of Barnabas, Mark, we may suppose, had many friends and relations there. But now that the Apostles were extending the sphere of their mission to more distant regions, Mark was not disposed to continue his services. He had not at that time zeal enough for so arduous a task. Paul and Barnabas being thus left alone to pursue their travels, made their way across the country to Antioch, the capital of Pisidia. There they went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day and sat down. And after the reading of the law and the prophets the rulers of the synagogue sent unto the Apostles, saying, "Ye men and brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation for the people, say on." The law and the prophets were read in the synagogues every Sabbath-day. The word of exhortation followed, and on this occasion the Apostles were invited to furnish the discourse. So it was that our blessed Lord himself first declared the fulfilment in His person of the promises of God. He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day; and stood up for to read.

Then He gave the word of exhortation. "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." What Jesus had done in Nazareth, Paul was now to do in Pisidia. Having present before him both men of Israel his brethren, and others not Jews by birth but proselytes, those who, like Cornelius, had been brought to fear God through their knowledge of the Scriptures:—Paul stood up, and beckoning with his hand said—"Men of Israel, and ye that fear God, give audience. The God of this people of Israel chose our fathers, and exalted the people when they dwelt as strangers in the land of Egypt, and with a high arm brought He them out of it. And about the time of forty years suffered He their manners in the wilderness. And when He had destroyed seven nations in the land of Canaan, He divided the land to *them* by lot. And after that He gave unto them judges about the space of 450 years, until Samuel the prophet. And afterwards they desired a king; and God gave unto them Saul the son of Cis, a man of the tribe of Benjamin, by the space of forty years. And when He had removed him He raised up unto them David to be their king, to whom also He gave testimony, and said, I have found David the son of Jesse, a man after mine own heart, which shall fulfil all my will.

"Of this man's seed hath God, according to his promise, raised unto Israel a Saviour, even Jesus; when John (Baptist) had first preached before His coming, the baptism of repentance to all the people of Israel. And as John fulfilled his course he said, 'Whom think ye that I am? I am not He. For behold there cometh one after me whose shoes of his feet I am not worthy to loose; whose meanest servant I am not worthy to be.'

"Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and *whosoever among you feareth God* (be he Jew or Gentile), to you is the word of this salvation sent. For they that dwell at Jerusalem and their rulers, because they knew Him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath-day, they have fulfilled them in condemning Him. And though they found no cause of death in Him, yet desired they Pilate that He should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of Him, they took Him down from the tree, and laid Him in a sepulchre.

"But God raised Him from the dead. And He was seen (after His resurrection) many days by those who came up with Him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are His witnesses unto the people. And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us the children, in that He hath raised up Jesus again. Even as it is written in the second psalm,—Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee.

"And as concerning that He raised up Jesus from the dead, now no more to return to death, He said on this wise, I will give *you* the sure

mercies of David. Wherefore He saith also in another psalm, Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and did see corruption. But He whom God raised again saw no corruption.

"Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Jesus is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. For by Him, all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

On hearing these words those of the Jews who remained unconvinced, and therefore deemed them blasphemous, rose up in indignation, and left the synagogue, Paul apostrophising them as they walked out in those solemn words: Beware then lest that come upon *you* which is spoken of in the Prophets: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish, for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you." And as the Jews thus walked out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath. Now, when the congregation was broken up many of the Jews (who had remained behind when the other Jews rose up) and devout proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas, who speaking to them, persuaded them to continue in the grace of God.

So great was the effect produced, that the following Sabbath almost the whole city came together to hear the Apostles. But when the Jews saw the multitudes they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming. Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold and said: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you. But seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set Thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." And when the Gentiles heard this they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord; and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed. And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. But the Jews raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts. So the Apostles shook off the dust of their feet against them and came to Iconium. And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost. And it came to pass in Iconium that Paul and Barnabas went both together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake, that a great multitude, both of the Jews and also of the Greeks, believed. But the unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil affected against the brethren. Long time, therefore, abode they there,

speaking boldly in the Lord, who gave testimony to the word of His grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands. But when there was an assault made upon the Apostles to use them despitefully and to stone them, they were aware of it, and fled to Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia, and unto the region that lieth round about; "And there they preached the gospel."

Amongst their audience was a man who had been a cripple from his birth. Paul looking stedfastly at him, and observing the faith depicted on his countenance, said with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet," and he leaped up and walked. Whereupon the people burst out with the exclamation, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." Barnabas, who was the more commanding figure, they called Jupiter. Paul, who was little of stature, and the chief speaker, they named Mercurius. But as the shout was in the barbarous speech of Lycaonia, the Apostles understood it not, until the priest of Jupiter brought oxen crowned with garlands before the door of the house where they were staying, and was about to offer sacrifice unto them. Then the Apostles, horrorstruck at the profane superstition of the multitude, rushed in among them rending their clothes, and crying "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with yourselves, and we preach unto you that ye should turn from these vain idols to serve the living and true God, who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein; who, until now, hath suffered the Gentile nations to follow their own devices. Nevertheless, He hath not left Himself without witness, in that He hath done good, and given us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Thus they restrained the madness of the people; and with difficulty prevailed upon them not to do sacrifice to them as gods.

But the barbarous Lycaonians were a fickle and perfidious race. On the arrival of certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, they persuaded the people to stone Paul, and they drew him out of the city, thinking he was dead. The disciples, however, gathered round him, and he revived. Next day he fled, with Barnabas, to Derbe, another city of Lycaonia, about twenty miles distant.

From Derbe the Apostles retraced their steps successively through Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch in Pisidia. As they passed through they composed the minds of the disciples, and strengthened their hearts against the troubles to which they continued to be exposed from the unbelieving brethren; telling them, with all candour, that through much tribulation we must pass into the Kingdom of Heaven. In every church, too, they appointed a day of prayer and fasting; also they ordained ministers or elders (that is, priests) to watch over the flock. They then committed them to the Lord, and crossing Pisidia

and Pamphylia, they came down again to Perga. Here, as they had not proclaimed the Gospel on their first arrival from Cyprus, they now paused for a season, to preach the Word, and then crossed over to Attalia; hence they took ship, and returned to Antioch in Syria, whence they had been commissioned to the work now so successfully achieved.

On their arrival they called together the Church that was at Antioch, and recounted, to the great joy of the disciples there, how God had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles. And thus the mystery, which had been hidden from all former generations, was made known unto the sons of men by the Spirit, that the Gentiles, and in every nation all that fear God and work righteousness, should be fellow-heirs and of the same body, and partakers of the promises of God in Christ, by the Gospel.

(To be continued.)

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED W. MILLS, M.A., VICAR OF ST. ERMH.

No. III.

NOW pass to the subject of teachers. I first taught for a few weeks as a layman, under the clergyman, in a garrison town, and the teachers in that school were principally officers quartered there. For three years after I was ordained my only assistant was a labouring man, whose room I rented for the purpose of holding the school. For three years after that I had a much larger staff of assistants; and more untiring energy I have never seen than in all of them. From the necessities of their business they could not *all* be always present, but of the four who have been my constant *aides*, one has, I believe, never missed more than one, or, at most, two nights, and the others very few indeed. The clergyman, if he undertakes a night school, imposes on himself a duty which he is then bound to perform to the utmost. If he thinks it a real, sound way of instructing the people committed to his charge, he deserves no credit for a patient continuance in his work; but for men who have no such call—who have hard daily work of their own—who have only these hours for their own recreation and improvement—cheerfully, heartily, and with no reward but that of their own conscience, to give up three evenings a week to a hard, and, perhaps, uncongenial task, is a subject for the highest admiration and the deepest gratitude.

For myself, I can never hope to repay the great and unwearied help

which has been given me by all who have offered their services, and I pray God that for their constant kindness to the lambs of His flock He may count that they did it unto Him. Nothing but a high sense of duty and of charity can be the foundation of their persistent efforts. If a clergyman can get men of position in a parish—as farmers, master tradesmen, their sons, or apprentices—to take part in his work, a great share of a heavy burden will be lifted off his shoulders. Some, I know, have powers of teaching—of attracting the attention—of winning the love of the lads—which is quite surprising; and if it be possible to let most of the teaching be done by them, the clergyman may be attending to the whole school, and exercising a more careful supervision of all, and yet a more personal influence with each, than if he were bound down to the teaching of any single class.

But great and invaluable as is the help of lay assistants, they are themselves the first to wish that the clergyman should be always present. He has an influence which they cannot have. He is placed by his position above the little personal jealousies of a parish which might make a disagreement between fellow teachers, and even between teachers and scholars. If the clergyman is present there can be no question as to who is master. The grades in a country village particularly merge so imperceptibly into one another, that the principal teacher, the head of the school, should be of undeniably higher rank than any of the scholars. And here I will explain why I said that the village schoolmaster should not be a teacher. He has been teaching all day, and cannot bring a mind, fresh for its occupation, to the work. He has generally known most of the lads when they were younger, and great changes may have taken place in their characters, to which former prejudices may blind him. He has acquired a manner of ruling which is necessary for children, but which young men will not stand.

The head of the school, then, should be the clergyman, the squire, or some one of high position in the place, and, with kindness and courtesy, he may hope to gather round him a band of assistants with whom he can work most happily, and with whom a bond of union will spring up which will not be lightly broken. I need not speak of the kindly influence which the clergyman may gain over a class usually difficult, from social circumstances, to reach, nor of the words of advice or the communings on higher, holier matters, which can never come amiss between those who have been working together in the business of their common Father. Such men cannot be together evening after evening without good coming from one to the other, and without many barriers being broken down which have kept different ranks in life from comprehending the difficulties, the sympathies, and the duties of each other's station.

I have thus tried to give an account of what, after some experience,

seems the best way of managing a night school. If any one starts a school on these principles, he will, I think, find it a constant source of interest, and a certain ground of success. But there will be disheartening times. I sat for four nights with only *one* lad when I first opened school, but in a little while the numbers increased beyond the limits of my room. Those first hours were certainly not cheering, but they are pleasanter to look back on than an overflowing school gradually sinking to zero. That one boy was my most constant scholar for three years, and is still an attendant at the very large school which has, in other hands, succeeded the little one in the labourer's cottage. Perseverance under such a difficulty as want of pupils will, I think, always cure the difficulty.

If there has never been a night school, the idea is strange to the lads and to their parents; and all who have to do intimately with any class know how hard it is to introduce anything which, while it is unwanted, does not appeal directly to the love of pleasure or of gain. And if there has been a night school before, which has failed, the scholars will be slow in coming, lest they, in their turn, should, after a short trial, be cast off, and have the notion of failure attached to them individually. But if one or two come, and like it, they will soon attract others. It is mentioned in the workshop, in the mill, in the field; and some out of curiosity, some out of a love of novelty, some out of a real desire to improve, will soon add their names to the list, and the school will gradually become a flourishing institution.

Other difficulties are the idleness, the want of spirit, the thoughtlessness of the lads, the flagging of the teacher's own energies, the weariness of the task, the monotony of a constant struggle to keep things straight. But the difficulties will never, I think, overbalance the pleasures. The personal interest in the teachers and the scholars will excite the discovery of fresh veins of good in the pupils; the fostering of the ignorant and the timid, the encouragement to the dull, the help to the clever, the restraint on those who would run too quickly along some royal road to learning, and, above all, the cheerful smile of recognition which will meet him at every turn in his parish, and which tells of a kindly feeling between the pastor and the flock (which may one day ripen into something better),—all these are never-failing sources of pleasure to the clergyman, who soon learns to forget in them the difficulties of his task.

Many people may smile at the pleasures of a night school, and to *all* they cannot be as great as to some. But anyone who will honestly and heartily try, will, I believe, get over the feeling which at first he may have against the experiment. One thing, however, must be said. He must not undertake such a school as a task and a drudgery. He must begin with a desire at least to like his work, and to do it heartily, as unto

the Lord. And, if he find after all effort that he cannot win the respect and affection of the lads, he had better not go on. They must be led—they will not be driven; and nothing can be worse for a parish than to have a set growing up who learn, at what is called a school, to sneer at authority, to neglect duty, and to do every man what is right in his own eyes. I have spoken generally of lads, because, as a rule, the scholars will be between the ages of 14 and 24. Older men may come, but the soil to work on is the fresh land, and if you can sow seed there it has a good chance of success. Older men do not like to learn with youngsters, and to show their ignorance before lads, over whom they are, perhaps, set in the field. It is desirable to have, if possible, separate days and classes for these; but I think it would be unadvisable to neglect the younger members of the flock in order to gain a few old ones. You cannot, I think, have both, and the elders must be content to repair the loss of wasted opportunities by modes of self improvement, which are open to all.

In the above pages I have endeavoured to show what I consider to be the scope of a night school, and what is the most practical manner of conducting it. Different places will, of course, require somewhat different treatment, but *in all cases* the above rules will serve as a fundamental basis on which to act.

That the night school is a powerful engine in parish work can hardly be doubted by one who has at heart the interests of decency, morality, and religion. These remarks are therefore offered to the clergy and the laity in the hope that they may induce those who have no night school in their parishes to consider whether a great means is not lacking, which, with some self-denial, might be brought for the future into active operation.

ECCE HOMO, AN OUTLINE FROM SACRED HISTORY. *



THIS is the ablest and the most remarkable book of theology we have reviewed for many a day. The subject of investigation is not merely the character and the history of the God-man Christ Jesus, but of this divine person as connected with His great work on earth. This work of his is viewed not simply as the foundation of a religious system, the introduction of certain great principles, the elevation of religious ideas, the delivery of divine truths, the exhibition of a life and example

"Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ." Macmillan, 1866.

such as men had never dreamt of before, but, further and besides all this, as the call and creation of a definite organised visible society of men.

Christ is regarded not alone in Himself or His teaching as the founder of a philosophy, a morality, a theology in the abstract, but furthermore as the author and founder of a living society, the great body which is called by His name—even the Christian Church universal—now existing for nigh two thousand years, governed by His laws, and working out His purpose.

Our author takes for his foundation little more than the first three Gospels, and these as a whole, without asking minute or critical questions about them. He looks at the facts related with singleness of eye, trying to realise to his mind what is really recorded of Jesus the Son of Mary. His conclusion is that a miracle could not be more unlike the whole of our experience than the character of Christ is unlike to all known history, and unapproachable in its moral and spiritual elevation. And further he concludes that all that makes the superiority of the modern world over the ancient, all that is most permanent and pregnant with improvement in the modern world, may be plainly traced to the appearance of that character which Christ exhibited, to the work which Christ planned and executed in Judæa. Without naming either Strauss or Rénan, each is here answered and refuted most completely.

It is the object of the treatise (the author tells us) to exhibit Christ's career in outline. No other career ever had so much unity. No other biography is so simple. Mortal men take up scheme after scheme in succession as circumstances suggest one or another. Most biographers are therefore compelled to pass from one subject to another, to divide the life carefully into periods by chronological landmarks, accurately determined, to trace the gradual development of character, the ripening or the change of opinions in him whom they describe. But Christ formed one plan from the first, and that one He executed. No change took place in his mode of thinking, of speaking, or of acting. What *was* Christ's plan? is the main question investigated in the present treatise, and this is the answer to the question. We conclude that Christ in describing himself as a king, and at the same time as king of the kingdom of God—in other words as a king representing the majesty of the invisible King of a theocracy—claimed the character first of Founder, next of Legislator, thirdly, in a certain high and peculiar sense, of Judge, of a new and divine society.

In defining thus the position which Christ assumed we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn at all upon the marvels of the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a

new theocratic society, and that He did claim the office of Judge of all mankind, is possible to those only who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If these biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ did undertake to do and to be what we have described.

When we contemplate this scheme as a whole, and glance at the execution and the results of it, three things strike us with astonishment.

First, its prodigious originality. What other man than this Galilean peasant has had the courage or the elevation of mind to say, "I will build up a State by the mere force of my will, without help from the kings of the world, without using any of the secondary causes which unite men together—unity of interest, or speech, or blood-relationship; I will make laws for my State which shall never be repealed, and I will defy all the powers of destruction that are at work in the world to destroy what I build up?"

Secondly, we are astonished at the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. The reason why statesmen can seldom work on this vast scale is that it commonly requires a whole lifetime to gain that ascendancy over their fellow men which such schemes presuppose. Some of the leading organisers of the world have said, "I will work my way to supreme power, and then I will execute great plans." But Christ overleaped the first stage altogether. He did not work His way to royalty, but simply said to all men, "I am your king." He did not struggle forward to a position in which He could found a new State, but simply did found it. Only his kingdom was not of this world.

Thirdly, we are astonished at the prodigious success of the scheme. It is not more certain that Christ presented Himself to men as the founder legislator, and judge of a divine society, than it is certain that men have accepted Him in these characters, that the divine society has been founded, that it has lasted nearly 2,000 years, that it has extended over a large and the most highly-civilised portion of the earth's surface, and that it continues full of vigour to the present day.

Between the astonishing design and its astonishing success there intervenes an astonishing instrumentality—that of miracles. Without the belief in miracles it is impossible to conceive the history of the Church. If we suppose that Christ really performed no miracles, and that those which are attributed to Him were the product of self-deception, mixed in some proportion or other with imposture, then, no doubt, the faith of St. Paul and St. John was an empty chimera, a mere misconception. But it is none the less true that those apparent miracles were essential to Christ's success. Had not Christ professed to perform those miracles the Christian Church would never

have been founded, and the name of Jesus of Nazareth would be known at this day only to the curious in Jewish antiquities.

But it was neither for His miracles nor yet for the beauty of His doctrines that Christ was worshipped. Nor was it for His winning personal character, nor for the persecutions He endured, nor for His martyrdom. It was for the inimitable unity which all these things made when taken together. In other words, it was for this: that He whose power and greatness, as shown in His miracles, were overwhelming, denied Himself the use of this His power, treated it as a slight thing, walked among men as though He were one of themselves, relieved them in distress, taught them to love one another, bore with undisturbed patience a perpetual hailstorm of calumny, and when His enemies grew fiercer, continued still to endure their attacks in silence, until, petrified and bewildered with astonishment, men saw Him arrested and put to death with torture, refusing steadfastly to use in His own behalf the power He conceived He held for the benefit, not of Himself, but of others. It was the combination of greatness and self-sacrifice which won men's hearts; it was His mighty powers held under a mighty control—it was the unspeakable condescension, the *Cross of Christ*.

And then He took the manhood into God. To human nature, struggling with its passions and its destiny, He says—"Cling to me, cling ever closer to me." He represented Himself as the Light of the world, as the Shepherd of the souls of men, as the Way to immortality, as the Vine, the Life-tree of humanity. He commanded men to leave everything and attach themselves to Him; He declared Himself King, Master, Judge of all men; He promised to give rest to the weary and heavy-laden; He instructed his followers to hope for life eternal from feeding on His body broken for them, and drinking His blood shed for them.

To crown the marvel, these enormous pretensions were put forth by one whose special peculiarity, not only among His contemporaries, but among all the remarkable men that have appeared on earth before or since, was an almost feminine tenderness and true humility. The divine power of gentleness it was that won the victory.

It appears throughout the Sermon on the Mount that there was one class of persons whom Christ regarded with peculiar aversion—the persons, namely, who call themselves one thing, but are another. He describes them by a word (*hypocrite*) which originally meant an actor. When Christ denounces any vice it is with the warning, "Bo not you like the actors." In common with all great reformers, Christ felt that honesty in word and deed was the fundamental virtue—dishonesty, including affectation, self-consciousness, love of stage-effect, the one incurable vice. Our thoughts, our words, our deeds, are to be

of a piece. For example: if we would pray to God, let us go into some inner room, where none but God shall see us; to pray at the corner of the streets, where the passing crowd may admire our devotion, is only to *act* a prayer. If we would keep down the rebellious flesh by fasting, this concerns ourselves only; it is acting, to parade before the world our self-mortification. If we would put down sin, let us put it down in ourselves first; it is only the actor who begins by frowning at it in others.

We have thus endeavoured in the brief space at our command to give some faint notion of what is aimed at in this very remarkable work—to inform our readers of the way in which the author seeks to show that, not philosophy can reclaim or save the world, but faith in the Divine Person, who is worthy of our trust, and allegiance to the divine society which He founded, and in which He promises His presence for ever.

THE BURNING OF HEUGHFOOT.

A BORDER BALLAD.

Lord Howard sits in Naworth Tower,
 An angry light is in his eye;
 "I swear by good Saint George," he said,
 "The Laird of Heughfoot he shall die.
 "Day by day fresh tidings come
 Of slaughtered men and homes in flame;
 Never a man on the Border side
 But curses John of Heughfoot's name.
 "But may Saint George, my patron saint,
 In my sorest need deny his aid
 If I lay not Heughfoot's tower as low
 As the ruined hearths that he has made."

Dame Margaret sat in her bower lone,
 The sun shone fair on land and sea;
 "Look forth, my daughter—look forth, and say
 If John of Heughfoot's plume you see."
 "The mist is gone from moss and moor,
 The lav'rock sings in the sunny sky,
 But I see no glint of brand or spear,
 My father's plume I cannot spy."

"Now open the lattice, and listen well
For his bugle-call on the breezes borne."

"I hear a far-off trumpet sound,
But it is not the blast of Heughfoot's horn."

"Look out again, for he tarries long—
Look out where the road winds down the glen."

"I see a knight with a gallant troop,
But it is not Heughfoot or his men."

"His banner bears a lion white;
But what is that so bloody and red
That on a spear they bear beside?
O! mother, it is my father's head!"

"Shut, shut the gates," dame Margaret cried,
"Now bolt and bar them heedfully,
For if Lord Howard to Heughfoot come,
In sorer strait we ne'er shall be."

There were thirty riders in Heughfoot's hold;
All but one were staunch and true—
All but he whom Heughfoot smote,
Who swore that he the blow should rue.

Heughfoot smote in hasty wrath—
Dickon of Tarras smote not again,
But now he has opened the postern gate,
Let in Lord Howard and all his men.

The outermost court was lightly won,
But the fight was sore the hall within,
Till the red blood ran on floor and hearth
As fast as stream of mountain lin.

Dame Margaret stood on a tower high,
Beside her knelt her daughter fair;
"Now yield thee, lady," Lord Howard cried—
"Now yield thee, and thy life we'll spare."

"Thy lord is slain, thy castle's lost,
Thy men lie dead on tower and wall;
Then yield thee, or a fiery shroud
Shall wrap the living, and dead, and all."

Never a word the lady spake,
Never a word she spake but three:—
"I will yield to flame, I will yield to steel,
But not to a Southron enemy."

Through the air came a cloth-yard shaft,
 Shot by an English archer good,
 And pierced her daughter's bosom white
 Till the grey goose feather was wet with blood.

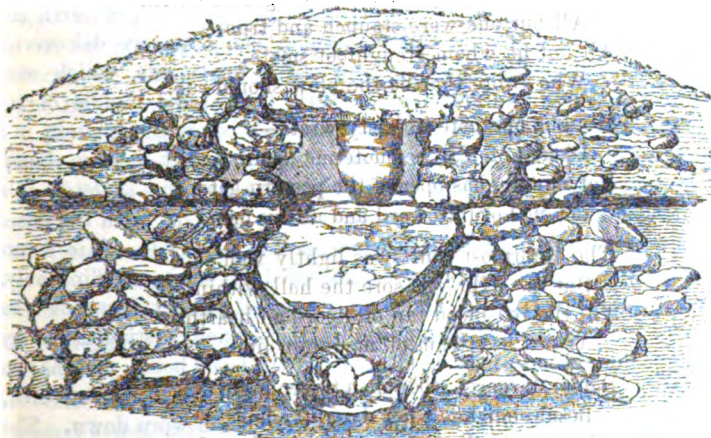
"Thanks, Southron," quoth Dame Margaret then,
 "For that merciful shaft, so swift and straight;
 The flames rise high, but their fiercest glow
 The living and dead will fearless wait."

FLORIAN.

THE BURIED HISTORY OF BRITAIN—EXCAVATIONS IN DERBYSHIRE.

No. III.

BALLIDON MOOR.

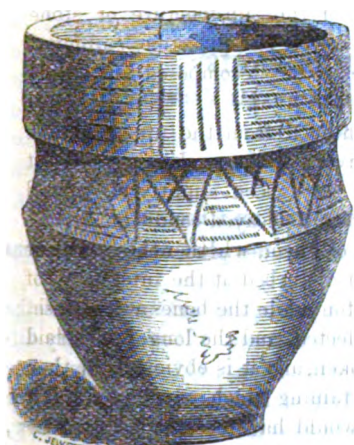


ULY, the 30th was another day worthy of record in the annals of Mr. Bateman's interesting researches. On that day we opened (he says) a fine bowl-shaped tumulus, fifteen yards across, situated on Ballidon Moor. The upper part, to the depth of two feet, was almost entirely of earth, near the centre presenting the appearance of having been tempered. In this stratum were a few calcined bones and fragments of a rude urn. Immediately beneath was an accumulation of stones, large and small, forming the base of the mound, which was raised on a rocky and

uneven surface, causing the thickness of the substructure of stone to fluctuate between two feet and a yard. The limestone employed being of a friable nature, had become so far decomposed as to yield sufficient sand to choke up the interstices.

After noticing the trifling remains exhumed from the upper bed of the earth, we observed nothing until arriving at the sandstone, amongst which were four skeletons that might have been slightly disturbed before, but, from their contracted posture and decayed condition, it was difficult to decide, with respect to three of them, whether they were or not; the fourth had certainly been either disturbed at the interment of the others, or had been buried as a skeleton while the bones were fresh, as all parts of the skeleton had been collected, and the long bones laid side by side. The latter were still unbroken, and it is obvious that they must have been thus arranged while retaining much of their natural strength; had it been otherwise, they would have been broken by the stones with which they were in contact. This skeleton was nearer the centre than the others, and a very few inches beyond it we first observed a well-defined stratum of burnt earth, with a layer of pure charcoal above it, interposed between the upper bed of earth and the sandy stone. Pursuing this favourable indication, we discovered, almost simultaneously, two very interesting interments, which were found by extending the cutting a little beyond the middle of the barrow. The most ancient was about five feet below the summit, in a depression in the rock, which was converted into a neat lozenge-shaped cist by four flat stones placed on the edge. It was the skeleton of a middle-aged man, in unusually fine preservation, who lay with the knees drawn up, contrary to the usual custom, on his right side. His femur measures 18.6 inches. He was accompanied by one poor flint only, suited to point an arrow. The skull, in perfect preservation, has been engraved in the "*Crania Britannica*." It is chiefly distinguished by the rugged or strongly-marked character of the facial bones, and has an internal capacity of $74\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; the nasal bones have been fractured, and re-joined during life, and the teeth were much worn down. The cranium is considered by the learned authors of the "*Crania Britannica*" as a *typical* example of the brachy-cephalic variety of the ancient British head, and is engraved as such in Dr. Meys' "*Cranial Characteristics of the Races of Men*," Philadelphia, 1857.

While taking up this skeleton we met with a large flat stone, lying aslant, with its lowest edge within the cist; this was most likely the cover which had given way. The upper end was embedded in stones and burnt sand, interspersed with partially calcined human bones, and others in their natural state; among the latter were some remains of an infant. Close above stood a large cinerary urn in an upright position, containing calcined human bones, and protected from superincumbent



pressure by a large stone resting at each end upon an upright slab. The urn, $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, and 9 diameter at the mouth, is ornamented by patterns impressed from a twisted thory, and is in fine preservation, having been found perfect. The bones within it were beautifully coloured by burning, and perfectly clean. Amongst them we found a piece of an animal's jaw, rats' bones, a fine bone pin four inches long, a fragment of thin pottery, and a flint arrow head, all (including the rats' bones) much burnt. The presence of partially-burnt

human bones in the sand, the discoloration of the latter, and the occurrence of calcined rats' bones in the urn, demonstrate the fact of the corpse having been consumed upon the spot.

On the 1st of August we examined three more tumuli, in the same neighbourhood, all of which had most unfortunately been mutilated. The first had been encroached upon by a stone quarry, and we were told that a pitcher had been found in it some years before. By removing the loose stones and earth down to the rock, we found some bits of hard Romano-British pottery, which alone had resisted the attacks of the quarrymen.

The second was in the next field but one, and appears to have been nearly all removed, though, from occupying a rocky protuberance, it looked tolerably perfect. About the middle we found the humerus of a human subject, near which was a grit sharpening stone and a cow's tooth.

The third barrow in the same field was half removed; it affords a few animal bones, part of a sharpening stone, some pieces of ancient earthenware, but no human remains.

(To be continued.)



WITH A FRIEND IN PARIS :

RANDOM NOTES OF AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

By WILLIAM SAWYER.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE TUILERIES TO THE ARC DE L'ETOILE.

"  A gloire de la France, et l'un des plus nobles ornemens du monde."

So Montaigne ended a passionate outburst about the beloved Paris three centuries ago. It was a very different place then: a quaint, dingy, old city, the image of which one can conjure up by the help of Rouen, or any one of the ancient places which have come down to us intact. But then, as now, Paris was France, and was the pride and glory of the Frenchman's heart.

It must always have deserved this position. It must always have been grand and beautiful; though its grandeur and its beauty are even now short of their full development. It always formed the antithesis to London,—the City of Pleasure as opposed to the City of Business,—and, as a consequence, it from the first took up a position as the Show Capital of Europe, which it remains.

We felt this, my Friend and I, as we sallied forth and wandered through its streets that first morning. I am not, myself, a good hand at seeing strange places. I am too impulsive and erratic. My tendency is to fly off at tangents after whatever I am interested in, or to wander about trusting to the chapter of accidents as to what may turn up. I have, moreover, a rooted antipathy to all guides and people of that sort, who insist on your seeing things in *their order*, and listening to their descriptions, which invariably embrace everything but what you want to know or are interested in. But my Friend was my good Genius—quiet and unobtrusive, with a lively faith in "Galignani" and "Murray," and an affectionate regard for a "Plan de Paris, 1865," which he lodged in his bosom, and had a wonderful tendency to consult in the middle of the road. He was method itself. He had mapped out Paris on some æsthetic principle, so that it should unfold itself to us in a prolonged series of "bursts" or tableaux. I think he had some notion of beginning with the least effective parts, and working up so that we might take the last and finest glance just as the curtain descended on our visit: but on this I was inflexible. I demanded to be taken straightway to what Frenchmen call the "Trafalgar's-place" (meaning Trafalgar-square) of Paris, and to be shown the glory and the splendour of it out of

hand. My Friend uttered a sigh at the crushing up of two or three of his most elaborate tableaux, but he assented. Good soul! it was always so. It was his wont to think for me, to plan for me, to lecture me on method and economy, and I know not what beside; but always to give way to me. His unselfishness was always equal to my waywardness. I believe, if I had wanted to spend our whole time in a diving bell at the bottom of the Seine, he would have been content. As it was, he said:—

“The centre of this city, which every Frenchman regards as itself the centre and eye of the universe, is on the North of the Seine. It is traversed by three main arteries, running almost due S.E. by N.W.; and of these, two at least possess world-wide reputations. One consists of the broad quays by the river side,—the Quai des Tuileries, Quai du Louvre, Quai de l’Ecole, &c. One is the superb Rue de Rivoli. But between these runs the road of the world,—that magnificent line, straight as an arrow, which, commencing with the Palace of the Tuileries and the Louvre (now one structure), stretches away through the Jardines des Tuileries, through the Place de la Concorde, through the Champs Elysées, through the Arc de l’Etoile, and so by the Avenue de Neuilly, far away beyond the barriers. Now, my advice is that we first take——”

“The road of the world,” I interrupted.

And we at once started for it.



Turning our backs upon the Emperor—who might, for all I know, have been shaving at one of the windows of that part of the Tuileries in which he lives—we took the main path westward through the Gardens. *Appropos* of Emperors' shaving, Napoleon I., who always shaved himself, said, “A born king has another to shave him; a made king can use his own razor.” Now, as this is one of the Napoleonic ideas, it is fair to assume that he, “the Nephew of my Uncle,” shaves himself, and gives those wonderful spikes to the Imperial

mustache with his own fingers; and thus the idea that His Imperial Majesty might have been in the very act at the moment we took our westward course, was not so extravagant after all. As I have said, we went westward through the gardens. And what gardens they are! The sight of them first opened my eyes to the Frenchman's passionate admiration for the capital of his country. A Londoner talks of the Temple Gardens, but these are as plots of mustard and cress compared to the gardens of the Tuilleries. On either side of the main avenue stretch innumerable lines of trees, which, seen collectively, form masses of foliage, while as you approach they open into innumerable avenues. Here and there fine groups of statuary are scattered; but they attract far less attention than thousands of chairs which are let at a few centimes a piece, and in which, on fine days, all Paris seems to be seated. Down the principal avenue rows of orange trees; in bright green boxes, are placed, and are objects of special attention. I believe the part they occupy is called the Allée des Oranges.

It may be as well to remark here that the care bestowed upon these orange trees is only part of the system by which the Parisians preserve the beauty of their city: Paris is not a city of gardens by accident. It may be quite true that climate is favourable, and that the almost universal practice of burning wood instead of coal renders the air of the place very pure and suitable for vegetation; but the Parisians know well enough that trees won't grow unless they are planted, and won't flourish unless pains are taken to preserve them. I don't think anything struck me more forcibly than the great anxiety everywhere shown to make the very utmost of the foliage of Paris. We entertain a natural idea that where a tree springs up there it should remain; but the Parisians ignore this altogether. They are constantly shifting their trees, not only in their sapling state, but in middle age. If a single tree or a row of trees is particularly fine, and is not in a very conspicuous place, they at once call it or them to the front, as a soldier would say, to occupy a better position. The plan is to draw a circle with a diameter of from six to twelve feet round a tree, and cut into the ground as deep as the roots are supposed to run; then a piece of machinery is brought to bear, and tree and earth are raised in a mass and are carried off and dropped into a hole cut to receive them, probably at the other end of Paris. So that the mystery in *Macbeth* is a trifle to Parisians; nothing would be more natural than that Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane, if it was wanted there. Great care is also taken to preserve the trees in the Boulevards and other public places. Iron cages are placed round them, and in winter the bark is covered with matting. Of late years London is improving greatly in this respect. Our parks are receiving a degree of care

which is very creditable. The Battersea Park, with its subtropical department, is a favourable example,—but we cannot bear comparison with the French in this matter; though, as gardeners, Englishmen fairly bear off the palm against them in many respects.

In the course of these remarks, suppose us to have left the Tuileries gardens by the western gate, and to be standing in the Place de la Concorde. It is, as my Friend described it, the Trafalgar-square of Paris; only that it is flat, and is about six times the size of that open space in front of the National Diapir, which Wellington is supposed to have called “the finest site in Europe.” In the centre rises the famous column of Luxor. It is impossible for even the most unsentimental of travellers to gaze on that column without feelings such as more naturally express themselves in verse than in prose. That enormous wedge of stone,—72 ft. in height and 7 ft. 6 in. in width at the base,—stood in front of the Temple at Thebes in the days of Sesostrius, no less than 1,550 years before Christ! If anything were wanting to prove how far advanced in the arts of civilized life those Egyptians were while we Europeans were naked savages, the proof is furnished in that fact. The elevation of this enormous mass of stone to its present position was a work of the most difficult and scientific character; and this was only a repetition, in fact, of what must have taken place at a period so remote that the memory of it has all but died out of the world. Yet in the face of such facts Dr. Temple talks about the progressive growth of the human race, and calls the time of Moses its childhood!

Two magnificent fountains—in comparison with which the London fountains are squirts—also adorn this Place. Other details might be given; but really I did not note them. My mind was off and away among the memories of that spot which are the most striking of French history. It is the site of the Carnival of the Guillotine. Here the head of Louis XVI. rolled into the sawdust; and the superb Marie Antoinette knelt down to death. Here Charlotte Corday paid the penalty of her rash but noble act, and Robespierre tasted of the bitter potion he had helped to commend to the lips of others. On this spot a fountain of blood should play for evermore; enough veins have been drained here to supply it.

Crossing the Place, you at once enter the Champs Elysées. I am not going to describe a place with which all the world is familiar. It is, indeed, rather difficult to describe. To say that it is a mile and a half of straight road, planted with trees in rows and alleys, terminating in a grand triumphal arch, is to give a land-surveyor's description. To add that among the trees there are cafés and restaurants, little Temples of Song, gardens devoted to the dance, “roundabouts,” Franconi's Circus, refreshment stalls, &c.; and that here, as every-

where in Paris, people sit in the open air by thousands, is to add a touch of the auctioneer's catalogue. One word as to the "roundabout." It is an institution of the country. Thackeray, who knew Paris so well, ought to have devoted one of the "Papers" he named after it to its honour. If progress is to be measured by roundabouts, the French are immeasurably ahead of us blighted English. We are but in our roundabout infancy, while Monsieur has reached his roundabout maturity. We are content with what contented our grandfathers—six wooden horses driven round by the tag-rag of the fair. But not so Monsieur. I first received this impression when present years ago at the fifteen days' Fair at Boulogne. There I beheld a gorgeous tent of blue and crimson and yellow drapery, surmounted by a golden eagle, and beneath them innumerable horses and carriages—the latter with hangings of crimson and gold—revolving round a pillar gorgeous with gilding and drapery to the music of a hand-organ and a drum! At night they are illuminated by vari-coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns, and need only clouds of red fire to rival those temples of splendour sacred to Nothing, with which we are familiar at the wind-up of pantomimes. So attractive did these temples prove, that dames of eighty might be seen riding in the cars, and many a young couple sat there contentedly, paying again every time the machine stopped, and probably continuing the mild enjoyment till the fair closed. As at Boulogne, so at the Champs Elysées. They constitute one of the sights of the place.

There are two places in the Champs Elysées to which every young Englishman feels it necessary to pay a visit of curiosity. One is the Jardin Mabille, the other the Château des Fleurs. Neither can be recommended as a very edifying or improving place in which to pass one's evenings; but they stand in the same relation to Paris as Cremorne and the Highbury Barn do to London—and there is a prevailing fiction that it is necessary to visit them to "see life." That the "life" is not worth seeing I need not add; it never is at such resorts, sacred to Venus Pandemon and her votariss. The amusement at both these gardens is dancing. The Jardin Mabille is elegantly laid out, with a central pavilion devoted to the band—round which the dance progresses in the open air. Brilliant illuminations constitute a main feature—and for this kind of thing the French have a genius. They are an illuminating nation. The Château des Fleurs is richer and more characteristic in its style of decoration than the other garden. It is Oriental in tone. The orchestra pavilion is fitted up as a kiosk, and Chinese lanterns in profusion, hanging from the boughs of the trees, give the place a very novel aspect. The gardens abound in lilacs, and when they are in bloom the effect is very charming. It is a significant fact that while the admission fee to both these resorts is two or



three francs—I forget which — ladies are admitted free. The inference to be drawn as to the style of ladies to be encountered there is only too obvious. But Paris is the Paradise of the *demi-monde*.

So much in passing. But if you want facts about the Champs Elysées, go to “Galignani;” if you want to form an idea of it, go to Paris. It terminates in the Arc de Triomphe de l’Etoile,

for which Parisians are indebted to the great Napoleon. It is the finest thing of the kind in the world, and on this account merits a word or so by way of description. It was designed to celebrate the victories achieved by the Emperor over the Austrians and Prussians, and as a memorial of the entry of Marie Louise, his affianced bride, into his capital. This design was put in hand in 1806, but after that the crash came—the Empire was shattered, and the arch remained for years a melancholy ruin, typical of the empire of its originator—so vast in design, so splendid in its commencement, and such a miserable failure in its result! Not until 1823 was the idea of completing the arch taken up again, when it was thought a good medium for celebrating the successes of the Duke d’Angoulême in Spain, and from that time the work dragged on until, in 1836, Paris hailed its completion with wonder and delight.

Things are grand or contemptible by comparison. If an Englishman would feel how grand this arch is, let him compare it with the finest thing of the kind in London. Take our famous Marble Arch, for example. Why, it would stand bodily under the arch of the other, like a ’bus stopping the way. The dimensions of the Arc de l’Etoile are worth bearing in mind. Height, 152 feet; breadth, 137 feet; depth, 68 feet. The foundations for supporting the immense mass—which is in the form of a Roman arch—are laid 25 feet deep in the ground. Finally, it cost £47,280 to erect. The view from it is superb, Paris stretching away as in a camera obscura.

To a man who could take but one walk in Paris this must inevitably be the walk, and it may pleasantly be supplemented by a drive to the Bois de Boulogne, outside the arch. There is a famous passage in

"Bradshaw" about the Champs Elysées at night—one over which my Friend and I had many a merry laugh. It would be cruel to quote it, but it is at page 17 of the "Handbook," begins "In the evening," and ends "enrich the pleasures of the moment." When our useful friend does go in for a bit of fine writing, it is so fine!

While speaking of the Champs Elysées, I cannot help remarking on the wonderful rapidity with which, under the Empire, Paris has become a city of promenades. In every direction Boulevards—broad streets planted with trees—now extend for miles, and all in *straight* lines. That is the most significant fact. If we English want a new street, we cut through the existing structures as well [as we can. Our course is regulated by circumstances. Here a church, there a mansion, stands in the way; and at intervals blocks of valuable property oblige us to deviate altogether from the onward path. There is nothing of this kind in Paris. The Emperor wills a new street from one point to another; and straightway all intervening obstacles vanish, and the street is formed without a deviation in it. An extraordinary instance is furnished in the Boulevard de Sebastopol, which runs right through Paris at right angles with the Champs Elysées, taking in its course the island on which Notre Dame stands, and seems to cut the city in two.

The effect of these efforts of the Imperial will is that even Parisians almost require a chart to find their way about; while the stranger, with dim recollections of the Paris of the past, is altogether at sea. There can, however, I think, be no doubt that the result is good. If anything could reconcile one to a despot on the English throne, it would be the assurance that he would deal with London just as Napoleon is dealing with Paris. And his is the only plan. If an Emperor would achieve for himself the glory of having found his capital brick and left it marble, he must achieve it by the strong hand. He must laugh at individual rights and vested interests: he must cut deep, no matter who writhes or shrieks. I wonder how long it would take the Corporation of London, and the House of Commons, and all "the powers that be," to remove the obstructions in the Strand, to get rid of the hideous church of St. Clement's, to pull down the disgraceful Holywell-street, to cart away the obstructive St. Mary-le-Strand to the top of Muswell-hill, or elsewhere, and to plant the Strand with elms, or adorn it with fountains?

The work has gone on very rapidly; but parts of Paris are still in a very ragged and forlorn state pending the operations. You constantly come upon places in which a fire seems to have raged overnight, and consumed everything. Blocks of streets have disappeared; and the fact of their having existed at all is only indicated by the state of the buildings from which they have been torn.

Great as is the work already accomplished and in hand, there is much more to be done; at all events, much more is dreamed of.

We have our building speculations in England, carried on both by societies and by private individuals. All round London, streets, squares, and terraces have sprung up like Aladdin's Palace, under the potent spells, not of the Genii of the Lamp, but of Capital and Labour. But these home-speculations shrink into insignificance compared with those of which Paris has of late years been the scene; the Emperor being the lever, and the credit of the Paris Municipality the fulcrum. There is something grand, imperial, in the style in which these enterprises are announced to the world. I have now before me a publication, two or three years old, called "New Paris Illustrated," which "launches" one of the ventures of the modern speculators, who, finding Paris presenting one aspect, are determined to give it another. The "New Paris Illustrated" begins with telling the "*cher lecteur*" (all readers are dear, in England as in France) what has been done in this wonderful city; the completion of the Louvre, the lengthening of the Rue de Rivoli, the redemption of the Hotel de Ville, the construction of central markets, the opening of the Sebastopol Boulevard upon the two banks of the Seine. Then, again, we are told the most ancient quarters of the city have been entirely transformed; where formerly there were only narrow, winding streets, almost inaccessible to vehicles—are now wide and splendid roads; and beautiful and salubrious habitations replace the unhealthy buildings which wanted both light and air.

But all this is only a stepping-stone to fresh and greater works to be undertaken by the Municipal administration; and then we are ushered into New Paris, and invited to enter a new (and as yet non-existent) Grand Hotel de la Paix (the Parisians are as fond of the *word* peace as they are of the deeds of war), and are bidden to take our seats in a new Opera; and, having been indulged in these town luxuries, we are then beckoned to follow our guide to the Park of Monceaux, a Paradise of trees, and water, and artificial ruins, which seems suddenly to have "turned up" in the heart of Paris; which is consecrated by all kinds of Middle Age traditions, but is now to be devoted to that greatest of all objects—the realisation of new Paris. How this is to be accomplished, by the construction of the most charming suburban villas—the most delightful of boulevards—the most seductive of hotels, the most rustic of bridges, is told in charming poetical prose, illustrated by the most beautifully-executed woodcuts, which really make us ready to start off at once to secure a *habitat* in this most charming Park of Monceaux, the prospectus of which reminds us of that famous auctioneer's description of a piece of land, in one of Jerrold's comedies, which after enumerating every earthly advantage pertaining to the pur-

chase, winds up with the assurance that "in this favoured region the moon is nearly always at the full!" Did we not know what the Emperor and the Municipality of Paris, acting conjointly, have done, one might really be disposed to think the Hotel de la Paix, the New Opera, and the Park of Monceaux, all so many bubbles. But here, to check such sceptical thoughts, is a "General Plan of New Paris," with a bird's eye view of its real modern improvements, and we see at a glance that a gigantic work has been accomplished; that order has been evoked out of chaos; beauty out of deformity; wide straight avenues out of crooked faubourgs; we see the Imperial ideas penetrating the regions sacred to revolution, red republicanism, and St. Antoine; and "seeing what we have done, seeing what we see," we can only lift up our eyes and exclaim, "Great are thy glories, oh Paris! may the shadow of thy Emperor never grow less!"

COMING CHOLERA: MEANS OF PREVENTION.



OUR ESTEEMED CORRESPONDENT.



HE Editor of *F. F.* recommends to such readers as may be interested in the subject, the following confidential epistle from an old but very clever family nurse:—

TO THE EDDITER OF THE "FAMILY FRIEND."

SUR, i takes the libberty being a frend of the famly wich i've kep my Place as Hed nurse and always so considurd these many

yeres, i thought you mite like a letter from me about infexions, having Had a deal of experience, and as the Cholery's coming leastways so they says; and there's fevers somewheres always. Sur it always vexes me to here parties talking as if the complante was in the air, and no knowing where it come from, wile as I tell missus we knows nought to be sure of its *first beginings*, no more than we knows about the seed of the first stinging nettle; but we knows that *now* where theres nettles was first nettle seed, and where their seeds drop there'll be more, and to my thinkings its just Like that with the Cholery and all such. And its according wich way the complante throws out wich way to Look out for infexions. I once herd some gentlefolkes talking about the Cholery, and they says "sometimes you'll see it take one side of a street a leave the Other" and i says nothing but thinks to myself i lay Sixpence the Complante keeps going along *as the sewage Runs*, and like enuf if *that* don't run across the street, and parties don't come across to sniff it up, t'other side keeps safe; then i herd another story as My Missus told me of a dear good gentleman that couldnt a bare to see the people afraid to tend the poor things as was ill, and He didn't believe as the Cholery was infexious and he went and slep all night Hisself with a poor man as had actualy died. And sure enuf *he* nevvver took the Cholery; but i couldnt no ways help thinking if he'd slep in the room *with the slops* it might have been a Different story, wich they was no doubt all emptied away; but i thinks still *where was they running to for that's the way Cholery throws out*.

Now had it of been the small pock, *that* throws out most dredful by the *Skin* and after death woud still be awful bad, and even worse as corruption set in, i always says look out for where small pock patients clothes is washed, and *where the Wash runs down*, i'd almost as soon take the children in the room with the sick party as let 'em play over a ditch that run from the house, and ten to one had got the very poison in it.

Then there's Diphtery and Scarlet Fever, i'm nigh sure they throws out most by the breath and all the poison that's spit up; take care where the handkerchefts goes that's been used by these sort of patients, and don't forget that some poison is sure to go in the slops.

Scarlet Fever and measles throws out by the skin too, and measles and hoopping cough by the cough as well; in fact sur its my belief *whatever's the matter it sprede by one party sniffing up what's thrown off from a sick party*; one illness throws out most one way, and another most another way, but all sorte that passes from sick parties is poison if it's from the skin, or the bowels, or the lungs, it Dont matter wich. Now sur if you can but spare me a bit more Room, if my spelling an't too bad to be red wich i always minded my schooling, i want to tell you how my dear *old* missus—that's my young missus Mamma—

managed, and she never had but one case at a time in her house, and they a houseful with there own children and young gentleman at Scool as well. My missus always kep a child apart from the other children, and sent for the Doctor, the minute she see there was something the matter that she didn't justly know what it was. She never waited for 'em to be *bad*, but took to 'em at once. And this is how she did with the Scarlet fever. The moment the doctor said it was that, she had every bit of Carpet and anything that wouldn't Wash turned out of the bedroom leaving nothing but white dimity hanging about. Then she took to the young gentleman herself, never left him nor let any one else come in the room, and kep letting in as much fresh air as she could all along, and she wore nothing but washing gowns herself. Then she got clorid of lime into the room, and kep it corked that it should not smell choky, and never a slop came out of the Room but what she'd poured some of the lime in it, and never a stitch of clothes for the wash but what was sprinkled with it, and every morning before Anybody else stirred master opened the staircase window, and then he took a jug and a brush and sprinkled from the top to bottom of the house with the clorid—wich the carpets was took up from the stairs from the first Onset—and what's more, that young gentleman wasn't sent among the others for a month after he was well and out of doors, and never one more in the house took ill from first to Last, and that i knew to happen three times in all the years i lived with Missus.

Now Sur I must tell you how i does myself when we goes to the sea-side now with my young Master and Missus and the little famly. They are a good gentleman and lady, Sur, and they says to me, "Nurse you know the blessing of God is the *first* thing, and except He keep us we labour in vain; but we must do all we can, trusting in Him." So Sur to be sure i knows well enuf when parties have had fevers and such like what do they Do but they goes for change of air; so when master takes the logins he looks out for a house that's airy and clean and sweat, and asks if they have been quite free of infexions this year or so, and so makes as safe as he can except of course he's told stories. Then when we get there Missus gives me a bottle of Disinfexious fluid that's what they call Burnetts, because it is as good as Clorid of Lime and don't smell. Then if we're with strangers as we never staid with before i goes round all the bed-rooms and puts just a drop in everything under the bed, and if there's commodes in any of the rooms i turns 'em out asks landlady to let 'em go down stairs, and when there took down i puts stuff in them too, and so leaves 'em. Then Sur i don't know what illness is up stræet or what's not, so i puts a jug of the stuff in the closet and every one pours a little in every time, so as there's no effluvy can rise in the house but whot's met by the Clorid. Then Sur i never takes my

children walking but whare it's to do 'em good, i take 'em up no back streets nor let 'em walk over a street drain grating if i can help it, and as to them pipes at low water in course all that's bad in the town runs down them and i wont suffer 'em to go down near 'em, nor all over whare the sludge settles, not for a thousand pound. Master's youngest brother he's a nice young gentleman, and he laughs at me; but i says "it's all werry well Sur, if you likes the flavor i'm sure your werry welcome, so as you don't bring hurt to my childron, but anyways i don't advise you to *swaller it*." No more i don't, for if anybody must go in *bad* places in course they must—only it's my place to keep the children out of it—but it makes a deal of difference if They mind they *don't swaller it*, and likeways *blows their nose*. For that's it Sur, i must say one thing more, it grieves me drowful Sur to see good young gentlemen, Yes and older ones too sometimes, doctors that's the same nature as other people, and must go among bad complantes, and they throws away their lives all for the want of having a charcole respirator* in their pockets to clap on when they goes in the fever rooms, and all because there afrayed some one will send there picters to *Punch*, wich his jokes don't break no bones, and i don't see why if firemen takes whot care they can dressing up suittable for there work, and no one thinks the're cowerds for it, why doctors should not do the same, they wares great cotes now, and eats their dinners, i suppose nobody thinks that shows the're *afrayd* of the cold, nor yet of starving in partickler, and what i'm saying is as much to save them for the sake of the Publick as for any thoughts of them and their own familys. So now sur i've only to say if i was the Queen or the Lord Maire i'd make every house in all London and other towns use Disinfexious fluid evvery day down there drain always, and partickler such times as this when people expects the Cholery, and all street gratings should be made Double, and a lot of bits of charcole kep supplied in the space between, and parliament would have to settle if the disinfexious stuff should be Clorid of lime or of zink, as it wouldn't do so well if some in a street Used one and some the other, because they kil each other.

I uses 1 tea-cup of Burnets fluid to 10 tea-cups of water in mixing up my jugfuls,

And so with best respects,
i am your humble Servant,

* * * *

i fele rather shame-faced like about putting my name, but sends my Cart de Wizeet. †

* We have asked the old lady how she intends the Doctors to deliver their instructions when they have got on the muzzles she proposes; but she says, "Lor Sir they've only got to give the thing a bit of a rise with one hand as they speaks, and let it down—while t'other's answering of them—to breathe: I'd take and show 'em if they'd give me a chance."—[Ed.]

† See page 188.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PLOUGH.

BY WILLIAM J. TATE.

By wisdom's patient fostering,
 Even a mean and trivial thing
 A goodly treasure proves;
 And many a marvellous design
 Of painter, poet, and divine
 Fits into simplest grooves.

Quaint scrap of legendary lore—
 That, hurrying to the level moor
 Down from the sloping hill,
 Three children in their playful mirth,
 Broke the soft surface of the earth,
 Close by a brimming rill.

Wafted by some propitious breeze,
 Seeds from a clime beyond the seas
 Fell on the fruitful soil;
 And scarce was summer on the wane,
 When waved full ears of shining grain,
 Ripe for the reapers' toil;

Who, gladdened by the welcome sight,
 Laboured each morning, noon, and night
 To rear the golden mow;
 And in the winter drear and cold,
 They heard the tale the children told,
 And formed the first rough plough

So runs the story. Surely we,
 Who comprehend this energy,
 Should all our powers exert;
 Sooner or later, there will be
 Reward for patient industry—
 Disgrace for the inert!



Three children in their playful mood.
By the swift current of the earth.

CARL'S CHESNUTS : or, CHRISTMAS-EVE.



UR hero—a tall, slight youth of some sixteen summers, by name Carl Irwin, by profession a merchant's clerk—buttoned his overcoat tightly across his chest, where, in the breast-pocket, lay his half-year's salary, and sallied forth into the cold, dark, wintry streets.

Ten bright broad gold pieces ! He had not yet passed that tender age when the receipt of his earnings had a fascination and delight which the long months' confinement to tedious office hours had rendered doubly strong. This was but his second half in that city house, and, before his good fortune, in the shape of an old friend of his dead father, had procured him this situation, there had been struggles with poverty, trial, and temptation sufficient to make him appreciate this the more thoroughly now.

Carl walked with an upright figure and springing step ; he felt himself a man all over, especially as he thought of his sister, sitting at home waiting for him, the only one left now of the dear family circle that had gathered round their fireside in the better part of the city long years ago.

Since then, death and misfortune, with hard, bitter trial, had changed everything ; but once more a peaceful calm had come over their life, and Mildred, though she waited alone, could anticipate with thankfulness the coming of her brother.

It was Christmas-eve.

A thick mist filled the streets, the pavements glistened in the lamp-light, that cast merely a faint glow around through the heavy fog.

The air was raw, and the dense cold seemed to penetrate the thickest outer garments.

Carl Irwin drew up the collar of his coat until it touched the yellow curls that were saturated with little globules of mist, and stuck his numbed finger-ends into his coat pockets.

The most brilliant shop fronts had their reflection wonderfully curtailed by the fog.

Before one of these Carl Irwin paused.

The most tempting Christmas fruits, sweetmeats, and delicacies were displayed therein, while half-a-dozen little impish boys pressed their little blue noses against the glass, and gazed with hungry eyes and watery mouths upon the host of good things.

Carl thought of his ten pounds, and the long months to come before another such instalment would be due.

Then his thoughts flew to their little fireside and his waiting sister. He remembered it was Christmas-eve, and that Christmas only came once a year. Mildred would have provided their Christmas dinner much earlier in the day, but what should prevent his taking home a dessert just for once, and something to make this long evening pass merrily away? Yes, he would take some nuts to burn and some chestnuts to roast, with some grapes and oranges for the morrow.

So he stepped into the shop with the air of a grand seignor, in whose consideration ten pounds is less than a penny to Carl.

The shopman saw but an office clerk, to whom it was barely worth his while to be civil, but the little boys outside, staring with eyes and mouth wide open, thought they beheld an individual scarcely of less importance than the city mayor when he donned his robes of office.

Having stowed away in his pockets the more precious parcels, he came out of the shop with a bag of chestnuts in his hands, and seeing the dozen wistful, hungry eyes fixed upon himself, Carl, with an impulse of youthful generosity, opened his parcel and distributed several handfuls of the fruit amongst the astonished little urchins.

He next entered a draper's shop, and purchased a cherry-coloured ribbon for Mildred to twine in her hair, because it was Christmas-eve.

By the time he had finished his purchases, saving a few halfpence, ten shillings of his precious ten pounds was gone.

Would Mildred think him extravagant?

Carl laughed, and repeated his excuse, "It is Christmas-eve."

It was seven o'clock when he reached home.

On the round table under the gas-light their tea was set, and Mildred sat reading in a low chair upon the hearth.

Mildred—that courageous sister Mildred, who had been born and educated as a lady, but who now performed all the household duties of their little home—Mildred was five years older than Carl, and their troubles and difficulties had ploughed the deeper into her memory, shading her sunny eyes and leaving a pensive cast upon features that yet possessed a rare loveliness.

Mildred Irwin's beauty was of that lofty ideal type, the pure, refined, and intellectual, found nowhere in such perfection as amongst England's daughters.

Her brow was broad and white, terminating in delicately-pencilled arches that surmounted eyes of the deepest, most glorious blue. It was like losing yourself in some Italian lake to gaze into their bright depths.

Her hair was of a dark silky brown, pushed carelessly off from a pale earnest face.

"How late you are, Carl," she exclaimed, jumping up and pouring water from the singing kettle over the waiting tea.

"Can you not imagine anything that would detain me on Christmas eve, Milly?"

Carl disgorged his pockets, and, unwrapping the smallest parcel, threw the bright ribbon over her dark hair.

"You extravagant boy, you have designs upon my vanity, I can see."

"You are to wear it to-morrow, sistie, it will make your old black silk dress look quite spruce. Oh! if I could but keep maid-servants for you, that you need not soil your hands, and afford to buy you nice dresses, instead of that dingy old brown stuff that I declare I am quite sick of, how delighted I should be."

"I should be no happier, Carl."

"No, that's just it, you have no ambition to look nice. Milly, much the greater part of your scanty pocket-money goes for books; you never think of buying laces, combs, and fandangoes that other girls do."

"My dear Carl, one clever, readable book is worth a score of such things."

"I don't know; I like to see things that are pretty made to look their best, and I have no idea of letting my sister look a sober-visaged, quaker-dressed old maid at present."

Mildred laughed, and handed him a second cup of tea.

"Carl, I thought I had made a large expenditure for our dinner to-morrow, but really your purchases exceed mine."

"Just for once in a way, Milly, you must not grudge me this pleasure, nor remind me of future necessities and the savings' bank—you are so awfully prudent."

Mildred shook her head sagely.

"We need be economical, Carl. Besides, this winter you will require books and instruments, for I want you to study hard and rise to something above a clerkship at twenty pounds a-year."

Carl put his hands to his ears.

"Oh! hush, hush! Something less disagreeable than that subject to-night, if you please, sister mine. What have you been doing all the evening?"

"Reading. You were so late that I have nearly finished the fifth volume of 'Les Miserables.'"

"In the French? Oh! Milly, how dolefully blue you are getting. German, Italian, and even Latin; I believe you never condescend to make use of our language except for conversation."

"Dear Carl, how I wish I could make you see the necessity of self-education, since it is not probable we shall ever have assistance to do what our parents would have done had they lived longer."

Mildred rose to remove the tea-things. Carl threw himself into her little chair, and began to whistle "Jolly Dogs." When Mildred

re-entered their little parlour, after having washed the cups and saucers, thoroughly ridded up the kitchen, and put her hands and hair into a state of parlour neatness and order, she found all the bars of the grate ornamented with Carl's Chesnuts.

"Come, Milly, let us be merry and sociable for once. Reach out the cards, I will play you at all fours, and one of those fine figs I brought shall be our stake."

"Carl, you know how I hate cards, and consider it worse than a waste of most valuable time to play them."

"But you love me, Milly, and just to keep a fellow's hands out of mischief."

"Here is the second volume of the 'Chemistry of Human Life,' I got for you to-day, because you were so interested in the first. Sit down and read that. If your mind be busy, your fingers cannot need employment."

"Milly, you do not mean it? Why, it is Christmas-eve. Our parents always allowed us to amuse ourselves then."

"But," responded Milly, "in those times we had our studies in the day."

"At least, let us have some music, then," Carl said, all the glad ring gone from his voice, as he threw open the piano, the sole relic left of their former luxurious home.

"With pleasure, Carl, if you will practice the last duet with me, which is really calculated to give strength to your voice, and refrain from those ridiculous comic songs of yours."

Carl was sorely tempted to reply hastily, but he loved his sister dearly, and so he bit his lips to keep back the hot words.

"Why, sissie, they are just the things to make a fellow feel merry."

"A fellow should be wise in his merriment," Mildred answered, with a smile, as she struck the first notes of the short prelude.

Carl was not in a humour for practice, and so, strive as he would his voice failed in the minor key, and his runs were miserably out of tune.

"Milly, it is no use, I cannot do it. I am just ripe for some such song as 'When Johnny comes marching home,' or anything jolly and inspiring. If you won't play them we'll let the matter rest."

He sat down again upon the hearth, his hands thrust amidst his yellow curls, his eyes fixed upon the fire.

Mildred reached out her books—"Caesar's Commentaries," and her Latin dictionary—and set herself to construe the pithy sentences of the old conqueror. But someway Carl's beseeching eyes and disappointed face would dance over the page.

Pop! bang! went off two of the chesnuts upon the bar. Carl heard them, but the nuts lay unheeded in the ashes.

Alas! how differently he had thought to spend this Christmas-eve, for he had judged, by his own gladsome heart, that Mildred could neither prose nor lecture at such a season.

Something like a sob was stifled on that silent hearth.

Carl heard the scratching of Mildred's pen. Had she quite forgotten him and his disappointment? The silence was unendurable. Carl got up and left the house to see if any of his office companions were in the streets and were willing to find for him the amusement he was denied at home.

Bang! bang! went the chesnuts, and Mildred shut up her books.

She took up Carl's position upon the hearth and fell into a deep reverie.

Had she done wrong? Was it through any fault of hers that Carl had left her? No, no!—a thousand times, no! All she had said and done had been with his good in view. She was zealous only for his welfare, and, sooner or later, that zeal must be rewarded.

Carl was a good boy. Never once since his parents' death had destroyed ambitious views for his future, and in memory of his father's honoured position in the City, and well-known integrity, Messrs. Randolph and Clarke had taken him into their office, had his employers found one cause of complaint against him. Industrious, cheerful, ever ready to oblige—such Carl Irwin was at the office, winning the respect of his superiors and the love of his companions. It was only Mildred that found him idle when the curtains were closed and the long winter evenings set in. She knew how her parents had intended that his brilliant parts should be cultivated, and that Carl should take his position in the world as a scholar and a gentleman, and with very praiseworthy, but, at times, rather mistaken assiduity, she strove to make him strain after that ideal.

Mildred knew nothing of that principle by which an inch is given that an ell may be obtained. She would have had him do nothing, see nothing, hear nothing, without some visible bodily or mental improvement in view.

Strained nerves cannot bear this. We have capacities for enjoyment within us that must be fed, and if a right food be supplied, they will not crave after the unwholesome and impure.

Carl's nature was so genial, that, after the long pressure upon the mind occasioned by a day's close attention to business, his happy, youthful spirits must have an outlet.

Mildred could scarcely comprehend this, from the very fact that all day her hands and head were employed in household labours; and so to her study was a perfect relief in the evening. She looked forward to her books as a rest, because an entire change of occupation. Their disagreements arose simply and entirely, as so many do, out of a mistake—a misunderstanding.

remember that Carl came home from dreary office labour, with many glad anticipations of the Christmas-eve at home. Nothing doubting but that you would do your best to make it a happy one, he did his mite towards sociability and enjoyment, by purchasing fruits, and a ribbon to add to the beauty, which—though it be one of God's talents confided to your care—you would cover up in a napkin."

Mildred started. This was touching one of her sorest feelings.

"I am not vain," she said.

"Not vain," said the Fairy, bright with a chuckle; "but self-conceited certainly, since you fear to make the most of a God-gift, for fear people should dub you vain. God loves beauty, and it abounds in every atom of His creation. He pronounced, upon the fruits of His labour at the beginning, the epithet 'Good!' They were the very perfection of beauty. You may glorify him as much with this talent as any other. Don't be *vain* of fair looks, but be glad—be grateful. There is no sweeter possession than that of beauty, for it calls in immediate returns. Be fair, be bright, be beautiful, that by your empire over hearts they may be won to receive the religion you profess, for there is a power in beauty that only truth and holiness can surpass. Do you think Carl would not have a fairer vision of home before his mental sight during the tedious office hours, if he were sure you would meet him with hair brushed until its natural gloss was brought forth, a bright ribbon fluttering amongst the curls, a spruce little apron before you, and snowy collar and cuffs at neck and wrists, than knowing you would appear as a mere household drudge, with untidy hair, lacklustre eyes, and dingy, brown dress? Books! books! books! You think of nothing else, and Carl is getting heartily sick of them."

Alas! the little truth-teller struck keenly home. Mildred's head drooped upon her hands. How careless and neglectful she had, after all, been of Carl. She had thought his interests had been her spur of action, but now, the flimsy veil torn from her eyes, she saw self the mainspring of all.

"The scenery is prepared and the curtain rises," said the Fairy knight, springing from his perch upon the nut, which was now reduced to a little heap of ashes, in the foreground of a picture that was displayed before Mildred's eyes.

"The scene needs the explanatory notice," said the mailed instructor, "that Carl Irwin, when he stepped forth into the street, came upon an office companion. They joined company; and Carl having observed that he knew not what to do with himself through the long evening, is introduced by Horace Platt at a house he nightly frequents, and where there are always sociable companions to be found. Carl went with him. The picture is before you."

Mildred saw a square room, literally ablaze with gas-lights; in the

centre a polished table, furnished with glasses and cards. Round the table are a number of boyish faces—the youngest about sixteen, the oldest scarcely more than twenty.

She recognises Carl's at the farther end. He is dealing out the cards, and there is a crimson feverish eagerness in his handsome boyish features and vehement gestures.

The cards are dealt; there are many evil passions exhibited in those young faces as the hands are examined, and Mildred sees Carl raise the wine-cup to his lip many times as the game progresses.

At its conclusion, money changes hands, Mildred sees Carl's face grow white as death, and oh! horror of horrors! she remembers that he has all his half-year's salary in his pocket. She shrieks with fear and drops her face in her hands.

"Why, Milly, how I startled you, were you asleep?"

Asleep! Mildred rubs her eyes, rubs them and gradually awakens, at a loss at first to distinguish between the reality and the dream. Carl stood there with little frozen globules amongst his golden curls and cold hands laid laughingly upon hers.

"Why, sissie, you have been asleep and dreaming, I declare."

"Dreaming!" reiterated Mildred, still bewildered; "and —, and —, but I have been soundly lectured, Carl, by your chesnuts, and I hope I shall profit by the sermon."

"Milly, you are talking riddles. The fire is almost out, and it is the most bitterly cold Christmas-eve we have had for years. I will fetch some wood, and then, while the fire blazes right merrily, you shall tell me the whole of the drama that has amused you."

While Carl was gone to the kitchen for wood Mildred collected her scattered senses. When he returned she looked searchingly into his face, for she had a great dread of finding that there had been the least truth in the last picture she had seen in the fire. There was no trace of such company. It was a face bright and happy, blue with exposure to the cold night air. Carl's spirit easily shook off unpleasantness. He threw the armful of logs into the grate.

"Carl, where have you been?"

"I happened to drop upon the waits just as I left the house, and so I joined them. It has been a jolly spree going from house to house singing with them."

"You have not been *into* any house?"

"No, no, sissie, what makes you ask? The waits will be in this street directly—*bark!* I believe it is they."

Mildred listened, and while the tongues of flame shot up between the logs she heard distinctly borne upon the frosty air—

"*Hark, hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king,*

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled,"

And Mildred vowed with this she would begin a new year.

"That will be a famous fire, Carl—put some fresh chesnuts on the bars."

Carl sprang quickly to obey.

"Milly, you must tell me your dream."

"Yes, dear, while the chesnuts roast and the blaze makes the wood crackle, but this I must tell you at once Carl, that you will never do anything that can be productive of greater results than the bringing home these chesnuts on Christmas-eve."

Carl wondered why!

MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

A CORONET AT LAST,

A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or 'True to the Last.'"

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—IBID.

CHAPTER VII.

VERY PERPLEXING.



LICE and Mrs. Woodward sat up crying all night, but Hortense thought it better to go to bed, and not spoil her good looks, which she hoped would yet prove a fortune to her.

"What was to become of them now Richard had gone?" Mrs. Woodward asked, and Alice could not answer. She supposed they must wait there till the bailiffs—yes, that was the word—*bailiffs*—came, and then—but neither could suggest what probably was to follow any more than they could tell, upon entering it, where a strange street leads, or what might come into fashion next. Mrs. Woodward called up Martha, the old servant, and took her into confidence (she having known what was going on all the time) for the express purpose of asking what bailiffs were like, and how they might be expected to act. Very likely, the mistress conjectured, when they saw the distress she was in, and were told she had nowhere to go, and did not know at all what to do, they would go away and let her have the things and stop where she was, and Alice listened quite breathlessly as an ancient monarch hanging upon the words of the oracle, when Martha opened her lips to describe the appearance, moral qualifications, and manners of a sheriff's officer.

"Dear me no, mum! They are ~~not~~ the footmen in lace and gold from behind the Lord Mayor's carriage out of the show. Dear me, no, mum; it goes to my heart to see a lady like you made acquainted with these things. What would your poor pa say, mum, if he were alive; dear, kind gentleman *he* was." Martha had been nurse to Mrs. Woodward's mother, and had assisted at the first appearance of that lady on the mundane stage.

"I should think they are more like undertakers' men," suggested Alice in broken accents.

"A deal more like poachers, Miss Alice. Big, ferocious kind of men, I should say; they won't care, Miss, for crying—dear me, no! I have been in scenes, Miss, as would make your heart ache before now, and they are the sort of people who treat you all the worse the more you're likely to feel it, Miss; why, lor' bless your sweet young heart, Miss Alice! they wouldn't think it worth while to throw unkindness away; not they. Those as are down they'll trample on and order about, but before a man like the baronet they'd be humble enough. Well! times are changed since I were young, or I'm getting old and don't understand what is going on so well; but it seems to me all the world is growing more like bailiffs now. Ah, well! I never thought to see this day. Oh! poor old master, it 'u'd have broke his heart." And Martha began crying feebly and resignedly, for she was evidently a woman who regarded it as useless to struggle against fate. "They'll come in and take everything—that's what they'll do—and master will be put in prison—he'll never escape, it was him being took that Miss Alice heard. I hope he didn't assault them; the master's not very peaceable. Doesn't he swear, mum, awful?" but by this time the mistress and her daughter were crying so heartily that Martha turned to go, feeling her presence rather an intrusion than otherwise; and surveying them with a lingering glance, the parlour-door in one hand and the end of her apron in the other, she ejaculated a sympathetic "dear, dear me!" and went down stairs with the shuffle peculiar to meek old women, and the purblind stoop peculiar to tall old women.

Meanwhile Hortense required neither sympathy nor assistance, having made up her mind regarding her future with great promptitude and decision in the privacy of her own room. If her aunt remained inexorable, which was most likely at present, her niece would act for herself. She would go into a respectable boarding-house, making use of Lady Timmes' and other high names to secure a good reception, keep her affairs private, assume the *hauteur* of imaginary superiority to gain submissive civility, and look out for a situation as companion in some remote country place. She would have clothes, and could go away unmolested at any moment from her temporary shelter, write

to her aunt (whose address, of course, she would never have divulged), mentioning her debt and her abode—not her capacity, which would ruin her for ever in her ladyship's esteem, and Lady Timmes would ultimately soften. Hortense was certain she would. There would come a recall; finery and balls would be lavished upon the lucky niece to recompense for previous neglect—and then to make hay in the sunshine—luxurious hay—golden hay! So Hortense Woodward gazed for some time in the glass, and waved her dark hair over the bent hair-pins more studiously than ever; sewed her little stock of jewellery into the wadding that “improved her figure,” hung her dress on a peg behind the door, blew out the candle, and fell asleep to dream that she was married to the Honourable Mr. Cavenmore.

Daylight was pouring in over the parlour-shutters in sunny splendour, revealing Mrs. Woodward, who had fallen asleep on the sofa in the midst of her tears; and Alice, with her great eyes open as far as the swollen lids would allow, in a sort of stupor, seated on the floor near her mother, her hands, and her useless handkerchief, lying in her lap. A thundering double-knock reverberated on the hall-door, and Alice, springing up, clasped her hands, frantically exclaiming, “Oh, they have come, mamma! they have come!”

Mrs. Woodward, wakened and restored to memory by a still more impatient repetition of the terrible summons, went off into hysterics. Poor old Martha, quite upset with last night, failed to make her appearance. The clock had stopped, and the supper-tray, used by Hortense, stood upon the table. Again the door was assailed, the bell pulled violently, and a furious voice was audible, like that of Blunderbore in the stories of our youth, demanding admittance. Trembling and shrinking, Alice withdrew the chain and turned the key. “Father!” she cried as he strode in, “oh, thank Heaven! you are returned to us.”

“D——e! why didn't you come and open the door sooner? Why the d——l do you keep one an hour in the cold? A parcel of lazy, skulking, good-for-nothing females! D——n you all! I'll kick you into the streets.” He hung his hat and overcoat up in the passage, this time, before entering the parlour. “And what's the meaning of this scene?” was his matrimonial greeting to his wife. “Are you making a fool of yourself?”

“We thought *they'd* come. Oh, father! are we safe now?” asked Alice.

“What's that to you? Don't you know my knock? Why is there no fire? What, the d——l! do you think I'm to sit in the cold? Stop your blubbering, and see to my comfort, will you? Why ain't the breakfast laid? And what's here? Beer! drawn last night, I suppose—pretty well a pint of it wasted! Safe, indeed—with such extravagance as this!”

Mrs. Woodward was recovering from her hysterics. Sitting upright on the sofa, she regarded him with dull, vacant-looking eyes; after a while she gave a short sniff, which announced that her opinion was formed. "Richard, you're a very wicked man. This is another of your sham plots to kill me. You've no right to have a wife, or a family either. You ought not to have come back again like this, when we all thought you were in prison. I believe you are mad, and I shall not worry any more, as I have done, over *your* house and *your* children. You've offended Nancy, and deprived Hortense of a friend. There's no chance of *our* getting the money now. And Hortense is just like you—just as selfish and just as unfeeling. You call me a fool before the children, and then, when we are all in trouble, that ungrateful girl thinks of no one but herself. She is your character all over. Alice is the only one that has got anything in her, and *she* is more like Peter, the wild boy, than a civilised Christian, and as ugly as Gog and Magog. It's strange enough I always hated ugly people, and now I must have a guy in my own family. I believe it is all through your swearing and horrid ways."

"Hold your tongue, madam, or I'll put you out of the room."

"I will say that I never had anything to do with ugly people or bailiffs, or swearing, or getting over the back wall, or odd, stingy ways till I knew you."

"I wish to Heaven I'd never met with you or any of your mercenary family. Hortense is the image of *you*, let me tell you, trying to fix herself on some unfortunate fellow and live in idleness at his expense; but I shan't sanction such a thing. What do you think of Nancy *now*—eh?"

"I think you've made an enemy of her. And if we don't get the money after all, it will be entirely your fault."

"Her will's burnt at any rate," replied the husband.

"So I suppose, thanks to your sham ruins."

"In a different manner from what *you* suppose. I'm glad. Served her right if she had been burned along with it."

"You ought to be ashamed to say such a thing. But you don't mean to infer that you had the impudence to go to Nancy's house?"

"What should make you think I went to Nancy's house?" he demanded fiercely. "She has never asked *me* there since the banking business, and she *can't* now."

"Why not? What do you mean Richard? Surely nothing has happened to my sister?"

"Oh! *she* is safe enough. Her house is burnt down—that's all."

"Good gracious! How did it happen?"

"How do fires usually happen? Carelessness of the servants—nobody to look after them. You'll have old Martha set fire to her bed some day."

"How horrible! Did they set fire to the bed?"

"Have I not said so? What the devil else do you want to know?"

"How they did it, and which room it was in?"

"Two of them at the bottom of the house; they fell asleep reading 'The Woman in White.' They read it till they could not read any longer, and it was so interesting they fell asleep over it," Richard said with a sneer, imitating a silly woman's tone of voice. He hated all successful men—all men who had made an honourable name. He had hated Prince Albert for marrying the Queen, and called him 'a German' with an emphasis; he hated the Duke of Wellington because he gained Waterloo, and talked of him as a martinet, and his victories as 'lucky chances;' he hated Dickens, and called his novels low trash, and stoutly refused to read any of them. Henry VIII. was an injured man, unfortunate in his wives; and James II. an amiable martyr betrayed by his own family.

By this time, the room being set in order, the fire burning, and the breakfast laid, Hortense made her appearance, arrayed with the greatest care, and her hair placed in the most becoming order. On recognizing her father she merely ejaculated "Oh!" and seated herself in the most comfortable part of the room. The next moment, when he turned round to help himself to a slice of toast, she caught sight of the left side of his face, and exclaimed, with an air of disgust, "Papa, what have you been doing? You have absolutely got a black eye."

"No, never!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodward, relinquishing the teapot, rising from her seat, and advancing near enough to ascertain the truth of Hortense's assertion, whilst Alice, at a timid distance, followed her example.

"Good gracious, so you have! How did it happen? It looks so low."

"Very low!" Hortense added to herself, thinking it would not do to introduce her father to the Hon. Mr. Cavenmore.

"Is that all you have to say? I nearly lost my life, and my family only remark that I look very low. Death's a very low thing, isn't it? Dreadfully common people die."

"Really, papa, what unpleasant remarks you make. It spoils one's breakfast," Hortense remarked.

"And will save my bread and butter. So much the better."

"But how did you meet with this accident? Have you really been in danger?" asked Alice earnestly; she scarcely knew whether to believe him.

"Did you hear no scuffle, last night, outside the garden-door?"

"I did, I did. Oh, tell me, papa; was it you—were you hurt?"

"You don't care if I am. A pretty, selfish lot you all are, not to ask before."

"How could we ask? We did not know; we were so surprised to see you return."

"And so sorry, I suppose."

"I did not say that. But tell me about last night. I saw one man dragging away another."

"He seemed hurt?"

"Yes. That was not you, papa? Tell us what happened to you last night."

"It is of no consequence what happened to *me*."

"Oh yes, it is."

"D——n you! hold your tongue. Ar'n't you answered?"

No more words were spoken during breakfast, and Richard Woodward's family were left to conjecture what they pleased. Mrs. Woodward believed he had encountered the bailiffs, and victoriously fought or dexterously escaped from them. Hortense considered it all sham, and Alice fancied someone must have attempted to murder her father. And the latter conjecture was nearest to the truth. Two garotters, hidden in the doorway, were holding secret conclave, when a gentleman, whom one would most readily have conjectured to be another of the light-fingered fraternity, jumped from the wall at their feet, and was seen to be laden with a carpet bag and a handsome cloth overcoat. This was a windfall too opportune and tempting to be neglected; accordingly an attack was made. But Richard Woodward—being a powerful man, and though by no means brave (as no man is who worries women unfortunately placed in his power), but strung into energy by the terror of the moment—grappled with his assailants, and fled, leaving one upon the ground and the other unwilling to pursue. There was no policeman by, and he was afraid to call for assistance in his peculiar situation; for at first he was doubtful of the character of his antagonists. Woodward, therefore, had reason to be thankful for escaping with no worse damage than a black eye. He would not tell them all this. The mystery was worth preserving, vaguely to terrify his family. It was power.

(To be continued.)



MR. AYRES AND PROVIDENT ASSURANCE.

By BENJAMIN JESSOFF MACKEL.

Author of "The Manufactures of Kendal and its Neighbourhood."



DOUBTLESS among the lady readers of this magazine there are some on the verge of entering the holy estate of Matrimony, and others intuitively looking forward to that happy event. Be advised, and "don't"—till your betrothed has first insured his life in your favour. Never mind his soft words and alluring speeches; tell him to prove his love by his acts. Others are already married, and yet similarly unprotected. "Caudle" and cudgel your husbands, pet and provoke them, until they are glad to say "Yes" for very peace sake, if for no better motive. If possible, not only look after yourself as a relict, but after your partner, by forcing him to invest for an annuity or endowment. Very snug and comfortable you may then be in old age—no drag upon the children, no burden to friends, no recipients of parish relief, but jogging along happily and contentedly, just closing life as the sun leaves the summer day, with a rosy and promising hue. Indeed, it is a sad sight when flesh and livelihood fail together, and no self-competence is at hand. God forbid that children should forget the breasts and hearts that nourished them in early life! but, however good may be their wills, the means of the working man are usually so limited as to make generosity or support of parents out of the question. It is true there is the workhouse, and we pay for its accommodation; but until it is purged of its abominations, none will enter there but to save themselves from starvation, and even starvation is preferable to many sensitive minds. Old Daddy, the nurse, will not get many "reduced respectables" to enter his "mutton broth" or partake of his "toko."

Tom Thumb was once heard to say, in explanation of his love for his first-born, "I was a little one once myself!" so we remember the important bib-and-tucker period, and the hot supper on the one stay-up night—Saturday. What shall we then do for the little ones? By reference to a beautiful, interesting little "blue"-book issued by the Royal Fire and Life Insurance Company we discover that the *Royal* road to a good start for your offspring is to commence within the first year of its introduction to this wicked world, and pay nearly £36 in a lump, or £3 1s. 4d. annually till it arrives at its majority, when it will receive one hundred golden sovereigns—and no doubt be very thankful for the same. Besides, look at the natural consequences of the good example. Suppose, we say, a cherub named Jesse is born to

his loving parents (Jesse "the pet-lamb boy," as his papa calls him), and £100 thus come into his hands at the age of twenty-one. With this sum, if he be a steady and wise young man (as of course he is, being born of such careful parents), he will materially improve his worldly condition—become an employer where he was before a journeyman, buy and sell all sorts of things, enter into a new business, or perhaps take unto himself a wife, after having furnished his house and purchased the bricks and mortar. Then, being a monied man before he marries, he looks after a *provident* and *careful* wife, as well as a good-looking creature, for it is strange, yet true, that the utterly penniless are usually the only ones who don't see the value of money. Jesse gets on in business, has Jesses of his own, insures their respective existences—each for at least £200 (the idea has grown, you see); and so the matter goes on, till the Jesses of future generations are a wealthy race! Multiply the process, and it's very possible that you'll distribute the national wealth a little better than it is dispensed at present.

If you're 'speculatively inclined, there's plenty of scope in Life Insurance for King Chance to enjoy himself. Besides the risk of children dying before they arrive at majority, and the various sums you place on that risk, there is the possibility of the insurance on your *own* life terminating abruptly, to the tearful remembrance of the underwriters, and the silent joy of (I had almost said of the insured) the deceased's representatives; also the possibility of a person aged twenty-one, by paying annually £2 5s. 9d., and condescending to live to sixty, easing the bulged-out pockets of the *Royal* of £100; or, if he shuffles off this mortal coil earlier, of his handing the £100 over by will to his favoured friends. Take, again, the "immediate annuity" branch. If you are a staunch Conservative, and opine that the British form of government *may* last another half-century, or that Dr. Cumming has possibly incurred a slight error in adding up his figures relative to the impending "end of all things," then at twenty-one years of age pay the £100 handed over to you, through the care and foresight of your parents, back again to the insurance company, and receive therefor £5 0s. 9d. a-year as long as you live! Remember this, as some offices only pay the annuity as long as *they* live! Here is a very nice way of securing clothes for life, and of being independent of Moses and all his host. The "survivorship assurances" are still more temptingly speculative, and somewhat social in their character, as they will intimately ally you with another person the Tables call A, while you are named B. The plan is to give a very small sum per annum to secure a very large sum at the death of A, provided he dies before B,—which doubtless he will very kindly do, if courteously requested. Or, if he be obstreperous,

the issue will conduce to the interests of the nation, inasmuch as each insurer will eat, and drink, and enjoy himself (in due proportion) that he may keep his body in vigour and greenness to outlive his fellow speculator. All the various modes of insurances may be for any sums, immediate or deferred, for any number of years, to be paid in any form you think fit. You may also make a loan society of the accommodation (and *not* be charged cent. per cent.), as you can borrow on your own policy, and carry on the whole process secretly where required.

I had almost forgotten building society members, and those who are bound to pay certain monies at stated intervals, where unexpected death might be exceedingly inconvenient. If you borrow, mind and insure, as one is most incomplete without the other. Nicely manage it, so that the insurance amount shall clear the sums needed at your decease, and so leave your family in easy circumstances. I don't know an easier way of annoying the mere investing "well-to-do's"—or I would mention it, be sure!

A man needs, primarily, to be placed above the reach of want. Life Assurance and Endowments tend in this direction—often, indeed, opening up the way to comfort and competence in life's decline. For parent or for children the provision cannot fail to be of the most beneficial character, raising an entire family, socially and monetarily, in the course of one or two generations. By the diffusion of wealth thus brought about the over-burdened labour market is relieved, the evil of infant toil mitigated, and crime probably prevented; for it is the sudden and unexpected death of the heads of families that drive mere children from the school to the workshop—from the care and kindness of home to the harshness and toil of the factory—from the life-giving and balmy odours of the fields to the tainted atmosphere of labour and mercantile pursuit—from the hopes and joys suitable to our earliest recollections to the stern duties of maturer years. Let this antagonistic power to large wealth in the hands of one possessor be once set up generally, and great good must be the result. The worker will be able to hold back his labour, for the obtaining of better remuneration; or he can take it to other markets, or enter other spheres of higher-paid usefulness. If material wealth be not mental glory, it goes a long way in that direction, providing education and all the good things that flow therefrom. I had almost said there was morality in glossy garments, and respectability in immaculate broadcloth: at the least, society beholds, with a favouring or a jaundiced eye, the doings of the rich and the needy. "*You* rob your master, and in receipt of 12s. a week!" said a Plymouth mayor to a Plymouth derelict, on a recent occasion; "I must make an example of such as you!"—a notable instance of the evil of riches. "Why, sir, if they

work hard, they may make 16s. per week! and yet they are always grumbling!" said a woollen manufacturer in Westmoreland. Shocking depravity! Have you ever seen degraded, half-starved humanity in a hopsack — hopping through the streets from the workhouse to the police-office? You may; and how far Poverty is the precursor of Poccadillo is certainly questionable. The rows of handcuffed delinquents marched before the spruce cane-armed constable, to be judged by the immaculate parson, may owe much to "the want of all things." If money is the root of all evil, it at least is the producer of much good. It is the poor man's great friend in the hour of adversity—when work is scarce or miserably underpaid—in sickness and bereavement. It is alone the aid that can save the workman from immediate, forced, and unselected labour—the great curse of his class.

In Mr. Henry Ayres' admirable pamphlet recently issued—"The Balance Sheets of Insurance Companies," &c. (published by Mr. J. Foss, of 7, Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill, price 1s. 6d.), we are informed that an Act was passed in 1844 to the effect that all assurance companies thereafter formed should register their annual balance-sheets in the Joint Stock Companies Registration Office, but no penalty was, so far as the writer is aware, attached to the neglect of the statute. Consequently, as Mr. Ayres proves, the Act was not complied with in the case of numerous companies, and only very imperfectly so in others; whilst the revelations contained in the blue-book issued thereon, and digested in the pamphlet before us, prove the real necessity for complete publication in all such matters. Among the remarks in the last Parliamentary blue-book is the following on the *Royal*—"This Company, although transacting such a very much larger business than the others referred to in the blue-book (about 40 in number), yet contrives to render all its statements in a complete and satisfactory manner. Indeed, these statements, by showing how thoroughly the Act can be complied with, justify a strong censure on the slipshod method adopted by some other companies." So much for honesty and straightforward conduct.

Mr. Ayres also says, that a heavy expenditure does not always attain the best results is instanced by the *Royal*, which, in six years, at a moderate expenditure, has increased its annual fire income by £160,122, and life income by £73,276—thus showing by far the largest total increase of any company mentioned in the Government returns. Of the fire insurance companies no one seems to have at all approached the *Royal* in its progress: while among Life Offices one only has exceeded it—and that, *by going to treble the rate of expense!* The *Times*, in a leading article, printed some short time back, also most favourably recommends the *Royal* to the attention of its readers.

Thus introduced to public notice, it has been thought advisable to

give the readers of the *Family Friend* some further particulars in relation to this company. If Poverty is so great an evil, and Economy the remedy—then the right use of saved money is of the utmost importance to the worker, and the recommendation of a safe and good company incumbent to make this article of value. The *Royal* has a very large capital (two millions sterling)—gigantic branches all over this country and our colonies—officials of good character and high standing in society, and excellent references in their past conduct. By turning to the list of their terms it may be seen that from 6 to 10 per cent. more is insured by the *Royal* on lives up to 40 years of age inclusive, for the same amount of premium than by offices founding their calculations on what are usually known as “the Northampton Tables.” And here let me explain that the *Royal*, in order to take precedence of its brethren, has had Tables constructed expressly for its own guidance, which Tables and all other information may be obtained of J. B. Johnston, Esq., Secretary, at the chief office in Royal Insurance Buildings, Lombard-street, City. They are exceedingly interesting, show, by coloured lines, the anticipated and actual deaths—how much nearer the *Royal* is to the fact than the other associations, and thereby the secret of its great success and large bonus dividends. The Company has been desirous to avoid, on the one hand, premiums evidently excessive; and, for the entire safety and ultimate gain of the assured, it has, on the other hand, rejected those which could be shown to be speculatively insufficient and consequently unsafe. At the same time the effect of any possible overpayment is guarded against by its return of a large portion of the net profits of the Life Branch to the party who effects the Insurance with the benefit of participation.

The total life premiums received up to 1859 (15 years) was about £340,000, while those since received (5 years) alone are about £550,000, being an advance of 63 per cent. over the total result of the former period, including thrice the space of time. The total funds accumulated after paying all claims and expenses during the last 5 years (up to 1865), taking the Life, Annuity and Endowment branches together, amounted to, on an average, £86,992 annually—that is, 65 per cent. more than the sum collected on those combined branches for the preceding 15 years. The funds in hand, on these branches, have also enormously swollen, the amount of funds in the Life Branch alone being about £550,000 (without reckoning the debts on half-credit policies)!—that is, equal to 63 per cent of all the premiums received since the commencement. The amount of profit in the same period was between £160,000 and £170,000.

The *Royal* (under the impression that the late reduction of fire-duty will also multiply the dealings in this branch of its labours) is prepared to issue policies giving insurers the full benefit of the reduc-

tion as follows:—For the furniture, in an ordinary private dwelling, the total charge is 7s. for £200, 10s. 6d. for £300, 14s. for £400, 17s. 6d. for £500, &c.; and a deep responsibility will lie on the head of every master of a family who now neglects to use the means of security offered to him, or to increase his insurance to such an amount as will save him from *all* loss by accidental fire!

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

IT will be the endeavour of the *F. F.*, in commenting upon Cookery, to touch on those points of the art upon which Cookery-books give least information, and which are at the same time of the most importance to every-day comfort in families of limited means.

F. F. will now essay a short discourse upon

WHOLESOME PIES.

The great point generally overlooked in meat-pie making is the necessity of getting rid of the scum which all meat throws up in stewing, which is, in fact, the process of cooking which goes on inside a pie. A good hole in the top of the crust is, doubtless, some security, as much impurity will escape with the steam; but far better it is to cook the meat before making the pie. Thus—

Excellent Rabbit or Gible Pie. Prepare the rabbit or giblets, and a piece of steak if convenient, as if making the pie in the usual manner, but instead of putting in the pie-dish, lay it all in a stew-pan, and pour in as much water or broth as will cover it; set it over a gentle fire. The stew-pan lid may be on at first, but remove it when approaching boiling heat. As soon as it boils gently, the scum will rise; skim it off as it rises, and keep on until no more scum appears. Then set the pan where the heat is so gentle that no more boiling can occur; the liquid in the pan should only “just move,” as the cooks say. Three-quarters of an hour, reckoning from the setting aside after skimming, will stew it enough to please the plates of most people. Next day make some balls of veal—or, if for gible-pie, goose—stuffing and, if liked, boil two eggs hard; then arrange the pie, packing in the joints of rabbit or giblets the cut-up steak, some slices of boiled bacon, or slices of cooked sausage (of course, no sausage with giblets), the stuffing balls, and eggs cut in quarters. Pour over the whole a good cup of nice gravy, consisting of some of the liquor in which the rabbit &c., was stewed, a spoonful of strong roast-meat gravy, a little mushroom or walnut catsup and Reading, Harvey, or Worcester sauce, as preferred; pepper and salt, and thicken with a little flour. Put on the pie-crust, not too thick, and bake just enough to do the crust perfectly. It will be an advantage to the meat, as tending to moderate the heat to which it is subjected, if the pie-dish is placed upon a flat, common tile in the oven.

Any good Cookery-book will tell how to make pie-crust of all degrees of richness and plainness ; but it may be worth while for *F. F.* to prose a little about stuffings. A good stuffing is, in fact, a light pudding of which the staple ingredients are finely chopped fat, grated bread, and some sort of herbs.

What is commonly called veal stuffing is an equal number of spoonfuls of fine bread crumbs and chopped suet :—high-heaped spoonfuls of crumbs, and very slightly heaped of suet ; black pepper and salt to taste, chopped boiled onion, and chopped parsley, much or little, as the family party generally like. The whole is usually mixed up with beaten egg, using enough to make a soft thick pudding ; but *F. F.* has a word to say about the egg presently. First about the suet. Be it remembered by diligent readers of the last article “that all spare fat is equivalent to suet,” by which, of course, is meant all good fat, not musty stuff which only resembles fat in being white. Therefore let no young housekeeper think that she must necessarily have what is properly called suet for her stuffing. Any good fat cooked (not dripping) or uncooked will answer well ; and supposing the larder to contain a little remnant of bacon, hardly presentable for the breakfast table again, that is quite a prize for stuffing making. If it be of the part that cuts like ham, all the fat in one, and all the lean in one, so much the better ; chop the fat, flouring from the dredging as the chopping proceeds, and grate the lean ; the latter is not necessary to a veal stuffing, but it is very nice, as people say, “by way of change,” and of course in the composition of the article it ranks as seasoning ; it must not be overdone, and if too much has been grated it will be nearly as nice as grated hung beef, called by the children *saw dust*, to eat with bread and butter, so nothing need be wasted.

Now about the egg. *F. F.* is aware that most cooks would cry out vehemently ; but not having undertaken to write this article to teach the professors of the art, but young housekeepers, whose reliance must chiefly be on themselves, makes bold to say : Do not mix up with egg, especially for a party of children. Even if the stuffing is to be rolled into balls, a sprinkling of flour among the bread crumbs—the fat has been dredged already—will make the mass easily manageable, and it may be mixed according to taste, with a little broth, or gravy and water, or milk, or even with water.

For stuffing hare, or rolled loin of mutton, it is usual to use, besides onions and parsley, the stronger herbs—thyme, savoury, knotted marjoram, &c. This is very good done in the proper way, but if chopped up bodily and put in, they are obnoxious to any delicate stomach, and are, in fact the cause—together with the use of egg in mixing—why stuffings have a bad name with many particular people. Parsley is the only herb that may be chopped up and put into these stuffings ; the other herbs should be tied up and bruised, and boiled in the broth, or with milk, or whatever the stuffing is to be wetted with, and then taken away. The flavour may easily be got up to any strength that may be liked, and the horrid little irritating bits are avoided.

Goose and pork stuffing is the well-known sage and onion, pepper and salt, with or without the bread-crumbs and suet ; but if to make balls to put in a pie, it must, of course, be mixed up like other stuffing, and the strength of the herb flavouring should be less than if the stuffing were about to be roasted.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa ; 1858-1864. By DAVID and CHARLES LIVINGSTONE. Murray.

We shall soon be as familiar with the interior of Africa as with the Ring in Hyde-park. The direction of its great rivers, the position of its mighty lakes, the character of the country, with its fertile plains (even on the Equator), its wooded slopes, and bracing uplands, are now well known to us, and very different they prove from the Africa of old, where

Geographers on pathless downs
Placed elephants instead of towns.

Dr. Livingstone's last expedition has extended and confirmed our modern knowledge. He traversed the old track of the Zambesi from its mouth up to the Victoria Falls. The Shiré he ascended to its source in the great lake Nyassa. But his object in all his journeyings is still the moral and physical amelioration of Africa ; hence the slave-trade is the ceaseless subject of animadversion, because in it he constantly finds the great obstacle to all African improvement. He thus describes his own feelings of mortification on this mournful subject :—

"We confess that we do not attempt to describe the productions of the country with that fulness they deserve, nor with that hopeful heartiness we once felt. Nor do we cite the discoveries of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, or the patient examination of the Zambesi to a point beyond the Victoria Falls, or other important geographical feats, with any degree of pride. These were all incidental to our main design. What we have seen of the slave-trade has thrown a gloom over all. Our notes are of a country entirely different from most preconceived notions of Africa ; and though, in the cosy room which, by grace, we occupy in Newstead Abbey, the eye now falls on the lawn all covered with snow, it is no difficult task to recall the bright warm glow reflected from East African ghauts. We can easily fancy the slopes furrowed by valleys lined with trees, with here and there a rocky bluff jutting out ; or we can bring back to our memory the rich open plateaux, like open prairies covered with grass, or dotted over with clumps of foliage, and watered by numerous streams, all bathed in a flood of sunlight. But that sad slave-trade hangs like a pall over the whole. The picturesque undulations, the deep gorges and ravines leading down from the edges of the table-lands to lower levels, where the Shiré meanders in green meadows like a silver thread, or the broad lake, backed with its mountain masses,—can all be pictured to the mind's eye ; but their natural beauties are now inseparably associated with human sorrow and woe."

The Doctor takes up his parable against this one great evil throughout the whole book. Check the slave-trade, and Africa will burst into civilisation at once ; let the slave-trade continue, and real permanent improvement is hopeless. The Portuguese Government professes its desire to discourage this traffic, but Dr. Livingstone has ceased to put any faith in its professions ; and even the new paths which he himself struck out for reaching the interior he saw employed by the slave-dealers for the further prosecution of their nefarious trade.

A Concise Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

The well-known "Dictionary of the Bible," by Dr. Smith, is here condensed by Mr. Aldis Wright, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the author's direction and superintendence, for the use of families and students. Dr. Smith thus states his object in preparing this popular edition:—"It is intended to satisfy a generally expressed wish for an account of the most recent Biblical studies in a form adapted for universal circulation. A Dictionary of the Bible, in some form or another, is indispensable for every family. The divine, the scholar, and all who seek to investigate thoroughly the various subjects connected with the Bible; and to master those controversies which are now exciting such deep and general interest, must still have recourse to the larger dictionary; but to students in the Universities and in the upper forms at schools, to private families, and to that numerous class of persons who desire to arrive at *results* simply, this concise dictionary will, it is believed, supply all that is necessary for the elucidation and explanation of the Bible. It is the main object of the editor to place within the reach of every Christian household a popular abstract of a work which has received the approval of those most competent to express an opinion on the subject." The work is printed with great clearness, and there are several hundred engravings scattered throughout it, illustrating the text. There can be no doubt of the want which the present edition is intended to supply, and as little doubt that it will meet with universal approval.

Miscellanies collected from the Writings of Edward Irving. Strahan.

These selections from the large edition which Mr. Strahan is publishing of the collected works of Irving are well chosen to display the various characteristics of that eloquent preacher and most remarkable man. They are numerous, and have been classified as ethical, social, doctrinal, practical, historical, and critical. Irving's lofty ideal of life, his burning zeal, his boundless devotion to his work, together with the less pleasing features of intense priestliness and dogmatism, at times most bitter, are fully represented. Even with these drawbacks from the pleasure of reading Irving's writings, we are much mistaken if the reader of this volume will not be glad to have been made by its means better acquainted with one of the truest and noblest men our generation has seen.

The City Diary and Almanack. W. H. Collingridge, "City Press," 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

This is one of the most useful and certainly the cheapest publication of the kind that we have seen. It contains tables of stamp duties, income-tax, fixed and moveable feasts, anniversaries, transfer and dividend days, days for public business, law and university terms, holidays at public offices, hackney carriage fares, postal information, and a large collection of other valuable memoranda for daily reference.

One of the veteran George Cruikshank's last drawings has been to

illustrate the "Book List" of Messrs. Moxon. The design, which is singularly felicitous, represents the ascent to Parnassus. The mount, steep and lofty enough to deter all but the most daring and resolute, is crowded with aspirants to fame. Here is one luckless wight, who, assisted in his rise by a ladder, suddenly finds his further ascent barred by an impassable crevasse, and is jeered at by two brother wayfarers, who, tired or disgusted, are sitting wofully on a ledge of the rock. There, an ancient and obese author, his bald head glistening with exertion, is receiving a helping hand from a publisher, who, ropes round waist and alpenstock in hand, is manfully assisting his clients. Further, amid groups of other strugglers, are two pundits, who, in all the dignity of cap and gown, are struggling on hands and knees for pre-eminence. Above strides one who evidently thinks fortune is to be taken by storm, and exemplifies the proverb that "Fortune favours the bold." One or two, still higher, tremblingly grapple the pediment of the coveted temple, wherein are seen a group of those happy ones for whom the quiver of malicious Fate is empty; while, crowning the edifice and the drawing, serenely sits the fickle goddess *Fame*, blowing her trumpet right lustily. The idea of thus humorously and typically illustrating a list of books is a good one, and cannot fail to excite interest.

LA MODE.

THE introduction of chains of vulcanite or ebonite (an excellent imitation of jet, nearly as bright as the real substance, and less brittle) as a trimming for mantles and cloaks, may be attributed to the success of a piece playing at one of the French theatres, and entitled *La Famille Benoiton*—to such trivialities and strange *furures* do we owe many of our toilette novelties. In every conceivable manner and form, and with a great deal of effect, are these chains added to the toilette. Perhaps flung round the neck of a mantle and falling in festoons below; again forming epaulettes on the shoulders, each end finished by a black locket; twisted in the sash behind, ornamenting the pockets, carried round the circumference of the skirt, or twisted about the medallions that form the garniture. Another novel feature of trimming is the use of rolls of silk extended by wadding and crossed by small bands of satin. Many of these *rouleaux* are composed entirely of satin. Indeed, this forms the chief material for piping and embellishing articles of clothing at the present moment. Very few mantles are piped in the seams, and those formed of silk are corded. The demi-adjuste and tight-fitting jacket are still the favourite, but a few of the paletot and casaque shape are to be seen. Quite a new design has appeared, but it will probably be a long time before it becomes general. It is somewhat of a Spanish mantilla in appearance, forming a square cape which descends but

little below the waist behind, edged and hooded with rich lace. The front exhibits below the cape two long square scarf ends also edged with lace. It is rather late to speak of muffs and colarettes, but some pretty and inexpensive ones are being made of plush in various shades. Grey and light golden brown are the most effective.

The Pamela or Marie Antoinette bonnet, as some designate it, is likely to become a favourite this season, and is already making its way into the shop windows. It is made in piqué straw garnished with flowers in fancy straw speckled with colours, some with satin crowns crossed by straw bands, and in blond, satin, or tulle, finished with straw ribbons and flowers. Some are prettily trimmed with a fall of lace forming a Marie Stuart peak on the forehead. One of these in fine white straw with Maltese lace round it had a double row of plaited mauve ribbon on the top outside, and a ruche of mauve ribbon completely round the brim inside. There was no cap. The strings were mauve, and outside a bunch of bows and ends of similar colour fell from the back. Another bonnet of black spotted tulle was trimmed in the part usually called the crown by six wheatears, three spread each way. In the centre were two flat bows of mauve velvet and a jet cameo. The cap was ornamented by a bandelet of mauve velvet, two jet cameos, and straw wheatears. These latter ornaments will be very popular. Blue will be the favourite colour this spring, but mauve will not be entirely discarded, and straw colour is likely to be much used for bonnet trimmings, as well as straw ornaments. Crinolines are neither diminished or discarded, though caprice is sometimes exhibited by their absence. The size is entirely regulated by the height of the wearer, small persons venturing only upon skirts of modest dimensions, whilst a measurement exceeding four yards is not disproportionate for a very tall lady. A number of jupons of stiffened muslin are superseding steel at the French Court, but to keep these of a necessary fulness and stiffness must be very costly. The effect is precisely the same. At the hips they are made as small as possible. Skirts are longer than ever, and measure seven yards in circumference. Cluny lace is still in vogue, and it is used on light silks and ball dresses in profusion.

NEEDLEWORK.

EMBROIDERY FOR A PETTICOAT IN RUSSIAN STITCH.

Cut a diamond an inch and a half square out of cardboard. With a blue pencil trace a series of diamonds, by the guide, on long cloth. Take four threads of cotton in long stitches, and at regular distances, over the centre of the diamond one way, and four across the other way. Then make a small cross stitch over each place where the threads touch. Round the outside of the diamonds sew waved cotton, or pique braid. For the embroidery use Evan's bears-head cotton No. 6, and Walker's

elliptic needle, No. 6. Some would prefer black ingrain netting silk and scarlet braid, but it will not wash and wear so well.

ANOTHER EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR A PETTICOAT.

Make a series of circles about the size of a shilling on long cloth. Fill up these in wheel work, using Evan's boars-head cotton, No. 14, Walker's elliptic needles, No. 7. Slightly button-hole the edge, cut the long cloth carefully from the centre, and sew a scarlet braid all round the edge. If preferred, the long cloth may be left at the back. This will be stronger.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ENIGMA.

1.

High o'er the tempest, o'er the swift advance,
Of howling hurricanes, o'er lightning's glance,
(So say philosophers,) I fix my home,
"Twixt earth's dark planet and heaven's starlit dome.
I oft descend where winds are hushed to sleep,
Instant the devastating whirlwinds sweep,
Destructive o'er the earth, the sky, the sea,
And whereso'er we meet I cease to be.
Were I to come in all my awful might,
I'd plunge creation in primeval night,
Quench in a moment every fierce desire,
Love, hope, fear, eternity, ambitious fire;
And earth's vast social fabric overthrown,
Restore old chaos to his dreary throne.
But made subservient to creation's plan,
I daily prove myself the friend of man,
Nor scorn to give my ever-ready aid
To meanest offices. I help the maid,
The crystal treasure readily to draw,
From earth's great subterranean reservoir.
Watt by my aid his deathless laurels won,
And by it made his great automaton.
I never was created, some declare,
Own no relation to earth, sea, or air.
I boast no shape, no body, bulk or form;
The smallest and the greatest deeds perform;
The mightiest king, the proudest absolute,
Before my fearful presence would grow mute.
Uncurl the lip, subdue th' imperious eye,
Convulsed, and speechless in a moment die.

JULIAN ROGERS.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

2.

Transpose the most voracious
Of all devouring things,
A fell devourer still, though small,
The transposition brings.

3.

My whole's made up of industry
 Combined with frugal care,
 Curtail me, and transpose what's left,
 An arm of ocean's there;
 Curtail again, again transpose,
 Amid the rocks I yawn;
 Curtail reverse, I now perchance
 May grow upon your lawn.

4.

Yon empty-headed coxcomb, as he goes,
 Thoughts of himself absorbing his small soul,
 Like some conceited little bantam, shows,
 In every wincing step he takes, my whole.
 Transpose my parts, you'll see me now reposed
 In yon grey-headed venerable man;
 But if beheaded, I shall then destroy
 E'en hardest things as fast as e'er I can.

Rev. A. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

What apposite metaphors might be used by a fruiterer to denote the difference between one busy-body and two?

CARACTACUS.

TRESSES.—WHO GUESSES?

- a. What tresses shine chiefly at night?
- b. What tresses seem to defy destruction?
- c. What tresses do some persons eat?
- d. What tresses are often ill-used by servants?
- e. What tresses are soonest worn out?
- f. What tresses are unmistakably false?
- g. What tresses may you always rely on?

CARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1. HELEN—PARIS.

1. Pariah.
2. Agate.
3. Rill.
4. Iodine.
5. Satan.

2. MAZEPPA—CASIMER.

1. Magic.
2. Anna.
3. Zealots.
4. Effendi.
5. Pam.
6. Peri.
7. Ambassador.

3. SOUTH—NORTH.

1. Sun.
2. Ontario.
3. Usher.
4. Thought.
5. Hallelujah.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because they cannot get it out of the sea.
2. By immersion in a liquid.
3. When it "grows less."

OUR COUNCIL;

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

Like the great Mr. Warren of "easy-shining" memory, "we keeps a poet." Obedient to the invitation of the Chamberlain, he duly attended the opening of Parliament, and hands us the following authentic version of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Address, as said (or sang) by Cranworth, C. :—

My Lords and gents, we have the bliss
 To meet you on a day like this.
 Our daughter Nell inclines to marry;
 We trust her hopes may net miscarry.
 The *man's* not rich, so you will please
 To help them both to bread and cheeso.
 Our uncle Leopold is dead;
 His son reigns wisely in his stead.
 All foreign powers we friendly find;
 No fears for peace disturb our mind.
 When French and English fleets now meet,
 They meet as friends who kindly greet.
 Ameriky has freed the nigger,
 And ceased to pull war's bloodstained trigger.
 The House will see the ink we've shed
 On cruiser "Alabama's" head.
 As to Brazil, that little miff
 Is past, thanks to Oporto's chief.
 England and France mean (will he nill he),
 To heal the breach 'twixt Spain and Chili;
 And all the troubles in Japan
 Have dwindled to the shortest span.
 Austria accepts new tariffs now;
 Our commerce there will daily grow.
 Jamaica tells a saddening story,
 But Storks will bring it all before ye.
 New Zealand's troubles being over,
 Our troops will soon return to Dover.
 The cattle plague impairs our wealth;
 But Ireland still retains her health—
 Except indeed the Fenian plague,
 Which bothers still the land of Teague.
 You'll see yourselves how close we've pared
 The estimates, lest Rads be scared.
 The laws of hanging and of debt
 We think will bear improvement yet.
 As to Reform, if that inspire ye,
 We'll institute minute inquiry.
 So now farewell! We trust our weal
 To Heaven, and your wise love and zeal.

VIVAT REGINA.

"Without black velvet breeches, what is man?" What, indeed!—a forked radish, a featherless biped, a luckless looby, except, perhaps, he be accommodated with a Brummagem habit of Bright pattern. It is not in everything that we so cordially sympathise with the Brummagem orator; but when we do agree, our unanimity is wonderful. We decline the Speaker's invites rather than don the flunkiey raiment and emulate the cut of John Thomas in the plush. But listening to the Jeremiad poured forth by the Bright oracle on our opening day, a thought of comfort did suggest itself, and we here present it to the drab prophet, and to all hon. M.P.'s who think with him (and us), touching the great breeches question when attending the Speaker's dress dinners, and other state occasions—say at Windsor and the like.

Her Majesty is the fountain of honours, and of course of all thereto pertaining. Since, then, the Sovereign has set us all the Bright example, we feel happy and secure in recommending it to all her loyal subjects. Instead of doing-on the livery garb in which we all feel so "cabined, cribbed, confined," let every one wear the dress proper to him as a gentleman and a diner-out, and let his valet put the cambrous garb of state, suitably folded, on the chair beneath him, taking suggestion from our gracious Queen.

VIVAT REGINA!

[Perhaps, after all, the perfect cure would be to revive the classic custom of the master of the feast providing robes for all his guests, to be worn for the nonce and replaced in the vestry at departing.—F. F.]

TO A GENTLEMAN, ACCOMPANIED BY A PINCUSHION.

As nature never meant that man
Should ornament his coat with pins,
(Unless, indeed, he thus keeps count
Of all his little private sins,
She had a substitute invented,
That so mistakes might be prevented.
For if a waistcoat be the means
Whereby the gentlemen, no doubt
Set one by one their errors down,
There's danger of their falling out;
And conscience, ne'er at best too fearless,
Would gladly make the sin appear less.
But now my silken face presents
An ample field to be the mark
Of memory's hand, and, what is more,
You then can keep me in the dark—
For, if the vest hath flowers to wreath it,
The *world* cares not what lies *beneath* it.

DAISY H.

We have received the following answers to the queries in our January number:—

NORTH POLE.—Parry, in 1827, reached 82° 40' N. latitude; Kane, in 1856, reached not quite so far north 82° 14'.—*Xorxes*.

CABINET MINISTER.—A list of all the cabinets and ministries is given in the latest edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."—*Plantus.*

HURST AND BY.—*Hurst* was the Anglo-Saxen name for a wood or plantation. The Kent and Sussex names with their ending, such as Speldhurst, Midhurst, and the like, are towns which stand near where the forest of the Weald once existed. *By* was a Danish name for a village. The Danes gave the name to Grimsby, Normanby, Wetherby, Willoughby, &c.—*Dryadust.*

CARA'S DEATH.

"Whom the gods love, dies young."—*HOMERUS.*

Has not the parting hour come soon?
Yes, dear, to-day I heard my doom,
And death, to some so great a boon,
Shadows my spirit o'er with gloom.

My girlhood was so lonely, dear,
Till love brought brightness to my life,
And I have never shed a tear
Since I have been your "little wife."

Such day dreams for the future time—
Such wond'rous gladness for us both!
I've pictured, till earth seems a clime
So fair, to leave it I am loth.

Why do you turn away your face?
Are you so sorry I must die?
And will you for a little space
Think on your Cara with a sigh?

Husband, I *know* you love me well,
But, dearest, *say so* once again,
Tell me once more how it befell—
Nay, do not, if it give you pain.

I'll not recal those summer days,
Those happy hours of too swift flight,
When first I heard a lover's praise!
Our hearts need to be brave to-night.

I said just now, " 'twas sad to die,"
I did not mean it—it is best;
Each year will bring our meeting nigh,
My soul shall wait with spirits blest.

Dearest, I'm certain of your truth
As day is of the light's caress,
But I rejoice to die in youth,
Ere you have learned to love me less.

While my poor face to you seems fair,
No wrinkle on my cheek or brow—
No white streaks in my golden hair—
Yes, I am glad to leave you now.

You'll keep my picture, will you not?
And look at it with thoughts of me.
I should not like to be forgot,
But held in tender memory.

I'm trembling with a strange new fear,
 Why do you put out all the light?
 It is so very cold and drear,—
 Will you not watch by me to-night?
 I think I shall not need you long—
 I almost fancy morn is near—
 God give me strength; this grief is wrong;
 But, husband, *your* deep sobs I hear!
 My heart is lightened of its woe,
 Speak to me, darling—what is this?
 I cannot see—*pray*, Vera, I know
 'Tis Death,—quick love, one last, last kiss.

ELLYS HOPE ERLE.

Editorial Correspondence.

BARBARA HALIFAX.—We have duly received the first portion of your story, and we shall communicate our decision at the earliest opportunity.

STONEY.—We thank you for your poem, but we had no space for its insertion. Any other contributions with which you may favour us will receive our careful attention.

M. J. WILSON.—We have received your translations, and we shall make use of them in a future number.

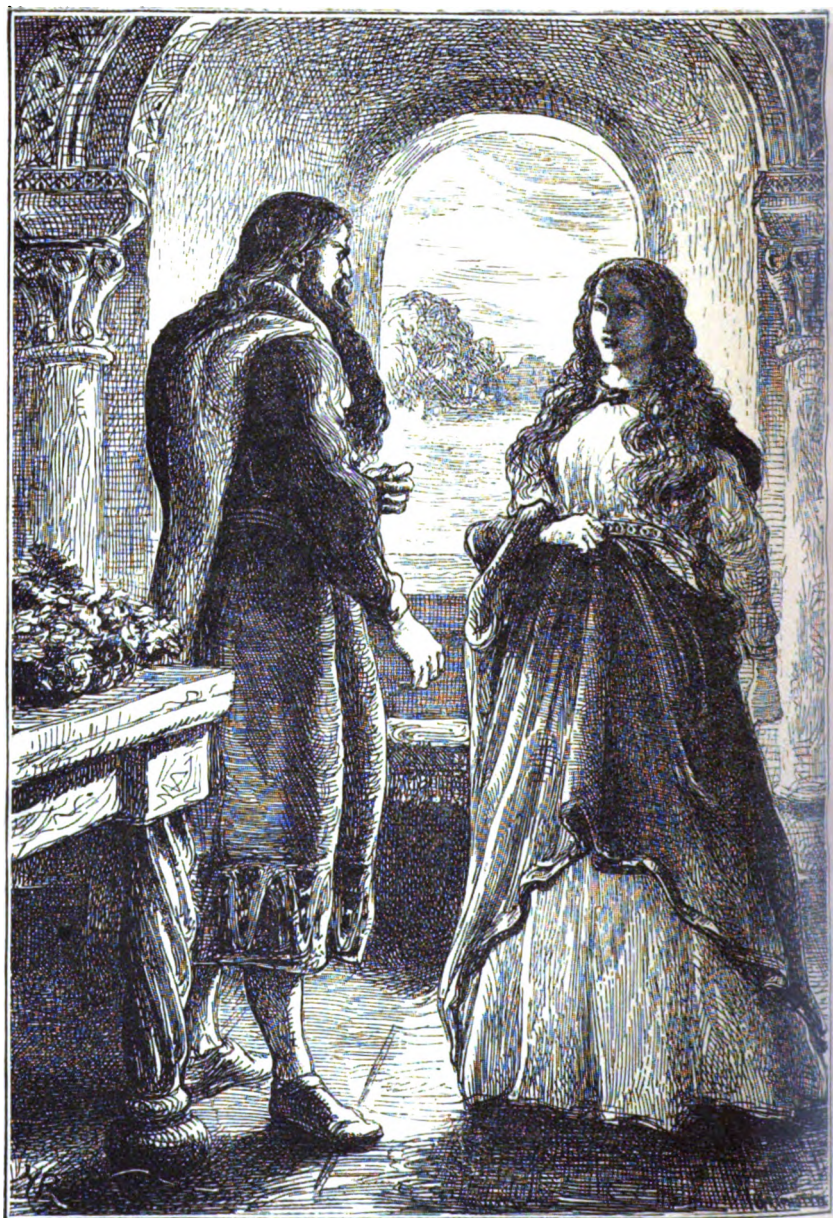
JULIAN ROGERS.—Your contribution has our approval, in proof of which see "Family Pastime."

DON DIEGO.—We are sorry that we cannot avail ourselves of your little offering, but do not despair. Send us something else, something with more *purpose*. If you would undertake the office of instructing and amusing the masses, you must be prepared to make an intellectual effort.

ED. LAMPLOUGH.—We duly received your epistle and the contributions contained therein. The latter will appear when we can insert them with propriety.

We have received a letter from E. H. L. "Before I married my late wife," he writes, "she owed a large sum of money, and I did not discover her indebtedness until after our marriage. I am now a widower, and the money is still owing. Can the creditors make me pay it?" We beg leave to inform our correspondent that as "husband" he is certainly not liable, not even if he received a large property with her; but if he has to recover any other property of hers, not now in his possession, and which is technically called "a chose in action," he will have to get himself appointed by the Court of Probate as her administrator, and in that capacity he will have to pay what we may venture to call her virgin debts, so far as the property recovered will meet them.

. We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts unless they are accompanied by postage stamps and proper directions.



"Nelly!" shouted Fitz Osbert, leaping to his feet, and facing his daughter with clenched hand and gleaming eye, "How dare you thrust yourself thus between me and my just revenge."

THE

FAMILY FRIEND.

APRIL, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAIR DELIVERER—SIR HUGH IS REMOVED FROM THE CELL.



WHEN he dreaming? Had the reins of reason snapped asunder, and was this dazzling flood of light, was this beautiful being the wild fantasy of a reeling brain? Almost blinded by the light, he pressed his hands to his burning temples. He felt the cold bleak wind fanning his face and tossing his hair—he saw the robe of the fair intruder fluttering as she stood hesitating at the open door, and he recognised the lovely intelligent face of Nelly. Her large blue eyes looked down upon him with doubt and compassion. “Hush! be still! she said as he staggered to his feet and moved his lips to speak. Tell me how you came here, Sir Hugh—tell me quickly.”

Sir Hugh sank back against the stone wall, for the horrible giddiness had not left him, and he felt an oppression like some huge weight driving in upon his brain.

“I was betrayed,” he muttered. “The villain shall suffer for this! Lend me your hand—I am giddy—I shall fall.” Nelly advanced and extended her hand.

“You are hurt!” she exclaimed, observing that his forehead was stained with blood. “I will run and get assistance, and yet”—she turned very pale, and looked on the ground bewildered and troubled. How could she obtain assistance without convicting her father?

“I need no assistance but yours. Help me out of this place. Oh, Heaven is merciful! and Heaven’s love and mercy are reflected in you, my gentle lady. I want no other deliverer. For such sweet deliverance I would suffer a hundred such imprisonments. What brought you here?”

R

"Oh, do not ask me, Sir Hugh. What am I to do? I thought—I feared that I should find you here. Alas! my conjectures were all too true—cruelly, cruelly true. You are faint and ill—sit down—stay! let me put these rushes all together, and here is my mantle for a pillow—mind! you will fall!—there, let me go and get some help. I must—I *will* find some one to help me."

The giddiness had returned, the place seemed heaving upwards, and it was only by a desperate effort on the part of Nelly that Sir Hugh was saved from falling again upon the stony floor. With the courage and boldness of a pure, noble-hearted woman, Nelly supported him in her arms, and put his head gently on the folded mantle. Kneeling by his side, she took from her basket a small flask of wine, and, raising his head, put it to his lips. "Thank you, thank you. I shall be better soon," he muttered, but his face was of a deathly hue, and he seemed to be fast sinking.

Nelly looked intently at him for a few minutes in an agony of fear; then she rose hastily to her feet, and hurried away, closing the door of the cell, and carefully replacing the heavy bolts outside. She turned towards the east, and, passing along by the wine cellars of Billingsgate, she directed her steps to the priory of Holy Trinity at Aldgate. Arriving at the low-arched doorway of the priory, she lingered for a few moments in painful hesitation. She felt her courage failing her as she stood beneath the shadow of the sacred building, but the image of Sir Hugh lying bleeding and faint in the dark cell by the river came foremost amid the scenes and events which were tossing about in her troubled mind, and she tapped at the door. It was opened by an old friar.

"Good morning to thee, my daughter," said the old man in a pleased and familiar tone which showed that she was no stranger.

"Is Father Broadhart within?" inquired Nelly.

"Aye, my child. Thou art out of breath and trembling. Sit thee down while I seek our brother. More sorrow brewing? Heaven spareth none the wholesome chastisement of woe. Old and young, rich and poor, must feel the rod which teaches us humility, and beats us back from the vanities of the world."

"I must see him at once, good father. Pray speed him here," interrupted Nelly.

The eagerness with which she spoke caused him to shuffle off without further delay, and in a few minutes the same friar who was with Sir Hugh at the deathbed of old Ralf entered the small outer chamber where Nelly awaited him.

"God bless, thee, my child," said Broadhart, extending his hands as he entered and uttered the benediction.

"Father Broadhart," said Nelly, "I want your advice—your assist-

ance. I am in terrible trouble, and know not what to do. Sir Hugh de Danedred, the young Crusader, who went with you to see poor Ralf yesterday morning, has been foully dealt with. I fear he is in great danger. Follow me, and I will show you where he is.

The good priest drew himself up, and looked steadily at the trembling, excited girl. "Who has been guilty of this wickedness?"

Nelly bowed her head down, and did not answer.

"Tell me all you know, my good child, and I will do whatever is within the sphere of my duty. Who sent you here?"

"No one. I came of my own free will. Do not ask me any more questions. Come with me, and save Sir Hugh. Oh, come! and Heaven will reward you for your act of charity."

She moved towards the door as she spoke, and the friar followed her. As they went forth into the cold air he pulled his hood over his brows.

"Foolish fellow," he muttered to himself; "had he acted on my counsel this would not have happened."

They went along together for some distance in silence, and Nelly directed him along the least frequented paths and through the most quiet streets. The friar was the first to speak.

"Where are you leading me?" he asked in a low voice.

"Down by the river side there is an old cell of stone, and I found Sir Hugh there this morning. He was wounded, and covered with blood. He was unable to stand, and had I not held him would have fallen on the ground. He said he had been betrayed."

"Did he say by whom he had been betrayed?"

"No."

"What led you to the cell so early this frosty morning?"

"I scarcely know; strange thoughts, horrible misgivings, came upon me and haunted me all the night. I felt that some evil had been done, and for reasons which I dare not name I went to yonder cell to confirm or dispel my fears. Alas! those fears were all too well founded! But he is not dead!—thank God, he is not dead! We may save him yet."

"Mean you that old Saxon cist?" asked Broadhart, pointing to the rough stone building which was now close at hand.

"Yes, yes—quick—let us open the door," said Nelly.

"Stay, my child," interposed Broadhart, putting his hand on the massive bolt. "This place belongs to your father."

Had an arrow pierced poor Nelly's heart, she could not have started back with a more sudden pang. "Father!" That word was associated but a few hours ago with naught but honest pride, hope, and love; it had been the cheerful watchword of her life, familiar to her ears from earliest childhood as a sound of comfort and of joy—a sweet, homely sound, breathing a sense of protection, of confidence

and of lasting affection. Now it sounded like a death-knell—now it smote her ears with a cold, harsh vibration, that seemed to freeze her blood and to make her feel like a wretched, guilty creature.

The priest saw in the ghastly pallor of her cheeks and in her restless, downcast eyes how cruelly his words had stung her. Accustomed to deal with mysteries and sorrows, he was not slow to discover the hidden sources of her trouble. He had a large heart, and permitted the dictates of human sympathy to guide his actions where worldly selfishness and caution might have directed him in an opposite course. He knew that he incurred many dangers in thus secretly rendering assistance to Nelly on this occasion. His first impulse was to publicly denounce the villain who had dared to molest an English nobleman and brave soldier of the Cross, but his purpose was changed as he looked on Nelly, and observed the result of his significant allusion to her father.

Glancing round as though he were engaged in some vile conspiracy, he withdrew the bolt, and the heavy door swung slowly open. Nelly nervously caught hold of his long cloak, and peered into the darkness of the cell. Her heart was thumping violently, and she tried in vain to subdue the excitement of her overwrought nerves. All was silent within. Stretched on the few rushes which Nelly had hastily flung together on her first visit, his head still resting on her folded mantle, lay Sir Hugh de Danedred. The damp atmosphere of the cell, the earthy odour that clung about it, and the awful stillness, suggested *death*. Father Broadhart knelt down and felt the pulse of the young soldier; then he bent down closer, and listened for a sound of breath—a sign of life. Nelly stood by the door, with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on the stooping figure of the priest, waiting for the word or the sign which should give her hope or send her adrift for ever, the daughter of a murderer. She had not long to wait. Broadhart rose with a grave face.

"He still breathes, but haste back, my daughter, to the Priory," he whispered, "and bid three brothers come with a litter and an ample cover. We must convey him to the Priory, concealed from the curiosity of idle citizens, who, if they do not see his face and garb, will pass by carelessly, believing him one of our brethren fallen sick."

Nelly darted away on her errand. There was hope yet, and it gave her renewed energy. The curse which she had heard hissing through her father's closed teeth, and a hundred other incidents, had all rushed forward like spectre witnesses, pointing to him as the instigator of this awful crime. Her only hope now was in the recovery of Sir Hugh; and as she pressed eagerly onward, regardless of the good citizens who turned after her, astonished at her wild manner and unusual haste, she silently prayed—prayed with all her soul—to God, that her father might be spared the more terrible crime of murder.

Broadhart remained watching the apparently lifeless form of the young baron. Ever and anon he looked out anxiously through the half-closed door. He had good reason for his anxiety. The city was in a very troubled state, and the man whom he believed to be implicated in this act of treachery was a man whose influence over the lower classes of citizens was much to be feared. Broadhart was essentially a man of peace; intellectually, he was a philosopher, who saw clearly the real evil tendencies of the times. While men of greater firmness of character exerted themselves more prominently in the cause of the Church, few could truly lay claim to so much real Christian wisdom. He saw in the disquietude of the age vanity and self-exaltation making religion subservient to its whims; he saw in the frequent jealousies between man and man, class and class, and in the growing love of martial glory, a feverish excitement which was sapping the strength of the nation, retarding the progress of industry, and undermining the spiritual authority of the clergy. But he was not the man to face the destructive tide; he stood on one side, and watched its course with gloomy meditation; he dreaded to oppose anyone or anything. Although he frequently discerned the mutability of others' arguments, he contented himself with a meek expression of disapproval, and bowed in silence to the eagerness with which they were usually defended. Rather than clash with men of hot temper and violent bearing, he would willingly have shut himself up for ever from the world. Hence his disquietude while watching by the side of Sir Hugh de Danedred. He frequently stepped out and looked cautiously along the river-bank and at the cottages and gardens around, concealing himself behind the heaps of broken stone which were piled up at the side of the cell, whenever any citizen or bondsman passed that way.

Nelly had been gone nearly half an hour when he observed a powerful man in a boat approaching that part of the bank where the cell was situated. As the man drew nearer Broadhart recognised the features of Armstrong, the armourer, and his uneasiness increased; for he knew that Armstrong was Fitz-Osbert's firmest partisan. Seeing that Armstrong was driving his boat ashore, with the evident intention of landing behind the cell, he took the precaution of re-bolting the door and crouching down behind the stones. He saw the burly armourer leap from his boat and stride up to the cell; then he appeared to hesitate, and although it was a cold morning, he noticed that the fellow wiped the perspiration from his brow. His hesitation, however, was only momentary. Seizing the bolt, he drove it back with his huge fist and flung the door open; from his pocket he took some articles of food, and tossed them roughly in; then he bent forward, and seemed to be suddenly startled. Creeping back slowly, as

if afraid to make any noise, he slowly fastened up the cell and turned away, his head bent down over his broad breast, and a sad, haggard expression settled on his face—an expression strangely different from the defiant air with which he had approached. Broadhart sighed a sigh of relief as he saw the armourer return to his boat and paddle slowly off towards Billingsgate. Less fearful of intrusion, he took another peep at Sir Hugh, who still lay motionless in the death-like stupor that follows concussion of the brain.

“What if this young man should die?” he asked himself. What would be his (Broadhart’s) duty in such a case? Should he conceal his death from the world, or proclaim the whole circumstances of his mysterious fate? If the latter, he would have to convict Armstrong and Fitz-Osbert of complicity in the crime, and events might possibly show them to be the actual perpetrators. What, then, would become of the gentle, earnest Nelly? The good man shuddered at the misery which seemed gathering round that pure, noble-minded girl. He folded his arms, and endeavoured to ascertain what course he should take consistently with his sacred duties; but he had not arrived at any satisfactory decision when Nelly and the friars arrived to remove Sir Hugh.

Nelly waited until all the preparations were complete, and having assured herself that he still lived, she took her leave of Broadhart and went sorrowfully home.

CHAPTER VII.

NELLY AND HER FATHER.

For the first time in her life Nelly tapped at the door of her father’s house with fear and reluctance. It was opened, as usual, by the bondsman, Winifred.

“Thou hast been abroad early, Mistress Nelly,” remarked the man. “Thy father hath been anxiously awaiting thy return.”

“My father!” said Nelly, with a look of alarm. “What does he want *me* for? Is anything wrong?”

“Anything wrong! Lor’, Mistress Nell, the cold air hath done thee no good this morning. Thou look’st as frightened as though thou hadst seen the ghost of Rufus.”

“Where is my father, Winifred?” asked Nelly, endeavouring to assume her usual ease.

“Where is thy father? Why, where should he be but in his room, awaiting thy attendance at the morning meal? I pray thee, haste, good mistress, or the fried fish and hot spiced wine will be spoiled.”

Nelly made no reply, but went straight into the room where her father and Armstrong had, the day before, arranged the terms of Sir Hugh’s capture.

Fitz-Osbert was seated before the log-fire, with knitted brows and folded arms. He did not move when his daughter entered. "Well, Nelly," he said, still frowning at the fire, "you have had an early walk this morning. Where have you been?"

Nelly drew herself up and pushed back her golden hair, resolved to have courage—resolved to demand an explanation from her father.

"I have been to the cell by the river, father," she replied.

There was a pause. Fitz-Osbert's eyes remained fixed on the burning logs, but there was a slight convulsive twitching about his mouth, the lines in his face grew deep and rigid, and when he spoke it was with evident difficulty.

"What induced you to go there, Nell?"

"The suspicion of a cruel and shameful crime," replied his daughter, who looked more spiritual and beautiful than ever, standing like a marble statue, pale and motionless.

Fitz-Osbert winced as, slowly and distinctly, the bold answer fell upon his ears. "Explain yourself, child," he said, turning round, and looking his daughter full in the face; "explain yourself, I say."

"It is for you, father, to explain," said Nelly, trying to check the tears that were starting to her eyes.

"Nelly," said Fitz-Osbert, "you have been a good, dutiful daughter, but if you intend to pry into things that do not concern you—if you intend to stand between me and my purposes, I warn you that all the tender ties which have bound us together in love and happiness these eighteen years will be rent asunder. I have good cause for what I do. Heaven knows I have good cause. By the memory of your poor mother I have sworn to complete the task before me. If you have any love for your father, Nelly, stand not between him and his purpose. I would not have you mingle in these affairs of violence, and I command you to do your duty as a daughter, to obey your father, and to speak no more of that which idle curiosity alone dictates."

"It is no idle curiosity, father, to save a human life!"

"What mean you, child?"

"I mean that Sir Hugh de Danedred is in peril of his life."

"How know you that?"

"I opened the door of the cell and found him bleeding, giddy, almost senseless. I had heard enough and seen enough to know that you—my own father—were concerned in this wickedness. I could not bear the awful shame, the overwhelming sense of guilt, the eternal ruin that murder would bring upon our home. I had him removed where all in mortal power will be done to save his life—and now——"

"Nelly!" shouted Fitz-Osbert, leaping to his feet and facing his

daughter with clenched hands and gleaming eyes, "How dare you thrust yourself thus between me and my just revenge? How dare you——?"

"I dare do all to save Sir Hugh from your un-Christian hatred, to ease you from the crime which will brand you for ever with the curse of Cain. Oh, father, father, turn from this evil purpose! Remember that I am your child, remember how I love you, remember how happy we have always been. Do not let this shadow fall upon our hearth. Forget the wrong, whatever it be, for the sake of your child and your good name. On my knees I implore you, father, do not send me adrift the wretched offspring of an outlaw. Think of all good you yet may do for this unhappy city, think how honoured and respected you have been. Let not a private injury or private feud thwart all your labours for the public good. Life is very short. Oh do not let the gates of Heaven be shut against you for ever. I will be your good and faithful, loving child till death shall part us. Say that it may be so. Do not turn away from me. Say that you will quell this unlawful anger, it seems like a black yawning gulf separating us to all eternity. I am not afraid of danger. I will go with you through fire and water. I will cling to you to the last through every torture, if our cause be just, but I cannot be with you in this evil work." She could not say more but, clung to his knees, sobbing hysterically.

Fitz-Osbert looked down on his unhappy daughter with a strange expression of pain. "Nelly," he said kindly, "I would that I could comply with your prayer. Rise from the ground, child, and let us consult together when we are calm. I will tell you the secret of my life—the secret of your mother's untimely death, and if, when you have learned the painful history, you still can urge me from my purpose, I will relinquish my claim to all revenge, and trust to Heaven to be absolved from every evil oath."

Nelly rose to her feet, and placing her hands on her father's shoulders, looked eagerly into his face. The tone of his voice was the old, old tone of kindness and affection. It seemed to calm her distracted mind. There was hope in those gentle words which fell like rays of sunshine through the black clouds of her trouble.

"Dear father, tell me all. I will listen very patiently. I always felt there was a mystery about my mother's death, but I knew the subject pained you, and I thought it better to wait until you should wish me to hear it. Dreadful though the story may be, I know that it will do me good to hear it now. I do not fear the result, for no earthly injury, however cruel, however vile, can justify before all-merciful Heaven a long-fostored and horrible vengeance. I feel that Heaven is a realm of peace and joy, abounding in love for all that

is beautiful and good, full of gentle mercy for the rebel world, and if true Heaven is so merciful why should we foolish creatures foster hatred and revenge.

Fitz-Osbert loved his daughter. In her beautiful face and form as she grew up to womanhood he saw the image of her gentle Saxon mother, and as she stood with her little white hands pressed on his shoulders, and her large angel eyes lighted with the inspiration of another world, the strength of parental love dispersed the strong, bitter passion of his heart, and the severe lines in his face seemed to melt away into a soft, sorrowful expression. He felt that Nelly was too good for that selfish, wicked age.

"Nelly," he said, passing his hands through the thick mass of hair which fell over her neck and shoulders, "you shall henceforth be my counsellor. I will confide to you all my plans, all my hopes, all my sorrows—you shall be a greater help and comfort to me now than ever before, for you shall not be estranged from me by family secrets and hidden schemes. Go to your room and wipe away the traces of your tears. In the meantime Winifred shall bring in the breakfast. Yet stay, Nelly, tell me first what you have done with Sir Hugh?"

"I cannot tell you now, father," said Nelly, "but I will tell you presently when you have told me all about my mother, and when you promise to do him no further injury."

"Be it so. I see you claim the right of a conqueror. I have lowered my banner, and now I must submit.

A smile flitted on Nelly's lips, but it quickly disappeared, for her heart was heavy with anxiety about the young Crusader.

"I am not the conqueror, but you yourself, father, if you have subdued this feeling of hatred against an innocent man."

"No, not innocent, Nelly," said her father, the dark lines reappearing on his face.

"Forgive me, I do wrong to speak on this subject now. I will send Winifred with the wine and fish, and will haste to be by your side, like a good little daughter."

So saying, Nelly tripped from the room, her quick, womanly instinct foreseeing the necessity of tact and gentleness to gain her end. If Sir Hugh, by the goodness of Providence, should recover, and she could succeed in dispersing the mysterious desire of her father to do him injury, all would be well. She knew that the task before her was not an easy one; it was the struggle of good against evil—of love against deep-rooted hatred; but she was accustomed to look up to Heaven for help, and she looked up to Heaven now with a feeling of faith and hope. She quickly gave Winifred instruction to take in the morning repast, and that amiable domestic obeyed her with un-

usual alacrity. He had been loudly growling at the delay, under the influence of a sharp appetite; and the maid, who cooked, scrubbed, and did many other little things towards the comfort and order of the small household, had grumbled too. It was the custom of the domestics to sit at the further end of the same table whereat Fitz-Osbert and his daughter took their meals; and when Nelly came down from her room, looking brighter and happier, they all sat down in silence. Fitz-Osbert was silent, for his heart was disturbed with conflicting passions; now with hot hatred of the Danedreds, now with love for his daughter. Nelly was silent, thinking of Sir Hugh, and wondering what dreadful secret her father had to disclose. Old Winifred and the serving-maid were silent, because it was their duty to be so, and because, moreover, their appetites were sharpened by an extra hour of fasting.

When the meal was over, and the last remains had been cleared away by old Winifred and the maid, Fitz-Osbert drew his seat up to the log-fire. "Come and sit here, Nelly," he said, in a voice peculiarly sad and gentle.

Nelly took a small wooden stool, and sat at his feet.

"It is well, Nelly, that I should tell you at once all that has to be told. You do not remember your mother; it pleased God to take her from me while you were yet a little child, just beginning to walk."

Nelly always fancied she could remember faintly, very faintly, the face of her mother; and she strove now, as she had often strove before, to bring back more than the dim, almost visionary, outline that passed before her mind.

"She was taken from me under circumstances so dastardly and cruel, that I almost feel unequal to the task of relating the dreadful story." Fitz-Osbert looked into the fire as he spoke, and all the evil passion was again taking possession of his features.

(To be continued.)

SAUL OF TARSUS:

A TRUE STORY,

BY THE REV. EDWARD JOHNSTONE,

Author of "The Life of Christ," &c.

PART IV.

NO sooner had the door of faith been opened to the Gentiles than a great controversy arose, the first which disturbed the Christian Church. Many of the Jews, though they accepted the Gospel of Christ as true and divine, continued still to glory in their exclusive privileges as the elect people of God. They therefore insisted that there could be no favour to the Gentiles except through a previous initiation and conformity to their own elder dispensation. In a word, they maintained that in order for a Gentile to become a Christian, it was necessary first to be made a Jew.

To this doctrine Saul strenuously opposed himself. He held and taught that Jew as well as Gentile could be saved only by the free grace of God. That, therefore, all the boasting of the Jew in his Mosaic law, as a stage on the way to salvation, was vain and foolish. That the Gentile was admitted by baptism to a full parity of religious privileges with the Christian Jew, and to a full participation in all the benefits purchased for man by Christ our Saviour, independently of the Mosaic institutions altogether, and without any conformity thereto.

When, therefore, the Judaizing teachers publicly affirmed that it was necessary for the Gentiles to be circumcised, and to keep the law of Moses, Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and disputation with them. At length it was determined that Paul and Barnabas, and certain other with them, should go up to Jerusalem to consult the Apostles and Presbyters about this question. So when they were come to Jerusalem they were received by the Apostles and Presbyters, and they declared the conversion of the Gentiles and all things that God had done with them in the Gentile vineyard. But there rose up certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed, saying that it was needful to circumcise the Gentiles, and to command them to keep the law of Moses. The Apostles and Presbyters came together, therefore, for to consider of this matter; and when there had been much disputing, Peter rose up, and addressing the assembled Church of Jerusalem, with James, the kinsman of our Lord, at its head, he said:—
 "Men and brethren, ye know how that a good while ago God made

choice among us that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the Gospel and believe. And God, which knoweth the hearts, bear them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost even as He did unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Now, therefore, why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the Gentile disciples which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear? But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved even as they."

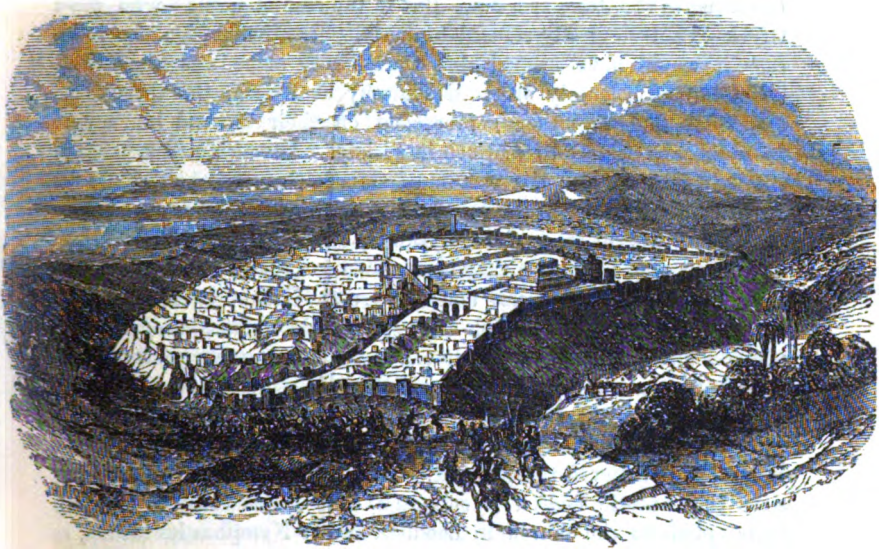
Peter, Paul, and Barnabas (and other speakers of inferior note) having concluded what they had to say, James, who presided, moved that the Gentiles be not bound to observe the law of Moses. "Men and brethren," said James, "hearken unto me. Simeon (that is Peter) hath declared how God at the first did visit the Gentiles to take out of them a people for His name. And to this agree the words of the prophets as it is written, "After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down, and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up, that the residue of men may seek after the Lord, even all the Gentiles who are called after my name, saith the Lord who doeth all these things. Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world. Wherefore my sentence is, that we trouble not them which from among the Gentiles are turned to God. The resolution, as proposed by James the Bishop, was acquiesced in without a dissentient voice.

The Church of Jerusalem thereupon selected two of the pastors of their flock, Judas, surnamed Barsabas, and Silas (that they might give fuller explanation by word of mouth), and by their hands a letter was addressed to the Christian communities in Antioch and the adjoining countries. The letter ran thus:—

"The Apostles and elders (Presbyters) and brethren send greeting unto the brethren which are of the Gentiles in Antioch, and Syria, and Cilicia. Forasmuch as we have heard that certain which went out from us have troubled you with words subverting your souls, saying ye must be circumcised and keep the law; to whom we gave no such commandment. It hath seemed good unto us, being assembled with one accord, to send chosen men unto you, with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have sent, therefore, Judas and Silas, who shall also tell you the same things by mouth. For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things; that ye abstain from meats offered unto idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication. From which if ye keep yourselves ye shall do well. Fare ye well."

This decree of the Apostolic Church in Jerusalem was founded upon the principle that the Mosaic dispensation, having fulfilled its pur-

pose, was now superseded ; but that still, in order to avoid shocking the consciences of Jewish converts, whose prejudices could not be removed in a day, the Gentiles would do well to abstain from what would be likely to offend the Jewish brethren on the one hand, and also from that all-prevailing sensual sin which too often formed a part of heathen worship on the other, and even entered into their religious rites.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

Clear and explicit as was this decree of the Mother Church at Jerusalem, it was far from receiving instant and universal assent ; insomuch that to the very end of his career, and in almost every one of his epistles, we find Paul contending with the Judaizing teachers, asserting the freeness of the Gospel and its complete emancipation from the trammels of the Jewish law.

The council at Jerusalem for determining this question took place A.D. 47, and in the year 48—some time after the return of the Apostles to Antioch in Syria—Paul proposed to Barnabas to revisit the Gentile churches they had planted, city by city, retracing their first route through Cyprus, Pamphylia, Pisidia, and Lycaonia. Barnabas was for taking his nephew Mark with them, as before. But Paul, displeased at Mark's former desertion of them from Perga, refused to take him for their minister again. Upon this the two Apostles resolved to pursue different tracks, each with the companion of his own choice. Barnabas, with Mark, his sister Mary's son, sailed to Cyprus ; and

"I command thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to come out of her." And the spirit came out of her the same hour. And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas and brought them before the magistrates, saying, "These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city. They teach customs which it is not lawful for us to receive or observe, being Romans." And the multitude rose up together against them. Then the magistrates rent off their clothes and commanded to beat them. And when they had laid many stripes upon them they cast them into prison, charging the gaoler to keep them safely. He having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the other prisoners heard them. Then suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, and immediately all the doors were opened and every one's bands were loosed. And the gaoler awaking out of his sleep and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here." Then the gaoler called for a light and sprang in and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And they said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. Then when he had washed their stripes they baptised him and all his, and when he had brought them into his house he set meat before them and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.

Now, when it was day the magistrates sent their lictors, saying, "Let those men go." And the gaoler told this saying to Paul, "The magistrates have sent to let you go; now, therefore, depart and go in peace." But Paul said unto the lictors, "They have beaten us openly, uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison, and now do they thrust us out *privily*? Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out." And the lictors told these words unto the magistrates, and they feared when they heard that they were Romans. And the magistrates came and besought them, and brought them out, and desired them to depart out of the city. And they came out of the prison and entered into the house of Lydia. And when they had seen the brethren they comforted them and departed. Then when they had passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia they came to Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of Jews.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

IT is not the purpose of the present writer to, enter the lists with those who avow themselves infidels, to whose minds it appears a satisfactory theory that the wonders of the earth and heavens are the result of accident, or with those who, believing in a great Creator, yet disbelieve in His divine attributes of goodness and mercy and superintending care. If such will not read—or having read, have not been satisfied by—the works of those great divines who have treated so ably of these very subjects, it would be to little purpose that it should be undertaken by a less learned writer to set forth to them the argument afresh.

It is assumed, then, as agreed between the writer and the reader, that the Bible is the word of God, and that it is therein plainly stated that the adorable Creator of all things not only created but still *governs* the universe.

The questions at the present time appear to be, *How* does the Almighty control the works of His hand?

And, Is it reasonable to think that in relation to worldly circumstances and affairs He hears and answers the prayers of the children of men?

First, for the ruling of all things God has plainly ordained two great codes of law.

That of the physical creation, commonly called the laws of Nature.

And that for the religious and moral regulation of God's intelligent and responsible creatures, of which the Saviour has Himself said that love to God and love to man is the sum.

It has also pleased God to give to mankind considerable powers over material things, and intelligence to discover and turn to account all manner of properties and forces concealed or latent in all kinds of matter. By chemistry—and its attendant sciences, mineralogy, botany, &c., and by mechanics, with all its aids—hydraulics, pneumatics, &c.—man seems to rule over the material world. Moreover, “the fear of him and the dread of him” (Genesis ix., 2) is upon every animal, and by his labour and skill in agriculture the fruits of the earth are called forth. Is it so, then, that in this lower world man—limited only by the laws of Nature—is lord of all, the great Creator having withdrawn His hand, and left him to himself?

It is certainly very wonderful to reflect upon the results which would most certainly follow if even in one single isolated country—like Great Britain for instance—(and how much more if over the whole world)—by common consent and without exception, men lived in

obedience to God's physical laws. Let it be supposed that all persons diligently fulfilled the law of *labour*.

What a wealth of every earthly comfort would be the result! In a short time the highest cultivation would prevail over the greatest possible area of land—every manageable marsh being drained and cultivated,—and, by analogous means, commerce, arts, and manufactures all being brought to flourish.

Take, again, the law of *economy*.

In fulfilment of that law all persons would not only labour, but would exercise just that very sort of labour that their circumstances most required, and for which their talents were best calculated. Schemes of improvement would also be as comprehensive as possible. For instance, marshy ground would not only be drained of its winter superfluities, but would be supplied against its summer needs by storing up abundance of water by means of ducts, filterage beds, and reservoirs with pumps and channels of distribution, instead of merely running it off all to waste, as if to get rid of it were the only thing to be desired.

All those 'outcast and corrupting matters with which life in this fallen state is encumbered,—and by which, if *not* rightly dealt with, man and beast are poisoned—would be turned to their right use, and would render rich return, not only in the fruits of the earth, but in the preservation for the benefit of all living creatures of that life-giving ozone in the atmosphere which is at present so perniciously consumed in neutralising the poisonous gases which it is man's good pleasure shall reek into the air instead of fertilising the ground.

Once more, what is the physical law of bodily *health*?

Let it be applied throughout a community, and is it not the abolition of *every vice* and the practice of *every virtue*?*

On the other hand, it is curious to note instances of consequences that arise from breaches of God's physical laws.

Take a minute instance.

It is granted to man to develope by his labour and skill the loveliest flowers and the richest fruits from the wild and almost worthless original plant. Take, then, the finest rose or the most perfect apple; let it stand unpruned, undressed, and untended for a very few years, and see what becomes of it! Look at the shrunk proportions of the flower and at the dwindled, miserable fruit!

It is also noteworthy that no person can possibly save himself from

* All the selfishness of the owners of property and employers of labour must give way in respect of the *law of health* as it affects their tenants and work-people. All excess in enervating luxuries must be corrected in respect of their own health. All unnecessary noxious manufactures (that of arsenic green colour, for instance) would be abolished, and those that are necessary would be carried on with all possible alleviations. The monster evils of drunkenness and immorality must also disappear.

the necessity of some labour. Riches cannot possibly be even *retained* without *diligence*.

Every railway accident, every physical disaster, excepting only by storms at sea, and by lightning, and hurricanes, and the spreading, if not the originating of every disease, is due to the breach of some one or more of God's laws of Nature. It appears, then, that if mankind would only recognise the obligations of this physical code, and would just enter into a covenant that should include all classes, and apply in all relations and under all circumstances; straightway, the golden age would be ushered in, and human life would thenceforth flow on in peace amid the comforts of health and plenty, and the delights of profitable occupation, social intercourse, the prosecution of scientific discoveries, and the improvement of the fine arts.* What is the obstacle that bars the way to man's attainment of this state of perfection? How shall he direct his efforts, and for what must he pray? if, indeed, he *is* to pray to the great Creator for earthly blessings.

To the present writer thus much appears clear, that it must be useless, if not impious, in any case for man wilfully to set at nought a known law of God's providence, and then pray to Him to avert by miracle the evil he has brought upon himself.

It is plain that man ought as a rational creature to obey God's physical laws. *Why, then, does he not?* He does not by *defect of his moral nature*, and by his disobedience to that Gospel whose summing up is in the word *love*. (Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans xiii., 10.) It is by idleness, by wastefulness, by drunkenness, and all other immorality, by covetousness, and in general by pride and inveterate *selfishness*, that the common weal is impeded.

Surely, then, it is no very difficult question, *whether* it be reasonable to pray to God, nor, yet what we ought to pray for. Even the heathen could pray for a sound mind in a sound body; and we pray, "that it would please Him to send His Holy Spirit into our hearts, to renew in us the likeness of His own Son, which our sins have defaced." There is no need for miracles; it does not even matter to determine whether the heavens and all their host are by the great Creator ordered and governed by a perpetual impulse, or whether the Divine Hand was, as it were, *withdrawn* when the work of creation, with all its wondrous laws, was sent forth completed. Thus much is certain: those laws cannot be broken without

* It may be said with truth that by a law of Nature human society, as it were, crystallises into the form of a pyramid. Every effort at levelling to an equality has ended in the same inevitable return to that form at last. The simplest village club must have its committee or chairman, or it can do nothing, and the same actual necessity may be observed in every corporate body, from the village club to the body politic.

punishment straightway following, and, except man live by the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God, he absolutely *cannot* keep them.

But there is yet another impediment in the way, though the foregoing conclusion be most plain, and *easy as it might seem* of adoption. It is a doctrine which appears to gain more and more ground in the present day, that matters secular are something quite distinct from matters religious. It is considered to be very right that hospitals and other charities should be kept up, and in no way objectionable that people should be religious; but as to its being a matter of the deepest import to the national welfare that the whole people shall be of one heart, believing *all* the revelation of God and keeping *all* His commandments—this is so far from being the political creed, that religious faith and duty are regarded as something quite beside the mark. It is recognised as an important necessity that Government shall promote general education of a secular character, but the religious faith of the people is passed by as having no bearings whatever upon England's welfare as a nation. What are the watchwords which reveal the public faith? What is the tone of the organs of public opinion? The British Constitution!—the Liberty of the Press!—the Glory of British Arms!—and the Empire of the Seas!

“Who mad'st thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?” are words that would sound strangely in the ears of those whose trust for their country seems to rest in full security on *human* wisdom, and who—for the general rescue of mankind from the prevailing ills that beset, in greater or less degree, all nations—look, not to that renewal of heart from want of which it has been shown all evil flows, but to *the fruit of the tree of secular knowledge!* It is but too clear that *pride* is at the bottom of this; and it is very fearful to read the words that are to be found in Holy Writ concerning a nation of like mind and character with the foregoing description:—

“Behold, thou art wiser than Daniel; there is no secret that they can hide from thee:

“With thy wisdom and with thine understanding thou hast gotten thee riches, and hast gotten gold and silver into thy treasures:

“By thy great wisdom, and by thy traffic hast thou increased thy riches, and thine house is lifted up because of thy riches.”

“Thou sekest up the sun, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty.”

“*I will bring thee to ashes upon the earth in the sight of all them that behold thee.*

“*All they that know thee among the people shall be astonished at thee: thou shalt be a terror, and never shall thou be any more.*”

Such are a few of the words of description of ancient Tyre, and such is a part of the denunciation which in due time was so awfully fulfilled against her. The prophecy may be read at length in the 26th, 27th, and 28th chapters of Ezekiel; and it cannot but be in-

structive to observe that there is another prophecy, written *long after the destruction of Tyre*, which tallies very awfully with the description in Ezekiel, and which *yet remains to be fulfilled*. It is that in the 18th chapter of the Revelation of St. John.

In noting these passages of Holy Scripture the writer disclaims any pretension to found predictions on them, but desires simply to observe that if the Word of God be true; it *cannot be safe for any nation* to be of the character of *that* nation.

Someone, in writing lately on the cattle-plague, and the strong presumption that had the foreign cattle trade been stopped *before* the plague had reached these shores, or even had a strict quarantine been enforced in a circle round the first cases which appeared, and kept up for a few weeks, the spread of the evil might have been averted, goes on to remark that it may indeed be fitly regarded as a punishment from God's hand on the sin of *stupidity*, or some equivalent term, but nothing more. Surely, however, if *selfishness* and *covetousness* were at the root of the mischief, and the nation, as a nation, be too proud to humble itself before God for such sins, there can be but slender hope for the renewal of His mercy and favour. The wisest intellects can but grope in the dark for remedy except He please to permit its discovery. There is no sin, either in nations or individuals, against which the Divine wrath is more strongly declared in Holy Writ than against *pride*; and the working of Divine Providence seems to be that, by means of the indifference or stupidity of this or that class in the body politic, punishment is brought to bear on the great national sin.

As to the Divine promises of answers to prayer, it does not seem to be always remembered that there is no such assurance given in the Bible as this—that without any conditions God will answer all men's prayers. So far from this being true, it would be easy to set over against every promise of merciful attention a corresponding warning of how sometimes God will *not* hear: "Then shall they call, but I will *not* answer. I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh." These are the words of God against "the *proud* and all that do wickedly;" and on the other hand, in the Divine promises of mercy, it is ever to the *humble* and to the *penitent* that they are addressed. "Them that are *meek* shall He guide in judgment;" "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as *keep His covenant* and His *testimonies*;" "The effectual, fervent prayer of a *righteous* man availeth much."

To make long quotations from Holy Scripture would lengthen this paper too much. Those readers who may not as yet have taken any interest in studying those parts of the Bible which tell of God's dealings with nations, but who may feel disposed to do so, will find read-

ings for several Sunday evenings, as follows: Isaiah, chapters i., ii., iii., x., xl., xlvii., lv., lviii., from verse 14, 58, 59; Jeremiah, chapters xxxii., xxxiv., lii.; the whole of Ezekiel and Daniel; also Deuteronomy, chapters iv. to xvii., inclusive, and xxviii., xxix., xxx. And since it has been declared, "I am the Lord, I *change not*," it may, at least, be set down as *probable* that the same conditions determine the fate of nations for weal or for woe now, as in the old time before us.

It has been a difficulty to some minds to imagine, if God has ordered the course of events so that His will is wrought out without His interposing in the way of miracle, how it can be any use to pray, when no interference is expected. The answer need not be very far to seek. No *present* interference, surely, but not *no provision beforehand*. It is most plain that if God rules the course of this world, it must be by a *perfect* foreknowledge, inasmuch as the greatest events are perpetually involved, in the way of cause and effect, with the smallest, and the wills and caprices of men bear a great share in the workings of all things. Therefore, those who believe God's Word may easily understand that He knows beforehand who will pray, and has provided blessings for all those to whom He has promised them; not, indeed, always giving to His servants the very thing they desire, but *always* doing for them that for which they should *always* first pray—namely, to guide and guard them on their heavenward way. Only *He* can tell whether this or that earthly good would be truly a blessing in any case, but surely none who have lived to learn their own shortsightedness can desire to rest on their own judgment for their welfare, but would rather turn to the comforting assurance that "*all things work together for good to them that love God.*"

In conclusion, a few words shall be added respecting private prayer, in case any reader should be thinking, as many have before now thought, "I pray to God about my troubles and difficulties, but I cannot tell how to discern the answer." The writer of these thoughts most earnestly recommends the following considerations.

1st. That confession to God and repentance of sin must be offered from the very bottom of the heart, and without any reserve of any known sin whatever; or else there is no promise of answer to prayer.

2nd. That there must be the most sincere desire "that we may both perceive and know what we ought to do, and also have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same." It is no use to ask God's guidance if the heart be resolved beforehand to take its own way.

3rd. The answers to prayer are to be looked for in the reading of Holy Scripture; oftentimes will the very words needed be found to occur in the ordinary course of daily reading—in the counsels of those to whom God has committed authority. Is it a son, or daughter, or

wife, who is in a strait and knows not which path to take; let them earnestly pray God to guide their parents' or husband's judgment, and then *abide by their counsel*. Or, if it be a question of some ardently desired pleasure, O let the prayer be thus guarded: "If it be according to Thy holy will, most merciful Saviour, grant it unto me; but *if not, I most earnestly pray Thee so to order events that it may be prevented.*" And, again, prayer is answered in the events which befall these who are walking in the *path of duty*. It has been said by someone that blessings are the flowers which grow along *that path*.

These are some of the considerations bearing on answer to prayer; and within the limits of this paper there only remains room to note that as every nation is made up of individuals, the character and conduct of every individual has its influence on the national welfare; and everyone, old or young, who lives by the rule of the Word of God, does what in him lies for the good of his country. His prayers are heard, his judgment is guided, and his labour blest; and that this may be true of every reader of these lines, is the earnest prayer of the writer.

JAMAICA AND THE NEGRO.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY WILLIAM J. TATE.

THE island of Jamaica—the scene of the late negro insurrection, and one of the most important of our West Indian possessions, has been known to the inhabitants of the Old World since the year 1494, when it was discovered by Columbus, during his second expedition to the West.

It was at that time called Xmayaca, and had been so named by the Indians who inhabited it, on account of its wonderful fertility. Its vegetation was of the most luxuriant description and of the greatest variety, the island being dotted throughout its length and breadth with magnificent woods of pimento, mahogany, black mangrove, cedar, and other trees peculiar to a tropical climate. Some of these, we are told, were of gigantic proportions, and, when felled, measured more than eighty feet from the base to the limbs, and the trunks, after being hollowed out, were so capacious as to form boats capable of holding ninety or one hundred persons. The bamboo also grew to an immense size, and was frequently used for building purposes. Several houses erected by the Spaniards at St. Jago de la Vega, and composed of this material, are still standing.

It is not our intention to give more than a slight sketch of the history of the island up to its occupation by the English. We shall then pass on to the more interesting details of modern times.

Columbus was not able to effect a landing without being resisted in his attempt by the Indians. Tribes of these, closely resembling in appearance the inhabitants of the contiguous mainland, hastily armed themselves, proceeded to the shore, and embarked in huge canoes to do battle with the Spaniards, who, being rather hard pressed, sailed to the other side of the island, and there landed without much opposition. Columbus, after taking formal possession, embarked for Cuba, and it was not until nine years afterwards that Jamaica was colonized.

The Spaniards, after they had subjugated the Indians, treated them most barbarously, and, before long, the majority of the native inhabitants had been butchered. Gage, a writer of the seventeenth century, says—"This island was once very populous, but is now almost destitute of Indians, for the Spaniards have slain in it more than 60,000, insomuch that women, as well here as on the Continent, did kill their children before they had given them birth, that the issue of their bodies might not serve so cruel a nation."

This state of things continued up to 1644. In the spring of that year a Captain William Jackson, an Englishman made a descent upon the island at the head of four or five hundred men, and, after much severe fighting, managed to defeat his opponents, who paid him a considerable sum of money on the condition that their capital should be preserved. Captain Jackson found the *Hidalgoes* of Jamaica leading a life of the greatest luxury and ease. Indeed, so slothful were the Spaniards, and so abundant the productions, that for fifty years the northern side of the island had been left totally uncultivated.

The British Conquest of Jamaica dates from the year 1655, when Cromwell, who had long wished for an opportunity of humbling the Spanish Court—which was known to favour the restoration of Charles—fitted out an armament under the joint command of Admiral Penn and General Venables. The island was attacked by a force of 7,000 men, on the 3rd of May, 1655, after being upwards of one hundred and fifty years in the possession of Spain. Negotiations were soon commenced, but the Spaniards, who had been signally defeated, were so artfully disposed, that before the treaty was finally arranged, they had removed nearly the whole of their large stock of valuables from their chief town, St. Jago de Vega. The British forces landed, expecting a rich plunder, and were, of course, much mortified to find that little but bare walls remained. The inhabitants fled to the neighbouring mountains with their riches, and for a long time held out, but were eventually conquered, pardoned, and allowed to emigrate.

Nine years afterwards Sir Charles Littleton, the Lieutenant-Governor

of the island, convened the first assembly. It consisted of thirty members, under the presidency of a Mr. Robert Freeman. This movement was attended with signal advantages.

We shall now pass on to the year 1760, at which time the negro population of Jamaica comprised nine-tenths of the whole. We have every reason to suppose that these poor wretches were (to say the least of it) treated in a far different and more intolerable manner than from what they have been since the passing of the Emancipation Act. A desperate insurrection broke out in consequence, and the island was one scene of bloodshed. After a time the rebels were conquered, but not until the greater number of them had been annihilated, and an expense incurred of £100,000. The captured slaves were subjected to the most horrible punishments. Some were roasted to death, others fixed alive on gibbets, and left to perish under a tropical sun, and about six hundred were transported to Honduras Bay. Many destroyed themselves in the woods, and their skeletons were found suspended on the lofty branches of the cotton trees. The final catastrophe of this reign of terror occurred on the 14th of September, 1763, when the magazine of Fort Augusta, which contained from three to four thousand pounds of gunpowder, exploded, killing and wounding several hundred persons, and destroying property worth £43,000.

There had been twelve insurrections previously to this. The first, in 1678, was caused by the prolongation of martial law. We have not space to give an account of each, but all appear to have been attended with serious results. From 1760 to 1831 things were by no means quiet, and during these seventy years thirteen more outbreaks had taken place.

The insurrection of 1831-32 was of a most formidable character. For a long time the negroes had been in a state of great dissatisfaction, and towards the end of the year affairs began to assume a very serious aspect. On the 20th of December the slaves on several estates refused to go to work. They assembled together in large bodies, armed themselves, and openly rebelled. The outbreak was chiefly confined to the parishes of Trelawny, Portland, and St. James; but throughout the island the slaves were more or less excited. In the districts named the havoc was tremendous. Plantations were destroyed, buildings fired, and even the produce stored in the different outhouses was not spared. The dwellings and settlements of the free people of colour shared the same fate as those of the whites. On the 30th of the month in question it was found necessary to proclaim martial law. The militia was called out, and Sir Willoughby Cotton marched to Montego Bay at the head of three or four hundred regular troops. Two engagements took place, and the negroes were soon

routed. Proclamations were then issued, offering a pardon to all but the actual ringleaders. These terms were accepted, and the chief rebels were eventually captured, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be executed.

By the 18th of January of the following year the disturbance had been quelled, and the negroes were once more working peaceably on the several plantations. The insurrection was ascribed by the whites to the imprudence of sectarian missionaries. It was alleged that many of these misguided men had led the slaves to believe that their liberty had been granted to them by the king, but was withheld from them by their masters to suit their own purposes. Indeed, it was the general opinion that the rebellion had been the work of the Baptists, and, in consequence, these religionists became the objects of public indignation for a considerable time. Their chapels at Falmouth, Montego Bay, Lucia, and Savanna-la-Mar were razed to the ground, and two of the suspected ministers were tried by court-martial.

The emancipation of the slaves of the British West Indies followed shortly after this disturbance. The bill was passed on August 1st, 1834, and a sum of twenty millions sterling was voted for the purpose of purchasing their freedom. The planters thereupon became furious, and declared that they should be utterly ruined; on the other hand, "the volatile negro," to quote an intelligent writer on the subject, "anticipated nothing but the most unbounded enjoyment and independence in the glorious climate of those sunny isles. Unlimited rum and tobacco, varied by the exciting orgies of the 'Joan-Johnny dance,' to the tuneful banjo, were to fill up his vacant hours; and no thought of care or want ever crossed his imagination." The writer goes on to ask—after stating his conviction that the planters, merchants, and tradesmen have suffered to a considerable extent—"But has the negro benefited in an inverse ratio? In the first place, he is a free man, and, as such, becomes a citizen, is capable of holding and accumulating property, and eligible to the highest offices in the local Legislature. But has he embraced these opportunities? or whether, when he cast off the trammels of slavery, did he not bind himself in the fetters of sloth and at the same time bid adieu to the wholesome restraints of civilised life, and give himself up to the lawless licence of a savage state, corresponding to the existence of his ancestors on the banks of the Niger? There are some who have availed themselves of the scope which a state of freedom offered for the display and practice of those virtues calculated to make good citizens; but I am sorry to say that the agricultural population *have not* answered the expectations of their warmest friends. They have for the most part relapsed into a state of semi-barbarism and slothfulness, from which neither example, threats, nor

remonstrances can reclaim them. The transition state from slavery to freedom has produced difficulties and dangers which the most strenuous advocates of the latter never dreamt of."

That there is much sterling truth in the evidence of this witness the present state of affairs certainly tends to show. Indeed, all those who are in any way acquainted with the history of the island can but allow that the behaviour of the negro, since emancipation, has been anything but cheering to those who desire that he should continue to enjoy unlimited freedom. By working for a year or two on a sugar or coffee plantation, he secures to himself a sufficient sum of money to purchase a small allotment of land, to which he retires, in order that he may lead a life alike debasing and unprofitable. Ensnared in a miserable log-hut, he stupifies himself with rum and tobacco, and will only condescend to return to labour when he has no longer the means of gratifying his depraved appetites. The missionaries and others are ever ready to minister to his mental and spiritual wants, but like a wayward child he treats with contempt all efforts made to bring about his advancement.

These are plain, simple facts, devoid of all exaggeration; and although the picture is a sad one to contemplate, yet the truth (especially at the present time) ought not to be concealed. Monomania is one of the most dangerous forms that insanity assumes, and all those abject individuals who suffer from its attacks are not in a condition to treat of their particular hobby dispassionately and justly. Every generous-hearted person wishes to see the negro on the same footing as his brother white; but so long as self-gratification seems to be his sole object, he must be looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion, and not be raised to the dignity of a hero at such times as he revolts and massacres.

The recent news from Jamaica not only corroborates our statements, but quite exculpates Governor Eyre from exercising any undue severity in the measures which he thought proper to adopt in quelling the insurrection. Being well acquainted with the characteristics of the negro, he saw the necessity of acting with promptitude and decision; for he was aware that the slightest hesitation upon his part would in all probability lead to the most serious results. The safety of the whole of the white population depended upon his exertions, and, knowing this, it was impossible for him to look with a lenient eye upon the horrible massacre at Morant Bay, or listen to the many rumours afloat without considerable apprehension. Unfortunately, the spirit of rebellion pervaded the length and breadth of the island, and, consequently, the outbreak could not be suppressed in any other way than by proclaiming martial law and executing summary vengeance upon the ringleaders. This was done; and we have but to point to subse-

quent events in order to show that the policy of Governor Eyre was fraught with a great amount of tact and intelligence. Gordon's fate should be a wholesome warning to all those in whom the demagogic spirit is strong. He appears to have been of a singularly discontented nature, and afflicted with a morbid vanity. In his endeavours to render himself conspicuous, he contrived to sow the seeds of dissension far and wide, and sacrificed his life owing to his inability to understand what were the true elements of government.

RATIONAL ECONOMY.

"*Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo.*"—HORATIUS.

"To live on little with a cheerful heart."—POPE.



HERE was published in 1853 some curious returns made to the Government of the United States of America by the various European ambassadors of that republic, upon the expenses to which they were subject from their residence near the Courts to which they were accredited.

All of them represented that the cost of living in the capital cities of Europe was very great, and that their allowances, though not inconsiderable, were insufficient to defray the expenses. They stated the particulars of house-rent, carriage-hire, provision, fuel, lights, &c. ; and the result was, that at least 12,000 American dollars per annum were necessary to enable even a Republican ambassador to live as he ought in the principal capitals of Europe. It was assumed in these reports that the representatives of so great a power as the United States—though the home government be of the simplest and least expensive description—should live in such a style as to maintain personal respect according to the fashion of the place. In London, for example, the rent of a house to live in was set down at £700 a-year. Everyone knows that a dwelling quite sufficient for personal comfort might be had for much less, but there is an assumed necessity for an expensive kind of house, arising out of the dignity of the ambassadorial position.

One of our own journals professed to enter into the philosophy of these returns. The large expenditure was justified on the ground that moral influence was ineffectual unless supported by wealth, and that an American Minister could not be a useful servant to the Republic without a large expenditure. Unless he possessed the appliances of a softer civilisation, it was affirmed that he would not be attended to, notwithstanding his important representative character. From this assertion

the journalist proceeded to certain general remarks upon expensive living, which were as follows:—

"It is notorious, here in London, that the larger number of people in the cultivated classes do not make such incomes as to support the usages of society with ease. The cultivated classes must either be contented to pass their lives amongst the *less* cultivated classes—which few do—or they must live beyond their income, or they must resort to very hard shifts, in order to make both ends meet. We find by the reports of the American ambassadors that the scale of living does not vary in any of the European capitals; but we know well enough that in some of those capitals the general range of incomes for the cultivated classes is not so high as it is in London; *their* shifts therefore, must be greater. If such great numbers of cultivated men, and women too, amongst us are so strained in their faculties to keep up their appearances, how much more vast the multitudes in Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg!

"And why? Is it true that all the expensive habits, the costly superfluities, the wasteful conveniences, are necessary to refined life? Is it not true that there are many men in this class who would gladly do without these needless luxuries? Unquestionably; but there are two reasons why they consent to expend their means in things they do not want. One reason is, that if they have not their luxuries—if they have upon their feet the evidences of walking when they enter certain rooms—if they wear cloth suited to their purse—if they cannot bring to table viands unsuited to their resources—they excite the contempt, if not the avoidance, of those whose society they covet, and covet on very rational grounds of intellectual or moral sympathy. The second reason is, that the imperfect law of supply and demand does not discriminate between the essential and the non-essential. Trade, working without reference to the discriminating demand, which numbers of the cultivated classes could express, constructs the things wanted according to the pattern set by the wealthy classes. Thus, for example, the cultivated man desires a house substantially built, decently commodious, properly ventilated and drained, but in London he will have the utmost difficulty in finding such a house unless it be also expensively adorned in various ways which he does not covet. He cannot get the sterling parts of a good house without the gewgaws, and he must either consent to violate taste and decency in his abode, or with decency and commodiousness undergo the cost of idle ornament."

In the foregoing remarks the habits of expense which many persons indulge in, beyond what they can well afford, are treated with more tenderness than the writer of these notes is disposed to show them. Even as regards ambassadors, it is at least questionable that, if they were in all other respects what the representatives of powerful Governments ought to be, they would still "not be attended to," unless they gave in to the ordinary habits of expense which are indulged in by persons of high rank. But leaving the subject of ambassadorial habits of living for one which possesses a more extended interest, namely,

the habits of the general mass of the cultivated classes in this country, it is certainly more than questionable that any such *necessity* of expensiveness lies upon them as that which in the above extract is sought to be made out. The proposition that the cultivated classes must either be contented to pass their lives among the *less* cultivated classes, or must live beyond their incomes, or must resort to very hard shifts in order to make both ends meet, ought not to be received without much qualification. Perhaps it is true as a matter of fact, that, owing to the habits which prevail, refinement is generally combined with expensiveness; but there is no necessity that this *must be so*, and the task of the public writer should rather be to correct these habits, and (if possible) to make people ashamed of them, than to treat them as if they must—for the present, at all events—be submitted to, because “civilisation is not yet refined *enough* for a remedy.” It would be far better to point out that which is unquestionably true, that the indulgence of luxurious and expensive habits is extremely injurious to mental and moral improvement, and that they who desire to enrol themselves *worthily* among the cultivated classes should be very careful not to avail themselves too much of “the appliances of a softer civilisation.” Let us receive instruction from the indignant remonstrance of our great moral poet—

“O Friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppress’d
 To think that now our life is only drest
 For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
 In the open sunshine, or we are unbless’d;
 The wealthiest man among us is the best;
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore;
 Plain living and high thinking are no more;
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.”

And why *should* plain living and high thinking be no more? What have genius and learning to do with expensive rooms, and trains of servants, and costly entertainments? And why may not “cultivation” of the mind and manners, good fellowship, good-humour, and cordial hospitality exist without those habits of expensiveness which make people exceed their incomes, or put them to very hard shifts in order to make both ends meet? The misfortune is, that people whose mental endowments ought to set them above such weakness are, nevertheless, for the most part, as full of the silly vanity about “appearances” as

those who, but for their wealth, would be held to be absolutely contemptible. It is not from fear of being obliged to live with the *less*-cultivated classes that cultivated people of moderate means go to expenses which are extremely inconvenient to them. It is because they are, in this particular, weak and vain—because they wish to equal, if not to outshine, others in the things which are supplied by cooks and grooms; and because they have not courage to trust to that mental cultivation which is their real title to respect.

But it is said that, if they did trust in this alone, and if they did not indulge in expensive habits, which are to them inconvenient, they would excite the contempt, if not the avoidance, of those whose society they covet on very rational grounds of intellectual or moral sympathy. It is submitted that this is a proposition which men with rightly-constituted minds ought to reject. Without being very harsh, it may be affirmed that intellectual or moral sympathy with those whom we are conscious would regard us with contempt, or avoid us altogether, unless we indulged in expensive habits, to which they are accustomed, is more servile in its character than *such* sympathy is generally disposed to be.

Until we find intellectual and moral sympathy leading us to share in the hardships of indigent scholarship, and to submit to some privations and humiliations for its sake, we may reasonably suspect that, when we indulge in expensive habits rather than lose the intellectual society of those who can afford greater luxuries than ourselves, mere vanity, and a readiness to pamper our “softer civilisation,” have quite as much to do with the matter as our apprehension of losing any mental solace or moral advantage. We dread the contempt of our poverty more than we covet their intellectual and moral sympathy, and we succumb to that superciliousness and disdain which, from an emotion of decent pride, we ought rather to resent. But 19 out of every 20 people in London who have any kind of refinement are so beset with the mere vanities of social life that, for their sake, they sacrifice all simplicity and genuineness in their own way of life, and very much of that manliness of character which they ought to regard as their inheritance. It is easy to make to themselves excuses about the necessity of doing what they ought not to do, in order to retain the society of those whose intellectual and moral sympathy they value; but this is a deception. It is the unworthy fear of seeming to be what they are which leads to unreasonable expense. It is because they have not courage to rely upon mental and moral endowments that they seek to help themselves out with finer houses, more servants, and a larger expenditure, than they can well afford.

But while it is the part of good sense and honourable manly spirit

to combine plain living with high thinking, whenever more expensive living is inconvenient or imprudent, yet we are not to confound plain living with coarse living. As the world goes, even very moderate means does not make it necessary for a prudent person to wear a coat of coarse cloth, or to go into well-carpeted rooms with the marks of walking on his feet. There is in all things a reasonable medium. An economical man may make his coat of fine cloth last three times as long as it would last a careless, expensive man; and there are little contrivances that need not be described—despised, perhaps, by the servants in waiting—which enable a man who cannot afford a carriage to walk into a room with unsullied shoes.

It is painful, perhaps, for an intellectual person to have to attend to these trifles; but no man should consider that either his position or his intellect set him above what is prudent. No man can be imprudent without being also, more or less, unjust. A man who, for the sake of appearances, spends more than his income, cannot be considered quite honest; and if, for appearance sake, on some occasions he puts his family or himself to "very hard shifts," on other occasions, the fall from intellectual heights is certainly not less than when he considers small matters in order to preserve a habitual economy.

It may be true, in respect to those who hold the high station of ambassadors, that the modes of living in the various European cities are nearly equally expensive; but this does not hold with regard to the middle classes of society. Our middle class is the most expensive in the world, and hence it happens that our cultivated classes—who do not generally belong either to the higher or lower orders—find it more difficult to keep up to the ordinary habits of their own condition in society than they do abroad. Of late years especially, people in trade in this country have, from small beginnings, sprung so rapidly into opulence, without any *proportionate* advance in intellectual cultivation, or in the scale of society, that persons on an equality with them in other respects are completely distanced in respect of the ability to live expensively. But the folly and the mischief is, that though the rich trader will not try to imitate the intellectual man in his studies and conversation, the intellectual man very often tries to imitate the rich trader in his expensiveness. It is the business of just censorship to condemn this, and to hold up to respect and admiration the practice of living on little with a cheerful heart. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, economy is itself an income.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

By O'DELL TRAVERS HILL.

The oak trees rustle, the rain-clouds loom,
A fair maid sits by the green shore's gloom;
The billows are breaking with might—with might!
And she sighs aloud in the darksome night,
The tears her lovely eyes filling.

My heart is nigh breaking, the world is bare,
And no one is left for me to care.
O Heaven! thy weeping child recall,
I've tasted earth's dearest joy of all—
I've lived and I've loved, ah! how sweetly!

The tears run down in their fruitless flow,
For cries are not heard where dead men go,
But say, for it comforts and heals the breast,
When the loved one is gone to his last long rest,
"I yield to the dictates of Heaven."

Let the tears then run in their fruitless flow,
Though cries are not heard where dead men go,
The sweetest balm for the sorrowing breast,
When the loved one is gone to his last long rest,
Is of love the anguish and wailing.

THE BURIED HISTORY OF BRITAIN.—EXCAVATIONS IN DERBYSHIRE.

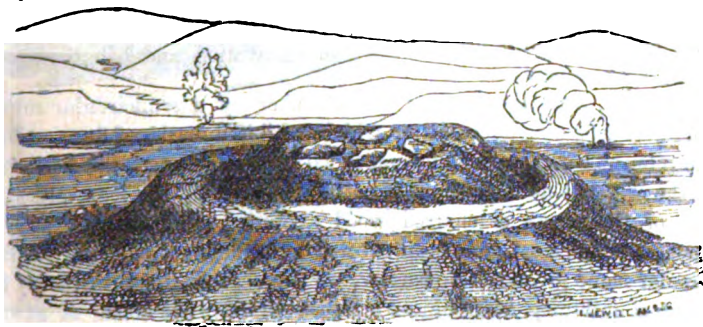
No. IV.



THE results of Mr. Bateman's indefatigable researches, so far as we have referred to them, are sufficiently instructive and interesting to convince us that much faithful history yet remains concealed beneath the surface of the earth. Down in secluded dells, high on the towering crags of mountains, across the level track of the moor, or in the shady recesses of the wood—wherever we bend our steps, it is not impossible that we are treading over fragmentary relics of a bygone age, which, examined by science, would throw new light on the customs and actions of our ancient forefathers. Atoms of flint bearing the sacred impress of human skill and industry, broken remains of olden urns, pieces of burnt bone, and curious little implements of bronze all, become eloquent witnesses and truthful chroniclers of man's mysterious past. Let us pause in our work of excavation and briefly survey some of those historical truths which have been brought to light with the articles already mentioned. We have drawn attention to the interesting discovery of Parcelly Hay Barrow, and to the nature of its contents,* also to the opening of the ancient cist on Ballidon Moor. In both instances the skulls discovered were of very fine proportions, and at the first-named excavation the few articles found beside the skeleton were of the poorest possible description; some chipped flints, some shreds of a drinking cup, and some animal bones and teeth. Chronologists generally agree that the Noachides, Cimmerians, or Celts crossed the Thracian Bosphorus about 2100 B.C., and gradually spread over Europe to the coasts of Gaul, passing from thence into Britain. When, however, we consider the extremely primitive and rude condition of the people represented by the rough and simple implements to which we have alluded, it is difficult to imagine how they managed to cross from Gaul to Britain, unless we suppose that the two coasts were then united—a supposition confirmed by the opinion of geologists. On this ground we have only one difficulty to deal with—viz., the *very early period* at which these first inhabitants must have made their appearance on British soil—a period quite at variance with that computed by the chronologist. If the little chipped flints are capable of disputing thus the evidence of learned chronologists, we cannot be surprised that the skulls also convey some information. A close comparison of them with others of a similar class shows them

* *Family Friend* for January, page 31.

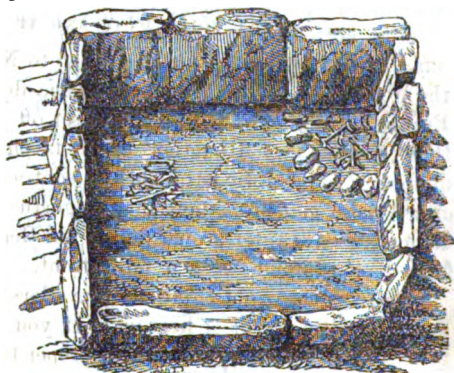
beyond doubt to have belonged to the earliest inhabitants of this island, and demonstrates, moreover, the grand and almost giant proportions of these men of old. Between the remote age when these human beings first appeared in the wilds and forests of Britain, and the age which is marked by the presence of metal instruments and vases similar in form to the original specimens of flint and earth, there is a dark, impenetrable gulf. The Phœnicians were probably the first people who opened up a communication with the utterly uncivilised race of men then dwelling on our shores. If we are to believe the accounts of ancient historians, the Phœnicians traded with the Celtic tribes in the north-west of Europe, about 600 years before the birth of our Saviour; and to those enterprising people we may reasonably attribute the first introduction of metal weapons and superior pottery. As we follow further the excavations so successfully made by Mr. Bateman, we shall find the distinctive features of the earlier periods of human history more fully developed.



HOBHURST'S HOUSE.

"On the 8rd of June, 1853, we went to a conspicuous mound on the Leakery, unenclosed, and most elevated part of Baslow Moor, called Hobhurst's House, and found it to be a circular tumulus, composed of sand and gritstones, about eleven yards in diameter, and four feet high; though, from its being surrounded by an embankment, inside of which the earth had been cut in the form of a ditch, the height appeared fully six feet, and it was only by digging down to the natural surface that we were able to ascertain the actual elevation. The diameter at the outside of the embankment was 22 yards; it was formed, like the mound, of stones and sand, and was 14 feet thick at the base, and about 4 feet high. A trench cut from the south side of the central mound disclosed some large upright slabs of gritstone, set on the natural level, which we at once perceived to be part of a cist or sepulchral chamber, which was soon cleared out and sketched.

It was rectangular, measuring from north to south ten feet three inches, and nine feet from east to west, and was chiefly constructed of slabs of stone, each nearly a yard broad. There were traces of fire throughout the whole enclosure, the undisturbed sand having been burnt to a dirty white, or cream colour, and covered with a layer of charcoal, which was thickest towards the east side, where in the course formed by the junction of the south boundary of the chamber, we discovered the original deposit, consisting of calcined human bones, lying in the very spot where they had been drawn together while the embers of the funeral pile were glowing. They were in a small heap along with some thick pieces of charcoal and two heaps of burnt ore, and were separated as



marked off, from the floor of the chamber by a semicircular row of small sandstone boulders, all of which exhibited marks of fire. A few more burnt bones were found embedded in the sand near the north end of the cist, but no instrument of pottery of any kind was seen, although one of the pieces of charred wood exhibited a cleanly-cut oblique surface, which must have been effected by a sharp instrument. In the popular name given to the barrow, we have an indirect testimony to its great antiquity, as *Hobhurst's House* signifies the abode of an unearthly or supernatural being, accustomed to haunt woods and other solitary places, respecting whom many traditions yet live in remote villages. Such an idea could only arise in a superstitious age long ago, yet sufficiently modern to have effaced all traditionary recollection of the original intention of the mound; it likewise affords a curious instance of the inherent tendency of the mind to assign a reason for everything uncommon or unaccountable, which no extent of ignorance or apathy seems able totally to eradicate.

WITH A FRIEND IN PARIS :
RANDOM NOTES OF AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.
 BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

CHAPTER IV.

AT NOTRE DAME AND AT VERSAILLES.



WE were pledged to go to Notre Dame.

So, from the Place de la Concorde (to which we had returned) we set off along the banks of the Seine.

Historians find a favourite pastime in drawing historic parallels and contrasts. They seem to think it a great point gained to show that Augustus Cæsar and George IV. had alike a weakness for brown rappee, or that Boadicea didn't, and Mrs. Sairey Gamp did, wear a false front. Upon the same principle, I know, it is the right thing for travellers to compare and contrast all the places they visit or hear of. If you have been to Rome, and find yourself on Salisbury Plain, the proper thing is to observe that Stonehenge is very fine for the period, but is not at all like the Colosseum. Or, again, if you should have seen the Bay of Naples, society expects of you that, as a well-informed man, you should, on going to Brighton, tell us how like or how unlike the places are, and add an opinion as to the effect which running a chain-pier out into the Bay would have on it, politically, pictorially, and financially.

Following this principle, I ought before this to have drawn you an elaborate contrast between Paris and London; but I am merciful; moreover, I am lazy, and I intend to let you off with just a *little* remark on the two rivers—the Seine and the Thames. The fact that they are not a bit alike would seem to render this unnecessary; but there are æsthetic reasons—which I need not go into—making it indispensable.

In the first place, then, the Thames has an advantage over the Seine in respect that it is a much broader, and consequently nobler, river. Then, to drop a word into the other scale, the Seine has an advantage over the Thames, inasmuch as you can see to the full what there is of it. It does not run like a sewer, between warehouses, and past lumbering, crazy wharves, and under overhanging cranes; on either side of it are broad stone quays, noble streets, in fact, from which you can watch the “thing of beauty,” winding its shining length along, from end to end. I call the Seine beautiful, because to my eyes all rivers are so; but while I hold the scales between it and our national river, and endeavour to weigh the claims of each impar-

tially, I do not think it is patriotism which makes me give the palm on that score to our own Thames. We all abuse it, I know; we call it "ditch," and "sewer," and the rest of it; but anyone who has ever looked upon it, as Wordsworth looked on it on the 3rd September, 1803, must at times have been disposed to agree with him, that

"Earth hath not anything to show more fair."

It is, however, I will admit, a matter of taste. The rivers are as unlike each other as it is possible for two things of like kind to be. The Thames is all life and animation; crowded with steamers above bridge, thronged by ships which create a forest of masts below. The "silent highway" is incessantly in motion. The Seine, on the other hand, is scarcely to be called a highway at all; it does not serve the same purpose for Paris that the Thames does for London. The streets on either side of it enable the people to go through the heart of the city expeditiously enough without taking water. Consequently there are no steamboats, no ferry-boats—very little, in fact, resembling a boat at all. Beating men pull to and fro in their four-oars, and this is pretty well all. A mysterious kind of craft has been dragged up and moored on the south side, to give the Parisians an idea of what a ship is, and the shipping interest seems to have no more to do with the river. In fact, the Parisians seem to regard it from a point of view altogether different from that which we take of our river. They do not associate with it ideas of navigation, but of bathing. The Frenchman, whom we so readily set down as dirty, from his milk-pot ewer and soup-plate wash-basin, makes it his custom to take, like the ancient Greek—the nation whom of all others the French most nearly resemble—his daily public bath. And the Seine is, in consequence, quite choked up with bathing-houses. They form quadrangles, enclosing large squares of water; and there are also arrangements for warm baths. One of these is very conspicuous, from the tasteful design of the chimneys. As you approach, it seems as if palms or fan-leaved exotics were growing in the river; then you see that they are almost black, and, finally, you discover the delusion.

Perhaps, from the river being narrow and the expense of bridges consequently small, they abound. I counted from fifteen to twenty, and got tired. Some of them are new, and several have significant names. There is the Napoleon III.,—a railway bridge belonging to the *chemin de fer de ceinture*, which runs round Paris: then there is the Pont de l'Alma and the Pont de Solferino. All cities are more or less monuments of history; but the French have a singular passion for preserving flies in monumental amber. Scarcely is an event achieved out of which they can squeeze the least drop of credit, honour, or glory, before it is immortalised in a bridge, a place, or *boulevard*. They would, I am told, be very happy to inscribe "London" as the name of

a victory on a very lofty column, or very conspicuous "place." The name would sound well, they say; and some go so far as to allege that the French roll-call of glory is incomplete without it. What say you, my countrymen? What say you, Volunteers of England? Is it to be? Is any descendant of ours ever to walk, as I walk this day, through monumental Paris, and to hang his head in shame and bitterness of heart at sight of that word? NEVER! In your names,—my heart answering to the beat of your hearts, though the broad channel now rolls between us,—I answer, "NEVER!"

"Sacre nom de——!"

"Oh! a million pardons, Monsieur!"

It was a little French soldier in a rainbow uniform. In my sudden outburst of feeling I had stepped back. I had thrown up my hand. Inadvertently I had stamped on his wretched little foot and tilted his tall shako over his eyes. But he was not hurt. I inquired tenderly into the fact, and can assure you he was not hurt. At least he declared so; but though he grew very polite after the first expletive, there was a wicked look in his eye, and his teeth were set as he went off muttering something about *Les Anglais*. Perhaps he was promising himself how he would serve my corns when he came over to take part in that Battle of London.

By the way, I wish I could describe that soldier, because he was a type of a class with whom the streets of Paris swarm. But I am afraid I cannot paint the man: I must content myself with the uniform. He was one of what I may call the imitation Zouaves. That is, he was an ordinary French soldier with an adaptation of the Zouave uniform, now that of the line in France. Draw for yourself a sallow boy five feet nothing, in a pair of the fullest conceivable red knickerbockers, which hang down in loose folds over leggings of orange bordered with purple, and which in their turn surmount white gaiters covering the boot. Invest him next with a very tight tunic of blue with green or red facings, with a very small waist, and a little tail in the rear some three inches in length (the ordinary length of the tunic skirt among the French foot-soldiers is three inches); give plenty of braid and epaulet; and surmount the whole with an exceedingly tall shako, of uncompromisingly hard leather, having on the front a splay eagle in brass, and on the top—as the apex of dignity—*two* pompons: a yellow one about an inch above a red one!

You will call this an exaggeration. Yet I know not in what language to paint my little friend—who would so readily become my little foe,—in colours nearer the truth. We sometimes smile, and with justice, at the strange garbs of our Volunteers; but the streets of Paris are like a masquerade from the enormous number of soldiers who throng them, and the ceaseless variety of their fantastic uniforms. And they

are the more striking from the fact that, as a rule, the men are so small as to make it impossible for any costume to give them dignity. Do not



however, fall into the popular delusion that all French soldiers are short, or that because their uniforms are fantastic they are therefore ill-suited to their work. There are at present in Paris several cavalry regiments composed of men who, in point of size, would be welcomed to our Grenadier ranks,—the Chasseurs and Carbineers may be mentioned, *par exemple*. And in respect of uniform, the new Zouave dress, singular as it looks, is admirably adapted for work. If we are wise, and ever have a national costume for our Rifles, it ought to be founded on that model. I may note that most of the regiments are armed with the sword-bayonet; and that the privates are permitted to wear the sword as a side-arm when off duty. I could not learn that, as a rule, this was attended with any ill consequences. Before dismissing the subject, I may point out, as a trifling peculiarity, that the French non-commissioned officers wear their stripes reversed, as compared with the practice of the English army. They point upwards, or in some cases they cross, forming a kind of Masonic badge.

The number of soldiers in Paris, at present, is enormous. They seem to form the bulk of the population. Their uniforms give the tone to the streets; and they form an integral part of every public entertainment. Of course, everybody who sees them naturally asks the question, "For what are these men reared and paid?" Frenchmen

will tell you—or rather, an ordinary Frenchman won't tell you anything—youn't know anything about it, in which he shows his wisdom.

It is not well or safe, indeed, for a man to have opinions in Paris. If he has, they are apt to boil over and give themselves expression, and who is he to express them to? Not to the brother of his heart, not to the friend of his bosom, certainly not to the smiling stranger who dines with him at the *table d'hôte*, or offers to share his rug with him in the railway carriage. There was a time when the French were an open, genial, chatty people, with an ever-ready laugh for the reticent English. Now, all is changed. In the omnibus, in the railway carriage, at the café, all is silent: the system of espionage is carried to such lengths that men have lost all trust in one another. "A man fears," as an Anglo-Frenchman put it to me the other day,—“a man fears even to sleep, lest in his dreams he should give utterance to the thoughts that gnaw at his heart, and suffer for it.”

You know how Shakespeare has described a State? The lines are so applicable to the present government of France that I must recal them to you:—

“The providence that's in a watchful State
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold:
Finds bottom i' the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought; and, almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of State,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.”

The divinity of the “operation” may be an open question, but it exists; and, under it, Paris is what it is.

At last we got to Notre Dame,

Which, like every other place of any note in Paris, seems always under repair. Next to devising New Paris, restoring Old Paris appears to be the Emperor's favourite pastime. Everything capable of tinkering is in a state of tinkerage; and is not, in consequence, seen to much advantage. For either it is buried in scaffolding, and is only to be got at by ladders or pullies, or other ingenious devices; or it is just emerging from scaffolding, and presents a piecemeal, not to say piebald, aspect which infinitely disturbs my organ of veneration. I suppose I am a Goth; but I hate restorations. From a “restored” Basillica down to a “restored” highlow I am disposed to cry with Timon,

“'Tis not well, mended so; it is but botched.”

These attempts to perpetuate a thing beyond its natural term by making it something else, are natural enough; but they annoy one. The old is prized for its age or for some quality irrespective of its

age. In the one case restoring robs it of its one quality; in the other—why, it is better not to try to restore it, but to replace it. Don't take pains to foist upon posterity something in the name of the Past with which the Past has no concern.

To stand in face of the noble front of Notre Dame, with its two square towers rising high above one, was to realise fully being in Paris. I doubt if there is any one object in the city so familiar to English eyes. This, perhaps, arises in great part from the interest with which Victor Hugo's great romance—almost as popular in this country as in his own—has invested it. For my own part, one of my first impulses was to look for a water-spout like that to which Claude Frollo clung as Quasimodo pitched him from the tower. The side-view of the Cathedral is fine, though less imposing, and the eastern end, with its light, flying buttresses, greatly pleased me.

Always push open the swinging door of a Catholic church boldly, and let it shut with a slam. I found all the very strict Protestant Christians I met with invariably did, and it seemed to do them good. After this they trotted boldly forward, as far as they could (never minding toppling over half a dozen kneeling worshippers), and prepared, with a hard, cold, aggressive manner, to watch those miserable Papists at their devotions. Just inside the door at Notre Dame, as at most churches, there sits an old woman—or, maybe, an old man, for I only caught sight of a skull-cup and a brown nose—dealing out holy water. This is done by means of a good-sized whitewash brush, which is plunged into the water-stoup and thrust out to the successive worshippers, who touch it with the tips of their fingers, or often with the tips of their delicate gloves, and cross themselves more or less discursively. Now, at first I was at a loss to tell how the Something with the brush always plunged it at the Papists and never at the Protestants; but, after a little watching, I concluded that I could do it myself. I would venture not to make one mistake in a hundred trials. The fact is, we do not enter our own temples very reverently. We are apt to bustle in, or to stalk in, or, in the case of the ladies, to sweep in; and make for our little strongholds, our rented pews, with anything but a humble, reverent, penitential air. And is it likely that we should adopt a lowlier tone when demonstrating Protestant Christianity to these heathens?

Notre Dame does not appear to advantage inside. The promise of the exterior is altogether belied by what one finds there. It is tawdry and commonplace. The temporary high altar presents no special features, but before it, nearer the centre of the church, is a fine statue of the Virgin, apparently of silver, on an ebony pediment, or fine. Service was going on at the high altar and also in all of the many surrounding chapels, and there was rather a con-

fusion of tongues and of bells, while the air was redolent of incense. The robes of the officiating priests were very rich; amber satin and lace entered into their composition rather lavishly. This unimportant circumstance struck two English women very forcibly, and one of them ventured the remark that she should like the satin for her drawing-room chairs. I shall never forget the tone in which "My dear!" was uttered by the other woman, who left the church at once, emitting a series of sounds as if calling fowls to be fed. This noise, by the way, one not unfrequently hears in Catholic churches; it is the favourite mode in which Protestant ladies express their concern for the errors of Romanism, and give vent to their overwrought feelings. It is not complimentary, but the kneeling worshippers do not resent it. They must possess wonderful powers of concentration. People walk in and out, brush past them, stare at them, whisper at them, and laugh over them; but they don't stir. They gaze up at a picture, or droop their eyes over their beads just as calmly as if they were in the solitude of their own chamber, instead of forming part of a "sight" for the profane tourist.

This cathedral used to be very rich in relics, and though it has lost its pre-eminence in this respect, it still musters some curious specimens. On Fridays, there is now being exhibited for the "adoration of the faithful" a crown of thorns, some nails, and a bit of wood,—the crown being represented as that which the Saviour wore in his crucifixion, the nails as those which nailed His hands and feet, and the wood as part of His cross. These things are, of course, well authenticated! The legend respecting them is, that they were brought from the Holy Land by Saint Louis, King of France, about 1250, and that he purchased them from the Saracens; but how they were preserved until the Saracens appeared in Palestine, and why those people should have preserved them for several hundred years afterwards, seeing that they could possess no value in their eyes, is not stated. Moreover, as in the great revolution, the rabble of Paris sacked all the churches, and destroyed all the relics they could put hands on, it is difficult to see how these relics, the best known of all, could escape. I will add that, unless I am labouring under a great delusion, the crown which is now being exhibited is not the same as that which was shown some years ago; then it was green in colour, and the present one is black. But these trifling discrepancies will happen in the best regulated reliquaries!

At Notre Dame don't forget the morgue. Not that there is any more reason why people out to enjoy themselves should go to see dead bodies exposed for identification in Paris than they should do the same thing in London. It is not customary for people at home to go about diving into police-calls and parish dead-houses in search of the human

flotsam and *jetsam* of the river or the streets; but it may be doubted whether one Englishman in a thousand quits Paris without going himself and taking his family to this most famous of all famous dead-houses.

The present morgue is a new building on a new site. The old one was a very insignificant place on the quay of Notre Dame, and but a step from that crowded thoroughfare. To look for it the visitor had to pass through the most frequented part of the city, and it was inexpressibly startling when in the midst of hurrying vehicles and laughing, chattering groups, happy in the bright glow of sunshine, our guide suddenly paused and whispered "The Morgue." As I recollect it, a single cell or chamber constituted the old Morgue. It was square, with whitewashed walls on three sides of it, and on the fourth an open grating. Behind this was arranged three slabs supported on tressels, each forming an inclined plane on which the body was laid, so as to enable the spectator to gain a perfect view of the face of the corpse through the grating. This was the building with which we are familiar in French romances, and this is recorded of it:—"Not two days in any one month is this dismal abode untenanted; but there is a law of average even in the matter of suicide by drowning, and these three slabs suffice as the furniture of the Morgue."

Suicide by drowning would appear to have outstript and violated its own law of average for the new Morgue, at the back of the cathedral, is a larger and more pretentious building, though still very simple; it is provided with a dozen marble slabs. On these the bodies found in the river and all those unknown found in the streets or elsewhere are laid out to view, water trickling over them from taps provided for the purpose, so that they may be preserved without becoming offensive as long as possible. The bodies are naked; the clothes of the deceased are suspended over the slab, and if the body is not claimed it is in due course buried, but the clothes remain suspended for twelve months.

In the afternoon Paris went to Versailles. We naturally followed. The distance is about fifteen miles, and you go by rail through the loveliest country. The line passes St. Cloud and Sevres, and half-a-dozen other famous and beautiful spots. Of these I had a good view, because, for the first time, I rode on the top of the train! The carriages are constructed with comfortable outside seats on the roof, and in summer they are delightful. In our compartment we all agreed that it was the very Paradise of Smokers, and pitied the poor devils stewed up "under hatches" below. The passengers consisted chiefly of soldiers and ladies,—the conjunction does not mean in Paris what it would mean in London—and when we reached Versailles that was a very reservoir of ladies and soldiers, in which our tiny stream was soon swallowed up and lost.

Tradition says that the palace and grounds of Versailles cost forty millions sterling! For two centuries they have been amongst the wonders of the world. Not of the stupid old world, which built pyramids and wrought colossal bronzes; but of the brave modern world, which invents desires and creates the means of administering to them. The palace, as everybody knows, is magnificent; but it is less as a palace than as a picture-gallery that it is regarded since its restoration under Louis Phillippe. It is a vast depository of paintings, sculpture, and works of art, illustrative, says Vatout, "of everything that has reflected honour on the annals of France from the cradle of the monarchy down to the present day." Here people inspect miles of painting, the subjects for the most part of "no interest to anybody but the owners"—the French; by artists of all degrees of talent and of no talent at all. Guides divide them into sections. No. 1 consists of historical paintings, and truly there are acres of painted fictions relative to the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., if you care for such "history" as they could make. The Napoleon campaigns will also be found here "at large"; and you may trace the events that followed even till the close of the reign of Louis Phillippe. They have not yet added the flight of Mr. Louis Phillippe Smith to England and his reception at Newhaven. If they did paint it, judging from their customary "historic" style, I should like to see the gorgeous chateau into which the little inn would be converted, the grandeur of the inevitable Mayor of Newhaven in crimson and ermine, and the (probable) distant view of the Queen hurrying down by express train, with her Crown on, to welcome the inane fugitives.

Historic paintings are all very well; but, walking through this palace, my poor, despised, reviled, dog's-eared *Galignani* enabled me to paint for myself pictures of far more interest than any I saw upon the walls. "In this room," says he, "Louis XIV. himself waited on Molière to teach his courtiers how to respect genius." There, tear down all this lying canvas; let me realise for myself that scene in this room! Or, again, "In this room that easy Monarch, Louis XV., suffered Madame du Barri to sit on the arm of his chair in the presence of the Council, and to fling a packet of unopened despatches into the fire before his face." What do I want with all these "historical events" touching the reign of such a Monarch when I have the key this incident affords to his character and fitness for empire? Or once more, "It was from this balcony that Louis XVI., surrounded by his Queen and his children, harangued the infuriated populace which came to drag him from his palace on the 6th October, 1789." Think you I will stare at those tawdy walls while I can look upon that balcony and conjure up that scene?

The remaining sections are of portraits, busts and statues, views

of royal residences, and medals and coins. I didn't get beyond the portraits. I looked for an hour upon nothing but Marshals of France. I found that they gave way to vistas of Grand Admirals, and that Constables occupied the walls of innumerable apartments after them, and upon this I vanished. The prospect of spending a day in such fine company might be very cheering to a Frenchman; but it was too much for me, and having ricked my neck by staring up at some mythological ceilings, painted by Le Brun,—and Heaven knows who besides the Brown,—I departed.

"The refined species of torture, called 'the painted ceiling,'" said my Friend, with unusual gravity, "originated with Louis the Cruel, who took a secret delight in watching the involuntary contortions of his courtiers in gazing at this unnatural species of art. During his reign vertigo was the prevailing court malady."

I did not feel it necessary to tell my Friend that I believed he was drawing on his imagination for his facts.

FRANK TRAVERS' LETTERS FROM MESOPOTAMIA.

LETTER II.

ORFAH.



DEAR TOM,—I had almost expected to find letters from you at Orfah, till I remembered that my own epistle commenced at Aleppo and finished at Beer—don't I wish we could get some genuine Allsop hereabouts!—was yet in my pocket, and, still worse, unfinished. Where was I? as the gossips say. Somewhere about Barak, struggling amongst desert villages, but not deserted ones. It were out of place to comment upon auburn lest it should be taken personally by the ladies—for ebony "raven" and "black as Erebus" are more to the purpose just now. But I will take up the thread of my narrative, as the phrase goes, though hard facts like these, and coming from such a distance, would be safe tied with a good thick rope, I should say. Let people have similes if they will, but why not sensible ones?

First of all, I must tell you how we completed our journey to Beer. Humbarek is the name of a village where we passed the night previously, and is just a little farther than the place where I left you, so to speak. It is memorable from the fact that, mounting the heights of an elevation wonderfully like that north of the Regent's Park, rurally

except Primrose Hill, we first obtained a glimpse of the Euphrates. "Glorious river of the olden paradise." Dabble rushed from the top of Primrose Hill, pitched his "Rowney," and commenced manipulations like a pig in a fit. If I were good for anything with a pencil I would send you an illustration. Tried and can't. As for me, I have nearly coloured a briar-root, and measured my length on the ground and rammed in the bird's-eye intent on the process, looking at that poor fellow in the distance slaving like an Israelite under Pharaoh. By-the-bye, I got into a fine mess the other day. I brought out a few serpent's eggs in a box, and let 'em off amongst the Asiatics: By Jove, Tom! they would have stoned me for a wizzard but for the jolly old sheik at Chamooly—that's where I was fool enough to light 'em. He is a man of superior intelligence. He listened to the remonstrances of a French botanist in the caravan, and got me off, but, I understand, made a *docead* row at me for a fool. Fortunately don't know his lingo, so no occasion to knock him down.

Desert travelling in this quarter is very slow in more senses than one. We approached Humbarek across a plain that made a three hours' journey. By the time Dabble had finished his sketch he found us encamped. Humbarek is a village of mingled tents and houses and with the cheerful and conspicuous addition of a burying-ground where the tombstones are all topped with turbans like the pictures in the old "Arabian Nights." I have not seen the new addition, which the critiques laud so much—daresay it is not as good as the old ones—where all the tombstones are topped with white turbans, and any one by moonlight might fancy, to see the row of white *head-pieces* (do forgive me, Tom), that every man had got out of his own grave to have a look about him and see what was going on in Humbarek, though, perhaps, as somebody once said of European "last lines" if they could read their own epitaphs they would fancy they had got into the wrong graves. Whether eastern comments on the dead are equally flattering and fictitious, not knowing the language, can't say. Now I believe if such a "manifestation" were to happen at Kensal Green, or Norwood, or the specified locality at Highgate, some of the poor spirits would say that the only true word was "Here he lies," whilst the cemetery company and necropolis folks would stand a chance of an action at law from the inheritors of deceased's property, to show cause, &c., why the dead should walk if not improperly buried. I wonder some of these wholesale undertakers do not sue the spirit rappers for libel, for stating, for instance, on such and such an occasion, that one so and so, being present, rapped, when he was buried full fathom five, six months before by their own trusty servants with a patent interring process, and hermetically sealed into perpetual silence.

Apropos of reading Arabic inscriptions, Tom, let me advise you

seriously. Before you travel anywhere learn the language. If you mean to write your travels, as I do, learn it twice over.

After this halt we soon reached Beer, and I hailed with delight the prospect of entering a town, but we, alas! poor mortals, were expected to encamp under the walls, more after the manner of a set of tramps liable to imprisonment by the nearest magistrate than a caravan containing an English gentleman and future author, and an artist of genius, though, between you and I, the less said about the genius the better.

I feel myself quite a traveller now, and am persuaded that there will be a thing or two in my book which will surprise some of you at home. But I shall not begin the first chapter till I feel quite in the vein—thoroughly in the humour.

We passed a deserted village in these plains—a profitable investment for a new pastoral poet. There was quite a cluster of mud huts and an immense stock in the sentimental line, in the shape of a caravanserai, if well turned to account—

The steed had vanished from the stall—
and camel ditto.

No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
The lonely spider's thin grey pall
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall.

And

The owl usurps the beacon tower,
The wild dog—

I did not see him, by-the-bye, but I daresay he did—

Howls o'er the fountain's brim,
With baffled thirst and famine grim.

And I am glad I did not, for hydrophobia were no joke to catch and die, and oblige poor Cyrella to "drop a tear." But it is quite true that

The stream had shrunk from its marble bed,
Where the weeds and the desolate dust were spread.

But whether

'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sunbriess of day,
As springing high the silvery dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure on the ground;

or whether

'Twas sweet when cloudless stars were bright
To view the wave of watery light;

or whether any Hassan play'd round the cascade and made "rest" rhyme for "mother's breast," not knowing, I can't say. There it was with a terrace all round the roof. Let the pastoral-minded come and seize it for their next idyll. For my part, as I have said, I hate poetry. Hudibras is the only thing in that line I ever appreciated.

At last we came to the strand of the Euphrates—as muddy a river as ever ran between two banks. About as wide as the Thames at London and as turbid as the Nile. Take a cup of it, and half is gritty sediment, and that is worse than the Egyptian Aquarius' conduct, as you may have read. To ford this river they use the queerest boats you can imagine—keelless, stern-postless, and stern-pieceless—into which they cram four or five camels, as many donkeys, and twice the number of human beings, to say nothing of two or three tons of goods, and this at the eminent risk of going to the bottom. The river, however, is not deep. Twelve feet, I should say, at the most. The natives here think it the largest in the world. “Poor fools!”

I must say that as one of the four rivers of Paradise I expected better things of the Euphrates. But I see Dabble has got it in with cobalt and French ultramarine—a nasty mixture that looks heavy at first and turns black in a year, when it will be all the more like nature—got it in with cobalt, smalt, and French ultramarine, which he calls idealizing—and so, perhaps, the only true earthly paradise is to be found with us, in the ideal. I really believe, Tom, this slow kind of travelling will send me home a philosopher. So much the better for my book.

There is no navigation—no communication up or down this mighty river—for the good people in the vicinity are not up to boat building, and are waiting for a Peter the Great to drop amongst them out of cloudland, and as few clouds appear in the heated skies here they may wait long enough. Dabble says he is strong at clouds, and beats Correggio, whose cherubs' support has always a feather-bed appearance. So he is rather sorry there's so much cobalt in the atmosphere—it looks too hot, he says?—Looks!—“seems, man! It is!” Shades of Lucifer defend us—and I wish there was some shade,—one would think we were hard by the original of Raphael's purgatory. What is still further against navigation is the fact of the constant scrimmaging of the Arabs amongst themselves. They are Irish from head to foot, with their “two year olds” and their three year olds “Orangemen,” “Ribandmen,” “Papists,” and “Fenians” — a capital illustration of the bundle of sticks divided. Therefore, if a fleet were sent them they would probably just unite to destroy it, and then fall to loggerheads again. “Shure, an' ye'd never go to begrudge them their little divarshun!”

Beer is built on a steep hill, with a ruined castle in the centre and five mosques with wonderful resemblances to cruet-stands, scattered amongst a group of four or five houses, most of which have the religious motto “Mosh-Allah” inscribed over their doors. A wall of yellow brick encompasses the city, with rounded abutments bearing inscriptions in letters cut in them. The gate—a dingy old affair—Dabble pronounced “fine, very fine.” Heigho! I wish I could see our fold-

ing doors instead, champagne, gas, and sofa. Nobody could read the inscriptions. On the gate were a row of reversed fleur-de-lis. What does that mean, Tom? Do you think the French family are of Saracenic origin? Can you trace it out anyhow? Was it Heary IV., or Francis L., who adopted the fleur-de-lis? or Charles VI.? Trace it. What a fool: a fellow is without his books!

Beer—Dabble says—is the Birtha of antiquity. It is on the east bank of the celestial river, which, by-the-bye, is very steep. This is an allegory, you perceive. Steep to mount, but the other side—the western—is low and flat—easy to go down. I shall make a sublime passage of that in any book, and write a little moral essay or fable for parents to read out to their tender offspring. I do love children so when they are kept out of my sight. I do delight to hear their little feet going away up the nursery stairs. I am so thankful when that flabby baby's perambulator stops the way, and its otherwise and separately agreeable mother says sleep is an absolute and physical necessity, and apologises for its very timely flight, and makes me say, "Very sorry, but pray don't mention it," when I incontinently call on excellent men, the victimised, but smiling-amidst-their-torture, the heroic Benedicts of my acquaintance. My sister, you know, Tom—nice girl enough, lots of wavy tresses, no false *chignon*, little pork-pie hat, wing, great crinoline, tiny feet, scarlet petticoat, lispy sort of voice, nice laugh, slightly affected ways; Fitzherbert—best fellow we know, finest cigars, highest stepping horse, newest tandem, longest betting list—I called on them before I went away. Small plopperty individual in white dimity, six nurses, doctor, vaccination, horrid squalling, bottle of milk warming on the hob. Fitzherbert airing little what-d'ye-call-'ems. Conversation ran thus:—"Going to leave us, Frank? Popsy, petsey, don'tee cry! Travel in the East? Won't you take the yellow fever? Ma's dearee darling doo? Look at nursey, catchy, catchy, catch."

Frank.—"I've come to say good-bye. May be killed by Arabs. Last visit, perhaps. Ta, ta! old fellow."

Fitzherbert.—"We are in consternation. We are in consternation about these spots—we think it is measles. Doctor says it is teething. Shall I air another?"

Sister.—"Noey noey, yessy pleasy, crassy crossy. Good-bye, Uncle Frank."

Fitzherbert.—"You're not going? Want you as godfather."

Frank starts, and catches his hat.

Sister.—"Takey baby, Unkey Frankey, deary doory da."

Frank bolts. That's it. Dryden says, "All men are fools or lovers, first or last."

It is very well to be a lover, Tom, but—— However, I am for-

getting myself. Of course I came out here to go home and marry Cyrella. But children—bah! ; * * *

You had better keep the last confidence to yourself, for Cyrella's in love with the miserable brat—my nephew, by the way, and called Frank purely to exasperate me.

What made me get on this tender topic? For really it has nothing in it referent to my travels. Dabble is out of temper. He is the sulkiest being I ever saw. He wants Therapolis, as children and idiots want the moon, and, like them, he cannot have it. He insists it should be two miles away, but he only hears of a Roman castle four miles off in the wrong direction.

"Hould yer whist, my jewel," says I, "shure an' faith ain't there Rooman castles to spare, an' plenty in your own purty isle, widout distractin' ov' yersel' about Therapolis? Ain't there one widin' a day's journey of the fashionable an' genteel town of Ramsgate? an' a Roman amphitheatre and camp in the county of Dorset without stoppin' to enumerate the many places that served as hostelries in the Immerald Isle to the blessed St. Patrick?"

Below Beer the Euphrates divides itself into several streams, and forms a number of dirty little isles. If I lived on one of them I should in truth cry with Tom Moore,—

"Oft in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little isle had wings."

But as to "live, love," I think I should wish to "die alone," if pitched there for any lengthened period.

In England we have a duty on tea, and have a duty on spirits. I believe in turnpike roads there exists a charge for horses and asses, but did you ever yet hear of a duty upon Christians? Beer is governed by an Aga, under the Pasha of Orfah, and here a toll is charged upon us as if we were kid gloves or Lyons silk, or cigars, or contraband articles of some kind. Goods entering from Symia are also liable to the *ostrol*.

Nothing is spoken here but Turkish. As for the females, they are but loosely veiled, and we can take a sly glance at them now and then. But one must be very careful of the natives. If a man saw me look mischievously at his wife or daughter, or mother, or sister, or *fiancée*, or friend's *fiancée*, or cousin, or grandmother—though heaven knows I would not wink at his grandmother for the world, especially with Cyrella's in my mind's eye, tell her so, dear girl!—he would brain me on the spot, and little trouble to himself for the same.

I must explain to you the difference, as far as aspect goes, between the Turkomans and the Arabs, for of course you expect my letters to be instructive, and as a future author, to a certain, but not to too abstract a degree, learned. The former have the Tartar, or what we

familiarly call the Chinese countenance—that is, a face like a skull covered with dirty parchment, two active eyes, and a shock head of hair, more by token, as Pat would say, “that it is generally shaved.” The Arabs have long, sharp faces, aquiline olfactory organs, and though their mouths are very small, of “the crimson dye” on the lips. Their eyes are large, and their necks are long. A female of that type properly modified ought to be handsome, but I do not decide in favour of too much of the aquiline nor an over predominance of the pallid hue.

The chieftains herabouts are so charitable that when I remember St. Paul’s injunction, “Be given to hospitality,” I sigh for my Christian countrymen; and doubt much if many of them, the richer ones more especially, will ever run the chance of entertaining “angels.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF NINEV.

unawares.” Here it is the likeliest of things. It is nothing strange for one chief to feed forty—cooking a supper, spreading it, and leaving it for the poor to come and take. Long life to the jolly old sheiks!

If Father Ignatius were there with me, the reverend youth would not have a leg to stand on; his very sandals would fall off for shame! As for the poor old Pope, he would “blush to the eyes,” and I feel sure his spectacles would turn blue. And, for why, demand you, Tom St. Clair, my favoured friend and recipient of my confidences and

my epistles—for why? For to see the Fakirs, Tom St. Clair! We must get them over—we must indeed. England is a free country, and why should not the Fakirs have a convent there? Why not proselytise the counties? Why not convert the shires, and divert the wicks? They can mutter their articles of faith over and over in a breath for three hours without pausing; they can say prayers to Allah and Mahomet, his prophet, in vain repetitions, counting the rosaries they wear at their girdles. We must have them over. What a sensation they would make!

After leaving Beer we crossed a similar country to that encountered before—desert and barren, resembling in its undulations the bed of some dried sea. Is this a record of the deluge, Tom, think you? Now and then, patches of grass or plots of corn diversified the barrenness. We amused ourselves by urging our horses forward to the head of the caravan dismounting, and lying on the grass—Frank to smoke a cigar, Dabble, of course, to find something or other to sketch. The caravan is two hours passing, and the picture and weed are finished by that time. Then we remount, and perform the same little manœuvre again. And so on to our journey's end.

The other day we had a jollification when we encamped for the night. Some capital sherbet and fruits had been procured, boiled wheat, warm bread dipped in butter heated to a state of oil (a sort of primitive toffy), coffee and pipes completed our *carta de menu*—not that anything so refined presented itself. A ring was formed round our encampment by the camels and horses, the baggage deposited within, fires lighted, and, after supping, camel drivers and others danced in rings round the fire, like a party of noisy children at Christmas time, making a horrid howling, which no doubt they called music, and after all quite as good as some of the fourth-rate screeching I have been deceived into enduring at English operas at Dreary Lane, under the management of Donkey-roarer, the bass, barytone, and tenore in one. The worst of it was that sentinels were on the look out, and all of us had to take this unpleasant task in turns, like a rotary toy horse-guard box, one in and one out. We—or rather they—kept it up all night, but being under the walls of Orfah, we got some precious jolly ices.

The subject of the enclosed sketch is Beer in the distance, and a Turkish ruin in the foreground. Don't it look just like some of the children's picture bricks? Dabble is just finishing an idea of the caravan resting.

I must tell you a joke of mine with poor Dabble. His great weakness is the Royal Academy. Have hit upon a capital method of teasing him. Whenever he falls into professional rhapsodies, I always reply

"Ah! Aye!" But he only laughs, poor fellow, and says quietly,
 "Who knows, Frank, how soon it may be R.A.?"



A CARAVAN RESTING.

Give my love to Cyrella. I begin to feel as if I should never see her again. But assure her, dear Tom, the farther I am away from her the better I love her. Heigho! "Parting is such sweet sorrow," and all the rest of it. Don't be surprised if you never hear of me again. I am confoundedly low-spirited. Good-bye, old boy. 'Twill be my happiest day when Dabble and I set foot again on London Bridge.

A CORONET AT LAST, A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,
Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or 'True to the Last.'"

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.
There is a mystery.—Ibid.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BAD SUNDAY.

FOR a few months time progressed monotonously, but comparatively peaceably, at Keston Villa. There was the usual amount of wrangling between the master and mistress, but no more. In their daily matrimonial disputes her lips, too genteel to breathe the word "bailiffs," profited by the aristocratic reticence to render the subject a thousand times more irritating and formidable, conveyed as it was in hints that formed the hidden sting of many a speech, like a domestic minotaur lurking perdué in a labyrinth of words. Richard, of course, roared and stormed, as usual, whenever an eligible opportunity occurred; but as the deep thunder of his tones was increased and prolonged, the shrill voice of his helpmate mingled with it, like the shrieking and southing of the angry wind blowing aimlessly about the earth, and the roar of a dangerous concussion in clouds surcharged with electricity. Hortense continued in a sulky frame of mind, sitting in her own apartment, and joining the family only at meals, during which a Carthusian silence was maintained on her part; and Alice was still running to waste, like a flower in a wilderness. There seemed every chance of hers being a lost life, and her natural fine qualities and abilities dying out, neglected, chilled, and cramped.

It was a Sunday, but no one ever thought of going to church except Hortense, who was very regular in her attendance; to-day, however, she failed to do so, alleging a headache; but Alice said it was her bonnet, not her head, which kept the belle of the family at home, and unfortunately no prospect of a new one had dawned since the quarrel with Aunt Nancy. For the Woodward's Sabbath-bells rung in no day of rest or of promise; they were more isolated and unhappy than Alexander Selkirk alone at Juan Fernandez. He had his Sabbath without the bells, but they had the bells without the Sabbath. If any idea at all was associated with the ringing, it was one of unpleasant noise. As little children, Alice and Hortense, and a brother older than either, who died of scarlet fever, used to sing

"Come to church, come to church," with the musical chimes of the neighbouring steeple, and at last they fancied the bells themselves sung out the words. Even now, removed from the home of their early childhood, the solemn, monotonous tone of the bell to the modern place of worship in their vicinity, which had something funereal in the sound, used to fall reproachfully upon the ear of Alice; she could not fancy the sweet "Come to church" in its hollow tones, but knew, nevertheless, it was intended to convey the same message to ears upon which it fell as unpleasantly as the incessant reproofs of a stern monitor. There was no early rising, no happy breakfast, no father and mother leading their children to the house of prayer, no feeling of gratitude that they were dwelling in a clime where the Christian religion is taught in all its purity—no calm, delighted participation in Divine worship, which brings the peace that passes understanding over the heart. Bernard Romilly had vague thoughts of visiting China to convert the heathen, but he passed their doorstep every day. The Woodwards rose late on a Sunday because it was a miserable day—a day when they had nothing to do, and therefore quarrelled more than ordinarily—a day when it was vulgar to go out, and therefore worse was done at home; but *nobody saw them*—a day when it was not worth while even to be neat, *for nobody saw them*. Like children doing wrong, they might literally be said to hide away on Sundays; keeping down the parlour-blind, that the congregation returning from church might not see the litter of the late breakfast—a needless piece of cunning, since Paul Pry himself, peering outside with his quizzing-glass, would have come to the conclusion, "Eh? what? Dinner already! Got a punctual cook there!" wishing, perhaps, that he was sufficiently acquainted to pop in and say "I hope I don't intrude."

There was, however, amongst these British heathens one pleasant custom connected with Sunday which served, if for nothing else, to show that it was not totally forgotten by them; it was the appearance of a tart upon the dinner-table—an unusual occurrence—which served to excuse Mrs. Woodward's unstudied toilette at breakfast, and retirement to the lower regions for the remainder of the afternoon, leaving Richard to pursue his particular hobby for the time being. (Chemistry was the new one, and had superseded bootmaking—the previous fancy.)

But on the particular Sunday named the leaves were just bursting their shining cascs and peeping out; the sunlight and a very balmy breeze were there to welcome them. People likewise had come out of their winter garments as gay-pinioned butterflies escape from the gloomy casing of their previous condition.

Whether the liberality of Nature and of spring fashions actuated

Mrs. Woodward, neither has been, nor will be, disclosed; but something certainly induced her that day to construct *two* tarts for the table, much to the disgust and anger of Mr. Woodward, who no sooner perceived the culinary extravagance of his partner than he raised his voice against it. "I made it on purpose to save," Mrs. Woodward explained. "Perhaps you will have the goodness to demonstrate, madam, what amount of saving there is in having two pies instead of one?" "The one is to save the other." "Oh, indeed!" "It would be a shame to cut up the fruit tart all at once; rhubarb is so dear now—it is just coming in." "Save the tart, and ruin your husband! You are a very considerate woman, Mrs. Woodward; I admire your principles." "I daresay you will eat your share." "What is this you have given me? Do you think I wear spectacles?" "Is anything the matter with it?" "Matter? You've only forgotten to put the fruit in the pie, that's all; or I can't see it!" "Noddy, who talk of *extravagance*, whenever anyone tries to save, are the very person to want most." She took the spoon and scooped out the rest of the rhubarb, and was about to add some custard, when he stopped her with "None of your pap-messes," and subsiding into silence, discussed his rhubarb with apparent satisfaction. His wife tendered the next piece to Hortense, who, remarking curtly that she didn't like crust without fruit, rose from table in a pet to throw herself on the sofa, and refused to be comforted with custard-tart. Alice, who, like her father, fancied nothing made with milk and eggs, took the rejected pastry; whilst Mrs. Woodward, annoyed to see her favourite custard go a-begging, patropised it liberally. "How can you eat such nasty stuff?" sneered Richard, conveying a spoonful of fruit to his mouth. "You have a vitiated taste; the look of it makes me ill. You don't mean to say you're leaving the crust in the dish and eating it by itself?" "Now you need not say *that* will hurt you; the crust is not made for eating." "God forbid it! then, madam, what is it made for?" "I shall eat it to-morrow," Alice interposed; "I like pie-crust." "You like it a great deal too much; it is not good for you," added her mother. "You may be certain there will be no crust wasted. That girl is just like a pig; she always fancies what other people don't like."

A temporary peace being restored, the cloth was removed, Mr. Woodward went down to his wine cellar, brought out, to the surprise of the family, a bottle of wine and a decanter containing about sufficient to fill a couple of glasses. Alice stared and brightened up, for they were not wont to see wine in these days, and Mrs. Woodward asked somewhat in alarm, as she glanced at her attire, if he expected anybody?

"No," but this bottle won't keep; it is the last of the thirty-five; quite sawny and spoiling. Here is a little left of that sweet stuff you liked—that will do for you."

Alice was sent for glasses, and Mr. Woodward filled one from the decanter for his wife, opened the bottle and helped himself, offering the girls a sip from his glass. Hortense refused indignantly, but Alice complied and emptied the glass.

"Stop, stop! you little beggar," cried her father, getting good-humoured as he imbibed the generous fluid; but he spoke too late. She set down the empty vessel with a mischievous glance, and a hint that she should take another "sip." "No, no! You won't get the chance to cheat me again. Fill your mother's glass, Alice—not with the port—she won't appreciate it; sweet wine is good enough for her."

"I don't want any more," remarked his wife as Alice poured it out. "It tastes very queer."

"That is through its being open a few days."

A pause ensued, during which Mr. Woodward looked restlessly at the wine in his wife's glass, and remarked, "it was a pity to waste it." At last he drew it towards him, sipped, made a face, and hastily spit it out. When he was not looking, her mother made a sign to Alice to take down what was left to old Martha. Richard was, however, in the heat of humours, called for a glass, and poured out some of the cherished port for Hortense, thereby restoring that young lady to something like good temper, and asking Mrs. Woodward to try it too if she did not like the other. But so unusual a scene of domestic bliss was not doomed to last. Mrs. Woodward was suddenly seized with violent pains, alarmed them all by her cries, and was with difficulty laid on the sofa; in another moment a stream mingled with blood flowed from her lips. On the instant all was confusion; Mr. Woodward, pale as death, had started from his chair to her assistance; the girls pulled the parlour bell, and sobbed in mingled fear and sorrow as they gazed at their mother's distorted countenance, and listened to her moans and cries. Receiving no answer to this urgent summons, Hortense ran into the kitchen, where, extended upon a couple of Windsor chairs, lay old Martha, moaning and writhing like her mistress. Uttering a cry of alarm, the girl ran up again, and found her mother even worse, her father pale, trembling

and seeming at a loss as to what he should do. "Go and fetch a doctor, father; ma and old Martha must be poisoned; they're dying!"

He moved mechanically into the passage, took his hat from the peg, and appeared again at the parlour door, saying—"Give me a bottle." He looked stupidified—quite lost. Possibly he connected a bottle with going to the doctor's, Alice thought. Anxious to accelerate his movements, she caught up the decanter, and thrust it into his hands, crying, "Make haste, make haste, mamma is *poisoned*!" and bursting into fresh tears, watched from the door. He ran now with all his might; she heard him drop the decanter; it was one of the best cut glass, but what mattered that, now her mother's life was in danger?

Not two minutes elapsed altogether between the first alarm and the return of Mr. Woodward with the doctor, not fifteen between the removal of the dinner cloth and the alarming seizure of mistress and maid—a seizure that with the former, in spite of medical aid, soon terminated fatally.

There she lay upon the sofa—dead—quite still—she whose limbs had so recently wound with horrible evolutions, whose cries had so lately pierced the hearts of the children, now raising their voices in the woe of bitter lamentation for one whose heart could never more palpitate in sympathy with theirs—whose eyes could never more open again and look at them—whose voice could never speak to them henceforward in this world. And all had been stilled without a farewell word—without a warning—aye! without one look of kindness or recognition—not one pressure of the hand—nothing but pain—sudden, sharp, all-engrossing, cruel pain—and then it was still; the spirit had fled, and those young girls had no mother!

This was insufficient—they were not yet so desolate as they were to be. Late at night a heavy knock came to the door. Martense answered it, for Alice's grief was almost frantic. A man desired to speak with her father; she hastened to call him from the chamber of death, but the stranger followed unknown to her until he strode across the room, and the light betrayed his dress as he laid his hand upon her father's shoulder, saying, "Richard Woodward, I arrest you on suspicion of poisoning your wife."

The next day the coroner's inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty against Richard Woodward, who was executed on the gallows. The poor girls, who had been so long and so cruelly separated from their mother, were now free to go home, but they were so much altered by their experience that they never again felt the same peace and comfort as before. They were now the orphans of a mother who had died in their arms, and they were now the daughters of a man who had been executed for poisoning his wife. They were now the daughters of a man who had been executed for poisoning his wife.

THE MANUFACTURES OF ENGLAND.

BRISTLES AND THEIR USES.

By BENJAMIN JESSOP MACKENZIE.



UST before entering the charming district of the English Lakes the traveller will meet with the town of Kendal, in Westmoreland, eight miles from Windermere. It is the seat of large industries, comprising the woolen manufacture, paper making, the providing of boots and shoes for the million of souls whose bodies need a sure footing, iron manipulation, carpet weaving, comb and brush making, and various other of the useful arts and trades. The town is decidedly aged in appearance, but, as is the fashion nowadays, has much of the spirit and energy of youth. Its houses are mainly of stone, huge and ponderous, its people hospitable and religious, largely imbued with the Quaker element, its climate moist, its mountain air delicious, and scenery all that can be desired. The main street of the town is beautifully panoramic. At one end, as you stand in Highgate, the hills and mountains beyond give a glorious beckoning to the Cumberland glories further north.

The manufactory lately visited by the writer is that of Mr. Rainforth Hodgson in Stricklandgate (a continuation of Highgate to the north). Kendal, and may be at once known by the sign of a most gentlemanly and bristly hog, elevated over the doorway. Don't be in a hurry to enter, but scan the outside of the building. It is an unpretending and ancient looking building, but has a history, and one of which it need not be ashamed. Under its huge wooden supports and crossing beams, Henry Wilson, the first alderman and chief magistrate of Kendal, lived long since, and in its numerous small rooms many of the distinguished Wilson family for centuries played and loved, and died. The building is surrounded by large chimneys like the mouths of blast furnaces, has yielding floors, bo-peep corners, dark crannies, and maybe the sliding panels of the novelist—but of this we know nothing. Aristocracy has, however, now given way to Commerce, and here the Hog holds his parliament by virtue of his representative "hairs."

If you are satisfied with the exterior we will at once scan the store-rooms within. Bristles, bristles everywhere! Poland, Germany, and China, are here ably represented. As for Russia, read, but don't

attempt the pronunciation, for fear of fatal consequences. There are bristles named from manufactories and places, as follows:—Mesdrikoff, Losseff and Yershoff, D. Sushline, and Sons, Kromraty Sushkin, Meskatnikoff, Falevich, A. Solotoroff, T. Solotoroff, Sardiskaka, Ustushskaja, Siberskaja, Slobodskaja, Tazewslawskaja, Mestershewskaja, Welikoluzkaja, Babarykin, Mamontoff, Souchys, Petersburg, Polish, Königsberg, Hambro, Prima, Siberian, Okatka, Cracow Leck, Galician Leck, Memel, Moldavia: and other sorts from neighbouring districts, named Tepitzina, Zaraciky, Kaluga, Meshnovsky, Tisoff, Kamschatka, Grudinins, Vilikiluky, Yaroslaff, Vorobins, Grabenikoff, Karamins, Skelins, Semlins, Malkoffs, Krotkoffs, Wallachia, &c. These pointed torments are done up in bundles, sweetly and persuasively, according to their various lengths, and to the localities whence they hail—the lengths varying from 3 to 6½ inches for different trade purposes. The colours are black, white, grey, pure white, &c.; the price from £7 to £50 per cwt.; and the assorted lengths have a trade value of from 4s. to 30s. per pound weight. A very beautiful white bristle arrives from France, prepared ready for the market, for the best tooth, nail, and cloth brushes, &c.; and these come over in bundles of two to three ounces in weight. There are also the Black and White hair from Buenos Ayres, used much for hat brushes; Kitool, Ocoá, and Mexican fibre, for scouring purposes. The Mexican, pure white, arrives about 20 inches in length, and is cut up here as suits the maker. The Brazil “piassava,” for making street brooms, is a kind of fine wood or bass, the fibre of a leaf or bark grown in marshy places on the sides of rivers in the Brazil; it will measure in length three or four yards. There are two kinds of Piassava—one called “Bahia,” the other “Pera,” so called from the ports from whence it is shipped; the latter being known by the brush trade as “monkey bass.” A small piece of Bahia piassava, now in my hand, has the appearance of a leaf or piece of thin fibrous bark.

The Separating Machine.—We are now in front of this admirably simple and effective contrivance. (It was used at the time of the writer's visit, that he might discover its value.) Bristles are of various qualities and thicknesses, and they are made ready for the worker thus:—The *Separator* consists of a frame covered with a row of fine pointed steel teeth, each different machine having these teeth placed closer to or further apart from each other. A row of the finest and shortest bristles—say those for the best hair brushes and for saddlers' and shoe-makers' purposes—are laid out, evenly and thinly, over the face of a long brush, and are then kept in position by the face of another brush clasped on the former (the hairs of both brushes holding them together sufficiently tight). The ends of the bristles to be assorted project

laterally, and so the workman takes the brushes and draws these projecting bristle-ends over and between the steel teeth of one of the *Separators*, when all the bristles of one size and thickness, corresponding with the distance between the teeth remain fixed, and, the brushes being drawn away, are left between the teeth, and collected. The smaller bristles are taken to other *Separators* and similarly assorted, till they are all disposed of.

The Standard.—Bristles, as I have before intimated, are very expensive articles, and are therefore economically handled. As imported, the bundles are imperfectly assorted, and contain many foreign admixtures of wool, common hair, &c.; and in consequence they have to be gone over by hand on arrival here. The bundle is first opened up and cleansed of the refuse (by the aid of a steel comb), then the colours (black, gray, and dull to pure white) and lengths are assorted by the eye and hand. This is the process:—On the bench before the worker is placed the upright wooden “*Standard*,” marked in quarter-inches, say from 1 to 9. A bundle of bristles is taken in the left hand, is well shaken and loosened, so levelled at the lower end that all the irregularity of length is shown at the upper end, and placed in front of the *Standard* with the right hand (the practised eye of the worker having marked the line of the longest bristles); the workman now draws them out, subjects the remainder to similar rule-work, again subtracts, and so goes from the higher to the lower inch-marks on the *Standard*, till all the lengths are determined and are separately laid by. After assortment these several lengths vary in value considerably—namely, from 4s. to 80s. per pound; the longest being the stoutest and most valuable.

The Mixing of Qualities.—The brush manufacturer needs great particularity here, and a mixing of the qualities is effected by hand in a marvellously expeditious manner. Before the artisan is placed layers of the various assorted lengths; he takes a handful of these layers in their depth, and so gets bristles of many degrees of pertinacity. Spreading or laying them out evenly and rapidly from his right hand on to the bench before him, he gathers them with his left hand and opens them up again in another place, re-spreading and re-opening the handful till the fine and stout bristles are uniformly mixed throughout. In this process the manufacturer is able to bring down what may be termed the “*tone*” of his brush—that is, he can have it very stiff by using mainly the longest bristles, or he can introduce the shorter and weaker product till the right degree of tenacity is attained, with the fitting expense to the purchaser.

In the following description, whenever the word “*back*” is used the trade use the word “*board*” or “*stock*,” leaving “*back*” to mean simply the veneer outer covering which conceals the wire fastening of the

bristles. The bristles are introduced to the "stock," or brush-backs, through holes drilled in it, according to prescribed pattern and order, at so many holes to the inch, in such a direction, angle, &c. The common plan is to use a specimen back, already drilled as needed, and to drill through the specimen into the stock to be worked. Mr. Hodgson, however, found this system to be open to many disadvantages; among other evils, the specimen got shifted, its holes became enlarged, or the drill went through askant; and in other ways new specimen backs were continually being required, and complaints were common that brushes supposed to be precisely of one pattern differed considerably in the position, size, and even in the number of the holes. Mr. Hodgson, with his accustomed perseverance and shrewdness, at once invented a plan, simple and efficacious, to overcome the difficulty. He caused a frame of hard wood, of the size of the brush-back, to be fitted with steel pins, of great power, arranged in the same positions as were required for the holes in the back; and now, therefore, by placing this specimen or guide on the back to be drilled, and striking it with a mallet, an impression is left of all the steel pins, and so the drill has only to be made to enter in the marks, and the brush is perfect. The steel pins will last for many years. In the brushes that are curved on the under or upper sides—such as banister brushes, spoke brushes, and other similar ordinary commodities—the eye is still the only guide to the drilling process of the lathes, that being all that is necessary under the circumstances. There are many lathes engaged in the drilling processes.

The *Workroom* is the place where the bristles are placed in the backs. The length of the bristles is kept in order thus:—On one side of a pair of shears is fastened a piece of level wood, just the required length of the bristles, and by resting this wooden guide on the outer end of the under side of the back (the margin of the bristle covering), and using the shears laterally over the bristle surface, the latter is reduced to the level needed. Females are occupied in the lightest and best work, the men on the heavier products, their manipulation not being so delicate for the more elegant goods.

The *Finishing and Ornamentation Processes* have much that is interesting to the uninitiated. The tools used are few and simple. There are Gough's rat-tailed files (the shape of which you may, of course, correctly imagine)—turn saws—saws of other kinds, to look straight ahead, cut the corner, or go right across (pig fashion)—spoke-shaves—a huge knife that can be turned about in any direction, one end being fixed, and the other, having a handle to be held by the artisan—lathes to bore holes in the wooden patterns, to provide for the entrance of the bristles. The upper or outside backs are sometimes made of the most splendid woods, in double or single veneers, glued or

fastened on. Thus we were shown piles on piles of "backs" proper in cheanut, plane-tree, alder, rosewood, beach, yew-tree, satin-wood, mahogany,—some of the more expensive exceedingly thin. The more elegant backs, in pearl, ivory and inlet work, are of French production, and are imported products. For the larger brooms there is also an arrangement as follows:—Under a kind of raised circular oven, gas jets are placed, protected by metal wire netting, and above is a circular pan, divided into compartments, each filled with a pitchy and resinous composition, to fasten the bristles into the stocks. Many men were thus employed at the time of our visit. The working of the huge stock knife is curious. It is made to do anything, large or small, and will round off the corners of the square "stocks" or trim up the most delicate brush, as finely as a spoke-shave. These latter are used in planing up the circular sides of the brushes, leaving behind them a high polish, and bringing out the fine grain of the woods. Sandpaper, varnish, staining, &c., are also put in requisition.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

The Students' Scripture History: The Old Testament History; from the Creation to the Return of the Jews from Captivity.
 Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL D., Classical Examiner in the University of London. With Maps and Woodcuts. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

It was long a matter of surprise and of regret that a subject of such importance and of such general interest as a text-book for the illustration of Old Testament history should still be wanting. The beautiful volume now under review efficiently supplies the want. It is a manual for the elucidation of the Old Testament, which in fulness, accuracy, and scholar-like treatment, more than rivals the histories of Greece and Rome used in our best schools. There is sober thought and sound scholarship pervading every page.

Besides giving the history recorded in the Old Testament, with the necessary explanations, notes, references, and citations, the work contains, incidentally, information on a large number of other subjects—such as the geography of the Holy Land, together with the political and ecclesiastical antiquities of the Jews. The appendices, notes, and illustrations are taken, for the most part, from the well-known and admirable Dictionary of the Bible, published by the same able editor, Dr. William Smith. The illustrations are strikingly clear and well executed.

We hope to see this volume speedily followed by its proper complement, the Students' Manual of *New Testament History*. We

shall then have a complete and trustworthy class-book of Scriptural Study, fitted not only for Sunday use in schools, but for the intelligent reader of Scripture at all times.

Fasti Sacri; or, a Key to the Chronology of the New Testament.
By THOMAS LEWIN, M.A., F.S.A. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

THE title of this work thoroughly indicates its character. It is a guide to the chronology of the New Testament, on the model of the work of Mr. Clinton on Profane Chronology. Mr. Lewin's work contains much valuable information, arranged so as to be easy of reference. We do not much approve of the preface this gentleman has prefixed to his work, setting forth its claims to be considered interesting. It does not sound well for an author of any kind to seek to cry up his own book by reference to the works of his literary brethren in such terms as these:—

"Undoubtedly the slipshod reader of novels and other similar literature will seek in vain for pleasure or pastime in this volume; but there are others whose minds are braced up and kept well strung, who can ramble to their satisfaction wherever they can gather fruit."

Swedenborg and his Modern Critics (Longman and Co.), with some remarks upon the Last Times, is an ably written controversial work, by the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A.

DETAILED HISTORY OF FASHION

LA. MODE.

THE Spring fashions exhibit no very marked changes from former seasons. Alpacas, both plain and embroidered, will again be worn, also the dull stout mixed material speckled with white, which was introduced last year. A new material called *Drap Imperial* is delicate in shades of colour, lady-like in appearance, and calculated to wear well. It is woven plain, as soft to touch in appearance as French mérino, but as stout as a fine linsey. An English imitation of this is less choice in colour. *Poult de chevre* is again making its appearance amongst fashionable materials. It is as glossy as silk, and wears well. Imitations are not wanting, but they are dull. Stripes are still to be seen on all materials and in all colours. They are chiefly rather broad and far apart. Some are plain satin ribbon stripes on these fancy materials, others composed of groups of smaller stripes, or varied by a pattern. The *Drap Imperial* is plain. A mohair skirting for petticoats has been introduced. It has broken stripes on a white ground. Black narrow stripes on a white ground in all suitable materials will be used for under skirts. French cambrics in this style are produced in various colours with white grounds. Plain alpaca skirts of the old varied brown tints also offer useful material for wear.

In mantles the Anne Boleyn sleeve is to be seen, but cut rather short. This is a hanging sleeve open to the shoulder. It is not likely to be generally adopted, as its appearance is stiff and awkward. *Demi-*

X

adjuste and tight-fitting mantles, with the belt outside, and made in black gros grain, chiefly trimmed with the same material, will be worn by young ladies. Paletots trimmed at the back, where the figure is not suited to display, and deep mantles with full backs for elderly ladies are still the style. Jet trimmings are used, and also Cluny lace in black and white. Mantles can be worn either long or short, but for all, except elderly persons, we recommend them rather short, because that style is more dressy. Tall figures should never wear this article of dress so diminished in size as to give a lanky appearance to the skirt.

A very jaunty style of bonnet has made its *debut*, but it is only suited to young faces, and fitted for *fêtes*. For bridesmaids' toilettes it will prove charming. In shape it exactly resembles a meat-plate, bent a little at the sides where the strings draw it to the head; made in white pique straw or white tulle, and garbarded with lilies, it is very pretty. Broad white tulle ends can be united under the chin as strings, or pinned beneath the chignon behind as a veil. A *chapeau* of this shape in fine straw was crossed outside by white ribbons forming strings and on the top a bow of black velvet with short ends. The inside was lined all round with puffed blue crape. The Honiton bonnets are worn again and look well for style. The cuipore are modified, but not abandoned. The pamelas are to be seen, but does not gain much favour. We have seen bonnets that appear to be a compound of these three!

It is expected that a delicate apple green will be the favourite colour of the season. Mauve, however, abounds, and also black and white.

Parasols are larger, round, and flatter in shape, and the handles are thick and massive. The Pagoda shape is out of fashion. Gloves are worn with two buttons. Gold and silver heels for boots form one of the caprices of the day. The Greek style still prevails in hair-dressing; but broad massive plaits are much worn as coronets placed low on the forehead, and describing a circle above the face towards the ears. With these a few Greek curls are suffered to fall upon the forehead.

NEEDLEWORK.

CORAL TRIMMING FOR A CHILD'S FROCK.

The Edging.

A piece of fine scarlet braid, waved. Walter Evans and Co.'s boar's head cotton, No. 14; Walker's Penelope needle, No. 3.

1st row: 1 tr. into the first point of the braid; 1 tr. into the second point, make 3 ch., and repeat to the length required.

2nd row: 3 tr. over 3 ch., 1 ch., miss the two tr. of last row, and repeat.

3rd row: Begin to work now on the other side of the braid; make one tr. on the *second* point, and work the same as the first row. By beginning on the second point the pattern is reversed, to give the coral effect.

4th row: 1 d. c., 5 ch., * d. c. between the two tr. of last row, 5 ch., d. c. over 3 ch., 5 ch., and repeat from *.

For the Insertion.

Work the same as the first three rows of the edging; 4th row, the same as second.

The insertion is to be placed in three or five strips down the front and back of the body, on the centre of the band, and two rows round the skirt, with tucks between.

A PRETTY EDGING FOR UNDER-CLOTHING

May be worked as above, with white cotton braid instead of scarlet worsted. When washed the finger must be drawn along the raised part and the back, pressing it out strongly, or over the point of the iron. The first row only, worked on the braid, forms a neat frilled edge.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

BREAD PUDDINGS.

It is rather a venture on the part of *F. F.* to offer an opinion on any point in cookery counter to the doctrines of Mrs. Warren, who is so truly admirable an instructress in all domestic matters; but on the single subject of "pieces of bread" *F. F.* cannot help offering something like a remonstrance. Why is a small piece of bread less good than a large?

Surely, if it have lost its value it must be by having sustained some injury, or else—supposing it to have been kept clean and unhandled—the bread must be of that bad quality which tastes sour and stale as soon as it is dry. If this be the case, the sooner the mistress sees to the matter the better, for this is certain—

That no bread is wholesome food *at all* which does not remain *quite sweet* in a *clean place* till *quite dry*, no matter how *small* it be cut.

Also if bread be allowed to be cut, and *fingered*, and left, *F. F.* thinks the remedy should be in the reformation of this evil family habit, and *not* in consigning food for which the master has paid the full price of good bread to the scrap merchant or the pig-tub.

Now for the pudding.

First make sure that every bit of bread is *perfectly nice*,

Then cut it all down into *thin* slices, taking particular heed to the thin slicing of the *bottom* crust.

Put the bread into a *stewpan*, allowing good room to swell, with as much *cold* milk as will cover it. This is the point of difference between *F. F.*'s bread puddings and *ordinary* bread puddings—the *cold* milk.

Set the pan over not too fierce a heat, but where it will come gradually to boil, and *mash* and *stir* now and then as the bread swells.

When it nearly boils check it with a little cold milk—*stir* it till it nearly boils again, and add a bit of butter, or a little marrow, or chopped suet; then check again.

It should remain *simmering* about an hour and a quarter, or longer, if a very large pudding.

Turn it out into the dish in which it is to be baked, and beat up with a fork, and add whatever is liked to flavour it:—

Sugar to the family taste ;
 A little grated nutmeg,
 Or pounded cinnamon ;
 A spoonful of Brett's brandy (of which *H. F.* always keeps a snug private bottle—strictly for cooking of course) ;
 A well-beaten egg or two, according to the size of the pudding ;
 A few currants, or Sultana raisins.

The last two items may be dispensed with at pleasure ; and if the pudding be intended for very young children, the spice and brandy, and butter or suet, would be left out.

The whole pudding is now ready for the oven, and if it has been judiciously managed, it is thick and soft—decidedly moist, but *not sloppy*.

Bake it a nice brown in a rather quick oven, for it is to be noted that the baking is *only* to make a nice slight crust. The pudding is *cooked* in the stewpan.

H. F. now begs young ladies to observe that the rules by which this pudding is made are applicable to several other puddings—

Tapioca,

Sago,

Vermicelli (not quite to Maccaroni, since that must be boiled a short time in water),

Ground rice, &c., &c. ; not necessarily to whole rice, for that only requires to be done thus in a pie-dish.

Pint of cold milk,

Large tablespoonful of rice,

One ounce of lump sugar.

Bake *very slowly* nearly two hours.

The rules for the puddings aforesaid are :—

1st. The bread, tapioca, or sago, &c., must be stewed gradually with the cold milk.

2nd. It must never be allowed to stick to the pan.

3rd. It must be checked with cold milk several times before it quite boils.

Attention to these rules ensures good milky puddings.

Tapioca takes longer to soften than bread, and large sago longer than tapioca.

Vermicelli softens very quickly.

OUR COUNCIL;

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c. . "

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FAMILY FRIEND."

SIR,—I feel a Great pleasure and likewise a Pride to think you should of put my Letter into your Book :* it shows me you must be a werry Sensable gentleman, and dont uphold with hignorant ways ; and if so be the Lord Mair takes and Does as i've told him i shall call Him the same.

Praps, Sir, you mite like me to Put down a few odds and Ends as

* See *Family Friend* for March.—Ed.

maite serve a Turn to sum of your friends, and isn't knowne to every body—Leastways not as i knowa of; but you can Judj of that, Sir, better than i can.

Sir, theres a manny people as suffers from Headaches and Newraljy partickler At night, and its nothink that ales them but overfatsag, and wen Thats the caus may bee they Dont kno how good Orengees and Lemmons is for 'em, partickler as Drink.

They'd orter sqweze a hole Orenge of common size or Harf a lemmon to make a Tumblerful of Drink, and fill up with cold water, and enuf suggar to make it Nice: ive knoe'd it Drunk 3 times a day and Done a deel of good, and sum ive knoe'd just Take it going to bed—only Then they musent Take no beer for supper—and slep werry Cumfartbel.

Then, Sir, theres broken chilblanes, and burns wich ient fer off mutch the same Thing.

Fullers erth mysened down Nice and Softe and spred like Intmint on Linnin rag is Butyful for brokin chilblanes, and a bit of dry Linnin and a Bit of Ile silk (but if i hadnt got the Ile silk i did it withoute) put over all; then nex day i dcnt take off the Inner rag, but Wets it fresh so as the Fullers erth gets soaked withoute taking off, and in two days the place is healed exsept it Was dredful bad.

As to Burns or Scaulds its best in corse if there cuverd up thick with Wodding or a hepe of flouier and Swete ile the minnit its Done; and so the Skin dont rise nor brake if the Burn ante deep, and the Wodding or flouiers kep close and warm for some Days. but mostly theres nothink handy enuf to save the Blisterring and then comes a raw Sore, and you take my Werd Sir its a werry diffrent place to Treet wen the Skins on and wen its off. ive seen a werry bad scaulded foot Just lately wich the poor mother Had ferst tryed one Thing and then another, and the Foot kep werry bad, and then she took to the Fullers Erth just as Tho it wer a chilblane, and the foots bene doing Well ever since, and the Boot will be on, i ope, long befor any boddy but You Sir redes This letter. Thers a Dele of mischief done by Partys putting such things to Burns and Scaulds *in a Raw state* as theyd orter put at the *ferst onset to save the Skin*.

And theres one More thing Sir i want to say, and that is, no one had orter put Ile nor Greese of no sort to *any* Sore place *withoute Doctors orders*: ive knoe'd a manny Dredful bad Thums and fingers and legs too, all along of putting Greese, wich theyd orter put nothink But a bit of cleen rag wetted with colde water, and if the water's stud over some Fullers erth it cant nevver do no hart—and Dry rag and Ile silk outside: ive sene skores of cuts and harts treeted like this, and all did well Exsep it was a Cut on a chilblaney hand—the thing for That is a bit of Rag dipt in pure spirrit of terpine, and thats exsilent for all Deep cuts, I blieve it stopes Bleding better than water.

i shant tell your frends too mutch at a Time Sir, fear they shoud forget, so with best Rispecks i remane

Your humbel servant,

* * * * *

Praps Sir i ouht jist to manshun our docter—he's a werry nice gentleman—he says to me “nurse says he, your pritty sharp, but you ante got it All rite yet about the cholery,” says he. Then he shows me a Terible stif peece of reading all about Ozone; but i coudn't res-

Hark the words and I says 'Sir ploe tell it me plane,' then says he "theres lots of people Thinks theres cholery in frute and vejitables wich there isnt *so long as there fresh*;" says he "its in evvery thing that *stale*; tainted *Meat*, and *Fish*, and *Fowle*, and *Milk*, and frute and vejitables too, and" says he "evvery thing gets stale qwickist at sutch times as cholery comes about, and thats wen theres no *Ozone* in the air, and" says he "that means *no Freshness* in the air to Sweten any thing." So says i, 'i'll take and tell my frends next Time;' and praps youll put It in Sir.

CAN any of the numerous readers of the *Family Friend* explain the origin of the saying, "Die in the last ditch"?—*Fabian*.

THE following figures show what a penny would amount to from the birth of our Saviour to the year 1860, at 5 per cent., supposing that at this rate money would double itself in every fifteen years:—

Simple Interest—amount to 1860 ... 7s. 10d.

Compound Interest

£88,615,199,718,994,391,526,920,470,685,356,805 1s. 4d.

This has been carefully worked out and tested by logarithms, proving the number of places of figures and the various figures in the left exactly correspond. Any of our young friends may amuse themselves by seeing how many millions of worlds of solid gold as big as our earth the amount would make, &c., &c.—*BETA*.

MY BABY.

Out of God's darkness
Into God's light
Came the sweet baby,
Giv'n to my sight.

Out of God's presence,
Never to part,
God, laid my baby
Close to my heart.

Into God's glory,
Higher each day,
May my own baby
Spring on her way.

Into God's image,
Knowing as known,
May her God change her
Ever his own.

A. W. M.

GUIDANCE.

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me; and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling."

Lead me, O God, my Father! let me be
In all my works and ways controlled by Thee.
Teach me Thy truth, and hold the guiding light
Of Thine own Holy Word before my sight.
In all dark hours help me to trust in Thee,
And feel Thy presence when I cannot see.
Guide Thou my feet within the narrow way,
And be my spirit's sure and constant stay.
Bring me at last unto Thy holy hill;
Some humble place within Thy courts to fill—
To serve within Thy presence evermore,
And Thine eternal faithfulness adore!

F. F.

FAMILY PASTIME.

REBUS.

A bloody tyrant on the Roman throne,
 The first war ship that on the waves was borne,
 A youthful statesman, one who gained a star,
 A pasha, famous in the Crimean war,
 An officer who for the Southern States
 Fought and won honours noble, good, and great;
 The king who first all England ruled so well,
 A Greek word that the alphabet will tell,
 The nearest kinsman that you e'er can find
 When family and brothers leave you here behind.
 The initials a hero's name will tell.
 The finals, backward, where his laurels fell.

D. D. LAMPEUGH.

FAMOUS CASTLES.

- a. A carriage, part of a verb, and a river.
- b. An eminence, and a well-known bird.
- c. An article, to move in a hurry, and three-fourths of a cavity.
- d. A word signifying a view, three-fourths of a river, and that which is of value.
- e. A colour, to plunder, and a preposition.
- f. An English tree, and what is often seen at a feast.
- g. Not old, a cap worn by children.
- A. A state of opposition, and four-sixths of a garden gate.

STANTONVILLE.

CHARADE.

My first is made use of at night,
 Straw is light, but my *second* is lighter;
My whole takes a shadowy flight,
 And lo! in his track it is brighter.

CHARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

ENIGMA.

Vacuum.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

2.

Time, mite.

3.

Thrift, frith or firth, rift, fir.

4.

Strut, trust, rust.

CONUNDRUMS.

Tresses.—Who Guesses?

- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| a. Actresses. | e. Seamstresses. |
| b. Fortresses. | f. Traitoresses. |
| c. Mortresses. | g. Mattresses. |
| d. Mistresses. | |

Editorial Correspondence.

H. J. CAMPBELL.—Your letter came too late for an answer in our last number. Please to send a sufficient address for private communication. We cannot be held responsible for promises made by the late proprietors of this magazine, but we are willing to do all in our power to meet the wishes of our friends. Your communication is most acceptable, and something shall be done to comply with your suggestions. "Our Council" is open to new members, and all contributions will receive attention.

SAYERS ANNESLEY.—We have not found space for the contribution named. You will receive a letter from us.

A. H.—Thanks for your contribution; we shall take an early opportunity to use it.

CONSTANCE.—If the "fitting opportunity" does not *soon* arrive, we shall communicate further.

NELLA.—Your favour is welcome, and we hope always to number you among our correspondents. The charity and generosity which you proclaim tempts us to ask of you another virtue—patience. The MS. to which you allude shall be inquired for.

J. R. S. C.—Contribution received. It shall receive an early consideration.

D. F.—The large increase in our circulation since January, and the consequent multiplicity of communications necessitate the enclosure of stamped and addressed envelopes to ensure immediate answers to such applications.

ELTON EARNSCLIFF.—Many thanks for your kind words and pretty poem.

MATEE.—Laidlaw's parlour fireworks are not dangerous. Their manufacture is simple, and their effect brilliant and amusing. The "Floral Sprite" is a book containing a cleverly written poem which introduces the agreeable surprise that follows on turning the last leaf and disclosing a case of perfume. We know nothing of the other articles which you mention.

PUFFING BILLY.—We believe that Mr. Reynolds, map and atlas publisher, Strand, issued some cheap diagrams of what you require. If not, he will doubtless inform you where they may be had.

A CROFT.—"What the Church Bells said to me" are pretty lines, but require improvement before publication. "The Barren Grave" shall appear in a future number.

B. J. C.—"Fenianism" shows some literary talent. Had the subject been differently treated we would have accepted it gladly.

MSS. should be fastened together, and stamps enclosed for return



"They held a solemn council in the streets."

THE

FAMILY FRIEND.

MAY, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER VIII.

FITZ-OSBERT'S STORY.

FOR some minutes Fitz-Osbert remained silent, but the minutes appeared to him as hours, for all the grim scenery and tableaux of a sad life drama were developing themselves before his mental view. Darker and darker grew the heavy shadow on his face, and deeper than ever became the sharp lines of care round his features. With a mighty effort he succeeded at last in mastering the almost convulsive emotion of grief and rage which filled his soul. "It is now sixteen years ago," he said, in a half whisper, for a great lump seemed rising in his throat, and almost prevented his utterance, "since the event occurred which made my life desolate and made you a motherless girl. You were then just two years old—a little ruddy-faced, blue-eyed child, running about and amusing us with your quaint glimmerings of knowledge and your early prattle. It seems but yesterday that your mother—she was very beautiful—sat smiling on you as with precocious mimicry you climbed upon the bench beside her spindle, and tried to spin the wool. I look back on those hours of happiness as the mariner looks at the glorious sunshine lighting up a small patch of the heaving waters in his track, while before him and close around him the scowling storm clouds lower with a chilly frown. We dwelt at that time in a pretty cottage not far from Danedred Tower. We might have had a nobler home—a home in the good city of Canterbury, where I was born, and where I learnt to write and read the laws, but your grandfather would not leave the place of his childhood, and your mother would not desert him in his old age.

Your grandfather could remember when Danedred Tower belonged to his father; he had witnessed when a boy the cruel tramping out of Saxon power by the Norman. Nearly fifty years had then elapsed since the first rush of the victorious Normans over the land; but slowly and surely the hoof of the conqueror was still crushing the conquered. For some trifling offence Danedred Castle was taken from his father, and given to the grandfather of Sir Hugh, a young Norman baron, who permitted the ejected Saxon to reside on the estate, and who in a moment of generosity made a will that the estate should go back to the Saxon Ralfs, whenever in a future generation they should have a son with Norman blood in his veins. There was not much prospect of such a consummation then, but when I married your mother there came upon old Ralf and his daughter a strong hope to win back their rightful inheritance. When you were born there was consequently much disappointment, but your mother was a gentle, heavenly-minded woman, and the worldly ambition was quickly forgotten in fondness for her offspring. A year and a-half passed away, and the hope was again kindled by the prospect of another child. This hope was strengthened by your mother's presentiment that Heaven would bless her with a boy. The Lady of Danedred had at that time a son four years old—the present Sir Hugh—and being well acquainted with the possible claims of our family she had done many things to destroy the comfort of our home. On one occasion the house was attacked at night by a band of marauders. Old Ralf, myself, and a sturdy neighbour contrived, after a desperate fight, to beat them off, and to this day I believe that they were the hired miscreants of the Lady de Danedred. Weeks passed on, however, and the event which was to decide our fate drew daily nearer. It was a beautiful day of early summer, and the woods were filled with the sweet music of the birds when the first tidings of evil came upon us. We were sitting at the cottage door watching you plucking daisies, and when your grandfather hurried in from an adjoining field where he had been tending the sheep, and said that a troop of horsemen were coming towards the cottage. There was no ordinary reason for a troop of horsemen to come that way unless to visit us. The road to and from Danedred Tower ran in quite another direction. What could be their mission? A sense of peril came upon me. I felt that some great calamity was closing on us, and I had not long to wait before my fears were confirmed. There was suddenly a bright gleam in the meadow before us, and fifty horsemen, their armour flashing in the sun, came with a rush across the field and formed round the cottage. A knight who wore his visor down rode up to the door and dismounted.

“‘In the name of the king,’ he said, ‘I want Nelly, the wife of William Fitz-Osbert.’

"‘I am William Fitz-Osbert,’ I replied, stepping before your mother; ‘what is your purpose here?’

"‘I want your wife,’ replied the knight.

"‘What mean you?’

"‘Read that warrant from our chief justicier, and my meaning will be clear.’ He handed me a small roll as he spoke, and with trembling hands I opened and read. It was a warrant for the apprehension of ‘Nelly, the daughter of Ralf, and wife of William Fitz-Osbert, for that she hath been accused, by divers of our good and honest subjects, of using certain dark and mysterious spells, whereby she hath communicated with the evil one (God forgive them!), and hath made a compact for the discomfiture of her neighbours and the peril of their souls.’ Your mother! your dear good mother, imperil her neighbours’ souls! In an instant I saw that some vile treachery was at work, and a suspicion that the Lady of Danedred had a hand in the foul plot flashed across my mind. ‘Sir Knight,’ I cried, ‘this is false! a conspiracy—a cruel wrong—who are the witnesses?’

"‘False or true, I can only act on the warrant,’ coldly retorted the knight, pushing me gently back, for I had rushed up to him menacingly in my wrath. ‘You are a lawyer,’ he continued, ‘and know well that this is not the place to decide the question.’ I knew it too well; I knew, moreover, that powerful influence and false witnesses were often able to hurl back truth and defeat justice. I turned round and gazed with a wild look of despair at your poor mother. To my astonishment, she was very calm, though deathly pale. Your grandfather stood beside her in sullen silence, but I noticed that he had seized an axe, and his hand was gripping tightly the handle. ‘I know that this is all a base conspiracy,’ I said, ‘and yet the warrant must be obeyed. Take my wife, but you must allow her father to bear her company, while I seek the means to prove the falsity of this charge.’ The knight in command of the troop looked at your mother through his visor, and answered in a kinder tone.

"‘You should know best if the charge be true,’ he said. Heaven protect me from doing aught to the injury of so fair a lady! She must go with me to Danedred Tower, there to await under guard the itinerant justices, but if it please you we will grant a few hours to prepare for the removal.’ I readily accepted the proffered delay. I was confused, bewildered, lost. I saw myself caught in a cunning trap, and all that was dear to me about to be snatched away. Resistance was impossible, and submission to the law when administered by enemies seemed fatal. The only hope appeared to be in a quiet and firm remonstrance, supported by ample evidence disproving the accusation. With an effort to maintain an appearance of self-possession, I bade your mother retire to another room, and invited the knight to a

seat within the cottage. He dismissed a greater portion of his men, who galloped off to an inn about two miles distant; and having stationed the remainder round our dwelling, he availed himself of my invitation. All the Saxon blood of your grandfather was aroused, and he still stood at the door nervously clutching at the handle of the old battle-axe which had been wielded in many a hard fight by his brave forefathers. I seized the first opportunity to follow your mother. As I entered the room she threw her arms round my neck and bowed her head on my shoulder. We stood in silence for some moments. We both saw plainly the relentless hand of a wicked enemy closing upon us. 'We must be brave,' said your mother, looking into my face and then at you,—you were standing close by her side, holding the skirt of her dress; 'Heaven alone can help us now. You know the law, William, and can plead for me as you have pleaded oftentimes before for others in equal peril.' There was no hope, no confidence in her voice, although she was much calmer than myself. She knew how utterly useless my pleading had always been in cases promoted by malice and supported by powerful influence. The few hours of respite flew quickly by, and the tramp of the returning horsemen interrupted a useless consultation between your mother, your grandfather, and myself. When all was ready, we started together for Danedred Tower. I observed your mother look back at you—we had left you in the charge of Wilfred—and I noticed a strange, eager look in her eye, which went like an arrow to my heart. It was the look of one conscious that the hour of parting had come—conscious that she was soon to leave the shore of this world for the vast seas of eternity. When Danedred Tower was reached, she assumed a proud, defiant look, for she was in the presence of the enemy. She knew that the malicious eyes of that woman-fiend, the Lady de Danedred, would be gleaming at her from one of the narrow windows. There we parted. Your grandfather went into the castle to abide by your mother, while I, with a heavy heart and whirling brain, staggered back to our ruined home, to look for you and to plan some method of rescue. To plan? I was helpless! My wife had been dragged away from her home, from her child, from me; and I had lifted no arm to defend her. God forgive me! I was mad—an idiot—a coward. In vain I tried to think and to plot. I had been able to think for others with clearness, and to plot for others with success, in the most complicated cases; and now my own dear wife's life was at stake—the happiness of my own home—all for which I cared to live,—and I was brainless, hopeless, speechless. I went every day to the Tower, but was not permitted to see your poor mother. The Mistress of Danedred—foul tigress!—had resolved to have her fill of cruelty. I saw your grandfather, who told me all. He told

me how she grew weaker and paler every day, and how bitterly she felt the unexpected order which prevented our meeting. At last the day came for the trial. The Justices arrived at the Tower, and in the great hall the witnesses were assembled together. To my surprise, neighbours whom I least expected stood up and gave false evidence against your mother. The Lady of Danedred was present, and they probably felt that her eye was on them. Your mother stood as you stood this morning—pale, erect, proud, with the mighty spirit of an angel beaming in her face. I waited patiently until all had been said against her, and then I arose and addressed the justices. My tongue seemed to cleave to my mouth, my words seemed to fall flat and dull, my arguments seemed to lose all their points, and I felt that your mother was looking at me with pity and shame. I concluded wildly, incoherently, and sat down burying my head in my hands. There was a movement among the judges, and a look of mercy beamed from their faces. It was a momentary ray of unexpected hope, but the bloodthirsty fury, the Lady of Danedred, was there, and her keen eyes read the judges through, and springing to her feet she demanded to be heard. ‘I, too, am a witness,’ she said. ‘This sinful woman hath threatened me with death, and my estate with confiscation, and in my presence she hath made strange signs and spells. Am *I* to be believed or yonder dribbling lawyer?’ The effect on the justices was instantaneous. They wagged their heads together, and all was lost. ‘Woman!’ I cried, bounding towards her, and losing all further control over my passion, ‘You lie! By Heaven, you lie! My wife’s blood will be upon you and yours.’ You alone are the wretched slave of the infernal craft. You are scheming away the life of an innocent woman—but beware, a fiercer vengeance will await you and your house for this deed. The curse of God will fall on you, the curse of all Heaven will crush you, the curse of the world will cling to you, and every moment of my existence shall be devoted to your exposure and your ruin!’ I should have said more, but strong hands seized me, and I was hurried away. At the same moment I observed your grandfather snatch a mace from one of the soldiers near him, and in an instant he had struck to the ground the principal witness, a low, beetle-browed villain who dwelt on the Danedred lands. Then there was a great commotion, and in spite of desperate efforts to release myself I was carried from the hall. As I left I turned and saw your mother—saw her for the last time. She looked at me as never woman looked before, and her lips moved, but I only heard “our daughter Nelly.” That look and those words decided my future life, and they have haunted me ever since. The look was a look of love, devotion, holy resignation; the words rang in my ears like spiritual music that defied the clamour and uproar of the selfish world.

I was locked up in the keep, and remained there several days. The agony of those days drove me almost mad. I pictured to myself your poor dear mother, with her beautiful face, writhing in the horrible torture of walking the red-hot iron, or convulsed in the last struggles of drowning, and in my frenzy I tore at the iron chains which bound me, in frantic attempt to break through my prison house and wreak vengeance on her false accusers. I wished for death that I might hurry to her in Heaven, and then the words, 'our daughter Nelly' would ring again in my ears, and I calmed down resolved to bide my time for revenge, and to live for you. I took no count of the hours, but I afterwards heard that I had been shut up there three days, when one night the door was gently opened and the retainer who had several times brought me food, entered the chamber, and told me to hurry out at once if I wished to save my life. He unfastened the chain, and, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I went forth and found your grandfather standing outside. He pointed to a cord stretched across the moat, and with a great effort, for I was weak and my limbs were stiff with confinement, I contrived to follow him across in safety, hanging from the rope and moving along with my hands. We then hastened towards the cover of the woods, and we never spoke until beneath their shelter. There, in a dark recess of brushwood, I found old Wilfred and you huddled in his arms, calling in your childish innocence for your mother—unconscious of her unhappy fate. Your grandfather then told me how he had escaped from the castle by dint of strength and cunning, and how he had managed to foil his pursuers, and to give Wilfred a knowledge of his place of concealment. Old as he was even then, his strength and activity were marvellous. He had succeeded in gaining the favour of one of the retainers, who kept watch and ward over me, and in the recollection of some past kindness received at old Ralf's hands, the good fellow risked his neck to effect my escape. But I had to hear of much more than this. I had to listen with a bleeding heart to the dreadful story of your mother's death. I cannot tell you all now; there is no need to tell you. Brave and noble to the last, she declared her innocence till the glowing iron at her naked feet forced a shriek of anguish from her lips. Calling on Heaven, her husband, and her child, she perished soon after on a burning pile. The night was warm, but threatening clouds were floating across the sky, obscuring the moon. I remember well the wild appearance of the sky as old Ralf and myself knelt down when he had told me all, and, looking up through a break in the foliage, we swore to avenge her cruel end. At that instant a vast mountain of black cloud was rent assunder, and the bright moon shed upon us a sudden stream of silver light, and in the great valley of the moonlit cloudland I saw a delicate film of snow white vapour

floating upwards. The form of this æreal spray was like your gentle mother. 'See here,' I cried, 'her pure spirit seals our oath.' Ralf had not seen what I had seen, but he had observed with amazement the sudden opening of the clouds, and he felt with me that Heaven and the saints were on our side. After many hardships and dangers we got to London, and here we awaited the hour of dealing our blow. The opportunity has occurred oftentimes before, but Ralf and myself were not to be satisfied by a paltry revenge. The Lady de Danedred loved her son, and in her pride and love she stained her soul with the blood of your mother and the blood of my wife. At that one tender chord in her hard heart I will strike my blow!"

The story was ended, and Nelly was still sitting on the stool before the fire, but her father had risen, and tossing his hands aloft was again carried away by the fury of his passion.

The story had caused Nelly to weep bitterly. Her sensitive spirit was deeply moved by the changing tones of her father's voice and the acute pain which the effort to recount all the terrible past evidently caused him. But she had not forgotten her mission. The teachings of the good priest Broadhart, and her own gentle nature, had firmly implanted in her breast the principles of faith, hope, and charity. Her impulse at the conclusion of the story was not an impulse of indignation or of rage with the cruel Lady de Danedred; it was an impulse to fall on her knees and pray for a soul so black with infamy. She shuddered at the thought of her mother's last words, and yet she felt a pride in the thought that her mother was a martyr. She secretly resolved to make her father of the same mind with herself. In the last two days all the violent and worst part of her father's nature had been exposed to view, and she could not rest till she had raised him to the elevation of thought and feeling which she deemed needful for the hope of Heavenly favour.

CHAPTER IX.

A MORNING OF JOY—NELLY VISITS THE PRIORY OF HOLY TRINITY, ALDGATE.

During that day Nelly never left her father's side. Twice a messenger was sent to the Priory of Holy Trinity, and the answer brought by the second messenger removed a heavy burden of anxiety. Armstrong thumped at the door about mid-day, but was sent away by Wilfred, who told him that his master wished to be alone. The disappointed armourer stammered something about "Mistress Nelly," but Wilfred could not hear what he said, so he answered at random that she was in good health, and the armourer shuffled away very red in the face.

When the evening shadows were darkening the room where Nelly sat with her father she rose and bade him good night. There was a

humble sadness and a tender warmth in Fitz-Osbert's response which declared her the victor. Quietly and gently with wonderful tact she had wrestled with the violent and unruly spirit of her parent. Young and delicate though she seemed, she was armed with the might of a pure heart and exalted mind. The victory was hers.

"Good night, Nelly dear, God bless you," he said. "Pray for me, Nelly, to-night. I have been wrong, very wrong. If the spirit world can view the things of earth, how weak, how selfish, how blind, how black with sin must have appeared to your good mother the dark dreams of vengeance I have fostered all these years! Pray that we may have strength to do our duty, that the evil I have done may be forgiven, that we may all meet together in the last great day. Good night, my child! Heaven protect you!"

Nelly ascended to her own little room, and hours afterwards, when the last glimmer of twilight had long disappeared, a white-robed figure, kneeling in prayer and bathed in the light of the moon, might have been seen beside the thickly-draped couch.

The next morning broke clear, bright, and frosty. When Nelly came down it was much beyond her usual hour to be astir. Calmly and healthfully she had slept away the mental fatigues of the previous day. Her large blue eyes beamed with love and happiness as she ran up to her father and embraced him. The morning meal passed pleasantly, and Fitz-Osbert looked with pride and affection on his daughter, as she stood at the window throwing out the remnants of bread to her winter visitors—the little robins. Having satisfied her little feathered friends, she went forth to bestow kind words and comforts on the poor and sick of the city. Possibly some of those whom she visited thought her more hurried than usual, for she had a duty to perform which she looked forward to with anxiety. It was necessary to go to the Priory of Holy Trinity and ascertain the condition of Sir Hugh. The last news from the Priory was brought the day before by the second messenger, and was to the effect that Sir Hugh gave signs of recovery.

"It is well that I have met you, my child," he said, after the customary benediction.

"Wherefore? Sir Hugh is not worse, I hope?"

"Hush! Thank God, he is much better. It was a fortunate escape. Had the blow on his head been a trifle more violent, the consequences would have been serious indeed. By the blessing of Heaven, we may now hope that he will be speedily well. He is quite sensible, and the giddiness has almost entirely departed; he is curious to know where he is, and has implored me to fetch you to him. I have advised him to be quiet, for he has symptoms of fever; caution prevented me from satisfying him as to his whereabouts. He is

resolved to punish the man who betrayed him, and he uses most threatening language against your father. I am at a loss to know how we can shield your father from his wrath. I only see one means, but—but——”

“What means is that?” said Nelly eagerly, blushing at the mention of her father in connexion with the crime.

The good priest hesitated for some moments, and seemed suddenly absorbed in meditation.

“Oh, tell me, good father, what means is there to appease his anger?” pleaded Nelly with impatience.

“You only can accomplish it, my child. You have made an impression on his mind by your courage and goodness. If you can foster that good impression, you may stand as mediator between him and his enemies.”

“Do you think that he will listen to me?” said Nelly doubtfully. “Will he not rather turn with contempt and disdain on the daughter of the one who has done him this injury? I am not afraid to face his wrath, if you think that I can persuade him to forgive. Tell me, Father Broadhart, do you think I can persuade him? Do you think that he will listen to me?”

“He will listen, my child, readily enough; and I do not believe that your father’s conduct will cause him to reproach you,” replied Broadhart. “He seems a generous, though a rather headstrong, young man. I like his bold and honest manners. He might become a noble and good example to the violent, ambitious, and selfish pride of our nobility. Would that I could be his companion, and implant in his breast those principles of self-restraint and Christian charity which our great men so sorely need! I can plainly see in him all the material for a truly noble character.”

While he spoke Broadhart turned towards the Priory, and Nelly, listening eagerly to every word, walked by his side. The last burden was being removed from her mind; she began to perceive the possibility of dispersing Sir Hugh’s anger and of averting the punishment which her father would otherwise suffer for conspiring against an English baron.

When they arrived at the Priory, and had entered the apartment where Sir Hugh had been placed they found him asleep, and an old monk watching by his side. Nelly gazed thoughtfully at his face in the calm repose of sleep. There were slight traces of pain, but they did not disturb the pleasing effect of his open brow and regular features. She tried in vain to discover some sign of the selfish cruelty of his mother.

“How long has he slept?” asked Broadhart, addressing the old monk.

“This half-hour. Sleep will keep down the fever.”

"Heaven has been most merciful to him and to us. Go on thy rounds, and I and our good daughter here will watch."

The old man crept from the room, but the closing of an outer door caused the patient to awaken with a sudden start. He raised himself on his elbow, and stared confusedly about him; then his dark eyes rested on Nelly, and they were filled immediately with an expression of an earnest joy.

"Here is your gentle preserver, my son," said Broadhart, placing his hand on Nelly's shoulder.

"Kind, noble lady," said Sir Hugh respectfully and fervently, "the debt I owe you by far exceeds the narrow compass of my words. If there is ought within my power to do or to give in token of my gratitude for saving this poor life, say, and it shall be yours."

"I have not done anything, Sir Hugh, that can claim your gratitude. What I did was prompted by an impulse such as would have moved any other Christian man or woman, and I—I had a stronger, a selfish reason for my conduct. I sought to save my father from the consequences of a crime—if possible to save him from the shame, the sin of a cowardly revenge, and I have come here, Sir Hugh, to ask of you a favour which I know you cannot easily grant. I have come to ask for that which I have no right to ask for."

"Sweet lady," interrupted Sir Hugh, his large dark eyes flashing with a fire of enthusiasm, "if I were perishing with thirst, and you asked for the last drop of water within my reach, it should be yours."

Nelly was somewhat startled by the vehemence of his manner, but with renewed confidence she resumed the earnest work of mediation.

"You are well aware, Sir Hugh, that all the injury and insult that you have received resulted from the hatred of my father. Dare I hope that you will forgive him? For your forgiveness I have come here of my own free will. I know that I am asking a very great boon, but my father has turned from his wicked purpose, and I believe that he now regrets the violence of his resentment, and——"

"Enough—enough. I know not the cause of his resentment. I never heard his name until the other day. I have never consciously done him any wrong. But you, my gentle lady, may most surely be the gentle bearer of my most free and hearty pardon. I only want one condition—that I may see him, meet him face to face, and probe the source of his mysterious anger."

"Then you do not know the great wrong which he has suffered," said Nelly, with a growing feeling of confidence and interest in Sir Hugh of which she was scarcely conscious. "Oh, if you but knew how cruelly he has been dealt with, and the great treasure that he has lost—how his whole life has been blighted by the persecution of your House,—you would understand his wrath."

"By Heaven! what wrong, what persecution hath he suffered? Tell me, I pray you. Most willingly will I restore all that has been unjustly taken from him. My father was a great and valiant man; he never knowingly stooped to a mean injustice. I have heard his history from old men who were his comrades in the field of battle and in the council-chambers of the King."

"You cannot restore what my father has lost, nor can you recall to our home and hearth the worldly happiness ruthlessly destroyed by your parent."

"My parent! Surely, my father ——"

"Not your father, Sir Hugh; your mother."

Without plan or purpose, guided only by the candour and openness of her heart and her anxiety to remove all trace of the anger between Sir Hugh and her father—tempted, too, by a powerful sense of confidence in Sir Hugh—she sat down on the seat beside the couch on which he lay, and in her own gentle way related all the events which her father had recounted with so much pain the day before. Broadhart stood in silence by the window, and Sir Hugh drank in every word with eagerness and surprise. Nelly, with womanly gentleness and sympathy, threw a little doubt over his mother's guilt; but her efforts to conceal the worst features of the tragedy only inflamed Sir Hugh's imagination.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY'S SERMON AT WHITEHALL.



THE following report appeared in the *Evening Standard* of Monday, March 19, and other prints, and since it has passed without contradiction or comment, either from or on behalf of Mr. Kingsley (so far at least as the writer is aware), it is presumed that the preacher's views have not been therein misrepresented.

"THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL.—Yesterday afternoon a scene which is seldom witnessed at a London church occurred at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. It had been announced that the sermon would be preached by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Long before the doors were opened carriages rattled down to the chapel, while a vast crowd soon gathered round the building, consisting of bishops and other Church dignitaries, peers, members of the House of Commons, and persons of almost every class. A few minutes served to fill the spacious chapel. Prayers were said by the Rev. Erskine Knollys,

M.A., chaplain to the Bishop of London (who was present), and Mr. Kingsley preached, selecting for his text the 12th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, verse 26, 'Whose voice then shook the earth,' &c. He referred to the changes which had taken place in men's minds at various stages in the world's history, and denied that the demand for inquiry in the present day led to doubt; on the other hand, he held that it tended to reverence for God's truth. He denied that the present was an irreverent age, and urged that such times as the mediæval ages were irreverent when cloistered monks set up their cosmogonies as the Word of God. He ridiculed the doctrines of those ages that there was a material hell either in the earth, the sun, the comets, or elsewhere. It was a doctrine of heathens, and entirely repulsive to Christianity, which was founded upon the moral work of God. He argued also against the doctrine of everlasting punishment, and expressed his belief that as at the Reformation in the sixteenth century men threw off opinions which had prevailed for a thousand years, so now God might be directing men's minds with regard to theology, ethics, and science, into new channels, so that He might make new revelations to them. The sermon was listened to with profound attention and not a little astonishment by the vast congregation."

The first point to be noticed respecting this extraordinary and—to the present writer—*appalling* sermon, is the choice of the text; not for what it is in itself so much as for the words which immediately precede it, and which form part of its context. These words are:—

(Hebrews, chap. 12, verse 25.) "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused* him that spake on earth, *much more shall not we escape if we turn away from Him that speaketh from Heaven.*"

Then immediately, in verse 26, follow the words of Mr. Kingsley's text—"Whose voice then shook the earth;† but now he hath promised, saying, yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also Heaven."

Such is the passage in connexion with which Mr. Kingsley is said to have held forth in free commentary on the "middle-age notions" of future everlasting torment and punishment; and proposed as a fitter theory of God's providence—

Whether it were not rather "the sure punishment of sin in this life" that was intended by the phrases "outer darkness," "undying worm," &c.; whether Heaven might not be the moral world full of goodness, beneficence, and purity, in which God reigned, and hell a condition of hatred, malice, impurity."

* By reading over the whole passage, which begins at verse 18 of the same chapter, it is evident that the words "Him that spake on earth" refers to the delivery of the law, while "Him that speaketh from Heaven" means "Jesus the mediator of the new covenant," and the Gospel which He delivered to men.

† In verse 26 the words beginning "Now he hath promised," refer to Haggai, chap. 2, verse 6.

Then follows a passage of—the present writer supposes—high philosophical reflection :—

“If men were to believe in the same theories of religion as men in mediæval times believed, when criminals were racked, heretics burned alive, and every Mussulman slain by the Crusaders was consigned to eternal torture,* fearful times were coming for the Church and the people.”

Then follow aspirations concerning a new Reformation which is to come about by a process which Mr. Kingsley attributes to Divine impulse†—“shaking the earth and Heaven, changing opinions, burning the chaff and stubble from about the one foundation of truth,” but which to the writer of these observations is hard to distinguish from the workings of a presumptuous rationalism.

It would be beyond the present purpose, and perhaps unsuited to the pages of this magazine, to discuss the general views set forth by Mr. Kingsley in his sermon on “the changes which have taken place in men’s minds at various stages of the world’s history” on the subjects of “theology, ethics, and science ;” but as Mr. Kingsley decidedly addresses himself to general hearers, and not exclusively to the very learned, it may be well to note the character of a prominent feature of the discourse which can scarcely have failed, by the medium of the newspapers, to attract very general attention, coming as it does, from the lips of the Queen’s Chaplain, preaching before the Bishop of London.

The point intended to be specially marked is the theory respecting the scriptural denunciations of future everlasting torment and punishment.

Mr. Kingsley’s view has been seen. Will the reader now hearken to the voice of “Him that speaketh from Heaven”?

In St. Mark’s Gospel, chap. ix., beginning at the 43rd verse, is the following passage :—

“And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, *into the fire that never shall be quenched* :

“Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

“And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter halt into

* While writing these observations on Mr. Kingsley’s doctrine the writer has taken up the *Contemporary Review* for February, and therein reads in the notice of a book called “The Oracle of God,” that the author of that book gets rid of the argument which might be founded on the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, by asserting that Christ and his Apostles accepted the then received interpretation, but *without vouching for its accuracy* (pp. 6, 7, 241). Truly, if it has come to this, that professed believers in the Divine Redeemer can deliberately assume respecting Him that He could lend Himself to a connivance at false reading of His Father’s word—there may be something in *this* to justify apprehension “that fearful times” may be “coming for the Church and the people.”

† All passages in inverted commas that are not derived from the *Standard* are from the *Guardian*.

life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, *into the fire that never shall be quenched* :

"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

"And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out : it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire :

"Where their worm dieth not, and the *fire is not quenched*."

Thrice in these words of the Son of God is mention made of "hell," of "the fire that never shall be quenched."

But another passage shall be cited to make it more plain whether this life or the next is contemplated when hell is mentioned :—

"And I say unto you, my friends, Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

"But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear : Fear him which AFTER HE HATH KILLED *hath power to cast into hell* ; yea, I say unto you, Fear Him."—(St. Luke, xii., 4, 5.)

One more passage shall conclude these quotations.

Will the reader turn to the 16th chapter of St. Luke, and read the history of Dives and Lazarus ? It will be seen that the death of the poor man and of the rich man are both distinctly related. Verse 22 :—

"And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom : the rich man also died, and was buried ;"

Then—

"*And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.*"

"And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue ; *for I am tormented in this flame.*"—(St. Luke, xvi., 22, 23, 24.)

Did He who gave us this parable mean to deceive or mislead those who believe in Him ?

Such, then, are the words of "Him that speaketh from Heaven"—of Him who before the eyes of human witnesses ascended *in His human person* up into that firmament whither men in all ages have looked and called it "Heaven"—whither, also before human witness, ascended Elijah and that heavenly visitor whose wondrous demeanour filled Manoah and his wife with awe :

Whence proceeded the awful manifestations that accompanied the delivery of the law—the "still small voice" heard by Elijah :

Where appeared the angel Gabriel and "the multitude of the heavenly host," whose hymn of praise heralded the tidings of the Saviour's birth :

Whence descended the holy dove, with the words of the Divine voice sounding at the Lord's baptism in Jordan :

Whence also He himself addressed him who became the Apostle Paul, on his way to Damascus ;

And whither, finally, He has bid mankind look up for His awful coming to judgment.

But Mr. Kingsley, without pausing to notice any of the differences in the modes of the Divine teaching—how that it is sometimes by

direct instruction, as in the Ten Commandments—sometimes by illustrative narrative, as in the history of the good Samaritan—sometimes by metaphor, as in the parable of the sower,—despatches the whole of these Divine utterances and manifestations with a commentary which frightfully recalls to mind the *first* commentary devised and recommended to the acceptance of human private judgment on the *first* direct revelation of the Divine will to man.

"*Yea, hath God said,*" "these shall go away into *everlasting** punishment." "Nay, that is a myth of the middle ages—a monkish superstition." "YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE—*eternally.*"

And he seems equally to condemn the belief in a real Heaven.

The writer confesses to feeling utterly horrorstruck at such sentiment and opinion as this, offered not by an open enemy, but by a Christian priest, supposed to be approved by Queen and Bishop, to a Christian congregation, in the very house of God!

And what is the practical tendency of such teaching and preaching?

Is it not bidding men eat freely of the fruit of the tree of knowledge—telling them over again that thus their "eyes shall be opened, and they shall be as gods"?

Is it not bidding them go their ways, unrestrained by mediæval fears that there is one "who, after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell"?

Mr. Kingsley, however, deprecates the imputation that his doctrine tends to irreverence. But if he so explains the most awful words of the Son of God as to explain them away, would he define for what portion of Divine revelation he *does* demand reverent acceptance?

The Lord himself has, indeed, said "Whosoever receiveth not the Kingdom of God *as a little child* shall in nowise enter therein;" but Mr. Kingsley denounces such ideas as purely monkish. The whole Bible, so far as he has hitherto expressed himself, appears to be considered by him proper subject-matter for the boldest intellectual exercise of research and speculation. It is impossible, therefore, to understand the ground on which this responsible Professor challenges to himself the preservation of reverence for Divine revelations.

The writer desires most earnestly to commend to all who may read these pages the old rule of safety—

"Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the *old paths*, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—(Jer., vi., 16.)

The old and safe expositors of the Word of God divide carefully and reverently, as has been already indicated, between Teaching, direct,

* It may be a satisfaction to those who are unable to consult the Greek Testament for themselves to state that the word used in relation to punishment is identical with that used in relation to the contrary state—*everlasting* punishment, life *eternal*."—EDITOR.

illustrative, and metaphorical; and woe is unto them who turn aside the *plain word*, saying, like them of whom Ezekiel (chap. xx., 19) complained of old, "Ah, Lord God! they say of me, '*Doth he not speak parables?*'"

Mr. Kingsley might perhaps turn upon the writer with the question, "Is the cutting off the hand and plucking out the eye to be taken as an instance of literal teaching?"

The answer would be—"Not so literally as that such an act would ever have to be performed; but so literal that there should be *no limit whatever* to the sacrifice or surrender of anything which leads to sin. It may perhaps be rightly defined as a figure of speech in which the greater is used to stand for all that is like—as when St. Paul says "They that be Christ's have *crucified the flesh* with the affections and lusts."

Or, again, Mr. Kingsley might inquire whether it is meant to be implied that the history of Dives and Lazarus is to be taken as conveying a *real* description of the condition of departed spirits.

The reply would be—"It surely is a *true* description."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," so as to apprehend adequately either the bliss of the redeemed, or the miseries of the condemned; but as plainly as is the resurrection of the body revealed so plainly has He that speaketh from Heaven intimated that in *body* as well as in *spirit* men shall be rewarded or punished. To ask where is Heaven or where is Hell is doubtless a question of the same nature as "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come." But, as surely as the risen body will be truly a body—material, so to speak, though glorified, though spiritualized—so surely are Heaven and Hell places where such bodies may abide: they are *somewhere*, and not *nowhere*; they are glorified, or else they are "salted with fire!" And as to the state of advance in scientific knowledge—whether men believe the blue vault above their heads to be—so to speak—an immeasurable hemisphere, or the indescribable expanse which it is now known to be, is not, the writer submits, at all of the essence of the real question.

In conclusion, the writer would offer a few words on the use and abuse of scientific research.

First, it appears to be unquestionable that, as it were, of utter necessity man must now eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge: he is now all but totally unendued with instinct; it would seem that, as he chose knowledge for himself as something that was to be better to him than the direct Divine guidance, he has been left, in a certain sense, to depend upon it ever since.

The danger undoubtedly lies, not in the discovery of distinctly proved *truths*—for, as surely as He who created the universe is the author of

the Bible, so surely no *facts* among the wonders of the Book of Nature will ever be found in real discordance with the disclosures of the Book of Revelation.

The danger is in the reckless boldness with which a whole structure of *speculation* is raised, and that not only upon a *proved* fact, ever so small, but often upon the most slender glimpse of a possible discovery, as in the case of the recent attempt to make out that there was a pre-Adamite human creation*.

It is to be observed that an argument in defence of this system of conjecture must inevitably stand thus :—

The human mind is equal to the comprehension of all things in Heaven and earth.

Such a given circumstance can only be accounted for on such a conjecture.

Therefore the conjecture must be true.

This is what is *most* dangerous, and it can scarcely be doubted that an arrogant assumption like *this* it was to which St. Paul referred as "opposition of science *falsely so called*."

Nothing is *science* that is not proved to *demonstration*.

As before remarked, it is impossible that any TRUTH can be inconsistent, in reality, with any other Truth; but it by no means follows that human reason is in all instances equal to tracing out the links of the concord.

If we have deemed it dutiful and becoming to say thus much on such a subject, it is not because of any novelty or profoundness in the views propounded by Professor Kingsley, but because of their being enunciated by a person and in a place which *ought* to have been a security that only words of truth and soberness would have been uttered there.

* In adverting to this theory of a pre-Adamite human race, and an attempt that has been made to reconcile it with the history of Creation in Genesis, it is impossible not to notice the following point :—

"In referring to the supposed habits of those Pre-Adamites, and in attempting to account for something, it is apparently quite satisfactorily conjectured "That they may have gnawed the bones of animals, and dropped them through holes in the ice."

In the IMAGE OF GOD made He Man!

THE RANSOMED CAPTIVE.

By the Rev. EDWARD MONRO, M.A.



HE great city of Grenada had fallen into the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella. Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, had left the city which his people had made magnificent, and yielded it with less than manly sorrow into the hands of his Castilian adversary. The last sound or clash from the cymbal had died away. Boabdil and his family, including his mother, had left what his race had considered the home of ages. As the last of the Moors had departed from their ancient city the shouts of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose over the beautiful towers of the Alhambra. "Castile! Castile!" "Ferdinand and Isabella!" rose to Heaven, mingled with the chanting of the *Te Deum* in the royal chapel.

Grenada had fallen into the hands of the Christians, the cross gleamed above the crescent, the silver windings of the soft Xenil, the lovely verdure of the Vega, although the first was streaked with the blood of combatants, and the latter had been the pillow of the dying, nevertheless seemed to welcome the approach of the Christian conqueror.

Upon the banks of the sweet, soft river there were many who, while they triumphed over the capture of the great city, yet wept over the memory of departed ones whom they had loved and lost. Amongst these sat with his helmet by his side and his blood-stained sword on the grass, Don Alonzo. He had valiantly fought by the side of Ferdinand. His work for a few hours was done, he rested his eye on the placid windings of the lovely stream. The shouts of victory, the music of triumph died solemnly away in the evening air. A footstep was behind him. The Spanish warrior looked round.

"Muza," said he; "and is it you?"

A tall but beautifully formed youth, with the dark, swarthy complexion of Africa, its deep, black eyes, its jet black hair, muscular in force, though showing the agility of a boy born for the battle, stood by his side. Muza bent one knee upon the grass.

"Can I do aught," said the Moorish youth to the Christian warrior, "to assuage the pain of wounds or grief of mind which Don Alonzo suffers?"

"No Muza, no," said the Spanish warrior, not lifting his eyes from the banks of the Xenil; "you can do nothing, my noble boy. Twice have you saved me in the rage of battle by receiving the wounds deserved by me, and once you slaked my burning thirst with

water brought in your helmet from the stream of the Xenil. Rest, Muza, rest; it is time for rest to the wearied and the wounded."

"Muza cannot rest," replied the boy, "while Alonzo weeps."

"And did Alonzo weep? He knew it not," was the stern answer of the veteran.

"My father, my more than father," cried the Moor, "talk not to me of the wounds I have received instead of you; tell me not of the water brought from the well of the stream; remind me no more of the moment when, breast by breast with you, we bared our bosoms to the Moslem lance. Remember what you have done for me—dearer than the waters of the Xenil were the waters of baptism through which *you* made me a Christian, and softer than the verdure of the gardens of the Vega is the paradise of the Christian which you have opened to my eye, and more glorious far than yon fallen city rise the towers of the new Jerusalem, of which *you* have made me a member. Don Alonzo, talk not of the past! Tell me what I can do in the future."

The Spanish grandee turned round, his proud eye was moistened with a tear as he looked on the Moorish lad. "Muza," said he, "you alone could cause this eye to shed a tear—forgive it, brave boy, but he who has borne with me the brunt of the Moslem battle may see without reproach the tear of a widowed warrior."

Muza pressed the proffered hand of his chief. The shout of "Santiago" still echoing from the walls of the fallen Grenada brought back for an instant to the mind of the young Moor the ruin of his race—it was but for a moment.

"Muza," said Alonzo, "when I look at you I remember the home that is broken up—the desolateness of my hearth. Long since, on the banks of the Ebro, the dust of Alonzo's wife was laid; and more than one is the spot on the Andalusian hills where the remains of my gallant boys wait the Resurrection-day. The snowy heights of the Sierra Nivada overshadow my eldest and my best. One noble boy was left me, and the last, taken captive, fighting by my side, six months ago, in the Moorish battle. Muza, you are like him. Forgive me if, by your side, the tears should moisten a father's cheek. I am lonely now; you alone can fill up the vacant place. But yet I think sometimes that my child, my Pelayo, is still alive."

"A captive, then?" said the Moor.

"I fear it—yea, I know it," said Alonzo, looking vacantly at the trees on the opposite bank. "The thin, blue waters of Gibraltar sever me from my child, and Fez holds as a slave the youth who once carried the banner of the Cross."

"But he *lives*—*Pelayo lives*!" cried Muza, starting suddenly, and fixing his eye upon the soft, still cloud which was passing over the crescent moon, remembering, as he looked at it, the symbol of his fathers.

"*He may live,*" said Alonzo, sadly; "but worse than death is captivity, and darker than the grave the possibility of my child yielding up his faith under the pangs of torture, or the prolonged misery of the slave."

"They let not their slaves die so quickly in my country," said Muza. "The limbs of the Spanish boy are too muscular and active for an early death. If food is wanting, he will have it; though the mine or the deserts of Atlas may listen to the stroke of his axe."

There was the pause of a minute. The cloud had covered the crescent moon, but its gentle lustre had struggled from behind the cloud and fell sweetly upon the gentle ripples of the river. The reflected light formed upon the stream the figure of the Cross. The delicious odours from the Vega were wafted even there. Muza sank upon his knee; he took the hand of Alonzo.

"My father, my more than father," said the lad, "*I will seek Pelayo.* He is a captive in my own native land. I know its pathless deserts, its wild and burning scenes. Give me but the ransom-money, and if Pelayo lives, I will bring him to your side. Your hearth shall no more be desolate—your heart be no more widowed."

A strange expression passed over the face of the Spaniard.

"*You cannot find him, Muza; and if you could, it would cost your life to reach him.* Death would await you in your native land—you who are by birth a Moor, by second birth a Christian."

"My father, I think not of that. Have you not done more for me than death can repay? Has not the arm of Muza been uplifted so in the battle-field that you need not doubt the courage which fills the heart within? And, my father——" The youth paused. "And—oh, would not death amongst my own people for the Cross which glows upon my brow be the death of the martyr?"

Alonzo grasped more closely the hand he held in his. "May the Captain of Salvation bless you, my gallant boy! But *my* work is done—my home is desolate—my hearth is silent. Ferdinand no longer needs my arm. It is aged, it has done its work against the Crescent in a hundred battles; it is needed no more. Grenada has fallen, and yonder silver cross which gleams from the mosque in the moonlight which bathes the Vega, tells the glorious tale. Nay, *I* will go and seek my son."

"No, sire, no," said Muza; "*you* would be known immediately as one of the hated race of the conqueror, and you would fall beneath their avenging arm long before you could gain tidings of Pelayo—aye, before you had lost sight of the blue line of the Mediterranean. None would know me. I am of their own race; I should be amongst them a Moor with the Moors. Not that I do aught but covet death for the glory of the Cross; but it is for your child that I must pre-

serve my life—to restore light to your home and comfort to your heart in the time of your old age.”

Muza paused. There had been a day when he longed to fill up that vacant place, and be to Alonzo as Alonzo's only child; but he subdued the mighty longing. He would, if he might, restore Pelayo to the bosom of his father.

“You shall go, my son,” said the aged hero, “and God be with you.” There was no time for delay; the young captive might be far gone into the interior. Six months had passed since he had been torn from his father's side at the battle in the Garden of Baza. Alonzo supplied Muza with sums of money more than enough for a Christian's ransom.

Muza had no time for lingering, and, after a brief parting with Alonzo, he was gone. Slowly he passed across the lovely glades and gardens of the Vega. The heights of the Sierra Nevada rose above him as he reached the narrow waters of the Strait. Muza was in his own country. His manly form, his dark, swarthy complexion, his body scarcely clothed—naked over the shoulders and waist—assured the inhabitants of Africa that Muza was a Moor. That was sufficient to protect him from any assault in his native land from the enemies of the Spaniard and the Christian. He knew the country. He stopped at the first village where slaves were usually sold, and especially at this time, during the war with the Goths, a name which the inhabitants of Northern Africa still connected with the possessions of Grenada. Muza knew well that he should quickly find an opportunity for the ransom of slaves. He went to the first market which he found, but in vain. All there were slaves who had been bought from the deep interior of Northern Africa. There were no Spanish captives there. Over the burning sand and through the village of tents Muza went. Market after market he visited, but all in vain. He found not Pelayo, and there was no chance of finding him. Village after village was passed through by the Moorish youth, but in vain. At some he was well received, on account of his manly bearing, his firm and vigorous limbs; at some he was questioned and doubted as a supposed Christian; at others he passed along unnoticed and unobserved. Almost in despair he was preparing to return, when he saw a beggar sitting by the roadside. “Can you tell me,” said Muza, “of any company of slaves or captives for sale or ransom?” The old man looked up.

“Many are the slave markets which you might have found,” said he.

“I know it; but I still want another. Is there one still beyond this?”

“There's Alcazer's,” said the beggar. “I will go on,” said the weary youth, and on he went, and he reached the market of Alcazer. He

made no delay. He entered the tent of the great slave merchant. A man, with his legs folded, sat smoking on the ground. Muza bowed—bowed to the dust. "I would ransom a slave."

"Alcazer is not here," said the man; "he has gone to see for the purchase of Spanish slaves," and he went on smoking.

"Then may I purchase one of you?" said Muza.

"They are in the market-place; go and choose which you will," was the answer.

"I will go," said Muza. It was his last chance, and he went. Sixteen young men, youths, and boys, stood bound in the market-place—bound by chains which fastened their wrists to their ankles. A stern overlooker stood by them.

"I wish to ransom a slave," said Muza. "Is there a Spaniard—a Goth here?"

"I know not," said the other. Alcazer is away; he knows all of them—I know none.

"May I speak," said Muza; "may I speak to them?"

"No," was the answer, "it is forbidden. Go, feel the muscles of their limbs, find out the work they were born to do; but whisper not at your peril." Muza thought for a moment, and he went. A long line of captives stood before him. Most of these were, as I said, youths under eighteen. Some were boys. It was vain for Muza to run his eye up and down the band of captives. Very dark and swarthy was the complexion of the Moorish slave; almost as dark was the skin of the captive Spaniard, after exposure to African suns. The sun of the Sierra is not, after all, so much less hot than the sun of the plains of Atlas. They were all naked, save the slight garment which had been left them, and the chains with which their limbs were bound. Muza was indeed perplexed.

"I may not speak to them?" said he.

"No. Go and examine them; then offer your money."

In vain he did look, but at last his eye kindled—"May I speak from hence to the line of captives?" said he. "*Speak*," said Mustapha, "from hence and by me. It is enough." And Muza spoke. As he did so, he turned towards the captives. His eye glanced along the line. "I am here to purchase a slave," said he, addressing the overlooker. "I know that all these are the faithful servants of Allah, and Mahomet his prophet, and all despise Him whom they call 'Jesus of Nazareth.'"

Quick as lightning, he took them all in at a glance. *One head bowed at the mention of that name.* It bowed so low, that in the sudden action it was not for a moment lifted up.

"The ransom of *that* slave," said Muza, "what?"

The man went on smoking, scanning the features of the line. No

countenance moved. The slave-dealer was as calm with his pipe as his own sunset. The boy whose head had bowed stood amongst the others with no apparent difference to the rest. "It is *that* youth," said Muza, pointing, "which is the one which I wish to ransom." The smoker did not smile. "You have not the crowns sufficient to purchase the best slave in the market. Though young below the rest in years, and though a vile and cursed Goth, his limbs are more active, and his eye more keen than those of the eagle on his own Nivada. Though scarce more than sixteen summers old, that boy is worth forty golden crowns." And Mustapha resumed his pipe. Muza's eyes were fixed upon the slave. Evidently he was a Christian. *Could he be Pelayo?* Whether or no, it was the last chance. The young Christian's health was failing; he had visited every market within his possible reach. Muza thought a minute while Mustapha smoked. He drew from his belt the purse of the ransom. "Here are the forty crowns," said Muza. He felt anxious, but he felt like Eliezer at the well, when, having prayed (as Muza had just done), Rebecca came, and God answered the earnest prayer.

Mustapha put down his pipe. "My countryman is clever," said he, and the faithful servants of Allah and Mahomet his prophet are sometimes forgetful in the moments in which they anticipate the houries in paradise. My son must forgive me; it is *sixty* crowns, not forty, for yonder boy."

"Sixty are ready," said the young Christian.

"I know not what Alcazer will say," said Mustapha, "but lay down the sixty crowns, and the slave is yours."

Muza knew his countrymen too well to do aught than to say, "Let the ransomed slave come forth towards the great Alcazer's tent over half the space between, and the money shall lie upon the carpet." Mustapha gave the signal. From the long even line a boy stood forth upon the sand. He was not shorter than his companions, and scarcely less elegant in form and movement. His complexion was swarthy as theirs, or, if not, but a shade lighter; his eyes, large and dark, spoke of the burning sun of a southern climate; the long, dark lashes of his eyelid hid the eye, while they shadowed his cheek. As he stood upon the sunny sand, chained by wrist and ankle, Muza felt that he had seldom seen, even in the battles of the Spaniard, a more striking youth than that.

"May I not speak to him," said the young Christian, "before I pay the crowns?"

"Impossible!" said the smoker. The gold was on the carpet.

"Strike off his chains," said Mustapha, and the boy stood free.

"He is yours," said Mustapha quietly.

"Mine," said Muza, and he advanced towards the object of his ransom.

Be he who he might, at that moment he was the property of Muza. The two stood together. "Your name?" said Muza to the astonished youth. "Pelayo," said the boy, looking up, and flashing with his dark eye into the very heart of Muza, "you are free—son of Alonzo, you are free." For a minute, the liberated captive looked wildly around him. "Alonzo!" said he, "and does my father live?"

"He lives," said Muza, "and he waits for you. Grenada has fallen; the Cross shines above the Crescent, and the mosque is consecrated by Christian prayer; the Vega resounds to the hymn of the follower of Jesus; the Moor no longer occupies an acre of Spain but by sufferance."

The bewildered boy looked at his deliverer.

"And who brought the ransom?" said Pelayo.

"I, a Christian, and yet a Moor," was the answer, and the two youths fell upon each other's necks, and wept.

Through town and through village, past tent, and over plain, they strove to reach their longed-for destination. Muza was by far the stronger of the two, but he was worn out by his tedious and perilous journey, and though in the vigour of youth at the age of nineteen, he was at this moment scarcely up to the energy and power of his young companion, who, although lacerated by fetters and manacles, was still a boy.

Enough; they reached the shore—they crossed the strait. Once more the peaks of the Sierra Nivada gleamed before the eyes of Pelayo; once more the soft turf of the Vega received the footsteps of the liberated captive and his friend. The gentle ripples of the Xenil came back like songs of childhood to the ear of the son of Alonzo, and, in another minute, the grey-haired warrior pressed to his bosom his only child. Muza stood in the doorway of the simple home to which he had restored light, and life, and joy.

While Don Alonzo lived, Muza and Pelayo shared equally the affection of a father; and when they had laid his honoured dust in the grave, Muza and Pelayo loved each other as brothers.

THE OPENING SUMMER.

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May; who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

(*Song on May Morning*).—JOHN MILTON.

———"The music and the bloom,
And all the mighty ravishment of spring."—WORDSWORTH.

"Now lavrocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild, wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress."—BURNS.

IN a spirit of thankfulness and serious joy let us contemplate this delightfulest season of the year, "full of fresh verdure and unnumbered flowers," and imparting to what seems the mere "negligence of nature" such an unbounded luxury of beauty—such delicious hues—such exquisite fragrance—such a variety of rural sights and sounds, to charm the eye and ear, that the heart must, indeed, be dull or sad, that does not taste something of the joy of the season, if permitted to escape, for ever so short a time, from the crushing noise and hurrying toilsomeness of the streets.

There are, however, a good many thousands of men, of women, and of children, in London, who, perhaps have never seen the pure country—

"The negligence of nature, wide and wild,
Where, undisguised by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye."

Hyde park and Kensington-gardens are, doubtless, very pleasant, with all their artificialities; but they are not the country, nor is any road one drives along within ten miles of St. Paul's (though some of these drives command very noble views) worthy of being called pure

unsophisticated country. The snug and trim or ostentatious villas on every side, and the tradesmen's carts from London rushing along the road, suggest very different thoughts from those which spring up in the far-off fields and the remote rural lanes. Yet one need not go so *very* far off to reach the perfect country. Let the Londoner get up betimes and place himself at the platform of the Waterloo railway station by half-past seven o'clock in the morning; then and there he will find carriages setting off which, in an hour and a half, will deliver him at Woking-common. Let him not neglect to observe, as he proceeds from Walton station to Weybridge, the pale green of the young larch trees, and the bright golden yellow of the gorse, which clothe the slopes of the cutting along which the rails are laid.

Arrived at Woking, let the London explorer get some civil helper to point out to him the foot-way over the wild moor which leads by Pyrford to Ripley. It is, in the freshness of a fine May morning, as wild and beautiful a country walk as one could expect to have anywhere, except in a country of mountains, which have, undoubtedly, a charm beyond that of mere hill and dale and heathy moor. But here you are in an unquestionably wild country, and only an hour and a half from London. The heath seems to the eye almost boundless, and as innocent of all useful vegetation as an Irish bog, or a wild waste of the Duchy of Limburgh. But after a mile of this wilderness work, you skirt commons covered with gorse, now in full yellow bloom, and you pass by clumps of wild holly, which, but a few days ago, were tenanted by nightingales, that sang before breakfast with as much enthusiasm as they ever do after supper. Arrived at Pyrford, admire the little old church, and the decent churchyard, upon the brow of the hill overlooking the ruins of "Newark Abbey," and take the path which leads between the church and the modern parsonage, not omitting first to glance at the exquisitely neat little schoolhouse, from which you may hear the hum of Christian "education." Then go on, thanking God! A more sequestered, and absolutely rural spot than this, can scarcely be imagined. Descending the hill into a place of many waters, you come to a country mill and a comfortable-looking miller's house, and soon arrive at Ripley, renowned for its village green. Here, also, you find a nicely restored church and exceedingly neat schoolhouses. In the days of mail-coach roads this village was on the high road from London to Guildford. Geographically considered, it is probably pretty nearly where it used to be, but mail-coaches are now on the rail, and Ripley resounds not often to the sound of coach wheels. As to the coach horn, the cheerful noise is obsolete, and the most retentive echoes have absolutely forgotten it.

The walk from Woking, of four miles and a bit, will have sharpened your appetite for breakfast, notwithstanding the romance of the

nightingales, and the comfortable and portly hostess of the "Talbot" will provide the most pleasing remedies for the complaint of hunger. You have breakfasted, and it is half-past 11 o'clock. You have rested, and may resume your march. Four miles more, if you take the foot-path, will bring you to the Weybridge station, five miles nearer to London than that of Woking. You proceed along the high road towards London about a mile, till the wide expanse of gorse-covered Ockham-common opens upon you. Then turn to the left into a clump of firs, and follow the footway to the north-east, through as wild a region as ever gipsy pitched a tent in, which leads you finally to Byfleet Park and Bridge. Along this way the nightingales sing in chorus. The solo parts of the concert are given to the cuckoo, who shouts most musically, now close at hand, now far away, and again nearer, but never seen—

"O, cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

By one o'clock you may reach the bridge over the railway cutting at Weybridge station, from which there is a very good distant view of Windsor Castle; and all the wild common round about is, at this season, delightful. You are now within an hour of London again "per rail," and you have seen a good stretch of country which has not in it the slightest trace of Cockneydom. The peasant children are such as might have sat or stood for Hunt's pictures, and not one bit of the odious smirk and smartness of the London "gent," are you likely to have met with in the whole sweep round from Woking-common to Weybridge station by Ripley.

It is hoped the reader will pardon all this topography, which is "sketched" for him only that, if he pleases, he may, by his own experience, test these descriptions of the May season with which the works of the best poets abound. It is pleasant to observe in what Chaucer wrote 400 years ago, so much that we can regard as harmonising with our England of this modern time:—

"And by a river forth I gan costay
Of water clear as beryll or chrystall,
Till at last, I found a little way
Toward a park, enclosed with a wall
In compass round, and by a gate small,
Whoso that would, he freely mighten gon
Into this park, y-walled with green stone.

"And in I went to hear the birdis sing,
Which on the branches, both in plain and vale,
So loud y-sang, that all the wood y-rang.
Like as it should shiver in pieces smale;
And as me thoughten that the nightingale
With so great might her voice began out-wrest
Right as her heart for love would all to breast.

"There I saw growing eke the fresh haw thorn
 In white motley, that so sweet doth y-smell;
 Ash, fir, and oak, with many a young acorn,
 And many a tree mo than I now can tell.
 And me before, I saw a little well
 That had his course, as I could well behold,
 Under a hill, with quick streamis and cold.

"The gravel golden; the water pure as glass,
 The bankis round the well invironing,
 And soft as velvet was the young grass
 That thereupon hastily came springing.
 The suit of trees, abouten compassing
 Their shadow cast, closing the well around,
 And all the herbis growing on the ground."

The latter half, or at least eleven days, of the April of the olden time corresponded to our early May, and this we must take into account, along with (perhaps) some change in the seasons, when estimating those lively descriptions of the spring which our elder poets have left us. The following beautiful sonnet of Shakspeare, referring to April, much better fits our modern May, if indeed the mention of the rose do not carry the time still further forward:—

"From you I have been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him;
 Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
 They were but sweet! but figures of delight
 Drawn after you: you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still and you away,
 As with your shadow, I with those did play."

This "spirit of youth" is, perhaps, after all, the *essential* charm of the spring. There is beauty in the summer and in the autumn, nor is it wholly wanting in the winter; but the freshness and the lustihood of youth—the exuberant and abounding hope of nature—the "mighty ravishment" of love unsatiated—the teeming life that has never yet known weariness;—all this it is that makes the thrilling loveliness of the spring. Something of this young Keats must have felt, though perhaps, he understood it not, when he undertook that marvellous poem of his—

"——— So I will begin
 Now, while I cannot hear the city's din;
 Now, while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue

About old forests; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber, and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk."

A worthy professor, the chief meteorologist of his time, who was taken suddenly away, used to say that the last fortnight of May, and the first fortnight of June, formed the very prime of the year, and, in redundant beauty, were worth all the rest. So it may be, for in the early May come days of east wind and blight, in many seasons, but even this is worst in towns and streets, where the wind is cut into strips, and blows bitterly round corners, mixed with dust and minute particles of soot. But where one can come fairly face to face with nature, she is rarely repulsive in May, if, indeed, it be not high treason to suggest that she can be so at any time. Burns (in this matter a trustworthy guide) loved nature under all appearances—

"O nature! a' thy shows and forms
 To pensive feeling hearts has charms,
 Whether the simmer kindly warms,
 Wi' life and light;
 Or winter howls in gusty storms
 The lang dark night."

Let us then, following this poetical example, admire nature howsoever she may show herself, but give to her youthful beauty, which at this season she so abundantly displays, that warmth of admiration which may make our hearts glad, without any presentiment of attendant anxiety or sorrow.

THE BANKS OF THE FOWEY.

By JOHN HENWOOD THOMAS, F.R.G.S.



THE ubiquitous character of the British tourist is now almost proverbial, and, indeed, there are few portions of the globe which he has not visited. In every part of Europe, on the mountains and plains of Asia, in the deserts of Africa, on the prairies of North America, and the pampas of the South, in Australia and Polynesia, he is to be found. He has entered the kraal of the Hottentot, and the wigwam of the Indian; he has made friends of the dyaks of Borneo and the aborigines of Patagonia. Do we hear of any great exploring feat, of the discovery of a region of unknown territory; its accomplishment was probably suggested by some freak of an enterprising tourist. The wonderfully increased locomotive facilities which have been produced during recent years have given an enormous impetus to what appears

to be a national characteristic—the love of adventure and romance. In whatever parallel of latitude he finds himself, our traveller is always in his element; he can make himself at home amid the tropical luxuriance of Uganda or the uninviting sterility of Terra del Fuego. But among English tourists there exists a strange propensity to travel in foreign countries and see their interesting sights, while they remain in total ignorance of many of the beauties of their own land. It is not uncommon to meet people who can accurately describe the principal features of the Rhine—who have seen Switzerland, penetrated Italy, and are familiar with many other portions of the Continent,—but know nothing of Cumberland, the Grampian scenery, or Killarney. A description of a tour through the Highlands of Scotland or the west of Ireland is not so high-sounding as “up the Rhine” or “Lake Como;” and it is probably owing in a great measure to this tendency to arrant cockneyism that Nature is so comparatively little admired and appreciated in our own country. The Lake district in the north of Ireland is inimitable in its own peculiar style; and there are many other nooks and corners which will well repay a visit. Some time since a party of excursionists were enjoying themselves on Windermere—the queen of English lakes—when one of the company, who was a Cornishman, was so struck with the nature of the scenery, that for a moment he felt as if he were sailing down one of the rivers of his own county and nearing the port of Fowey. The comparison must not be thought strange. A gentleman well acquainted with all the varieties of English scenery and, of course, with the beauties of the North, happened, not many years since, to enjoy the satisfaction of a boat excursion down the Fowey, and having had an opportunity of judging of its merits, he was led to exclaim “How this reminds me of Windermere!” The river Fowey, therefore, may well put in its claim to unusual beauty when such a comparison is involuntarily made; while in legend and romance, as well as in historic fact, it will come in for a noble part. Strange that so many ideas and thrilling events should be connected with a little river which has but a short course of thirty miles, and is then lost in the ocean! Yet on its banks there have been battles and sieges, and here and there have lived men who have acted a part and raised a name that time cannot efface. But we will not anticipate; the places, as we visit them, shall unfold their own tales, and interest the present age with the story of the past.

Cornwall is remarkable for the diversified nature of its scenery, bleak and barren hills being often found in close proximity to beautifully wooded dells and ravines; and this characteristic is frequently exemplified in the course of the Fowey. The district through which the river runs is one of the most interesting that can possibly be found. It is rich in historic and legendary lore, and affords ample

scope for antiquarian research; it presents beautiful and fitting subjects for the limner's art; there is food for the imagination of the poet, and for the abstruse and erudite reasonings of the philosopher; while to those who can find "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," the whole combination is abundantly suggestive. But to write a detailed description of all the scenery and of every place contiguous to the Fowey, would be a work of supererogation, and the present purpose will be attained by a glance at a few of the more remarkable objects in the vicinity of the river, with a slight reference to their historic interest. To the north of the locality in which the Fowey has its source the neighbourhood is remarkable for having been the scene of many interesting events which occurred during the earlier portion of the history of England; but none are so carefully fostered by tradition as the exploits of that "*Flos Regum*" to the mystery of whose birth such beautiful allusion is made by the truest poet of our time:—

"But after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil, by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur."

From Brown Willy the Fowey flows in a southerly direction through a district comprised of desolate and lonely moors, which can scarcely fail to inspire a stranger with an indescribable feeling of awe. It is not to be supposed that among a people who until within a comparatively recent period possessed an almost distinct nationality, and were among the most superstitious in the land, such a district should be without its legends; hence we find among the lower orders stories of the most extraordinary and improbable character circulated and implicitly believed. The first to be noticed is the legend attaching to Dosmare Pool, a small inland lake about a mile in circumference. This pool was supposed to be bottomless, and the moor-men assert that a thorn-bush which had been thrown into it made its appearance a few weeks afterwards in Falmouth Harbour. But the legend of all others for which Dosmare Pool is noted is that it was haunted by a demon named Tregeagle, who was doomed to empty this profound lake with a limpet-shell having a hole in it. In aggravation of this hopeless task he was occasionally visited by the devil, who tried to seize and secure him, and sometimes at these periods his howling was terrific. To get rid of his tormentor Tregeagle fled round and round the lake closely followed by the evil one. But he found no shelter, and he then sprang swifter than the wind across the pool, shrieking with agony, and fled across the moors to Roche Rocks, sixteen miles distant, where was a chapel, into the

window of which he put his head, which had the effect of driving the devil from him. The stream by which Dosmare Pool is emptied into the Fowey flows past St. Nest, so named from its patron saint, who is asserted to have been the brother of Alfred the Great, and of whom so many marvellous stories are related. On the eastern side of the river is the Cheesewring district, whose rocks of strange and fantastic form are accorded an honourable position among the pictorial wonders of Britain. The Cheesewring proper is the name of a series of flat rocks piled one upon another to a height of twenty-two feet, and overhanging a diminutive base. About half a mile distant are the Hurlers, three circles of upright stones, evidently of Druidical origin. They are said to be notable examples of the punishment awarded for Sabbath-breaking. Tradition asserts that they preserve the position in which the several parties stood in the full excitement of the ancient Cornish game of hurling, and that they were transformed into stone for thus sinning on the Sabbath. Those relics of antiquity possess the highest interest, and it is impossible to contemplate the rude inclosures without a feeling of wonder not unmixed with awe :—

“ Among these rocks and stones, methinks I see
More than the heedless impress that belongs
To lonely Nature's casual work : they bear
A semblance strange of power intelligent,
And of design not wholly worn away.”

In this immediate neighbourhood the royal armies under King Charles and Prince Maurice effected a junction during the civil wars.

Our interest in the course of the Fowey is next excited by the woods, crags, and dells of the beautiful Glynn valley. The Cornwall railway runs parallel with the river through this valley, and for several miles the scenery charms the railway traveller with romantic beauty which he will not find excelled in any other part of the kingdom. At the southern end of the valley are the beautiful grounds and lawn of Glynn, the property of Lord Vivian. The noble owner of this splendid demesne inherited it from his father, who was best known as Sir Hussey Vivian, a name under which, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, he achieved great distinction. In one of the corridors leading to the House of Lords there is a large picture representing the meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the battle of Waterloo. After the two central figures one of the most conspicuous objects on the canvass is Sir Hussey Vivian in a hussar's uniform, and mounted on a magnificent white charger. He subsequently became Master-General of the Ordnance, and was afterwards created a peer in recognition of his distinguished services. His son and successor is Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, and, though he has not had the opportunity of gaining such laurels as were won by his father, he worthily sustains his name. A little south of Glynn,

on the same bank of the river, is Lanhydrock, the residence of Thomas James Agar Roberts, Esq., M.P. for the eastern division of the county. One of the principal features in the fine old park is a long avenue of splendid trees leading from the entrance gate to the house, and said to have been planted in the same year that Charles I. was executed. The house is an embattled structure of granite, forming three sides of a quadrangle. It was garrisoned for the Parliament during the civil wars, but subsequently surrendered to the Royalists under Sir Richard Greville.

We now come to Restormel Castle, one of the most interesting and beautiful ruins in the country. It is situated on the crest of a steep hill, a short distance south of Lanhydrock, and close to the right bank of the Fowey. This magnificent and venerable pile is supposed to have been erected by Robert, Earl of Mortaigne, and was anciently the residence of the Earls of Cornwall. Though it has now fallen into complete decay, and only tenanted by the owl, the bat, and the daw, its majestic grandeur and the importance it communicates to the surrounding scenery render it peculiarly interesting. The ancient keep is all that now remains of the castle, and is comprised within a circular area 110 feet in diameter. The walls are very thick and double, and the whole is surrounded by a deep moat. Leading to the gateway was formerly a drawbridge; over the entrance is a square tower, and the ramparts may be reached by means of dilapidated steps on either side. The ruins of various apartments are still to be seen, each of which, among the country people, has a peculiar significance. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., held his court here, and the castle was afterwards the stronghold of his son Edmund. It is said that Richard here collected those immense revenues with which he bought his titular sovereignty as King of the Romans. There can be no doubt that the court which the Earls of Cornwall held here was characterised by all the rude magnificence of feudal times. Here they feasted their retainers, and possessed in reality the power of a sovereign. At the commencement of the civil war Restormel was taken by the Royalist General Sir Richard Greville. Its importance as the principal residence of the ancient Earls and Governors of Cornwall may be gathered from the reference to its decay which is so lamentably made by Norden—"The whole castle beginneth to mourne, and to wringe out hard stones for teares; that she that was embraced, visited, and delighted with great princes, is now desolate, forsaken, and forlorne." From the ramparts may be seen one of the most splendid pieces of landscape that ever captivated a painter's eye. Towards the north are the grounds of Lanhydrock and Glynn, the beauty of which suggests to the mind a thousand pleasant thoughts; while around the base of the precipitous hill on

which the castle is situated the river sweeps rapidly along. Further to the south the Fowey becomes even more pleasing to the eye, and about a mile below the castle its course is so extremely winding as to make it resemble ornamental waters in a nobleman's park, the stream gradually becoming lost among hills clad with verdure. In 1846 Restormel was visited by the Queen and Prince Albert, who came up the river in a boat from Fowey. Close to the castle is the Restormel Royal Iron Mine, into one of the adits of which her Majesty went, and exhibited the greatest interest in the miners and their various modes of procuring the mineral. This visit will long be remembered by the privileged few who were present, and it is affirmed that much pleasant banter was exchanged between the royal party and the miners.

In the summer of last year the Prince of Wales and suite visited his castle in their excursion to the west of England. His Royal Highness could not but be pleased to inspect a spot in which his ancestors held wassail, and which, with other domains, was made part of the inheritance of the Dukes of Cornwall by Edward III., whose son, Edward the Black Prince, was the first Duke. For the sake of its associations, its historic interest, and the beauty of the surrounding country, Restormel may make no disadvantageous comparison with any spot in that portion of the kingdom.

WITH A FRIEND IN PARIS :

RANDOM NOTES OF AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

By WILLIAM SAWYER.

CHAPTER V.

THE PALAIS ROYALE.

“ND you will tell us about the fountains, and give a jolly account of the Palais Royale restaurants, and all about the Palais de l'Industrie, and about the Grand Opera, and Père-le-Chaise, and the ladies' dresses and the lovely shops. And *are* gloves much cheaper? Or is it all nonsense? And——”

Enough, oh, fairest of fair correspondents! In Heaven's name give yourself breathing time. I will do what I can; I will describe what I have seen, and “crib” for you from the experience of others where I am lacking. But I cannot be hurried or methodical. I am nothing if not erratic: less than nothing if not discursive.

Still, I have no objection to beginning at once with the fountains.

Particularly as I left off in the interminable galleries of Versailles, and it is the easiest thing in life to step from them into the Gardens, where the fountains do or do not play, just as it happens to be Sunday or any other day of the week. And what a relief it is to leave the Palace—that Temple sacred to monarchical vice and folly, and rededicated by Louis Philippe to French vanity, misnamed French glory—and to step into the gardens! They are quaint and artificial enough; but Nature is permitted some play there, and whenever you get to Nature—if it is only as near as Tackleton could go to it for sixpence—you are sure of a certain degree of satisfaction.

It would take a day to describe the Gardens of Versailles—the walks, the fountains, the mythological improprieties in the way of statues, and so forth. And even then the description would have the interest of an auctioneer's catalogue, and nothing beyond it. It is natural to compare the gardens with those of Sydenham, because we have nothing in England, save those, at all on a like scale of magnificence, and because, moreover, the Sydenham gardens were professedly laid out in imitation of the French originals. The great distinction between them is that at the Crystal Palace you can obtain a view of the whole grounds, which are purposely arranged with a view to a magnificent *coup d'œil*, whereas the beauties of Versailles gradually unfold themselves, fresh points of beauty lurking in altogether out-of-the-way and unsuspected corners. This is particularly the case with the fountains. It did not strike me that even the system called the *Grandes Eaux* was equal to the great fountains at Sydenham; but, then, it is more diffuse. You will come upon water-temple, cascades, and other devices in quiet glades and distant avenues, where, so far as the public are concerned, they seem wasted. But this objection would not apply to Royal Gardens; because, obviously, the Royal fancy might take an unsuspected turn, and the Royal legs might follow, and Royalty might come upon a spot where there was nothing to interest it—no water—nothing but gloom and coolness; and just conceive the enormous responsibility of awakening feelings of disappointment or *ennui* in the mind of a Louis or a Napoleon!

The *Petites Eaux* play always on the first Sunday of the month; but I was fortunate enough to be present on one of the special occasions, when the *Grandes Eaux* play, at a cost, I perceive, of from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* It seemed a great waste of money to afford a treat to the soldiers and bourgeoisie of Paris; but they seemed to enjoy it, and, of course, we couldn't object. The finest of all the displays is that of the Fountain of Neptune. All the fountains are distinguished by the names of the principal statues with which they are adorned: and in this case the central group represents Neptune and Amphitrite

seated in a vast shell, and accompanied by nymphs, tritons, and sea monsters. A group on the east conveys the story of Proteus; and on the west is seen Oceanus resting upon a sea-unicorn. At the angles, two colossal dragons, surmounted by cupids, repose upon pedestals. These five groups throw forth a deluge of water, and the effect is increased by jets rising from the basin and from a number of vases. It did not seem to me that any single jet threw up such a gigantic column of water as some of those at Sydenham, but the general effect was very fine.

It was creditable to my Friend that, though in 'most respects disposed to do in Rome after the fashion of the Romans, he declined, on our return to Paris, to accompany the Parisians to the theatre on a Sunday night. So we had plenty of time for dinner, and at once betook ourselves to the Palais Royale, as the Sallé-a-manger of Paris.

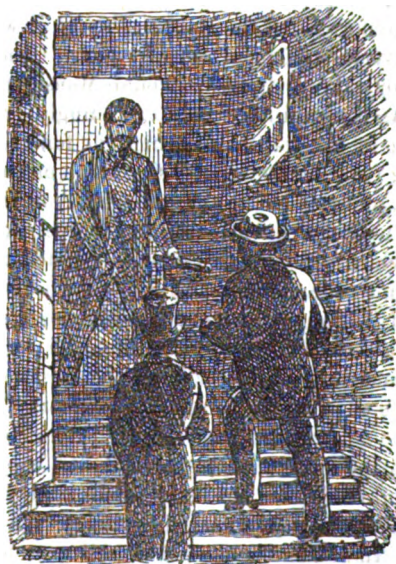
I have been casting about in my mind for any place or any combination of familiar places in England which would give an idea of the Palais Royale. But, in the first place, it is hard to light upon a sold-up palace, except, indeed, the Brighton Pavilion, which wo'nt answer the purpose at all. And having no such palace, it is difficult, even in fancy, to unite to it interminable lengths of Lowther Arcade, arranged so as to form a vast parallelogram, and having in the centre a grass plat planted with rows of elms, and covered with chairs for the convenience of politicians and nursemaids. The history of the place enables the "home-keeping youth" to realize its character best. Here is a palace in the very heart of Paris, built by the Cardinal Richelieu, and given by him as a present to Louis XIII. (who, of course, didn't refuse it—the Royal rule is to take all you can get, and be glad to get it). It comes in time into the hands of Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, whose excesses bring him to the verge of ruin—he was positively going to be declared insolvent—when the brother of Madame de Genlis conceives a happy idea. "Surround the gardens of your palace," says he, "with shops under an arcade, sprinkle here and there places of amusement, and put them up to let. They will be taken like wildfire, and you'll make a pot of money." The advice was taken; and the Duke was saved from that public exposure of his affairs which would not have increased his reputation, though it is hard to see how it could well have lowered it. The palace proper was, you see, still retained, and has been used as a Royal residence down almost to these days, when the Emperor shows such good taste in taking up his quarters at the Tuilleries across the road.

The Palais Royale answers many purposes to the English visitor. It is, first, his landmark. It is a sort of axis on which, to him, the world of Paris revolves. It forms the initial point of his street excur-

sions, and, by some strange fatality, whatever course he takes only brings him back to it. I shall not forget parting with a friend in the gardens one morning. We were both complete strangers in Paris. We turned our backs one on the other, and I went out by the Place du Palais Royale into the Rue de Rivoli. He, departing at the other extremity, wandered up the Rue Richelieu, thence turned into the Boulevard des Italiens, and after that he knew not where. I in due time reached the Madeleine, was attracted by the aspect of the Boulevard des Capucines, and thence plunged into a labyrinth of streets, when, looking up, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the Palais Royale, and there was my Friend advancing towards me as if by appointment. We had traversed, in opposite directions, the sides of a triangle, and had, of course, met in the inevitable Palais Royale.

Its second great office is that of the Strangers' Mart. I don't know whether Parisians ever buy things in the Palais Royale shops. If my opinion is asked, I should say they didn't. I should suppose them to be far too wide awake to do anything so absurd. But it is the doom of every Englishman to lie under a solemn compact, expressed or implied, to return home laden with presents. In spite of Societies for the Infusion of every kind of Useless Knowledge, the popular delusion still lingers among us that in Paris everything is dirt cheap. As a consequence, every man is supposed to import a cargo of gloves, bijouterie, china, and chocolate on behalf of friends; and what is worse still there is a tacit understanding that everything bought should be odd, curious, ingenious, bizarre, semi-indelicate, or in some respect different to the produce of England. Imagine, then, the chagrin of the traveller on finding himself in the Palais Royale, and finding that,—except that he cannot tell the door from the window, as both are of glass and on a flat level, the shops are just like the shops in his own country. There are the same goods, ticketed in the same style, except that everything is priced in francs, and that the number of francs is out of all proportion to the value. How I have come to detest francs as a medium for cash transactions! They are the most delusive of coin, the most ingenious of all monetary devices to swindle the unwary. The danger lies in this, that every one sets out with a sort of contempt for the franc, speaks in contempt of it, looks at it as something ridiculously small and insignificant. It is only in time that the conviction dawns on the mind that after all ten francs are very little less than ten shillings, and that it is not altogether profitable to use the franc in the fashionable financial game of "ducks and drakes." I believe that if our coinage was adopted in France, and the Englishman saw the goods in the Palais Royale priced in genuine pounds and shillings, the quantity of rubbish annually shot into this country by the ingenious tourist would be considerably decreased. But, apart

from this, there is the French system of trade, to which our countrymen fall such terrible victims. Napoleon is always thought to have aimed an insult at us when he called us a nation of "shopkeepers." Nothing of the sort. There is something manly and straightforward in fair trading and good honest shopkeeping. But the French are a nation of pedlars. They have no fixed price for anything, and their only rule of trade is to swindle you out of as much as they can. If you are indifferent, and are fond of haggling and chaffering, you may possibly be let off lightly, though in every case an Englishman must pay toll for being an Englishman. He must have a very pure accent indeed to be served on the same footing as a native. Do English shopkeepers ever take it out of Monsieur in the same way? This *en parenthesis*. I am afraid they do sometimes. He is fond of a bargain, and his faith in our manufactures is boundless, and so it happens at times, I fancy, that he is slightly imposed upon. I may be mistaken of course, but—*apropos*, I will relate a little experience of mine. A few summers since I had run over to Boulogne with a few friends, and instead of paddling about in the water all day and basking on the sands, an exploring fit came over us, and we wandered into the upper town. This contains the Hotel de Ville, a modern building on the site of the palace of the old counts of Boulogne,



of which the tower still remains. We had a little curiosity to ascend this tower, and entering the Hotel de Ville wandered about from place to place until we found ourselves in a kind of back

yard, from which a flight of stone steps ascended. Of course we ascended the steps, which are circular, and presently, on a landing above, a door was opened and a figure appeared in the gloom and made us three bows. The costume of this individual consisted of a pink shirt, a pair of canvass trousers, low shoes and no socks; but all this was forgotten as you gazed upon a magnificent moustache in the manner of the Emperor. When we intimated our intention to ascend the Frenchman darted back into the hole in the wall—where our impression is that he was cooking his dinner in a black pipkin—and re-appeared with a telescope, a greasy pamphlet, and a screw of dirty paper, which might contain tobacco; then we continued our course, and finally emerged on to the roof of the tower, which overlooks the whole town, and commands a fine view of the country around it. Having pointed out various objects to our attention, the Frenchman ventured to inquire if we were English, and then if we had ever been in London? At finding that we were English, and had, singularly enough, visited that city, he expressed his unbounded satisfaction, the causes whereof appeared to be that he, the Frenchman, had caused to be procured for him, through a friend, the telescope which we held in our hands—since it was no earthly use when held to our eyes—and which he was assured was by one of our first makers. As a Frenchman, of course, he knew nothing about English makers; but as Englishmen, and, moreover, as remarkable for having visited the English capital, it was obvious that we must know everything about them. There then was the name imprinted on the outside—"Jones"—would Monsieur say, was Jones a first maker? As it would have been exceedingly cruel to upset the Frenchman's faith in the telescope—which he fondled like a baby—there was nothing for it but to endorse the high qualities of Jones and of his production, and this led to the untwisting of the paper screw, which contained, not tobacco, but lenses, and these also we pronounced first class, upon which his delight was so unbounded that he ascended with us himself into the torture chamber, which he regarded as an especial treat, and I have little doubt that but for the rotten state of the rack and the absence of the thumb-screws, he would have shown his gratitude by insisting on our realising the sensations both instruments were capable of affording. Is this a digression? Perhaps it is, so let us return.

One word as to the kind of shops in the Palais Royale. They are not absolutely of all kinds; but the list of trades is very comprehensive. If you had achieved a *coup d'état*, last night you might here be furnished with an Imperial regalia, real or sham, by to-morrow morning. If, which is more probable, you had, in attempting such *coup*, had your shirt torn from your back and your hat smashed over your eyes, you might here be rigged out from top to toe in a style which

might agonize and be the despair of Moses Brothers and all their Co. Objects of vertu form the staple of rows upon rows of shops; shoes and gloves and perfumery, and books and photographs and maps, and Heaven knows what beside that is useless and inconceivably worthless, also add to the bewilderment of the unfortunate wight who, wanting nothing, is yet doomed to buy, and thenceforward to persuade himself and others that he has achieved a bargain.

But we came hither to dine.

Let us then consider of the Palais Royale, thirdly and lastly, in its relation to dinners. And in this relationship it commends itself to the stranger above all Paris. Everybody eats in the Palais Royale. The odour of dinners envelopes it day and night. If a Backwoodman, or a Greenlander, or a Mameluke, or a Moldo-Wallachian found himself dropped from a balloon into the Seine, I am persuaded that he would make at once by pure instinct to the Palais Royale to satisfy the cravings of nature. The number of restaurants is very great; and they are of every possible class. I suppose the *garçon* of the *Trois Freres Provençaux*, or at Verrey's, would hardly raise his eyebrows the sixteenth of an inch if you ordered dinner for one at a thousand francs. On the other hand, you encounter endless notifications,—painted on glass over head, or worked into the bitumen pavement under foot—that they serve dinners on the first floor at one franc thirty centimes per head, including half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. We paused before many of these announcements of cheap dinners, and fortified ourselves with all the tales we had picked up of strangers who had “really dined remarkably well for a franc in the Palais Royale;” but here again my Friend was my good genius. His latent dread of poisoning overcame his curiosity, and we never ventured up those savoury staircases. Of the cheap restaurants, therefore, I have no word to say; but of that half bottle of wine,—I have it on the word of a traveller, that it reminded him of nothing so much as of an anecdote he had picked up in Scotland. There, on one occasion, a tenant came to pay the laird rent, and was asked to take ale. How it was they didn't offer whiskey, I don't know. At all events, he didn't refuse, and a bottle was opened and put before him. On its being opened, the host observed with some surprise that it did not froth and cream as it should have done, and he asked his guest if it was all right? “A' reet,” replied the tenant, smacking his lips after the second glass, “a leetle hard, may be; but nothing to seegnify.” And he finished the bottle. After he had left, it was discovered that it was the vinegar bottle, which had been given him by mistake. And such mistakes, the narrator thought, judging by the palate only, are not unfrequent in the cheap restaurants of the Palais Royal.

Those of the higher class are, however, all that could be imagined.

Walk into the *Trois Frères*, for example, and it seems as if royalty had only just quitted it. The appointments of the room are superb. The moulded ceiling and pilastered walls are rich, yet chaste, in cream and gold; the chandeliers are gorgeous; and the number of mirrors, artfully let into the walls, so confuse one's ideas of the real extent of the place that it is not at all unusual to see corpulent old gentlemen, after wine, buzzing about like dissipated bluebottles in a window, in the vain endeavour to tell where glass ends and space begins. To those who have not dined, I may just explain that the *salle* is invariably presided over by a lady, generally the wife of the *Maitre d'Hôtel*, who sits in a sort of low pulpit, from which elevation she bows to customers, keeps the accounts, receives money, and has an eye upon everything and everybody. The broad ledge in front of Madame is always flanked with silver,—let us be charitable and say silver,—vases, one for the spoons, the other for the money given to the waiters, who, by-the-way, expect gratuities on a scale proportionate to the bill,—about ten per cent., I believe. They do not pocket the money given to them; but drop it into their vase. What is afterwards done with it I don't know; but, as waiters pay for these situations, no doubt they get it back upon the sharing system.

The domain which Madame overlooks is one of little tables, covered with pure white cloths and glittering with silver, and of luxurious velvet-covered chairs. All day the glass doors swing noiselessly open, and little groups enter and occupy the chairs and disarrange the tables, and call for their "addition," and bow to Madame and depart. "All day and every day," I said to myself, as I unrolled the napkin and awaited the *potage*, "yet Madame receives us, the last comers, with a smile as gracious as she accorded to the first. And the *garçon* comes to us as briskly, and bows as deferentially, and twists his napkin as energetically, and hands us the *carte* as demurely, and ventures suggestions as cleverly, and enters into our hesitation as earnestly, and takes our order as readily, and adds 'What wine, M'r?' as courteously, as if we were the sole expected guests at the banquet, and he hadn't already gone over the same dreary round a hundred times that day. If anything would make a man misanthropic, surely it would be keeping an eating-house. For he would contemplate human nature only under its most repulsive aspects. A hungry man is never amiable, a gorging man is never a pleasing object of contemplation, and beyond that the keeper of a restaurant never gets. Having satisfied his appetite, the *animal* is up and away; he does not remain long enough for the food to sublimate, and the *man* to shine forth."

In dining at a restaurant it is better to make up your mind what you will pay and leave the nature of your dinner to the *chef*. At the *Trois Frères* the lowest price at which you can dine is ten francs, ex-

clusive of wine, which you can have at all prices. And for that sum you can dine well, though not, of course, sumptuously, if you do not pick and choose for yourself. To do that requires knowledge, tact, and experience. To the stranger the *carte* is a delusion and a snare. Better throw the responsibility entirely on the house, and you will get a seasonable, well-blended series of courses, which, for the sum named, will include soup, fish, *pièce de résistance*, fowl, confectionary (ices in summer), cheese, fruit, and coffee, if you choose.

But we preferred adjourning for the latter, and the accompanying cigar, to one of the cafés which form part of the history of the Palais Royale. The most famous and *recherché* of these is the Café de la Rotonde, inside which you see, at all hours, idlers lounging, sipping coffee and reading the papers, while outside hundreds are enjoying their cigars in the open air.

And if ever a man does enjoy a cigar, it is in the open air, in the cool of the evening.

By-the-way, the shadows are already lengthening, and, for once, it is warm enough to lounge and smoke in the garden.

Wherefore, *au revoir!*

A CORONET AT LAST,

A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or 'True to the Last.'"

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—IBID.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE ABOUT IT.

NOW often Bernard Romilly had passed that house wishing to know more about it, or rather about its inmates! As we thread the streets of London and look at those enigmas, its brick-built and stuccoed abodes, how can we wonder that the secret of the pyramids is yet preserved, since these sister cells of the great hive each contain their history—sometimes their mystery? And our own—have we none? Is there nothing in our past experience to raise a sigh or startle with a memory the emotion of the heart? It is well if there be nought to regret, nought to wish undone. There may be some

blank lives that have only a monotonous routine, humble or sunny ; but surely many more have played their parts in the romance and in the tragedy. "Houses with their Fronts off" was once the title of a book. Heavens, what a title ! What library would hold such a store of chronicles ? What strange stories would be divulged, what dark deeds brought to light ; aye, and what patient endurance, what true virtue, what noble self-sacrifices in the bye-paths out of the highway of life, if every house were seen "with the front off" ! Enough creeps out now and then to justify such surmises to the utmost. There would be no longer any improbable novels, nor a public to censure them ; the strangeness of truth would outrival them as the busy, revealing sun quenches the gas struggling with the daylight vainly on the dawn after some gay illumination. How beautiful it was in the darkness of night ! so wonderful to the eyes and exciting to the mind of the beholder ; but the illusion melts utterly if the light of life shines beside it. It is only the glowworm with a mimic fire. Bernard had sometimes heard angry voices raised as he passed that house, the tones of a man and woman contending with a war of words ; but never again the sweet voice that had so charmed him, nor the doleful midnight weeping that touched his heart. Was the singer a visitor or a lodger ? Curiosity is a feeling that stimulates and feeds itself, and having once been raised and directed towards that house at intervals, it recurred to him again, always having gained ground from some trifling incident. After awhile, however, nothing fresh occurring, it lay dormant, seemed dead, and was forgotten. Romilly was taking his bread and cheese as usual after a hard day's labour in his own particular way ; he had no fire now, though the evenings were rather chilly ; but his feet stretched upon a second chair, and the addition of a small quantity of salad to his simple fare, were sufficient luxuries for him. His was naturally a luxurious nature, but he suppressed all such desires that he might have more time and money to bestow on the poor and needy. Real life has rarely characters like this. But they exist here and there—types of no particular faith, but scattered amongst all creeds, and even sprinkled over the heathen.

Our readers must not think we are favouring any party in giving our hero for a time to sectarians. Any such intention is far from our purpose. Bernard and the Hon. Mr. Cavenaire are by no means intended as types of their respective churches ; but they are types of men. We honour religion, whatever outward forms it takes, when the spirit is pure. On the other hand, hypocrisy, cant, hollowness of heart, are omniistic ; Pharisees are to be found both in the conventicle and in the synagogue.

To return to our subject. The salad purchased by Ber-

nard on his road home after a well-spent day has been wrapped by the greengrocer's wife in the half of an old newspaper. Bernard did not indulge much in that species of literature, but as he ate his solitary crust preparatory to seeking his rest, a name on the printed sheet, which lay carelessly on the table, caught his eye. The young man eagerly seized the discoloured and crumpled portion of last week's news, latent curiosity burst into a flame, and he read rapidly—

HORRIBLE CASE OF POISONING AT KESTON VILLA.

THE INQUEST.

The inquiry into the death of the late Mrs. Woodward at Keston Villa, which has caused so much excitement in the neighbourhood, took place on Wednesday before Mr. Lately, the Coroner for Middlesex, at the Bull and Cross Tavern, Mitre-terrace, St. Stephen's-road. The jury adjourned to Keston Villa, St. Stephen's-road, to view the body, and then proceeded with the case.

The first witness called was the eldest daughter of the deceased. She said: "My name is Maud Woodward. I reside with my parents. I regret to say that they did not live very happily together. I am not aware that any particular reason existed for disagreement. I was present at dinner. We had meat and pudding. My father brought some wine out of the cellar after dinner; he brought up a bottle of port and a decanter. I did not see whether it contained anything. I did not see what he gave the deceased. I was lying on the sofa. He gave some to my sister and myself. The deceased complained that the wine tasted nasty, and refused a second glass. I drank what he gave me. My mother whispered to my sister, and sent her downstairs. I do not know what for. I drank the wine my father gave me. I have not been ill. The deceased was seized with sickness and convulsions soon after she drank the wine. She never spoke to us again. I went downstairs and found the servant ill. She seemed to be suffering in the same way. I sent my father for the doctor. I don't know how long it was before she died; it was not long." This witness was much agitated and affected, and appeared very nervous.

Alice Woodward said: "I am the second and youngest daughter of the deceased. I live at home. I dined with my parents on Sunday. They did not live very happily together, but their disputes were only verbal. I never saw my father strike my mother; he never struck myself or my sister. After dinner he fetched a bottle of port and some sweet wine in a decanter. He helped my mother from the decanter. I drank out of his glass. I did go out of the room; I took the wine my mother left to the servant. My father drank the port. He gave my sister the port. My mother said the sweet wine tasted queer."

The Coroner: Did he drink any of the wine from the decanter?

Witness: He tasted it.

The Coroner: Did he approve of it?

Witness: No; he spat it out.

The Coroner : What became of the decanter ?

Witness : I gave it to my father when he ran for the doctor.

The Coroner : What did he do with it ?

Witness : Let it fall, in his hurry.

The Coroner : You mean to say it was broken in the street ?

Witness : Yes.

A medical certificate was handed in to show that Martha Brooks, the servant, was too ill to attend. Mr. Phillip Hanwell, residing at Adelaide Villa, adjoining Keston Villa, testified to the frequent quarrels that took place between Mr. and Mrs. Woodward; they lived most unhappily together. He was sorry to say it was a joke with his servants; they used to say "The wind is rising" when their neighbours commenced wrangling, in allusion to the similarity of sound. Sometimes they could hear what was said—often heard swearing. The walls were very thin.

Algernon Tribble said: "I am assistant to Mr. Sperge, surgeon. He keeps a chemist's shop in Mitre-terrace. When he is out I serve. Sometimes Mrs. Sperge serves; she only serves toothbrushes and lozenges, soap and soda, and harmless domestic things. I serve the patent medicines and poisons. I don't make up prescriptions. Mr. Sperge does not trust me. I can make them up, but I don't. Mr. Sperge makes them up. Mr. Sperge is very particular. Friday night Mr. Woodward came into the shop. I know him very well. I know he quarrels with his wife; everybody knows it. He's a very odd man. He asked for sugar of lead. He bought sixpennyworth. He had it in an ornamental toilet-pot. I wrote a label. He said 'Give that to me,' and I did. He crumpled it up and took the pot. I said 'You must have a label on the pot,' and he said 'Confound you, I won't! I hate labels,' and went out of the shop. I called after him 'You haven't paid me, sir,' and he said 'You can send round for the money; I've no change.' He said he was making experiments. Mr. Sperge was very angry, when he came in, about the sixpence. He didn't say much about the label. He knew Mr. Woodward, and he thought he meant to do him."

Amos Sperge, surgeon, said he was called to attend Mrs. Woodward on Sunday evening, as he was going to church. He found her suffering from the effects of poison. He considered that she died from the effects of the poison. He proved finding traces of sugar of lead in the body. Martha Brooks, the servant, was suffering from the same cause. He considered she would ultimately recover, but it must not be forgotten that she was fifty-seven years of age, and of enfeebled constitution.

Richard Woodward, after being cautioned in the usual way, said he certainly bought sugar of lead, but neither gave nor caused it to be given to his wife. He put the pot on the bedroom mantelpiece, and it had been removed.

He was fully committed for trial.

Romilly pulled his bell violently.

"Lor'!" said Mrs. Pybus, "what's up now? That's Romilly's

bell, and 'e ain't used to pull the wires in that 'ere manner. If it were Mr. Walker, now! Well, what do 'e want, and what does 'e mean by summonsing me in such a disrepectable way? I shall soon put 'im down. I'm bless'd if I'll encourage 'is imperence! It's all along of my letting him teach Jack; I oughtn't to have made so free with him. Well!" ejaculated Mrs. Pybus, flouncing into Bernard's room, with her braid torn again.

Without noticing her insolent tone, he asked, "Have you happened, Mrs. Pybus, to see in the papers lately something about a lady dying of poison at Keston Villa?"

"Have I see it!" exclaimed the lady addressed, sarcastically. "As if I 'adn't! Why, all the world's talking of it. The brute of a fellow, to give his wife Prussian acid! And the eldest daughter, they do say, is a model of beauty, sir; and it is also whispered, Maud is none of her names, but she's a reason of keeping it quiet. Some says she is married on the sly to Prince What-you-call'm, who daren't acknowledge it; and some say it's only a duke's son, afraid of being disinherited; but certain it is that she's much away, and comes home in a grander carriage than ever *we* see up this street, and it's a very good one, let me tell you; and my lodgings is much too cheap. Why, I went next door, and inquired everythin' of the servants, introduc'in' myself to the cook because 'er washerwoman washes for the people next door to us, leastways used to, more than a year since. Alice, the other girl, is a perfec' young devil, they say—the very spit of 'er father; and some b'lieve *she* put the poison in the wine with 'er very own hands. 'Eard of it! Why, lor', sir, I know better than all the papers, and a deal better informed than a ignorant coroner. I wish they had *me* to sit upon the bodies. I should carry some weight with me; I'd sift it properly. Lor'! look 'ere. They 'um and they 'aw, and they must prove this and swear to that, and find out links of evidence, when anybody that is not blind would 'ang and condemn the man in a jiffey. I just wish *I* were tip-top of these things; I'd show 'em something. A shilly-shallyin', and a shilly-shallyin'! That's all *they're* good for; and askin' other people's opinions. Why, if I were to deal these ways with my lodgers, I should have them go and never pay me, or stop 'ere and never pay me, and that's worse; or pawn the blankets and mattersers; and then where would I be?"

"I should like to see an account of the trial. Has it taken place yet?"

"It's to come off to-morrow. But, lor'! you won't get all that in one paper—don't you fancy it, Mr. Romilly. You see, 'e's done it if she ain't. And I should like to go down and see the 'anging—and it's what I *will* do—and take the baby with me, please goodness! There'll be 'underds trying to get into court to-morrow; they say

seats is erected and places took by payin' a guinea each, but I don't b'lieve that myself. Yet, what with the gentleman committin' the murder and 'is daughter—this Maud Woodward being so 'andsome, and the other one so odd, and both ov 'em witnessing their father to the gallows,—it's a rum case any'ow. Mr. Sperge, I'm told—and I b'lieve it—'as a spite on 'im on 'count of money that's owed and *been* owing ever so long. Well, if I 'adn't no lodgers, I'd go to court myself. But I shall 'ave a drop of brandy-and-water to comfort me, and that's more than the prisoner will, I daresay. Lor', sir, why don't you take to drinkin' somethin'? It arn't good for you."

"The trial, you say, is to be to-morrow? I must get a paper. Thank you, Mrs. Pybus, and good-night!"

He was tired of her gossip, and almost feared she would not take the hint; but her brandy-and-water was getting cold.

CHAPTER X.

A CASE OF SECRESY.

WHEN Mr. Picklebury called upon Lady Timmes, the day before the fire, he would not, perhaps, have been received quite so blandly had she known that he was just emerged from a house of detention; but so it was. After partaking of a comfortable luncheon at the usual hour—for Nature was a client Mr. Picklebury never neglected, her claims being paramount to all others—he found his way to ——— Street, and was admitted to the presence of a young man probably about five or six and thirty years of age, who had a handsome, frank countenance, with abundance of fair beard and moustache, and was considerably above the middle height; his appearance was rather gentlemanly, and his complexion sunburnt; but the expression betrayed one of those weak, easy characters which, instead of thinking and acting independently, rely upon the judgment of others, and are easily led by prevailing influences, and invariably inclined to agree with the last speaker, like the mobile vane on the steeple-top.

"I am sorry to see you here, Mr. George Hamilton," said Mr. Picklebury, on entering, "and trust I shall be able to render some service in your present difficulties."

The young man started when his name was mentioned, and with an apprehensive look in his light blue eyes, hastily corrected the speaker, saying, with a bow, "Your pardon, sir; Hugh Grantly."

Mr. Picklebury smiled, like a very sickly sun trying for an instant to penetrate a thick November fog. There was a slight sound in his throat, and he seated himself opposite his client, laying his left hand, in which he held the right glove, upon his knee, its companion being thrust between the buttons of his great coat; his hat was placed on

the floor between his feet, and as he bent forward, with a shrewd, scrutinising look through his spectacles, and a row of small, close, white teeth visible, he said, in confidential tones, "Mr. Hamilton, there is no occasion for any of that between you and I. As your legal adviser you may trust *me*, and if you do not, I recollect you perfectly."

Hamilton moved his eyes uneasily beneath the glance of the other, put one of his hands into his trousers' pocket, and shifted a little on his seat.

Mr. Picklebury, of Lincoln's Inn, was satisfied; the other *was* George Hamilton.

"You see, in your case everything depends upon Mr. Woodward, and in sending for me you have sent for the very best man in the world. It shows your astuteness, sir; for had I not been *for* you, I must necessarily be *against* you. I recognise you, but am now bound professionally to keep your secret."

"I assure you, sir, I am perfectly innocent."

"My dear, good fellow, don't talk to a lawyer of innocence. The question is not whether you are innocent, but whether you can be proved guilty. I say that you can, and all the assertions under Heaven will not save you from transportation for life. The case is as clear as possible. Now, what can you urge in your own behalf?"

"I went to Liverpool to see a friend of mine, with the intention of returning on Sunday night. I may as well tell all. I went to see Miss Mills, and she is my cousin. However, I did not go, because he was my cousin. Mr. Woodward had lately put me in a situations of trust, and my prospects were very good; in short, sir,—perhaps you are married yourself?"

Mr. Picklebury shook his head, and the white teeth were very visible.

"Well, I daresay you will think me foolish, but I went down on purpose to speak to her. But my cousin Mary was a flirt; she knew I liked her, and, I do believe, guessed what I wanted to say when I suggested a walk. It is not very easy to propose marriage to a girl anyhow, and instead of helping one through with it, Mary — But that won't interest you, Mr. Picklebury. The long and the short of it is that another of her admirers (and she had five or six hangers-on, I believe) met us, walked along by the side of her, and had the impudence to offer his arm. Will you believe it? She had refused mine, and now accepted his. I would not stand that, so wished them a pleasant walk and made off. I knew she would come round before I left—I knew she would be sure to accept me, and I did not mind if I spoke to her at home, after tea; for my aunt is very kind and very fond of me; but when I had such a short time, and had come down

on purpose to be in her company, it was too bad. I did not know how to pass the afternoon, so strolled down on the beach, and, to kill time, put out in a boat and went on board a ship lying off a little out of the harbour. I was asked down into the cabin and offered a glass of wine by the captain, who drew me into conversation and asked a great many questions. Sailors came in, meantime, and received orders I did not comprehend. I never heard such a jargon as they talked. I thought, after a bit, we seemed in motion; but the captain laughed, and said I wasn't used to be afloat, which I could not deny, never having been in a ship before, except the halfpenny boats to Hungerford; and so I told him. He pressed the wine on me, and I drank rather too freely. However, it turned out quite true; they had weighed anchor. The vessel, I discovered, was a smuggler, and had carried me off for a spy. I was sea-sick a whole fortnight, and incapable of helping myself. When I came round, the captain was with difficulty persuaded of his mistake, and, though he apologised, laughed a good deal, and so did the men. I overheard them talk of having caught a land-crab, which, of course, was personal. We touched at some foreign place, and there I sent a letter to Mary and my aunt, telling them how I had been carried off. I might have landed, but where was the money to come from to bring me home? I told the captain, as he carried me away, he was bound to bring me back, which he agreed to do. I found that the ship was bound to China, and carried on an illicit tea business. When we got there I was thankful once more to feel my feet on firm ground, but fearful to trust myself amongst the natives. Captain Jones obtained some English papers, and came up to me with a bundle of old *Times*, to point out the paragraphs which had arrested his attention. There was a handsome reward offered, as you know. 'Well, my lad,' says Captain Jones, 'you won't ask me to steer you back again any more?' 'Most certainly I shall,' was my answer; 'I am wanted at home more than ever.' 'Wanted, most undoubtedly,' said he, pointing to the reward.

"'I tell you I have not done anything wrong, and must clear my character,' was my indignant rejoinder.

"'Take my advice, young gentleman,' he remarked, 'and don't be a fool. I quite believe your word, but it is an ugly business, and reference to a smuggling craft won't help you. Your friends are not in a position to be useful,' and he laughed.

"There was little enough to provoke mirth to my mind, so I asked him doggedly what was to be done.

"'You must remain here, and I can get you a good situation. They want a confidential English clerk in the house with which I am connected, and I do not care if I recommend you. There will be a

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high salary in consideration of the country, and only one sacrifice—you must forget Mary.'

"I would not easily agree to that, but the choice between penal and free servitude seemed to be mine, and in either case, as Jones remarked, poor Mary must be resigned.

"Well, Sir, I progressed rapidly in business, and now am second partner in the firm I entered as clerk. Affection may be suppressed but cannot be forgotten; the more prosperous I was, the more I thought of Mary, and determined at last to come over to Liverpool, find her out, and, if still single, take her back as my wife. Fourteen years have elapsed. I hoped that bad business was forgotten, and I not recognisable, and after all, Mr. Picklebury, I am innocent."

"Very imprudent—very imprudent," muttered the lawyer, looking vexed. "Why could you not have written to your aunt and cousin?"

"How by letter could I convince them of my innocence, could I ascertain if Mary still loved me, and persuade her to come all the way to China to a cousin she had not seen for fourteen years, and who left under suspicious and disgraceful circumstances."

"A skilfully-managed correspondence might have brought it all about."

"Correspondence is so tardy."

"And precipitate action imprudent. Look round, Mr. Hamilton; where do you find yourself now, and what destiny stares you in the face?"

There was an unpleasant pause of a moment or two, during which the lawyer circumspectly scrutinised his companion, and noted the influence of his words.

"By-the-bye, what led to your change of name?"

"Captain Jones advised it. But I should hardly think you need ask that question."

"You landed at Liverpool a fortnight ago, and found your aunt in the old place?"

"Yes, and Mary not only single but steady. She took my fate to heart, and had been a different character ever since."

"Did your aunt believe you guilty?"

"Circumstances were so strongly against me that she did."

"And your letter reached her?"

"Yes, but was considered a clumsy excuse. It was burnt."

"And what were your intentions when arrested?"

"To sail for China with my aunt and Mary as soon as their affairs could be arranged."

"You were to marry your cousin?"

"Yes, and spend our honeymoon at Paris, before quitting Europe. The poor girl had purchased her trousseau."

Mr. Picklebury showed his teeth, and said, "Your bride cannot be very young; perhaps you will hardly regret her."

"On the contrary, I could lose everything else with more firmness," cried Hamilton, starting to his feet with a burst of feeling, and walking up and down rapidly. "She has grown old thinking of me, and I like her all the better for it. I know her character thoroughly; her faults were those of a pretty spoilt girl, her good qualities the perfections of a noble woman. I might marry one younger, but I should exchange for a childish face the deep regard experience has tried. Mary urges me to stand my ground; she says I am innocent, and ought to prove it; she wants the matter properly investigated."

The lawyer had been quite unprepared for this outburst of passion. "This romantic language sounds very fine," he answered, persuading the other to be seated, "and women, conscious only of their own good feelings, fancy right must be might; but we men of the world have learned caution. The reputation of virtue is even better than its possession, in a business point of view, and the old proverb holds good, 'better hang a dog than give him a bad name.' There you are, utterly innocent, coming back after fourteen years' absence, the prosecuting parties metaphorically asleep, with a different name and a changed appearance, not a fortnight on shore before you are arrested."

"Yes, that puzzles me," said George; "how did the police find me out, and what set them on?"

"Your name and description were still on their list, and the offer of a reward not cancelled. Besides which, they possess your daguerreotype."

"But I am very much changed."

"On that I base hopes."

Hamilton placed himself in an attitude of deep attention, and Mr. Picklebury proceeded. You leave under circumstances of suspicion that are conclusive. Your guilt is believed and acknowledged on all hands. You come back after an absence of several years under an assumed name to take your aunt and a wife abroad, who both believe in your guilt up to the time of your return. You are in the possession of a very comfortable fortune. On being detected your only defence is a cock-and-bull story of being carried away to sea; you cannot call your witness, since, if still living and forthcoming, he is a smuggler, and dare not present himself. If you became possessed of wealth honestly in China, it would be both difficult and expensive to prove it at such a distance; but the inference is most unfavourable. In the course of cross-examination it would come out that your Chinese trade was illegal, and there again you are amenable to law. The letter you wrote to your aunt, which, bearing the old date, would faintly support your assertions, is destroyed. My dear Mr. Hamilton,

you have not a leg to stand upon—you'll be transported ; there's no help for it, if you once come into court. By-the-bye, have you any friends or relatives besides this aunt and bride elect ?”

“They are the only members of my family living. I was just acquainted with two or three fellow clerks before I went away, but had formed no intimate friendships. The only man for whom I felt any respect went to Australia eight years ago. I remember no one in London but Mr. Woodward, Mr. Burlington, and yourself. That made me send for you.”

“It is the only favourable point. Mr. Burlington is old and infirm, and has been supported by the charity of a daughter-in-law since the breaking up of the banking business. He cannot have heard of your arrest. He is, however, very shrewd, and still in possession of all his faculties. Should he see you I would not give a sou for your chance. With Mr. Woodward the case is different. If I can persuade him it is a mistake, and that a wrong person is most unwarrantably detained, he will come to you with an unprejudiced judgment ; and, favoured by the change time has made, through my influence you may escape. Once set free you must not lose a moment, but take the first boat to France, where your aunt and cousin can join you. I should advise an immediate marriage and departure for China, and any affairs that remain unsettled I shall be happy to superintend. If you once get out of here, take my advice and speedily put broader seas than the Channel between you and the law. I believe your innocence fully, Mr. Hamilton ; I believe your whole story as a man, but not as a lawyer.”

The young gentleman pressed Mr. Picklebury's hand and muttered words of gratitude, but the man of business cut him short and hurried away.

(To be continued.)

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"THE ORPHANS"

THE ORPHANS.

By W. J. TATE.

Purple of hyacinth, streaked with gold
Of cowslips, decking the green hillside ;
Deep blue the morning sky is dyed,
Bright is the rivulet 'cross the wold.

But, Spring, within yon sombre wood
Thou hast not deigned to set thy feet :
A snow-drift like a winding-sheet
Scareth the throstle and her brood.

And, stricken by the winterly gale,
The two stout oaks of last year's May
Block with their sapless trunks the way,
Spangled with many a primrose pale.

The chesnut boughs are laden with bloom,
The blackbirds pipe in the hawthorn brake,
The gay lark carols, but young hearts ache
Yonder, within a gloomy room ;

Where eve by eve the lamp's dim light
Falls on the new-made robes of black ;
And those are wept, who'll never come back,
By those who hold the spring less bright !

Unheeded now the child's laugh falls,
Each sportive art is tried in vain ;
The pale face turns again, again,
Towards the unfamiliar walls.

A well-loved home, trellised with vine,
Is far away in a distant shire ;
And 'neath the shade of an ivied spire
Two fresh-turfed graves to the south incline !

THE MANUFACTURES OF ENGLAND.

No. II.

SOAPS AND SCENTS.

BY BENJAMIN JESSOPF MACKEL,

Author of "Manufactures of Kendal and its Neighbourhood."



MANUFACTURES are the glory of a country. To labour usefully is to create, to create is to enrich ; so those who put labour in action distribute wealth and bless a nation. England is great because of her manufactures.

Man is gregarious, a social being, founding states, settling down contentedly in newly-acquired homes in all latitudes, by virtue of his emigrative tendencies. His city life produces ever cumulating needs, to grow by what they feed on, till Luxury builds her throne on mere Necessity, and refinement adorns the common decencies of life—the poetical crowning the utilitarian with beauty as the topmost stone, polishing away the roughnesses of meaner existence.

Perfumes come principally from France, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and India, those countries being particularly successful in producing beautiful and fragrant flowers. The rose, jasmine, and orange belong especially to France ; bergamot, lemon, and orange also, to Italy ; the otto of roses, and others, to Turkey ; Portugal aids in the good cause ; and from India come sandal wood, cassia, and several essential oils ; England gives, *par excellence*, lavender and peppermint. Perfumes have ever been greatly esteemed by all Eastern nations, and in Scripture we find numerous allusions to their value and beauty. The *élite* of ancient Greece almost worshipped perfumery ; fragrant scents with them were all but synonymous with moral virtue, their heaven was allied with nectar and ambrosia, and their shops for the sale of perfumes the resort of the high in intellect, choice in taste, and beautiful in natural form. Nor can we feel surprise thereat in the midst of such treasures as now enladen the air.

The writer is, by favour of Messrs. Gosnell, perfumers, &c., of Three King Court, Lombard Street, surveying their extensive home and foreign export department, at the temporary premises, 93, Upper Thames Street, threading his way amid world-wide labelled packages, and inhaling unknown quantities of olfactory revivifiers. Here are the solemn fragrances of Roman ecclesiasticity, the gay and joyous breath of the ball-room, the subdued redolences

of "home, sweet home," the aromas of Eastern climes, the exotic airs of the flower-burdened tropics. Water of Cologne, breath of lavender, all the choicest wild and cultivated beauties of our hedges, heaths, and gardens give up their fragrance with ungrudging hand. "Flowers, flowers, beautiful flowers," are everywhere—in spirit if not in substance. The titles of these extracts are innumerable. First, as in loyal duty bound, the Queen and Royal Family give name to a very host of scenting beauty; then comes the enticing invitation of "Kiss me Quick," to which the fair one replies "Kiss me Not"—for fear, it is supposed, that her "sweet spirit" may droop in love. "The Jockey-Club," Adam-like, takes up the cue at the appropriate part of the catalogue before me, Persia enters the field, backed up by England, with her rose, cowslip, anemone, and a bevy of darlings, floral and herbal. The Iron Duke is in mind, with his conquered antagonist, Helena's First Napoleon. "The Upper Ten Thousand" perfume, with that of "La Noblesse," stand out in high relief as rich, delicate, delightful. Turning to the next division of manufactured wealth, there are fancy soaps of all kinds, done up in a manner the most artistic. Indeed, I have grave doubt if anyone the most inimical to skin ablution and purgation could resist the call to "wash and be clean" by aid of such loving mediators. Sweet sandalwood, chameleon-hued mother-o'-pearl, pure palm, healing honey, chaste almond, tender glycerine, powerful musk, the aristocratic old Windsors, the flowers of elder, oil of turtle, the blossoms of luscious peach, of welcome wallflower, the famed products of Castille, &c., await the toilet; while the hirsuteness of man is cared for in the most amiable and accomplished manner. The head, and lips, and teeth, are not forgotten. The "Noblesse Pomade," highly perfumed and strongly provocative of "a good head of hair," is supplemented by all the macassars, creams, oils, and other products of old and modern commerce, many of them being new discoveries of more than usual worth; and by the varied dyes, washes, cosmetiques, &c., especially the renowned Aqua Amarella, for restoring hair to its natural colour. The "Cherry Tooth Paste" alone is enough to cure all the tooth-aches, queer-growing masticators, and soiled "ivories" in Christendom, by its very rosy and kindly appearance, to say nothing of the camphors, chalks, dentifrices, &c., sold for similar duties, with most delightful combs for sweetest tresses.

Turning from generalities to specialities, I have got a notice for hairdressers that ought to make them subscribers to this magazine *in perpetuo*, from common gratitude. Purveyors of hair! you have no longer need to destroy your party-walls, ceilings, floors, &c., by turning them into the *Family Friend* machine-room, with its wealth of straps, and wheels, and "devils." Henceforth, by obtaining one or

two of Messrs. Gosnell's *Patent Mechanical Chairs*, for brushing hair by machinery, you can dispense with every other attachment, and titillate, galvanise, electrify, purify, and revivify the heads of your patrons to your hearts' mutual content, for thirteen guineas per chair, "and no extras," as the advertisements say. On the left-hand side of the chair, at the bottom, but just clearing the ground, is a wheel, crank-axled, which in revolution by a strap turns, at a much greater speed, a smaller wheel above it on the same side, which wheel is connected with a shaft running on the top of iron supports springing from each side of the chair-arms. The cranked axle of the larger wheel is worked treadlewise by the feet of the operator or attendant; the straight axle of the smaller wheel carries an india-rubber band that is to revolve the hair-brush. You plump into the well-stuffed chair, the attendant behind takes an ordinary machine-brush, places the strap around it from the shaft above, keeps tight hold of the brush-handles, presses down the treadle beneath, and away flies the hair-covered cylinder. This Mechanical Chair is a very great improvement upon the heavy shafts that run along the ceiling, under present arrangements. For about twelve or thirteen guineas per chair—say twenty-five for two—all a hairdresser's wants may be supplied. He is freed from great expense and trouble, getting the landlord's consent, &c., and may move his chair-apparatus where he likes, take it with him when he leaves—"upstairs or downstairs, and in my lady's chamber."

Doubtless the readers of this magazine have but small idea of the multitudinous uses to which brushes are put. There now lies before the writer one of the Messrs. Gosnell's printed list of goods, from which it appears that if cleanliness is next to godliness, the Messrs. G.'s establishment is a very manufactory of the graces! Here are brooms or brushes of every shape, to insinuate themselves into holes and corners, as well as to scour the open plain of the drawing-room. Carpets, hearths, banisters, pictures, and grates, are alike cared for by hairy renovators of the appropriate contour; chimneys may be kept sootless, rendering accidental fire in that direction impossible—boots and shoes be turned to mirrors "for smart young men," ceilings be delicately purged, ornaments purified, floors scoured, barrels cleansed, and plates burnished, by the like medium; and, what is more noticeable, beauty and smartness, in male and female, be won over to compliment. Verily, the splendidly got-up hair, tooth, and nail brushes are almost enough to make one adore his toilet. The patent Trichosaron hair-brushes are of a very peculiar construction, cleansing and polishing simultaneously, are got up in elegant style, and will undoubtedly be "the correct thing" among those who have once tested their efficiency. Our fair friends have nothing to fear in such a court of beauty; for pearly teeth, filbert nails, silky hair, &c.

(as per novelist), are each cared for with more than a lover's tenderness. Ye who wear huge, scraggy, grizzly, hirsute appendages may here unclot the yourselves respectably with shaving-brushes of softest texture and razors of keenest edge, and henceforth put a clean face on it before all the world.

Here is, shortly, the process of the brush manufacture (given by us more lengthily in our last number in the account of Mr. Hodgson's Kendal brush factory), as carried on in the Messrs. Gosnell's extensive works. The bristles are first separated into their various degrees of tenacity by being passed between steel teeth, as over a comb. Then they are divided into respective lengths by the "standard"; the bristles are affixed to the "stocks" or "boards" by women, guided by leaden and wooden patterns (of which there are hundreds before us); the length of the hair is kept in order by a large pair of shears, and the hairs are put in of one length, or of irregular lengths (as in the "penetrators") at the will of the operator. The finishing and ornamentation processes are very interesting. The beautiful backs, concealing the wire that fastens the bristles, are glued or screwed on, the handles are formed, the polishing occurs, and out come those *recherché* products for the toilet and dressing-room that ladies so much admire, and the gentlemen so unreservedly adopt.

THE VALUE OF BOTANICAL MEDICINES.

BY BENJAMIN JESSOPP MACKEL.



O know ourselves, mentally or physically, is knowledge of the highest order; and among the many developments of this self-acquaintanceship, second to none is that connected with the Cure of Disease and the Preservation of Health. The doctor, in every age, has been valued and honoured. Among the rudest of Earth's human tribes his office is still a passport to protection, reward, and influence; and even Religion, Enterprise, and Commerce, find it, in many cases, necessary to prosecute their labours under the shield of medicinal skill.

Nor should we be surprised thereat. All the best and holiest feelings of our nature—our highest worldly treasures—our entire happiness here—are frequently (under God) in the hands of those whose profession it is to cure; so that skill in them, or its absence, may mean death or life to ourselves and families; may mean, the uprearing to vigorous, joyous, sentient vitality of some dear one, or consignment

to pain and the tomb: may mean, joy to the living, or a lingering death of sorrow over the loved deceased.

For some years past there has been a growing want of faith in the ordinary and accepted modes of healing—rightly or wrongly, it is not my purpose to inquire. The cure of disease is necessarily an art of so much difficulty, and the human structure is made up of material so exquisitely sensitive and complex, that perhaps we can hardly fairly expect the like progress in medicine as in surgery—where sight, feeling, and mechanisms, aid in bringing about the result. To ascertain causes is the great desideratum under Allopathic treatment, and this, in measure, because the consequences *in view* distract the mind from the unseen primary disarrangement. Thus, surgery has taken huge strides in progress, while medicine has looked on languishingly.

The art of healing had its rise in the natural wants of mankind. Antiquity assures us that the ancients allied religion to medicine, believing that the gods alone could heal what the gods alone had produced. It is evident that in very early times there were no recognised modes of cure, and, as far as we can ascertain, it is proved that empiricism was rampant. Simples in herbs, of known or recommended value, prepared by decoction or simmering, were used for special ordinary complaints, with charms, vivisection, clysters, anointing, bathing, &c.; in fact, for want of a knowledge of the animal economy, or the causes and principles of life and motion, truth was mixed up with error, good medicines with nostrums and charms, and the cure of disease so rendered uncertain. The exact period of the introduction of any systematic course of treatment is unknown.

Hippocrates first effected a separation of medicine from religion. He studied in the book of Nature, and was an original observer. His immediate successors directed their researches more into the auxiliary departments of medicine; and among these, Praxagoras, Chrysippus, Hirophylus, and Erasistratus, made some very important discoveries. It was about this period that the branches of dietetics, pharmaceuticals, and chirurgery, were first studied separately, each having its professed champions, who ignored the other means of cure. Then came the division of the medical world into empirics and dogmatists—the one regarding experience solely, the other adhering more to philosophic theory. The Empiric sect was founded by Serapion of Alexandria 280 years B.C.

Next, we hear of Asclepiades and Thermison, the founders of the Methodic sect, who attempted to diagnose and cure by paying great attention to nosology—to the mutual resemblance that diseases bear to each other. Galen succeeded with his “humorous” ideas, and nothing further is worth record till the blood-circulating discovery of the great Dr. W. Harvey. Boerhaave, Hoffman, Dr. Sydenham, Dr.

Darwin, and Dr. Cullen close the list, introducing the classification of diseases, and so bringing us to the present moment. A review of the faiths of these great men, while it displays an onward progress in the right direction in many respects, especially in inculcating the study of anatomy, errs lamentably in failing to produce a simple cause for the origin of disease—in the inability to point out in what way the citadel of life is first attacked by an ever-insidious foe.

The work before the writer (*The Botanic Guide to Health*, published by the author, Dr. Coffin, of 24, Montague-place) has great advantage in these respects; and medical botany, as taught and promulgated therein, must undoubtedly be released from the charge of "quackery." The mode of cure, method of diagnosis, qualities of the herbs (all sanative), how to be prepared and received, and where purchased, are here stated systematically and plainly, so that the means of cure promulgated by Dr. Coffin being accepted as truth, any disciple will at once be able to ascertain cause, trace effect, prescribe accordingly, and await the promised results. The book opens with a dissertation on Life and Motion, followed by others on natural Heat and its distribution throughout the system, and on the remedial agents of the schools and of nature contrasted. The various medicinal herbs are given with their names in plain English—their appearance is described, how they may be known, where they are grown, with the uses, preparation, &c. To infant or adult life, of either sex, in every changing period of existence, the antidote to disease is denoted. Doing away with hypothesis and uncertainty, the Doctor boldly asserts that the Faculty do not cure, and cannot cure, because their remedies are opposed to the laws of the animal economy. Heat is life, or necessary to its existence and development. This fact is established to our senses throughout creation, in all earth's products—in the heavens above, and her planetary systems. Heat is motion and growth; cold is stagnation, contraction; and so great attention is paid to keeping up and properly distributing the vital heat of the body; to cleansing the body by *the pores*; to the healthy condition of the digestive organs. Classifying the herbs into tonics, sudorifics, stimulants, astringents, diuretics, and so on, the book gives general directions about the restoration of the general health, and dilates specially respecting the developments of disease, attacking cause and effect simultaneously and simply,—knowing, in addition, that the latter must fail when their causes perish. Such instruction ever at hand, such medicines ever purchasable and applicable, such simple means of diagnosis at constant command, cannot but be of moment to suffering humanity. Most of the herbs grow around us, at our very feet, and disease may be taken in its earliest stages by means of anodynes purely sanative, passing away from the system, and known in character to the recipient

The author's life has evidently been an eventful one, full of stirring incident, struggle, and triumph, and his adoption of medical botany the result of honest conviction. Without endorsing all his opinions, it may be stated that his *Guide to Health* has run through 47 editions, in many languages, and that his disciples and patients are many in all ranks of society. He has produced several other books of much practical value.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Adventures among the Dyaks of Borneo. By FREDERICK BOYLE, F.R.G.S. Hurst and Blackett. 1865.

WE have already had more than one good book on Borneo, the Dyaks, and their warlike bishop, but no fresher or brighter volume than Mr. Boyle's, who went out there, it seems, with no particular mission, and to prove the correctness of no special views, but simply to see what he could of a distant and strangely savage race of people, whom Christianity is just now touching, as European civilisation has already done. The style of the book is simple and unaffected; with here and there just a little dash of humour that sparkles up very pleasantly for the reader, while the descriptions of scenery, the gleanings of natural history, the little sketches of snakes, sand-flies, mosquitoes, and other like torments are so disagreeably life-like as to make us thankful we are not living under the otherwise admirable rule of Rajah Brooke.

The Odyssey of Homer; rendered into English Blank Verse by G. Musgrave, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxon. Bell and Daldy. 1865.

TRANSLATIONS naturally divide themselves into two distinct classes ranging severally on either side of the original text; literal, or paraphrastic, as the case may be, and approaching or wandering from the central line of division, in proportion to their freedom or faithfulness of version. From time immemorial Homer has been subjected to attempts at translation and paraphrase, in rhyme and blank verse, of various degrees of villany and excellence, by poets and mere rhymesters; yet like our own Shakspeare, surviving all such attempts by his own immeasurable purity and strength. The final paragraph of Book III. gives a good example of our author's average smoothness and easy flow of words:—

"Then when Aurora, offspring of the dawn
With roseate fingers orient appeared,
The steeds again they coupled, and, themselves,
The ornate car ascended; from the porch
And corridor out rushing; then anew

The chariotecr with thong the coursers lashed
 To urge their pace, and, nothing loth, the twain
 Dash'd on apace, and to that fertile plain,
 Whose harvest is of wheat, at length they came ;
 And there the journey ended ; with such speed
 Did those fleet creatures fly. But now the sun
 Went down ; and every road in darkness lay."

These lines convey to us the sense of the original passage very pleasantly ; but they expand Homer's seven lines into twelve, and say nothing which Cowper does not say equally well in less space. Thus sings Cowper :—

"But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
 Look'd rosy forth, then, binding to the yoke
 Their steeds again, they mounted. Nestor's son
 Urged through the vestibule and sounding porch
 His coursers, of themselves not slack to go.
 A corn-invested land received them next,
 And there they brought their journey to a close,
 So rapidly they sped ; and now the sun
 Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways."

NEEDLEWORK.

NEW AND PRETTY PETTICOAT TRIMMINGS.

At the present moment, when petticoats are worn so much ornamented, and are so costly in price, few things can be more useful than directions for novel and pretty trimmings. We think that the following will please our readers. The latter is particularly delicate and effective :—

A BRAID AND LACE TRIMMING.

A piece of black or scarlet worsted braid about half an inch wide. Walker's uncotopie crotchet needle, No. 5. Walter Evans and Co.'s boar's head cotton, No. 14.

Make a ring with a chain of 8, work into it 20 d. c.

2nd round: 1 tr. into every other loop, with 2 ch. between each.

3rd round: 3 to over 2 ch., 2 ch., and repeat.

A number of these stars are to be sewn together in a line, and then sewn to the braid, or united to it by a row of single open crotchet.

There are to be 2 rows of stars, and three rows of braid ; that is, a row of braid in the middle and a row each side. It is to be let into the petticoat as an insertion. The stars may be made in coloured worsted, as a border for a mohair skirt.

MEDALLION INSERTION.

Walter Evans and Co.'s crotchet cotton, No. 16 ; Walker's Penelope needle, No. 4.

8 ch., 1 tr. into the 1st loop of the ch. 5 ch., 1 tr. into the same loop ; 5 ch., 1 tr. into the same loop ; 5 ch., and unite by a simple

stitch to the 3rd ch., from the commencement. This forms a wheel or cross.

2nd round: 1 tr., 2 ch., 5 tr. all into first loop of 5 ch. 2 ch., Repeat all round.

3rd round: D. c. over 1 tr. of last round. 6 ch., 1 tr. over centre of 5 tr. of last row, 6 ch. and repeat.

4th round: 9 d. c. over 6 ch., 5 ch., and make a loop of them by one plain worked back again on the 9th d. c. Repeat.

5th round: Turn the crotchet and work backwards. 5 tr. with one ch. between each, into loop of 5 of last round; 3 ch., 1 d. c., on centre of 9 d. c. of last round, 3 ch., and repeat.

The pattern should be worked not *too* tightly, but must not be *very* loose. Sew the stars together by Walter Evans' glacé sewing cotton, No. 30. Two rows of this insertion must be given in a cambric skirt. The hem should be three inches broad, and one tuck of 2 inches made above each row of insertion. The medallions may be lined with coloured ribbon to correspond with the dress. Mounted at intervals on black velvet, this design forms a pretty trimming for a striped mohair or linen skirt, or on any coloured ground.

LA MODE.

THE pretty bonnets recently arrived from Paris present the greatest novelties of the season. They are most becoming to both old and young faces, but they necessitate the wearing and dressing of the hair in an abundant style. These bonnets merely rest on the top of the head, and have neither ears, crowns, nor backs. Take a handkerchief-shaped bonnet, and cut off the ears even with the temples; remove the point behind to make the slope at the back resemble the line above the cap, and you have the form almost exactly. Strings fastened at each side come down over the ears, as they used to be fixed to children's hats. Over the strings lace lappets or tulle ends are frequently arranged so as to tie under the chin, where, sometimes, a single flower is fixed instead of, or above the bow. Tulle lace, æroplane, and puffed silk are used in the construction of these little head-dresses. The cap inside has almost disappeared, the bonnet sitting very flat upon the head. White pique straw is much in favour. Also saffron-coloured Italian straw, trimmed with straw-colour, with scarlet flowers in the cap, and scarlet velvet ends tied under the chin above the straw-coloured strings. Or blue may be used for a fairer complexion. The half-fitting mantle is likely to be the greatest favourite this season, but the close-fitting will also be much worn, with a waistband outside it, formed of the same silk as the jacket, and richly trimmed, *en suite*, with the rest of the garniture. The jackets are cut to a point behind, which is rather long; in front and over the hips they are rather short. The *demi-adjuste* do not fit to the shape in front, and are not sloped down the centre so much as last year, but hang almost square, and are very short in front. The coat sleeves are still likely to continue

general, though hanging ones have been introduced. Black mantles especially are trimmed with bands of their own material, which is usually a dull-looking *gros-grain*, mixed with pipings of satin. Flat bands, wadded ones, and fancy trimmings shaped like shells or flowers are the styles the self-trimmings afford. Jet beads are still much used. Jackets, *en suite* with the dress, will be more popular than ever. It is not necessary to put sleeves to jackets worn with the dress, but pipe them round the arm-hole; the dress sleeves suffice.

Chain trimmings of all kinds are introduced, but will hardly become very popular. These sort of things are now composed in a silk material that has a metallic effect in some colours. Straw trimmings also will obtain some favour. Straw nets for the hair, and nets with artificial mohair curls covering the back are novelties. Broad coloured China crêpe or llama neck bows, edged with cluny lace, will also be worn as well as those in white. Grenadine and China crêpe shawls are introduced with flowers embroidered in gay colours, and are again edged with lace.

Muslin and cambrics and silks are all printed and manufactured this year in much more brilliant shades than have been heretofore obtained. A great many very extravagant patterns and designs have been imported, but it will be safer and more ladylike to select only simple and unobtrusive patterns.

Stripes continue to be *la mode*. The chain trimmings will be sometimes used upon dresses, bonnets (many of which are prettily ornamented with leaves or garlands of small flowers hanging below the chin), in mantles, and on parasols. These latter are no longer worn of the pagoda or pointed shape. They are rather larger in size and flat, mostly lined, and not generally plain. Beads, embroidery, and gold cord are used outside; lace and feather edges, and coloured linings. Tussah or Indian silk sunshades, hand-embroidered with white tambour work, and lined with colours, have appeared.

Coloured boots are likely to receive some favour, but they will be composed chiefly of kid, and laced or buttoned in front. High-lows in coloured kid, such as grey, lavender, or fawn, and fastened with blue or rose-coloured ribband, are novel. These have the heel. Shoes for walking are likely to become rather more general than they were last year. They are Oxonian, Louis Quatorze, or Fenelon, in black kid or patent morocco, with large buckles of cut steel or jet.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

COFFEE.

WE are, most of us, unpleasingly familiar with the flavour of indifferent coffee: we buy a good article *in the berry*, so that there is no mistake about the fact that it *is* coffee; but with our best endeavours, by various modes of preparation, we cannot achieve a cup of the delightful beverage at which we aim, and, by comparing notes with our various friends, we find that those *only* enjoy the real luxury who roast their coffee at home from day to day, or who live so near a first-rate grocer as to be able to obtain it as freshly roasted from him. But we small country people can do neither of these things, so that our hope lies in the possibility of persuading the grocers who roast for us to be so kind as to give us the benefit of a certain very simple device set forth by Baron Liebig in the *Popular Science Review* for January of the present year, which would ensure to all of us country customers the advantage and pleasure of the most perfectly freshly-roasted coffee, and—we flatter ourselves—at a cost that would raise the price not more than 1d. per lb., making due allowance for some profit to our grocer for his trouble.

The Baron's account of the natural process by which the freshly-roasted berries rapidly become stale is as follows:—

"The berries of coffee, once roasted, lose every hour somewhat of their aroma, in consequence of the influence of the oxygen of the air, which, owing to the porosity of the roasted berries, can easily penetrate."

And the remedy by which a perfect coating to every berry is obtained—such as will preserve the flavour for any length of time, *so long as they are kept perfectly dry*—is given in the next paragraph (page 15 of the *Review*); and since it amounts to nothing more than a slight sprinkling of sugar over the hot berries before they are taken out of the roaster, which, thereupon, is turned over a few times more, we trust that the plan will shortly be generally adopted—with some little, exception, perhaps, on account of those few customers who take their coffee without sugar, and to whom, therefore, the sweet coating would be an objection.

We strongly recommend the study of the whole article to all lovers of good coffee and "Popular Science," for it contains most particular instructions for making coffee in a manner that at once develops all the most valuable properties of the berry, and is independent of patent machines; and it also enters into minute and interesting details as to wherein consists the excellence of coffee as a beverage for the hard-working, and especially for those who labour with the brain.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL,

Or to speak more elegantly, as well as etymologically, *gooseberries en foule*.

As this delicacy will be in season before the month of May is out, *F. F.* takes the present opportunity to set before young ladies the rules for the concoction of it and of certain similar preparations.

Boil down the gooseberries with only just water enough to keep the pan wet until the gooseberries are yielding their juice—say half a tea-cup of water to three pints of gooseberries.

When done to a pulp run through a colander or hair sieve if seeds as well as skins are desired to be excluded.

Set aside to get *quite cold*.

Boil about half a pint of milk, and if convenient, a little cream with it, and three or four ounces of lump or Lisbon sugar; set this aside also to get *quite cold* in a jug for convenience of the final process, which is to stir the milk gradually into the gooseberry pulp.

The rules may be observed to be:—

The fruit boiled *without* sugar,

The milk boiled *with* the sugar;

Both to be *quite cold* before mixing together.

The reason for the rules are:—

No. 1. Simply to prevent waste of sugar, of which it is so evident much must be lost in the pulping process, that it is surprising *any* cookery-book writer should have overlooked it.

No. 2. The mixture of the sugar with the milk is necessary to prevent the milk from turning as it is mixed with the fruit.

No. 3 is to the same end, if either milk or fruit were hot the milk would turn in mixing.

Apples and rhubarb may both be prepared in the same manner as gooseberries.

To some tastes it is very agreeable for a slight thickening of arrowroot or Brown and Polson's corn flour to be added to the milk in boiling; and as these articles are written in the hope of helping those who know next to nothing of cookery, *F. F.* will add the rule for dealing with the said arrowroot or corn flour: they require to be mixed in a tea-cup smoothly with as much *cold* milk as will with the flour *pour* easily when the moment comes for adding to the milk, which is when the milk is just going to boil up; it must be stirred quickly in, and the stirring must not cease till the fluid *thickens*, and then it is done.

One heaped tea-spoonful of the corn flour or arrowroot is enough to thicken half a pint of milk for mixing with fruit.

N.B.—In managing for a family party it is often convenient to boil down at once enough fruit to make three or four dishes. This is all right so long as it is only added to the milk as it is wanted for the day's use. It would be a risk to keep the mixed fruit and milk beyond the second day, and perhaps it is best to limit the quantity of stewed fruit in warm weather to a three days' supply.

FAMILY PASTIME.

A NOSEGAY OF FLOWERS.

1.

1. A lady's name and a bright metal.
2. What sugar is, and a lady's name.
3. A bird and a part of the body.
4. A colour, and what is heard on Sunday at every church.
5. A domestic animal, and to fall.
6. A domestic animal, and the queen of flowers.

E — M —

REBUS.

2.

Schoolboys are fond of obtaining my *whole*; decapitate me, and I become a woman; and take off my head again, I am a loathsome disease. Transpose me, and I become a baby; behead again, and you have an expression of a sportsman; curtail it, and it is a pronoun; and do the same once more, and I only remain.

STANTONVILLE.

ENIGMAS, &c.

3.

My *first* is a French pronoun; my *second* read backwards is a river in Germany, and my *whole* is a fur.

JULIETTE.

4.

Of my *first* there are two,
 And, my good reader, you
 Must either be one or the other;
 My *next* is a weight,
 And yet I may state
 It is aristocratical rather;
 And as for my *whole*
 He is useful, good soul!
 Though when wanted a great many mourn,—
 You'll require him some day,
 So strive, that you may
 Be prepared, when it comes to your turn.

EUREKA.

5.

Why are ladies' schools utterly useless?

CHARACTACTUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

REBUS.

Nero, Argo, Peel, Omar, Lee, Egbert, Omega, Nephew:—Napoleon, Waterloo.

FAMOUS CASTLES.

- a. Car-is-brook—Carisbrook.
- b. Dun-raven—Dunraven,
- c. A-run-dell—Arundell.
- d. Ken-nil-worth—Kenilworth.
- e. Dun-rob-in—Dunrobin.
- f. Oak-ham—Oakham.
- g. New-biggin—Newbiggin.
- h. War-wicket—Warwick.

CHARADE.

Lamp-lighter.

OUR COUNCIL:

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FAMILY FRIEND."

SIR,—In your March number there appeared a letter on the spreading of infection, from an old dame who seems to think herself a match for most people at drawing a shrewd conclusion, and I thought, on the whole, there was some plain common sense in her view; but a pamphlet, by a very high authority—a certain Dr. Shrimpton—threatens to sweep away the old lady and her "experience" in a way that one cannot but regret, inasmuch as to be reduced to a theory of "electric action" is to be deprived of all hope of finding efficacy in any description of precautionary measures.

I note, however, that the "observations" recommended by Dr. Shrimpton to his readers as those which confound all theory of propagation by infection, are—apparently, at least—defective on exactly the very point which the old lady hits; and I shall feel greatly obliged if you, Sir, will enable me in your pages to evoke, if possible, authoritative professional assurance on this important head.

The following extract, from Dr. Shrimpton, is the basis of my present remarks:—

"Without pretending to give any absolute decision, for we do not consider ourselves more able than others to penetrate a mystery which has hitherto baffled all inquiry, we feel justified in saying that we attribute the propagation of cholera to an *electric action, which acts directly, somewhat in the same manner as lightning, on the nervous system of organic life*. We do not require any great stock of modesty to confess that, as to *this electric action*, we should not be able to demonstrate it scientifically; but its existence, nevertheless, appears to us certain: in admitting it, we clearly explain to ourselves the character of cholera, its progress, even its propagation; in rejecting it we see only inexplicable enigmas which become the more and more obscure in proportion as they are more deeply studied. This opinion, moreover, is not ours alone; many eminent physicians share it with us. We should wish all to be well convinced that researches must be made in this direction by those who desire to arrive at a legitimate conclusion as to the mode in which cholera is propagated. With that view we recommend to our readers the following observations, which we have often repeated, and which they may have made, or may make, as well as ourselves:—The cholera attacks persons the farthest removed from *all contact with patients*; prisoners in their cells; women closely confined, and sequestered even from view, in harems; isolated individuals at sea and in deserts. No barrier, no quarantine, no sanitary cordon can prevent the approach of cholera, *whatever care may be taken to keep persons attacked at a distance from the spot where we are*. When the disease makes its appearance in a town, either spora-

dically or after the arrival of an infected person, far from following a regular course and gradually advancing in any particular quarter, or from one quarter to another, as healthy persons may *chance to come in contact with those having the malady*, it strikes, on the contrary, suddenly and simultaneously, on the most opposite points—does not make a second victim in a family where one has already expired, whilst it will carry off several in a family where no signs of the epidemic had appeared, and that in quite a different quarter, often the healthiest or one of the unhealthiest in the town. Frankly, it seems to us impossible, in presence of facts so positive, repeated daily, and which may be verified by anyone, not to attribute the propagation of cholera to some kind of electrical action, still unknown, but not the less real, and the more so that the direction and violence of the wind exercise no influence on the extension of this formidable malady. Lastly, we believe that this electrical action to which we assign the origin of the cholera is the result of two forces combined, coming at the same time from the atmosphere and the earth—a fact which renders the cholera endemical; we are convinced that the electrical influence affects most seriously those persons whose nervous system of organic life is weakened by moral or physical causes, such as negligence of the ordinary laws for preserving health, sensual indulgence, and, in a word, all those excesses which occasion a grave depression of the vital forces.”

It will be observed that the Doctor invariably speaks of

“Contact *with patients* ;”

“Care taken to keep *persons* attacked at a distance, &c., &c.,”

“As healthy persons may chance to come in contact *with those having the malady*.”

In all this there is not one word conveying information of the “observations” extending beyond *personal* contact; and I confess it seems to me that if this omission be not merely in the description, but in the *reality*, it would be perfectly lamentable to go off on the electricity theory until the fullest research has been carried into the *disposal of the excretious* part of the matter.

It seems to me that more than half the Doctor's array of facts is divested of their puzzle, unless he could say that *that* point is included.

The deriving of infection from sewage would exactly tally with the observations on its turning up here and there at a distance, even within guols, since they have communication with sewers, and no traps can avail to prevent a rush upwards of effluvia from the descending pipe whenever a plug is raised; and this also applies to the circumstances of private dwelling-houses.

The only really tough instances given are “isolated individuals *at sea* and *in deserts* ;” and in relation to these, until we have satisfaction on the above point, it seems to me more credible that the cases that have given foundation for the assertion may have been either still derived from an untraceable casual presence of the poisonous matter,

or may have been only the fatal diarrhoea, which we know is capable of arising from combined unfavourable atmospheric and dietetic causes, than that they should have been true spontaneous generations of cholera.

I would send my respects to your old woman if she were not such a terrible old prig.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

PATERFAMILIAS.

LIFE AND CHESS.

The course of human life and chess
Are very much the same;
They both depend for their success
On how you play your game.

If once you start without a plan,
And follow wild caprice,
Or fail to study every man,
You're sure to lose your *piece*.

And when you contemplate your loss,
Experience will prove
That ev'ry man you come across
Has always got a *move*.

But if you concentrate your mind
On what you've seen and read,
Although you once were all behind,
You'll find you've got *ahead*.

And should misfortune dog your course,
And hope appear forlorn,
You still possess the last resource
To push on with a *pawn*.

The tide, perchance, ere long may turn,
And saved from utter wreck,
It's possible you yet may learn,
To give your friend a *checcue*.

Your prospects may be rich or poor,
All ruffled or serene,
Yet duty always claims a sure
Protection for the *Queen*.

Bring all your forces into play—
Do nothing till you're right,
And then, perhaps, you'll win the day,
And probably a *Knight*.

A Castle first you must procure;
And then a Bishop (Tait)
Will soon assist you to ensure
For life a pretty *mate*.

W. J.

DRUNKENNESS.

That this—the admitted cause of nine-tenths of the misery and vices of the poor—is mainly owing to the drugged liquors which almost alone they can get at public-houses in towns, the writer is deeply convinced.

The labouring-class are not generally less self-denying than the rich, and, assuredly, when it is remembered how few gentlemen and ladies can get on without any stimulant, it may well be felt that temperance, and not total abstinence, is the right rule for the poor. Yet experience proves, that for the poor to drink *at all*, is dangerous. What wonder, when their drinks are both stupefying and thirst-creating!

The system of fines for adulteration, the writer believes, is admitted to have failed, but the following plan would surely work well:—

That to the tradesmen whose goods and liquors are found genuine, *certificate* to that effect should be given with *date*, and freshly signed and dated at every inspection, or withdrawn if forfeited.

This would defeat the unprincipled by giving the honest man producible evidence, and enabling customers fully to defend themselves.

Further, against the rogues in the licensed trades, it might be ruled that they could not get renewal of license except they produced certificates; and, of course, tremendous penalty to be visited on forging.

Also, to let none but certificated shops hold a post-office.—From “Comparative Justice.”

FLOWERS.

“From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They gleam in gentle glory forth,
The pure, sweet flowers of God.”—LYONS.

Is it possible that there is anyone who can gaze on these lovely jewels of Flora's crown, and not perceive a beauty in the lowliest flower that an artist may in vain try to imitate?

What is more pleasing than a walk by the side of the stream or in the fields, where the sweet spring flowers are blooming; the beautiful rose, with its rich glowing loveliness, the sweet-scented, modest lily, each possessing charms peculiar to itself, with the gentle violet and forget-me-not and the star-eyed daisy. How refreshing is their exquisite perfume to the sick and weary! They are truly

“Bright gems of earth, in which perchance we see
What Eden was, what Paradise may be.”

Many have they cheered in the hour of sadness, when there was no other comfort. Often, when far away in some distant land, have they reminded the wanderer of his home, and happy walks with dear friends, and of the joyous hours of childhood. What a holy influence do they spread around them! Silent though they may seem to be, most eloquent are the sermons they preach to us.

“There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower,
In every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, to holiness, and God.”—DAVIS.

LIZZIE McIVOR.

ONWARD EVER.

Onward ever, brave and fearless,
 Let no cares thy spirit cloud ;
 Keep it ever, bright and gladsome,
 Through the great world's moving crowd.

Onward, there is in the future
 Sweet reward for labour done ;
 Let thine eye be fixed ever
 As the eagle's on the sun.

Let no mists of sin or error
 Dim thy steady upward gaze.
 Thou with earnest true endeavour
 May'st to Heaven thy spirit raise.

Soar thou ever to the sunlight,
 To the full refulgent day,
 Let its bright and glorious radiance
 Be about thy upward way.

Onward ever, thought and action
 Noble, high and just to all,
 And let not earth's meaner pleasures
 With their lures thy heart enthal.

Onward ever, youth's fair morning
 Will not long for thee remain,
 All its joyous scenes are fleeting,
 Age comes on, and care, and pain.

Onward ever, thou who labourest
 With thy hands for daily bread,
 And thy honest toil shall ever
 Peace upon thy spirit shed :

Peace that thou hast done thy duty
 In thy daily path of life.
 God above shall smile upon thee,
 Make thy hours with blessings rife.

Onward ever, evening cometh
 With a noiseless step, though sure ;
 In the world's great field of conflict
 Keep thy heart serene and pure.

Cherish ever firm within thee
 Peace—the calm sweet peace of Heaven,
 For a blissful rest He giveth
 Unto all who well have striven.

WINIFRED.

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the *ruddy drops* that warm my heart."

These lines are quoted from Gray, but it is said that they are not original. To whom are we to ascribe their origin?—J. H.

THERE WOULD I REST.

When this heart for ever has ceased to bound
 At the tone of friendship, or music's sound,
 When its dreams of power and fame are o'er,
 And the lay of minstrel can charm no more ;
 When the kiss of love can win no reply,
 And sorrow calls forth no answering sigh ;
 When joy meets no smile, and my hands at rest,
 Lay in endless calm on a peaceful breast,
 Let the resting-place for my last long sleep
 Be chosen where billows can rage and leap.

By their side I wandered long years ago,
 And looked on their varying ebb and flow ;
 Whilst with something more than mere childish glee
 I watched every change of the restless sea.
 Oh ! love of my art, they awoke thee then,
 But thy spirit voice was beyond my ken,
 Though my brain might throb and my pulses swell,
 I did not acknowledge thy wondrous spell,
 But I own it now ; and my grave shall be
 By thy lonely depths, oh ! murmuring sea.

I went from thy side, but sought thee again,
 To gaze on thy waves in desolate pain,
 For thou wert unchanged in thy glorious might,
 And thy waters were rippling in liquid light.
 Was the child who had played on thy shore the same,
 With the pale proud girl who in sadness came ?
 With the wearing thoughts that in silence speak,
 From an aching brow and a pallid cheek,
 Who in tearless grief could have bent the knee,
 And prayed for the rest of the quiet sea.

I longed for it there ; I am passive now,
 For the laurel leaves cooled my fevered brow ;
 My heart has been listening to love's soft tone,
 And its whispered words stilled the spirits moan ;
 I can now esteem at their rightful worth,
 The butterfly joys that belong to earth,
 I have sought and found the support I need,
 Though some may deem it an atheist creed,
 When I ask that my lonely grave may be,
 By the unknown depths of the trackless sea.

NELLA RAYNES.

BETA favours us with another solution of the query in our January number. He states that "By" signifies "a dwelling," and is of *Saxon* origin. This does not agree with the statement of Dryasdust, which appeared in our number for March.

CELTIC AND KELTIC.—It is now believed that the natives so called were wont to pronounce the name like *Keltic*, and not like *Seltic* ; hence it is deemed better to use K than C.—*Cæsar*.

PENCIL

LD I REST.

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"The priest and the Saracen vanished, and a beautiful girl, like a spirit, with wild, golden hair, stood in the stream of light."

THE FAMILY FRIEND.

JUNE, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER X.

WALRICK, THE FOOL, ARRIVES IN LONDON.



WHILE Sir Hugh de Danedred was listening to Nelly, and almost unconsciously succumbing to the yoke of a new and holy influence—the mystic and spiritual power which fills the soul with another's image—the strange inexplicable spell that holds the heart in bondage to itself and hurries it along in a torrent of hope and fear, joy and sadness—the wondrous thing that the world calls love—Walrick, the fool, was riding briskly on the road to London. The road was very rugged, but the hard frost made tolerably firm many parts which at other times in the winter were evidently impassable. The face of the fool assumed a solemn aspect in the loneliness of the journey. For many miles no single habitation was visible in the wide track of moor and forest. He had discarded the steel helmet which adorned his head on his return from the Crusades, and the bells round his cap jingled merrily as he proceeded on his way. Ever and anon he spurred the horse and dashed over the ground at reckless speed; then he would be seized with qualms of pity for his horse, and, patting it affectionately, would allow the panting beast to trot gently forward at its own pleasure. When, after an hour's ride, during which no sign of human life was visible, he came to a small village, his face brightened up, and he indulged in bursts of vocal harmony, which quickly brought the cottagers to their doors. These people were mostly Saxons of the poorest and most miserable description. Their cots were constructed of mud and roughly-hewn timber, and their costumes were as primitive as their dwellings. Pigs grunted a welcome to the fool from innumer-

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able styes. The sheep in the broad meadows flocked together and looked at him. Little rosy, fair-haired children clung to their mothers' ragged and coarse apparel, and peeped at him wonderingly. Most of the men were employed in tending sheep, the wool of which was then the staple of English produce, and was for the most part imported to Flanders, there to be made into cloths of various qualities. Walrick was himself a Saxon, and the simple-minded people gave him a hearty reception. Before one building, more comfortable and larger than the others—the village inn,—Walrick brought his horse to a stand, and alighted. A group of men quickly gathered round him, and the worthy tapster brought forth a flagon of foaming ale. One of the men threw water at the legs of his horse, another held up a pail of water for the animal to drink, and a third stood ready with a goodly allowance of oats.

"Thou hast chosen a good morning for thy journey, master," said the tapster, extending the flagon to Walrick.

"Good!" ejaculated the fool, smacking his lips, after a long draught.

"Thy ale tells the truth of what thou sayest."

"How so?" inquired the tapster, smiling in expectation of a joke.

"How? Thou art dull to-day, sir tapster!" Does not thy ale turn mourning into feasting, and is not feasting good?"

"Ha! ha! Truly thou art right."

"Nay, then, thou art wrong. I am not right whilst thou hast caused me to be left without more ale."

"Good again!" shouted the tapster, amid a hoarse chorus of laughter from the villagers who stood round.

"Verily, a gain to thee, for the more thy customers thirst the heavier thy purse."

"Ye tapsters are a jovial crew,
Frolicking fellows and bold,
I know not which is the best of your brew—
Your jolly good ale or your gold."

"There's more ale than metal here, master. By St. Edmund, gold's as scarce as green pigs in this quarter," said the tapster, handing Walrick the flagon, which had been replenished.

"Better that thy ale be rich than thee," replied Walrick, after another application to the liquid.

"I am content that it be so. My customers are thereby the richer for their bargain."

"And thou art the poorer whilst thou dost pour it out."

"Ha! ha! Thou art a most noble fool; thy wit is excellent. Thou should'st be merryman to the king; brave Richard could not wish for more," said the tapster, with an eye to the possible liberality of his customer.

"The Lion-Heart wish for more? Hast thou not heard that he has had enough?"

"Aye, what news now? Is it true that King Richard has left Palestine?"

"Most true. He is now in the clutches of King Leopold, whose banner he trampled on at Acre."

"A captive?"

"If to be under bolt and bar in Turnsteign Castle, at Vienna, is captivity, then most surely the Lion-Heart is a captive."

The news elicited a murmur of surprise from the crowd of half savage rustics.

"From whence bring you this news?" asked the tapster, eagerly.

"From France," replied Walrick.

"If thou be an honest and upright fool ——"

"Stay! A fool that lies cannot be upright," interrupted Walrick. "Save thy doubts and ifs, master tapster, for smaller folk." While he spoke, Walrick leapt on his horse and galloped off. He had not paid for the ale; and loud were the indignant shouts floating on the wind as he dashed at a rapid pace along the road. His face was flushed by the ale, a sardonic smile flitted about his mouth, and his eyes were lighted with sly humour. Down into a deep valley he plunged forward at a reckless pace, and his horse, invigorated by the water and oats, bore him rapidly up the opposite hill. Arriving at the summit, a broad expanse of country burst on his view. The leafless woods stretched for miles away, and were lost in the misty distance, and here and there the square white walls of a Norman stronghold gleamed in the wintry sunlight. For a few moments he drew up for his horse to regain breath, and then down again he dashed, and was soon beneath the partial shadow of the bare and fantastic branches of innumerable trees. His speed was now checked by the danger and difficulty of the way. He had to stoop frequently to avoid collision with the outstretched arms of sturdy oaks, and frequently he was compelled to dismount and lead his horse over the sloping pathways strewn with the leaves of last autumn, and blocked with huge fallen trunks—the havoc of the wind. For miles he proceeded through the endless arcade of trees, and when he emerged at last on the open moors beyond he urged his horse onward with evident satisfaction.

His course was circuitous and difficult. He might have selected a more straight and easy road, but he had good reasons for not availing himself of them. The castles of Norman nobles were the centres of tyranny and lawlessness. His profession and the house he served would probably have secured him some respect, but he cared not to risk delay, and he cautiously avoided them. The ill forebodings which

had cast a gloom over the inmates of Danedred Tower were lurking in his own breast, and filling him with an increasing anxiety and impatience to reach London. The sun was sinking behind a broad curtain of mist, and the air had changed its frosty briskness for damp and piercing intensity of cold, which crept through Walrick's frame in spite of his violent exercise, when the closely clustered villages and the white walls of London were in view. Again he spurred his horse, and once more the animal, almost exhausted, started forward at a canter. The grey walls of the Tower at last threw a welcome shadow over the tired horse and rider.

The million little lamps of the heavens were being lighted one by one as the pale blue radiance of day forsook the purple firmament. The towers of the City churches stood forth against the sky like mighty sentinels guarding the slumbering citizens. The Thames rolled on in silence and darkness. The only light that glittered on its wavelets was the light of the brighter stars. There was no sound of life within the Tower walls; the workmen had left the yawning moat, and the portcullis was lowered in every massive gateway. Walrick, however, was not unnoticed. The ready watch quickly challenged him, and, after much questioning and prevarication on the part of the fool, he was admitted. The sudden disappearance of Sir Hugh had caused extraordinary consternation. The few sturdy followers who had survived the perils and vicissitudes of the Crusades, and had returned with their lord, were standing in solemn council round a blazing watchfire on the ramparts. "Welcome, Master Walrick," cried the first man who recognized him, and, in an instant he was surrounded by a perplexed and anxious crowd. "What news? Hast thou returned from Danedred Tower? Where is Sir Hugh? What has become of our young lord? Speak, man; hast thou lost thy tongue?"

"We have lost more than our tongues if we have lost our chief," replied Walrick, somewhat startled at the intelligence that their questioning conveyed. "I have returned to seek Sir Hugh. The Lady de Danedred and Mary de Lawnford expected his return, and are sorely distressed at the delay. What has happened?"

"We know not what has happened," said the foremost of the men. Sir Hugh was about to start soon after you left to prepare for his arrival at Danedred Tower, when a monk hurriedly drew near and spoke to him. They talked earnestly together for some time, and then Sir Hugh bade us dismount and await his return. He went with the monk towards Houndsditch. When he came back he looked troubled and thoughtful, and called me on one side, saying that he did not intend to start until the morning. From that hour we have not seen him. The Constable of the Tower has caused a proclamation to be made in the city commanding the citizens to give some clue to his

strange disappearance, and we, assisted by the men of the garrison, have searched through all the city. We hoped that he had gone alone for some good reason to Danedred Tower. What is to be done?"

Walrick was puzzled and alarmed, but he could not resist his habit of playing with words.

"What to be done?" he said, looking very grave; "Why, lift him up and weep."

There was a pause. The men utterly failed to understand him.

"What dost thou mean?" asked the soldier, sternly.

"Raise the *Hugh* and cry, to be sure."

"Hush, man! This is no time for thy senseless talk."

"It is time that all good men and true were at rest," replied Walrick.

"Fool! Hath not our noble master been snared into some infernal trap, and shall we rest until he is found?"

"If ye have done your duty, and have searched the city well beneath the light of day, there is little use in standing here this dark night gaping at each other as though ye were at Acre, and the fierce Saracens were lurking about the walls."

The men appeared to feel the truth of Walrick's remarks. Weariness had reduced the force and fever of anxiety. "Let us to sleep," said one of the men, "and at the break of day we will renew our search." Very little argument was needful to make them all of one opinion on the wisdom of this proposal, and repairing to the guard-room in the gateway, they stretched themselves on rushes, and were soon in a heavy slumber. When the first cold streak of dawn was breaking in the eastern sky, the loud blast of trumpets, the prancing of horses, and the shouts of men echoed from wall to wall. The garrison paraded on the open square within the ramparts, and the broad moat was alive with workmen hurrying along to begin another day of toil. Walrick was the first to start to his feet, and he proceeded to awaken his companions. His method of performing this operation was simple and effectual. Taking a rush from the floor, he walked round with a solemn countenance, and tickled the faces of the sleepers. His kind attentions were acknowledged by the recipients with many growls and oaths; but the rough fellows were accustomed to his freaks, and were speedily astir, and in good humour.

An hour afterwards breakfast was served in the great kitchen of the Tower. More than two hundred men sat down before the wooden benches, and eagerly demolished the smoking viands supplied by six nimble cooks. The meal was soon finished, and while soldiers of the garrison went to their several duties, the few sunburnt followers of Sir Hugh assembled in a little knot on the ramparts, and consulted on a new plan of operations. The debate was a noisy one, in consequence

of Walrick's persistent interference, and it was at last decided that he should act on his own impulse, and that they would go forth in a body to explore a wood some five miles beyond Moorfields* which was said to be infested by outlaws.

Walrick awaited their departure, and then strolled quietly round Cornhill to Cheapside.

No one who saw him swagger along Cheapside could have imagined that he had any serious purpose in his ramble, or that he had any anxiety in his mind. His costume acted like magic on the good citizens. The faces of the most bilious people were lighted with smiles of welcome, and many were the pleasant jests banded to and fro as he passed along. Careless, conceited, and frivolous as he appeared, he made the best use of his eyes and ears. While lingering before a shop in the front of which were displayed in tempting array a variety of bright new metal pots and pans, his attention was attracted by the gruff voice of a person inside, who seemed to be suffering from shortness of breath.

"By the saints, 'twas Sir Hugh himself," said the speaker, jerking his words out and panting loudly.

"Art thou sure 'twas not a dream or th' effect of thy afternoon potations?" said another voice.

"I tell thee," replied the first speaker, with much excitement, "'twas in the broad light of day—the day when the lawyer, Fitz-Osbert, spoke before the justices—when—when our neighbours carried him home in triumph. Dost thou not remember? Thou wert at thy door, and hailed me as I passed. 'Twas that same afternoon, after having had a talk with our neighbour Baldwin, going up Cornhill, he came up to me and said he liked my brave appearance, and wished to be acquainted. He was a noble fellow—face bronzed and handsome—bright armour; he was very talkative, but I would have none of his prattle. I told him that I was a citizen who would oppose the nobility while they trampled on the poor, and he quickly made off."

At this point of the conversation Walrick took down one of the pots suspended at the shop door, and tapped it as if to ascertain its soundness. The proprietor came forth instantly, followed by the corpulent citizen Wickles.

"A good pot," said Walrick approvingly.

"All excellent pots," said Tapper, surveying his wares with admiration.

"I will give thee——"

"Thou shalt have it cheap," interrupted Tapper.

"Well, I'll give thee twopence to hang it up again," said Walrick.

"That would be more profit to me."

"True, I seek to mend thy profits."

* At that time a morass.

"They need mending sorely enough. Who's fool art thou?"

"Whose maker of pots and pans art thou?"

"My neighbours'."

"Then I am my neighbours' fool. Thou makest empty pots for thy neighbours, and I make empty folly for mine. What news of the young Crusader, Sir Hugh De Danedred?"

"None for aught I know," replied Tapper, carelessly.

"Who speaks of Sir Hugh?" said Wickles, shuffling up to Walrick.

"Thy humble serving man does," replied Walrick, with mock reverence.

"I know Sir Hugh very well," said Wickles, drawing himself up, and assuming profound dignity of manner.

"Aye! then thou art the very man I want to see," said Walrick.

"How so?" asked Wickles, almost startled out of his dignity.

"If thou art acquainted with Sir Hugh, thou canst direct me to him. I bear a message of great import."

"Hast thou not heard of his mysterious fate?" interrupted Tapper.

"I have heard that he suddenly disappeared; but if our good citizen here knows him so well he must know more than most people, for the knowledge of the last three days must be the extent of his acquaintance. I will off to the Sheriff, and demand his arrest."

"Stay, stay!" gasped Wickles, clutching at Walrick's garment. "Thou hast made a mistake. I meant not that I knew Sir Hugh further than having seen him, and——"

"Our good neighbour hath boasted too much," said Tapper, with a smile, for he knew the weakness of his friend.

Wickles turned round testily, and repudiated all idea of boasting, and as Walrick slyly took the little man's part, matters were soon amicably arranged, and Wickles, with much unnecessary flourish, gave the main fact of his meeting with Sir Hugh in Cornhill.

Walrick confessed his connection with the house of Danedred, and promised on his own responsibility the most splendid rewards from the Lady de Danedred if they would help him to discover the whereabouts of Sir Hugh. Then they held a solemn council in the street.

CHAPTER XI.

PEACE—SIR HUGH DESIRES TO MEET FITZ-OSBERT.

WHEN Nelly had told Sir Hugh in her own simple way all the terrible events which her father had recounted the day before, a great change came over the young Crusader. His eyes were still fixed on her with a wild, worshipping expression, but he did not speak. To him his mother had always been an object of reverence rather than of love. Her haughty spirit, icy manner, and the stern formality of her

daily existence had impressed him with awe and respect. He could remember times when alone in his presence she had thrown aside the stiff ceremonial of her life and embraced him with the ardour of a fond mother; but he had always shrunk from the strange rhapsodies of those moments. He was unaccustomed to the light of a parent's earnest affection, and he was dazzled and surprised when it was poured suddenly upon him. Yet his mother was associated with much of his past life, and the associations were not unpleasant. The thousand little incidents accumulated by memory that were as bulwarks around his love of home now succumbed to the fair besieger, who sat by the side of his couch. His mother—the central figure in the great picture of his past, was deprived for ever of all the majesty and dignity with which he had mentally endowed her. It was difficult to realise the terrible truth that Nelly had so innocently divulged; it was impossible to tear away instantly every tender chord of memory, woven from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood. Some of his mother's pride was implanted in his own breast. The pride of his house, the noble deeds of his father, and the brilliant records of the Hughs of olden days were the sources of his earliest inspiration—an inspiration to which he owed his chivalric virtues and his ideas of duty. The house of his brave father was now humbled, the stream of his nobility was polluted, and his mother was the guilty creature who had brought this blot of shame and disgrace on the fair escutcheon of the Hughs. These were the thoughts rushing through his brain as he gazed into the blue depths of Nelly's eyes. But the torture which these thoughts would have inflicted on his fiery and impatient nature was lessened by the new world that beamed on him through those eloquent and mystic orbs. A new impulse had seized his soul, and he was ready to fling away the past with all its recollections, to fling away the half-realised dreams of his youthful ambition, and to give himself up, a slave, a fanatic worshipper of the lovely girl who sat there unconscious of her influence, and all absorbed in the thought of screening her father.

"I fear I have done wrong, Sir Hugh, to pain you with this dreadful narrative."

"No—no—you have done no wrong. Sooner or later we *must* face truth. It is better that I should know all now than go my way presuming on the honour of my name while it is foully stained by the crimes of a cruel parent. Bring your father hither. Let me look into his face. Let me read there the sorrow and anger of his life. Was your mother like yourself?"

"I have often heard my father say that I resembled her," replied Nelly.

O horrible deed! "Haste and bring him here. I must see him at once. Pray delay not."

Uncertain what to do, Nelly rose and looked at Broadhart.

"Go, my daughter," said Broadhart, turning from the window. "It will be well to calm for ever the just wrath which has oppressed your father all these years, and it will be well for Sir Hugh to make his peace with one who has suffered so severely from the persecution of the House of Danedred. Peace is wisdom. Wrath is folly. Peace is mighty, wrath is weak. Peace has the armies of Heaven in its cause. Anger turns its weapons against itself."

Nelly waited no further inducement to comply with Sir Hugh's request. She threw back her long golden hair and hurried forth eager to bring about the interview. Her powerful imagination had magnified the danger in which her father had placed himself by the violent outrage. She had even mentally depicted a crowd of infuriated people dragging her father through the streets—dragging him to a violent death—and she had dwelt on the dreadful scene till her blood was chilled with horror and anguish. Was that picture of the fancy the foreshadowing of a future catastrophe? It was. But she knew not its awful portent, and hope quickly dispersed the hideous vision. Could she have known how truthfully every incident of that imaginary scene would ere long be realised—could she have perceived the clouds looming in the distance, and laden with the inevitable storm—could she have guessed the unsuspected quarter from whence those tempestuous elements were gathering, to burst at last over her unfortunate father—she would not have tossed back her golden hair so hopefully; the delicate rosy flush on her cheeks, and the living light that beamed with the thrilling eloquence of her pure, womanly heart would have been extinguished for ever. But a wise Providence has separated us from our future by an impenetrable curtain. Nelly felt that the dreadful events which her mind dwelt upon when first she discovered her father's guilty intentions, were but the phantoms of an over-excited brain, and now she had still less reason to fear them, for an opportunity of reconciliation was at hand, and her father's enemy might soon become her father's friend. The thought of placing her parent beyond the chance of danger—the thought of destroying for ever all trace of the intended crime—made her eager to reach her father and take him to the Priory. Perhaps there was another influence at work in the innermost recesses of her heart—an influence that she knew not of—but one which ultimately would be all-powerful, all-unconquerable, and would live in her bosom until the finger of decay should marr her more than earthly beauty, and the great destroyer put his cold seal on her innocent lips. This mystic influence increased her desire that Sir Hugh and her father should meet. If they met, she felt sure they would respect each other. She knew her father would admire Sir Hugh's generous and brave bearing, and

she believed that Sir Hugh would rightly appreciate the intelligence and independent spirit of her parent. The difference in their social position never occurred to her as any obstacle. She was quite unconscious of the real nature of her own admiration of Sir Hugh. The excitement of the last few days had left her no time to question her heart.

She found her father closeted with Armstrong—very much as she had found him on the morning of her return from Houndeditch. There was, however, a remarkable difference in their manner towards each other. On the former occasion they were deeply engaged in a conversation mutually interesting; on this occasion they were talking very earnestly, but with evident ill-feeling. Nelly hurried into the room so eagerly that both were startled by her sudden appearance. Armstrong made an attempt to get rid of the malicious scowl which clouded his face, like a thief trying hurriedly to conceal the stolen property. Fitz-Osbert turned quickly round with a look of surprise.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he said, perceiving that she looked surprised, and did not speak. "Anything wrong?"

"Nothing wrong, father; but I have an important message for you, which——" She looked at Armstrong as she spoke, hoping that he would take the hint and leave her alone with her father. But Armstrong, notwithstanding his extreme nervousness, possessed a large amount of conceit, and whenever Nelly looked at him he always implicitly believed that the look was one of admiration.

"I will wait till you are alone, father," she continued modestly.

The bulky armourer woke up to a sense of his position, and began to think now that his presence might be conveniently dispensed with. Accordingly, his ponderous form slowly rose from the bench and moved towards the door. Suddenly he bethought him that the opportunity was not to be lost, and with a desperate effort of moral courage, he turned round by the door and addressed Nelly. "I leave you alone, Mistress Nelly, to speak your message. I have something to say to *you* when you are alone."

"I do not quite understand you," said Nelly, who failed to hear the latter part of his speech, that part being hurried over by the armourer with alarm at his own audacity.

"I merely said—I—I—will—Mistress Nelly—I'll look in some other time."

The burly fellow blushed a deep crimson, and, stumbling out into Cheapside, hurried along as if he were endeavouring to run away from himself.

When he had gone, Nelly told her father Sir Hugh's desire to see him, and easily persuaded him to accompany her.

(To be continued.)

ADDISON.

"Along the walls where speaking marbles show
 What worthies form the hallowed mould below ;
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
 Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood ;
 Just men by whom impartial laws were given,
 And saints who taught and led the way to Heaven.
 Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade ;
 Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fierce alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more."—TICKELL.



literary fashion has for some time existed of diving into personal history for the purpose of dragging out of the grave the personal weaknesses of men hitherto held in reverence for their works. As if the scornful and disdainful spirit, which is the opprobrium of this nation, had not enough of material to work upon in the weaknesses, errors, frailties, and inferiorities, which all who seek for them may easily find among their living fellow-creatures, the tombs of the honoured dead are to be ransacked for materials of cynical derision, and we are to be taught that nothing is worthy of unmingled respect or of hearty, ungrudging admiration. Even Mr. Addison has not escaped ; and this admirable writer, whose works have done so much to amend the disposition and to refine the taste of the English people for nearly a century and a half, has been represented to us as a clever man, indeed, but a drinker, a smoker, and a babbler, who sued fortune like a tradesman, and manufactured elegant flattery for a consideration.

Let us turn from this unhappy spirit of superfluous and injurious meddling—the spirit of

"One who would peep and botanise
 Upon his mother's grave"—

to survey the character of Addison as painted by great and sympathising minds. Nor is this useful merely for showing that others have done him much less than justice, but it is hoped it may have the still better effect of elevating the mind, and warming it with a love of virtue, from the contemplation of a character adorned with so many excellent qualities. There is also a lesson to be derived from the

admirable manner in which great writers, who are too proud as well as too just to speak the language of flattery, even when an admired author is the theme, yet pour forth, in language no less forcible than sincere, that earnest tribute to excellence which congenial minds are ever anxious to pay.

"It is not uncommon," says Johnson, "for those who have grown wise by the labour of others to add a little of their own, and overlook their master's. Addison is now despised by some, who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects but by the lights which he afforded them. That he always wrote, as he would think it necessary to write now, cannot be affirmed; his instructions were such as the character of his readers made proper. That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk was, in his time, rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance, and, in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured. His purpose was to infuse literary curiosity, by gentle and unsuspected conveyance, into the gay, the idle, and the wealthy; he, therefore, presented knowledge in the most alluring form, not lofty and austere, but accessible and familiar. When he showed their defects, he showed them likewise that they might easily be remedied. His attempt succeeded; inquiry was awakened, and comprehension expanded. An emulation of intellectual elegance was excited, and, from this time to our own, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation purified and enlarged."

How happily is this said, and how just and accurate are the observations! The ordinary reader certainly does not at this day do justice to the *Spectators*, from want of that consideration which is above suggested, namely, that the knowledge which they contain, however general at present, was by no means so at the time they were composed. They gave quite a new furnishing, as well as a new tone, to the minds of those who were led into the reading of them, as an affair of habit or fashion. Nor is it saying too much, to say that, since they came to be generally read, life has been gradually exalted, and conversation made more intellectual and refined than it was before. The grossness of common-place jocularities has given place to more decent merriment, and narrow trivialities have been changed into discussion of points of social philosophy, or of literary research.

These observations are, however, more applicable to society as it was 60 years ago than as it is now. It is to be feared that very little indeed of writing so good as that of Addison is now habitually read, even by those who find a considerable part of their recreation in books. Some taste was revived a few years ago for personal history, or perhaps personal gossip, connected with the admirable writers of Queen Anne's time; but it does not appear that any revived study of their writings

was the consequence. Something of a gaudier texture and a more exaggerated style—something more exciting and more self-flattering than the essays of Addison and his contemporaries, is found necessary for the popular palate of the present day.

The fashion of our time is to make a scientific parade whenever there is an opportunity for doing so, but Addison knew better what was requisite for being widely useful. His remarks, says Johnson, being superficial were easily understood, and being just, prepared the mind for more attainments. Had he presented “*Paradise Lost*” to the public with all the pomp of system and severity of science, the criticism would, perhaps, have been admired, and the poem still have been neglected; but by the blandishments of gentleness and facility, he has made Milton a universal favourite, with whom readers of every class think it necessary to be pleased.

Of the following passages it is difficult to say whether they are more honourable to the fame and character of the subject of them, or to the literary ability of the writer. They are a marvel of encomiastic criticism:—

“As a describer of life and manners, Addison must be allowed to stand, perhaps, the first of the first rank. His humour, which, as Steele observes, is peculiar to himself, is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never outsteps the ‘modesty of nature,’ nor excites merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can be hardly said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

“As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious: he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor impracticably rigid. All the enchantment of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the real Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision; sometimes it appears half-veiled in an allegory; sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

“*‘Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.’*”

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling, pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour.

“It was apparently his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is, therefore, sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet, if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied

amplitude, nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

Johnson admits that Addison drank too much wine, but he does not dwell upon this weakness in order to make a great man appear ridiculous. It is not unlikely, he says, that Addison was first "seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succours from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

Macaulay has said that to Addison we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. He repudiates what he calls idolatry of Addison, or any one else; for a man even of genius and virtue is still but a man. "As a man, Addison may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly in his favourite temple at Button's. But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character, but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, "sound in the noble parts," free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison; but the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information." In another part of the same essay Addison is described as an unsullied statesman, an accomplished scholar, a master of pure English eloquence, a consummate painter of life and manners; a great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing—who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

Surely such an English worthy as this should never be approached with any other feeling than that of respect.

A WELL-EARNED CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE REV. EDWARD MONRO, M.A.

“**HOW** do *you* go home, Allan—eh?” said John Smith to one of his schoolfellows on an early day in December. “Oh, how jolly to think of going home; and you and Gerald, who are so home-sick, won’t you be glad—fools as you are? You have got to go a long way.”

“Yes,” said the boy; “to the Coast of Ireland. We shall go from Plymouth by steamer all the way to Cork.”

“What, *you* and that coward, Gerald! I *should* like to be with you, and yet I *should not*. I should like to be with you because I would give the world to see you little fools in a storm, which will certainly be this Christmas, from the best authority, for though Admiral Fitzroy is dead there is as clever a one in his place. Wouldn’t I, and some others too, to see you two fellows in a storm? But I wouldn’t be with you, spite of the fun, as I hate the sea.”

“*Gerald is no coward*,” said the boy spoken to; “*that I know*, and I hope I am not either. But at least I can speak for Gerald.”

“Take that for your lie,” said the other, striking Allan full in the face.

The boy who struck him was a much bigger boy than Allan; Allan was fourteen—the boy who struck him—Wollaston—was seventeen. He heartily hated Allan and his brother. Allan’s brother, Gerald, was thirteen, a small boy of his age, though Allan was tall, a well-grown, manly fellow—in fact, one who would take a thrashing from no one. But although he would fight quickly enough for himself, he was far more ready to strike a blow in little Gerald’s cause. He was only one year older than his brother Gerald, who was as small for his age as Allan was tall and manly.

The two brothers had been at the school at Devonport for the last two years; they were Irish boys, and had, as the other boys said, “plenty of pluck in them;” they were good-looking, intelligent, happy fellows. It’s for mothers, not schoolfellows, to notice such things; but the two lads were deeply attached to each other, and though Gerald insisted always on fighting his own battles, Allan was always prepared to protect and fight for his younger brother. Although the blow that Wollaston had given him had been presented clear and heavy into his eye, and though Allan was quite prepared on the spot to vindicate his brother’s character and his own, a kindly voice, but well-known, cried, “Don’t fight boys, make up, part friends,

to-morrow are the holidays." It was Mr. Baltan, one of the masters; all the boys respected him—no master more. Mr. Baltan knew all the fellows well, and consequently knew Allan and Gerald. Wollaston was what the boys called a "sneak," and as Mr. Baltan was passing in cap and gown, after his little speech, Wollaston began to direct another blow at his small antagonist. Allan, who had been quite prepared for the fight, had at once dropped his hand at Mr. Baltan's recommendation. Wollaston took advantage of the pause, and delivered another clear blow at the face of his Irish antagonist, which cut his upper lip. Baltan turned round; he heard the blow given. "Wollaston, you are a coward," said he; "go home." Wollaston shrunk away. Mr. Baltan said nothing to Allan; but perhaps the boy guessed that the master on the whole was on his side. He would have stood up any day against any boy twice his age for his own sake, but for Gerald's sake he would have been killed.

The next day the school broke up. Some went off by train, some by steam-boat, one or two who had to go through unfrequented roads, by an old stage-coach. There was a grand rush from last school as usual. Allan and Gerald were going by the boat. As the two boys ran through the iron gate of the school-yard, Wollaston cried out, "There goes that sneaking coward who wouldn't fight me yesterday."

"You know I would have done so," said Allan, turning round, "but you know why I didn't."

And all were gone. Now most of them had applauded Wollaston's last remark, and sided against the two brothers. A few sided with them—a very few. It's a longer passage from Plymouth to the west coast of Ireland than many imagine; but at this time the winds were high and the sea immensely rough. The vessel was bound for Cork; bad weather drove her towards a well-known dangerous bay—the tremendous winds, the high swell of the waves, the sharp and jagged peaks of the rocks which rose up in the vicinity of the bay, working the waves into a still wilder state, compelled every passenger to feel more than anxious. Every face grew pale. Many were assailing the captain, making entreaties which could not be complied with, asking questions which could not be answered. In the midst of this wild scene of terror—of hopeless despair—the captain became perplexed, and some of the crew even deserted their posts, and, trying or hoping to swim to shore, deserted the vessel and their duty. The land was near—far short of a mile; but it was now growing dark. The danger became greater every moment. There was a moon—a young one—but its pale light only served to make the danger seem more imminent—the surrounding scenery more fierce and menacing. While every face wore the expression of extreme alarm, Allan and Gerald alone showed

perfect coolness and self-possession. Gerald clung to Allan; Allan's arm was round his brother; they were determined to die together; if one must die, to save each other if either could. The passengers, many of them, were clinging in agony to the captain. What could he do? He had done—he would do all he could; but he could not rule the waves, direct the winds, or bring the shore nearer. Tears and shrieks were unavailing—nay, worse, hindering the only chance of safety. No one on shore had as yet seen the danger of the vessel. The object of the captain was to communicate with the shore. The efforts of the passengers to save themselves all but made his well-directed efforts unavailing.

"Look at those boys," at last he said; "see how *they* stand it. Why, they are the youngest here, and yet there is no one on board behaving like them."

Some did look, and the very calmness of those two schoolboy brothers helped some to be more quiet. Though no one heard or noticed it, nevertheless the two lads were not quite silent as they stood together looking over the yeast of waves and waters, for they said their prayers—or, rather, Allan said them aloud, and Gerald put his hands together under his brother's cloak. The waves ran higher; the cracking and crashing of the timbers became more and more alarming. Many were the shrieks which rose from the terrified passengers—men, women, and little children.

"Who will give a helping hand to let down the boat?" said the captain. "It may save a few."

The first who answered were the two brothers, Allan and Gerald. They came up at once to the captain, and willingly offered themselves. The cheerful and happy faces of the two boys gave a happy feeling to all the passengers and the crew—yes, even cheerful and happy feelings. Two boys did it—two boys who had been laughed at at school as cowards; but who now, in the most perilous position in which a human being could be placed, were able to cheer and support others. But *there they were*. All gained courage—all gained spirit—all from the lads. Yes, *cheerfulness* is in itself a great support in a moment such as even a shipwreck. *Cheerfulness* may not seem to be much, but it is much; it gives real strength and courage to bear trouble and to sustain difficulties. The brothers were the mainstay of that apparently helpless crew, with their alacrity and their firmness. The boat, the only boat which they possessed, was lowered; the captain ordered that the women and children should escape first. The few women who were on board were placed in it; then came the turn for the young ones. There were but very few children, and they were soon in the storm-tossed boat.

"Put the two lads in," cried several of the men on board; "they deserve it well. Put the boys on board."

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Allan and Gerald, who had worked hard at the boat, and were now working hard at the pumps, looked at each other. Allan looked inquiringly. Gerald smiled.

"Will you go?" said Allan. "No," said the other. "Go, Allan."

"No. Do you want to go?" "Not I," said Gerald.

"All right." And they two worked on and refused to go. Man after man went by them, some into the boat, some to cling to spars and planks, some to swim and to sink beneath terrific breakers. But the holiday schoolboys worked on at the pump. Only a few were left, but there were a few.

"Look at the pluck of those two lads," said the captain, whose attention continued to be drawn towards them in spite of the uprear of wind and wave, and the cries and shrieks of the occupants of the boat.

There was a wild, terrible scream, which sounded over wind and wave. The boat was capsized. It was terrible to see and hear. One poor woman, who had held her child close to her bosom through the whole, saw it wrenched from her by the hungry wave, and floating off. The agony of her effort to reach it was seen by the now few survivors of the ~~fast-sinking wreck~~. Allan saw it; Gerald did not; his back was at the moment turned towards the boat.

"Gerald, boy," said Allan, "hold that, and give *that* to mother when you get home, and keep *that* yourself."

Quick almost as thought the boy had thrown off his jacket and flung it over his brother's arm. He put a little pocket-book into his hand, and threw his chain over Gerald's neck, and he was gone. There was a darting figure flashing through the air, a plunge, a head with dark hair, and two strenuous arms of a boy were seen above the water and over the heaving waves. Allan reached and held the child. The mother had been lashed senseless to a spar; no human voice could be heard over that wild tumult of nature. If any could have been heard it would have been Gerald's cry of anguish or the shout of astonished approbation from the few still clinging to the wreck at the gallant act of the noble boy. Quite senseless, with the rescued child clinging to him—his neck and breast bare—Allan was rescued by a boat, which at last had left the shore to help the occupants of the wreck. The same boat which in its bottom held the still senseless boy received in another minute or two the remainder of the crew. Gerald was rather thrown than aught else on board. The poor lad had been stupified when he saw Allan gone. There was no time for ceremony. Gerald fell on Allan's breast. The brothers were again together, and by God's merey reached the shore together alive. They were soon placed under every care at a fisherman's hut. When the first wild distraction was over, high and loud were the praises

which were ruined on the gallant conduct of the two schoolboys. In two or three days they were at home.

On Christmas morning Allan and Gerald were with their father and mother in church when thanksgivings were offered for those who had been saved from the wreck. That afternoon at the happy Christmas dinner (oh, how happy that year to all there!) Allan sat by his mother's side, and Gerald by his father's—their own old places. The two brothers, surrounded by little sisters and brothers in the Christmas room, forgot all but the joy of being at home. They knew nothing—why should they?—of their mother's pride—their father's deep-drawn satisfaction and delight. They knew nothing of the many words said by sailor and fisherman outside, written in newspapers and letter, of the two noble schoolboys, who, trusting in God and forgetting self, kept up by cheerful activity the spirits of a sinking crew, and dared all to save the life of a fellow-creature.

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

By HENRY SIMPSON.

IT is not permitted to us all, when we are called upon to travel in the path which Horace has assured us must once be trodden by both mortals and demigods, to leave behind us a name, a "deathless deathless victor." It may be, however, a source of some consolation to us, that we are permitted to torment our sorrowing friends with a last Will and Testament, which, if properly managed, may be the means of preserving our name for some time after the period at which it would otherwise fall into utter obscurity. Mournful, of necessity, the special associations of funeral upholstery, altogether apart, must be these same Wills. Our influence in this world, in which, perhaps, we were the centre of some complex human system, is confined to the effect of certain legal or illegal jargon, signed and witnessed with all proper formalities prescribed by Act of earthly Parliament. When our attendant satellites revolve in quite other orbits, when we are slowly returning to our original dust to rest unfurrowed in "God's acre" till the coming of the heavenly husbandman, our last Will is the moving cause of hopes, and fears, and passions, and to some extent, agitates and deranges society. A man's will is nearly certain to contain some slight indications of character, unless, indeed, it be made in time of sickness, or in terror at the "imago mortis." There would seem to be no reason for hypocrisy in matters which cannot see the light until after our death; in them, at least, all

that glozing pliability with which we meet the world, or that fraction, with large denominator, of humanity which stands us in that stead, all masks of fair seeming and tricks of courtesy might, we should think, be laid aside. We have here an opportunity of exhibiting ourselves to our friends as they have never known us, but as we have known ourselves, and as nature and the influences of the world have fashioned us. A mean, pitiful scoundrel will enjoy by anticipation the chagrin of those in whose minds he may have excited expectations which he meant to disappoint, and will exact to the last scruple all that supple fawning and abject servility from which a golden result is fondly expected. A good man, on the other hand, will scrupulously abstain from raising vain hopes, and to no one, therefore, will he be a cause of mortification "weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

We have heard a great deal lately about Napoleon, who was, of course, a great man, and not the less because his companions were Famine, Disease, and Death, and his enemies Happiness and the Sisters of Peace. That great men can do mean actions we know from the experience of history, but not even the authority of the third Napoleon—master of many legions, Colossus of modern Europe as he may be—shall persuade us that the acts are less mean because they were committed by great men. By the will of Napoleon, which was made at St. Helena, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons, he bequeathed 10,000 francs to the man who attempted to assassinate the only enemy he ever feared. So low did he stoop—he, the greatest captain of his age, the cynosure of a world's regards, the genius of destiny to millions of people, whom the eulogy of partisanship would exalt to the majesty of a demigod! Yes, this is the conqueror of Wagram and Austerlitz; but the victorious eagles, the captured cannon, the awful paraphernalia and stage properties of war no longer attend him; it is the man Napoleon alone with *himself*. Good Izaak Walton—dear to the memory of anglers, the biographer of Hooker and Donne—concerns himself in his Will for the benefit of certain poor and deserving people; and Samuel Johnson takes care that so far as lies in his power his faithful negro servant, Frank, shall not know the misery of want. These are the figures which, when the history of the world shall be written in a proper spirit, will stand out in its pages clear and bright and eternal.

The ruling passion is often curiously exhibited in the making of Wills. We have heard of a litigiously-inclined testator who so bequeathed his property as to compel the nominal participants in it to settle some of the most subtle questions at law before they could touch a penny. The lamentable history of the Will of the money-grubbing Thellusson is too well known to need recounting here. Numberless instances will occur to every reader, of unworthy passions carried beyond the grave; cases of fatuous vanity, hatred, greed, and, lastly, of

pride—as to which Sir Thomas Browne might well exclaim with all the fervour of gratitude, “I thank God, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father sin, not only of man but of the devil—pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyllable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world.” To these fruitful sources may be traced many of the dissensions which have severed the bonds of family union, created malice and heartburning between brother and sister, envy and evil-speaking between father and son, and conjugal bitterness between husband and wife. And thus do we, like wasps, keep our memories green by the stings which we leave behind us when our bodies have become inert and useless. There is, however, some comfort in the reflection that “men’s works have an age like themselves, and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration.”

Spelman, on the authority of St. Jerome, denies that there are any instances in the Scriptures of the making of Wills prior to the time of Christ. He says that the commonly-cited testaments of Noah and Jacob are more in the nature of compacts or agreements, but admits that the expressions that Aehitophel “put his house in order” previously to hanging himself, and that Hezekiah was commanded to “put his house in order, for he should die,” point to a proceeding something akin to the making of a Will. Solon introduced the practice at Athens, but it appears to have been unknown to the Romans before the promulgation of the laws of the twelve tables. It was not in use by the Germans in the time of Tacitus, who tells us the manner in which property devolved among the northern nations upon the death of its possessor. The authentic records which we have of the Wills of King Alfred and others prove the antiquity of the practice in this island. That this is one of the privileges of every sane Briton above the age of infancy is, however, sufficient for our present purpose.

Let us suppose that it is necessary to consult the Will of our departed friend Tomkins. To effect this object, we shall have to direct our steps to St. Paul’s Churchyard, and make enquiries for the mysterious region known as Doctors’ Commons. Doctors’ Commons has been somewhat shorn of its ancient glories. In its vicinity were held the courts whose province it was to pronounce judgment upon all ecclesiastical delinquents, which in former times comprised a very large class of offenders. The officers of these courts, like the archdeacon in the Frere’s tale of Chaucer “boldely did execution in punishing

Of defamation, and brouterie,
Of chirehereves, and of testaments,
Of contracts, and of lack of sacraments,
Of usure, and of simonie also.”

The Will Office is, however, still left, and there we shall find the testament of our friend Tomkins. At the south-west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard is an archway known as the lodge, under which, in all weathers, may be seen several men, with white aprons and shining brass plates, which signify nothing in particular, ready to do the honours of the place for a small pecuniary reward. Through the archway, passing the house of the Dean of St. Paul's on the right, we come into Great Carter-lane, and here are more men with white aprons, who eagerly press their services upon us. Failing an engagement, they adjourn to a hostelry at the corner of the court, through which lies our way, and there, with others of the white apron guild, converse, doubtless upon the evanescence of sublunary prosperity. They were a thriving set once, these of the white aprons, when all sorts of people had business to transact at Doctor's Commons, and before the Hercules of law reform had commenced his labours. The meaning of the white aprons we never could discover, and leave the matter to Herr Teufelsdrückh, or his editor, Mr. Carlyle, to be dealt with when the Philosophy of Clothes comes to be further developed. Through the aforesaid public-house-cornered court, passing dingy offices of once-flourishing proctors, we come at last to Knight-Rider-street, and nearly opposite to us is the Will Office, which we are in quest of.

Before we can obtain attention at the Will Office, we must provide ourselves with a search-stamp, for which we shall have to pay a shilling, and which we can obtain at the shop of Mr. Melchizedek, the law stationer. Mr. Melchizedek is, we suppose, engaged on business of importance with the Chief Rabbi, for it is Mrs. M. who dispenses the stamp with a grace and affability which cannot fail to charm the heart of the haughtiest customer. Armed with this shilling's-worth of authority, we cross the road, and having accomplished another thirty-yards of passage, enter the Will Office. The door is substantial, thickly studded with bosses of iron, and calculated to resist the stoutest efforts of any gentleman of predatory propensities. In the entrance are disposed several yards of leather-piping for use in case of fire, together with a board, containing a warning against the wicked practices of our friends of the white aprons, who, it appears, are in the habit of giving themselves out as functionaries attached to the office, and fleeing those who may unwarily give credence to their pretensions. Our first exclamations on entering the Search Room of the Will Office are those of amazement. Who can all these people be? Where do they come from? What do they want here? The answers can only be supplied by conjecture, assisted by that art of divination which most of us put in practice when we find ourselves in a miscellaneous company of people. They are, we verily believe, drawn from

all classes of society; every constituency of English life has a representative. Here is the prim baronet of ten years' creation, who exacts "Sir John," or "Sir James" from his domestics with the severest punctilio, and reads long lectures to small boys, who, engrossed in their devotions to marbles or peg-top, forget to touch their caps to him as he rides round his lately-purchased estate. Here are merchants, brokers, tradesmen, clergymen, farmers, labourers, attornies' clerks, and ladies. But sadly it must be said, that the class which, in this age of word manufacture and adoption, has come to be denominated "seedy," greatly prevails in numbers here. Their habiliments, emblematic of sorrow for some dear departed, have begun to grow white at the seams; the hat-band of inconsolable grief has seen its last day of glossiness; the gloves have succeeded at length in exposing the fingers which they have so long hidden. As for the ladies, they are of a kind which are seldom to be met with except in such places as these. Crinoline is an abomination to them, and they would scorn to dignify with the name of bonnets the slips of things with which our sisters now-a-days delight to crown the edifice of their beauty. No; they wear good, sensible bonnets, which come a clear four inches over the face, and answer the purpose of protectors from sun and rain, for which they were originally intended; such bonnets, in short, as that with which *Punch* adorns the head of Mrs. Gamp, when he thinks proper to place that hardly-worked female before the public in an artistic form.

The Room, known as the Search Room, in which this heterogeneous assembly is gathered together, is about fifty feet long, and has an unpleasantly grubby look, and a pungent, dusty atmosphere, which is peculiarly irritating to the mouths and noses of those who have to respire it. There are sundry boxes or pens ranged along each side of the room, in which are seated the various officials, and certain mysterious names in neat German text are inscribed above the respective boxes. There are four or five sloping desks fixed in the middle of the room for the convenience of the public. The shelves on all sides are filled with huge leather-covered volumes, containing the wills of many generations of testators; but these constitute only a fraction of the peculiar treasures of the place. In dismal underground cellars, in rooms overhead, in every nook and cranny of this queer place, we shall find the bleated leather-covered volumes. The Act of 1857, abolishing the testamentary jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, which once had exclusive control over all matters connected with Wills, has, of course, had the effect of enormously increasing the stock of testamentary literature in Doctors' Commons. According to the new regulations, every Will relating to English property eventually finds its way

here, for although it may be proved in one of the district courts, yet there is a monthly clearance from thence to Doctors' Commons.

Formerly only such wills as in any way came under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury were deposited here. Copies of wills, dated as far back as 1368, engrossed on parchment and strongly bound into volumes with brass clasps, may still be seen. The original wills bear date from 1488, and it is a complaint, which must enlist the sympathies of all who regard the subject from an antiquarian and literary point of view, that greater facilities are not afforded to those who might wish to search the archives of the Will Office, for the purpose of elucidating points of historical and biographical importance. It is believed that much rare information is to be found among these records which cannot be acquired from any other source, and the dog-in-the-manger spirit which seems to regulate the matter is, to say the least, to be regretted.

The Wills which have been lately proved, and are, therefore, of the very highest importance to those whose interests they may concern, are kept in a fireproof safe, which is called the "Strong Room." The greatest treasure of the place is, of course, the will of Shakspeare, which is written on three folio sheets, with the poet's name signed at the bottom of each. A small photograph from the Will may be seen in the very interesting and able work of Mr. Hays Friewell upon the portraits of Shakspeare. Here are also deposited the Wills of Napoleon, before referred to, Vandyke, Izaak Walton, Inigo Jones, Isaac Newton, Dr. Johnson, and also of Milton. The will of Milton, being made after his blindness, was what is called a nuncupative will; the testator verbally signifying his intentions, which are reduced into writing in the presence of witnesses. It is to be lamented that the wishes of our blind English Homer were not regarded, for the parties interested quarrelled, and the Will was set aside by a decree of Sir Leoline Jenkins.

To accomplish the object of our visit, which, it will be remembered, was to obtain a sight of the will of Tomkins, we must take the stamp which we obtained from Mrs. Melbisedek to an obliging gentleman whom we shall find in a box on the right hand as we enter the room. He gives us in exchange a square piece of paper with "Tomkins" upon it, and directs us to a young gentleman on the opposite side of the room, for further information. This next is a very civil official, whose only noticeable characteristic is, that, like the Friar in Chaucer,

"Somewhat he lapsed for his wantonnesse
To make his English sweete upon his tonge."

This gentleman takes the piece of paper, and, after inscribing some cabalistic characters upon it, asks if Tomkins is a male or female, and the year in which he or she died, to which we return the proper

answers. He then hands to us a strongly-bound volume, containing the names of all the testators of that particular year, whose names begin with T. Having worked our way to one of the sloping desks in the middle of the room, we commence searching this index, which contains a reference to the volume or place of deposit of each will. When we have discovered the name of our friend, we hand the book back to the official from whom we received it, and signify our success. He then makes some more marks on the square piece of paper, and passes us on to another gentleman, who rejoices in the fee-simple in possession of a box some four feet square at the further end of the Search Room. This fresh acquaintance relieves us of the square piece of paper, and recommends us to rest for awhile in a room to the right, called the Reading Room. After the lapse of a few minutes only—a circumstance that speaks much for the excellent system that must be in force—the Will is brought to us, and we are soon in possession of all that we are ever likely to know of the last legally-expressed wishes of Tomkins. We are attempting to transcribe some part of the will, but are suddenly drawn up by a gentleman seated at the end of the room, whose business it is to see that we do nothing of the kind. He intimates that we can have, at a small expense, a copy of the will or of any part of it, which will be made for us by one of the industrious gentlemen peened up in the next room. This is a necessary precaution against attempts to deface or mutilate the wills.

We have many neighbours in this reading-room, who look terribly serious, and talk in subdued tones. Next to us are two Quakeresses, but whether they are fair or not we cannot tell, for their bonnets are ever in such close proximity as to form a tunnel of sober millinery, and to hide altogether the human face divine. Fingers, evidently in remonstrance, are ever and anon pointed at the Will, which is lying on the table, and we find ourselves giving expression to a hope that the peaceful establishment of some Broadbrim may not hereafter be disturbed by reason of the conference which is now going forward. Opposite is a plausible-looking man, who seems to us to be tottering on that narrow plank which separates honesty from roguery. He is placed between two youths, and is reading, with peculiar emphasis, a Will in which they are interested. Every now and then he stops to follow up some emphasis with a commentary. We ask ourselves—Is this man playing the Devil's game? Is he inciting his companions to tear open the cicatrised wounds of domestic misery, to drag into the glare of publicity the faults and failings of those to whom they are bound by ties of blood—in a word, to plunge an honest family into all the complicated horrors of a Chancery suit or a contested Will case? One old fellow, we notice, has been unable to preserve a dry eye through his task; another man, who looks as if he might be anything,

from the director of a small insurance company to a collector of used-up postage-stamps, goes off muttering curses, not loud, but deep. Clerks are there with whom this is a mere matter of business; and persons also who have no business anywhere, and apparently drop in at all sorts of places for the express purpose of hindering those who have work to do. As we take our departure from the Will-Office, we cannot help thinking of it as a connecting link between life and the grave, which, as old Dunbar has it, "follows life with gaping mouth." On one side we hear the roar of sensual existence; on the other we feel the stillness of the charnelhouse, and between the two are some blurred characters which we call our Last Will and Testament.

WITH A FRIEND IN PARIS.

RANDOM NOTES OF AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

By WILLIAM SAWYER.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMÉ IN A HURRY.

SHORTLY after, I met a friend, who immediately asked me if I had been to Paris? "No," I replied. "Why don't you go?"—"I don't know." "Your friends won't speak to you."—"Won't they?"—"They'll cut you."—"Will they?"—"You can get there in four days."—"Can I?"—"You might do it in three."—"Might I?"—"You would be deluged."—"Would I?"—"You should go."—"Should I?"—"You ought to go."—"Ought I?"—"Oh, why then, if I might, could, should, and ought, I will go, and that immediately."

So poor old Charles Mathews—*Charlie père*, not *Charlie fils*—opened one of his once famous *At Homes*. I quote it, partly because it would form a capital motto to these papers when any enterprising publisher feels disposed to give me a thousand pounds for the right of republishing them (and I may say, at once, that I am quite open to the offer), and partly because they suggest what a blessing it is for us Englishmen that we didn't live forty years ago, and do live now. Get to Paris in three days! Why, I breakfasted in London and slept in Paris, and while poor dear old Charlie would have been rattling and grumbling along in that precious diligence, I had seen all I have described, and more than I shall describe, and was sitting in the

parterre of the Grand Opera, as much at home as if I had been born a Parisian.

I was rather disappointed with that same Grand Opera. They have, among other Imperial works, built a new opera house, but I have not seen it. The only bright part about the old house was the Emperor's box; on the left of the stage. You knew it from the velvet drapery under it, which had the Imperial arms in the centre, and was covered with golden bees. There has not been much chance of that part of the house getting very dingy of late years. A new Government involves new decorations for that box; and the French have kept the upholsterer pretty well employed upon it.

There was a French company singing when we were there; and the novelty was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, of which I have only to say that the *prima donna* sustained the heroine pretty well, and that the tenor, whoever he was, and I forget who, made inordinate use of his falsetto, whereat the Parisians were delighted. The house was crammed. So was the Opera Comique, to which we ventured the next night. Not that the opera, *Fra Diavolo*, promised more in the way of novelty than did the work of the night before. But, in spite of its age, it really was novel in several respects. It was necessary to make it a comic opéra to suit the taste of the house, and this was accomplished by Fra Diavolo (who also did a great deal in falsetto) being taken into custody instead of being shot, as is usually the case in the last act. But what was more amusing was the rendering of the characters of Lord and Lady Allcash. In the English version his lordship is—but I needn't tell you what he is. You recollect his putting his hair in paper, his exciting the jealousy of her ladyship by kissing the chamber-maid's hand, and so on. The character of Lady Allcash will also be familiar to you. But the French entirely alter both, and render them in accordance with their universal contempt of the English. Their Lord Allcash is an elderly English farmer of fifty years ago, with the low-crowned hat and top-boots. And the chief fun they extract from him is in the way of making him speak broken French. Every time he opens his mouth he either uses a wrong word or mispronounces the word he uses, and so creates "unextinguishable laughter" among the audience. For, as you know, there is no joke of such universal relish as that which is raised by the wrong use of words. How we laugh at the Cockney! And how the Cockney, oblivious of his own shortcomings, roars at the countryman's English! As for Lady Allcash, she was a dowdy with a bonnet of forgotten seasons, a long veil such as our grandmothers rejoiced in and fashion has just revived, and a tendency to commence every sentence with "O, yes"—a point of which the French never tired.

We did not visit any other theatres. I rather wanted to go to the Porte St. Martin, the fountain of English melodrama, where they had been playing a wonderful dramatic concoction, for I don't know how many nights. But though we might have "supped full of horrors" for a franc or two, we didn't. We took lighter fare; we went to Franconi's circus, in the Champs Elysées—it is called the Cirque de l'Imperatrice—which was crammed to the roof. The performances were first-class; but there was no great novelty, except the fact of a lady jumping through forty paper hoops in succession is novel. We also spent an hour at Musard's, which is on the opposite side of the Champs Elysées. This was an entertainment *à la Jullien*. It took place in a circular garden, in the centre of which is a gorgeous temple—one blaze of illumination—where a good band is accommodated. It is surrounded with chairs, and there is an outer circle for a promenade. As there were no vocalists, and the band chiefly played waltzes and quadrilles which you couldn't dance to, I was not disposed to think Musard's particularly lively, or particularly cheap even at a franc. Yet there were a great many people there. I fancy people think it "select," and you know selectness is cheap at any price.

It was on the morning after Musard's that I was standing on the steps of our hotel, listening to a French costermonger, who cried his goods as if he was running a chromatic scale, when I for the first time noticed that indispensable institution, the postman. He was, at the moment talking to a policeman (in a cocked hat, and with a brass-



hilted sword, in place of *bâton*), and I couldn't at first make out what he was. There was something of the postman about his hat, for, strange to say, it wasn't a cocked hat, but was like the hats our own postmen used to wear, with the under-grown cockade, or whatever it is, on one side of it. But then he had on a dress-coat with very long tails, coming down to very fine points, and sprinkled here and there with brass buttons. And what was more mysterious than all, he had a black leather tray, with a lid to it, slung before him, so that he might, and, in fact, should have been a pedlar, or he could have devoted his genius to the vending of brandy-bulls. Still, he was

the postman, and carried the letters in the tray, from which I received a missive to which you owe it that this is the last you will hear of me "with a Friend in Paris."

"Well, my boy," said I, rushing out to my Friend, who was, as usual, chafing up and down the little stone court under the delusion that he was taking the air, "the fun's up. We leave to-night for England."

"To-night! Why, we haven't seen——"

I knew he was going to mention the name of a church, and he did. He had a mania for seeing churches, and yet they didn't agree with him. They made him doleful to a degree—melancholy beyond any degree. He moved about them uttering cavernous ejaculations and long-drawn sighs, putting money into boxes for masses for the souls of he didn't know who, under the idea that he was relieving the indigent, and altogether enjoyed himself in a lugubrious style, utterly painful to witness.

"Well, whatever we see, we see to-day."

And that day we worked at Paris "with a will," taking glances at things, and endeavouring to photograph their salient points upon our brains, with a rapidity almost painful.

In the course of it I permitted my Friend the sight of one church—only one—by way of a treat.

In this—I forget which it was, but it does not in the least matter, for they are too much alike for it to signify—there was a funeral service being performed. The body was brought to the church in a hearse unlike those we use—a kind of open carriage, surmounted with a canopy of black velvet, fringed and starred with silver, tarnished with long use. Under this rested the coffin of wood, quite plain, with the peculiarity of a ridged lid, like the roof of a house. The coffin, followed by six mourners, and preceded by priests in robes of black and white only, was conveyed into the choir, and there placed on a stand, railed in. The top of the railing was stuck full of wax candles, about a hundred in number, which were all lit, and burnt with a yellow, smoky light in the bright sunshine. Then a very lugubrious service for the soul of the dead commenced, a priest at the altar leading, and the responses being taken up by a trombone, which had the oddest and, at the same time, dreariest effect imaginable. In another church we had seen a violoncello used for the like purpose! It need hardly be said that a collection formed a prominent part of the service: each of the mourners dropped something into a bag carried round to them by a boy bearing a cundle as tall as himself. The passion for candles, which one can understand in a Russian priest, gives all these churches an unwholesome smell, like a chandler's shop in the early morning. The service comprised the singing of the *Agnus Dei*, and lasted a long

time. When it was over, the priests saw the corpse off into the hearse, and then went off in various directions, still wearing their robes, a custom which lends a peculiar feature to continental streets.

One of the sights to which we really devoted some time was the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. (It is named after Louis XIV's Confessor.) We reached it on the top of a bus, which fact constrains me to remark that the omnibus of Paris is, in respect to the top of it at least, a great improvement on that of London. The means of ascent are easy, and there is a high rail which renders the "knife-board" perfectly safe. Monsieur the Conductor is a wonderful fellow. He wears



a jacket, which in point of cut and adornment is the lineal descendant of the postilion of olden days. It is faced with silver, and braided like the tunic of a general officer; and, to preserve it, Monsieur wears loose sleeves, tied above the elbow, like a butcher. The cap is in keeping, and the general result is uncommonly smart. You pay as soon as the omnibus is full, the conductor collecting the money all round. This saves the bother of waiting for each passenger, as he or she gets out, according to our English plan.

The Cemetery of Père la Chaise covers one hundred acres, and is the largest City of the Dead I have looked at. It is also more like a city than most cemeteries. It is laid out with broad carriage roads, paved with stone, like the Strand, and is so vast in its proportions that it takes a good long day to go over it. The tombs are erected on terraces, and some are very fine, others very tawdry. The favourite style of tomb is one shaped like a small summer house, with a door to it. The interior is fitted up with an altar, a crucifix, and a couple of candles, so that the disconsolate friends can go in and perform their devotions when so minded. It is rather startling at first to see, as you turn down a quiet path, a mysterious figure emerge from a tomb and walk off, but you soon get used to it. The tomb of Beranger is one of the most interesting of those recently erected, and is graced with many *immortelles*, inscribed with words of affectionate endearment. But the tomb which every one asks after, and makes a point of seeing, is that of Eloise and Abelard. While we were trying to find it we met groups of people of all nations engaged in the same pursuit, making enquiries and giving mutual information. When we did find it,

of course it was under repair. I need not describe the tomb, further than to say that the figures of the interesting pair lie sculptured on the top of it. For the rest, you can read fifty descriptions any day. The most touching thing to me was that it was not devoid of *immortelles*. Six centuries have passed away, and there are still young hearts beating in sympathy with the story of these hapless lovers.

I suppose it was caprice on my part; but though invited to do so by a very neat copy of verses in my pocket-book, I didn't "shed a tear" at the tomb. The fact is, I couldn't do it. I hadn't one to shed. The sympathy of others towards the dead moved me much more than anything connected with the dead themselves. I expect Pope's artificial treatment of the story (he hadn't an atom of genuine feeling) had disgusted me, and I must confess that I found something far more touching in the spot we next visited. You know that in this cemetery there are different kinds of graves, and by chance we wandered among the unfrequented *fosses communes*. These are the graves of the poor; they are, of course, humble in appearance, though most of them have wooden crosses and *immortelles*. Many are little flower-gardens; others aim at an imitation of something finer, and are adorned with cheap plaster casts, virgins, flying cupids, and so forth. But what invests them with a peculiar sadness is, that they are only temporary graves. They are only lent for five years; and I know of nothing which would lacerate the heart of even the humblest Englishman more than to know that in that time the child of his heart or the wife of his bosom would be raked up and their ashes scattered to the winds. However, 'tis said that within the time decomposition is complete.

Returning to Paris, we took a cabriolet, and did a good deal of execution among the sights in one afternoon. I find on my brain a photograph of the Pantheon, which having failed as a temple to man, is now used as a temple to God, but doesn't seem to adapt itself to the purpose readily. I also find there the Halle aux Vins, which answers to the London Docks, only that you don't so readily get a tasting order. It consists of a series of buildings of no great pretensions, in which are streets and alleys of wine in the wood. These buildings are surrounded by trees, which give the place a very pleasant aspect. Subsequently, we found ourselves at the Jardin des Plantes—the French Zoological Gardens,—which, however, are not equal to the establishment in the Regent's-park. There are a good many animals, some rare and curious, but there was nothing very startling that I could discover, nor did what was there appear to be particularly well kept. The botanical part of the affair was, I was told, interesting to scientific men, and I dare say it is. To the visitor it presented the appearance of having been sown with luggage labels, of which a goodly crop is springing up in all directions.

It was absolutely necessary to see the Palais de l'Industrie—that most recent addition to the attractions of the Champs Elysées. But I cannot say that we were at all struck with it. The building is contemptible compared either with the Hyde Park Exhibitions or the Palace of Sydenham. It is alike devoid of beauty and of magnificence. The interior is even worse than the outside view. It looks like nothing so much as a cockney tea garden under a glass roof. This idea is strengthened from the fact that no flooring has been laid down; but one walks on a fine yellow sand, into which flowers and statues seem sinking together. Some of the statuary is interesting; little of it is very fine. Exhibitions of industry are to be held here every five years; there are also annual picture exhibitions. That of modern painters which I did examine afforded me great pleasure. As a collection it gave me a very favourable idea of the state of art in France. There was not a single specimen of pre-Raphaelite handling; but, what was much better, there were a great many pictures which, in point of care, finish, and attention to details, were worth any fifty of the productions of the P. R. B. I didn't quite see the necessity for so many portraits of the Emperor. He isn't a beauty, either with or without paint. Nor is he a hero, though he does form the central figure in some enormous cartoons,—caricatures, I had written,—of Solferino and the other fields of the Italian campaign. As for the Empress, she is fair enough, and one can always gaze on that sadly tender face with pleasure; but—*toujour perdrix!* A picture which greatly pleased me was one representing Dante in the infernal regions. As a rule, artists fail miserably with Dante. Their attempts to realize the mingled sublimities and monstrosities of the great Florentine generally result in views eminently adapted to the exterior of caravans at fairs. But this artist,—I don't know his name—I never buy catalogues, because if I understand a picture, and it pleases me, I'm satisfied, and if I don't understand it or care for it, I pass on,—this artist, I repeat, has realized a scene from the Inferno so admirably that it has haunted me ever since, and will for many a long year. Is it at all significant of the state of French taste that I should have counted nine representations of the nude Venus à la Titian? Our countrymen are getting a little above the sprawling Lais stage of art, though I'm afraid they're tumbling into the less excusable and not a whit higher stage of the mediæval canonizations.

While upon art, I must just remark that we had spent a morning in the Louvre galleries, where I was chiefly interested in the copyists. You know they do not close these galleries for students as we do; but the student takes his easel and makes his copy in public. It must require some nerve at the outset to pursue your art in the midst of hundreds of scrutinizing strangers; and it is difficult to conceive how an artist can get sufficient concentration for anything more than a *mere*

copy; but they seem to get used to it. A great number of the copyists are ladies, who take off their bonnets, and sit on steps in front of immense squares of canvass, with all the complacency imaginable. I found that the chief pictures copied were of a religious character, for which, I suppose, there is the best market. I also noticed that the copies were, as a rule, exceedingly feeble; want of vigour was the chief characteristic of the best of them.

Having entered the Louvre—by a side door, as it were—I am strongly tempted to detain you there, if only to show you what I was most interested in,—the Napoleonic museum. There is a strange fascination in looking at the dress (including the old grey coat) and all the personal appointments of that marvellous man.

But I must away.

It was midnight when we reached the terminus from which we were to start for the coast. And Paris was just subsiding into slumber as we picked out an empty carriage and expressed a fervent wish that we might be the only passengers, and might thus secure a good sound sleep to Dieppe. For a time it seemed as if our wish would be gratified; and I had actually shifted the cushions so as to form a pillow, when the door burst open and there sprang in two other passengers.

I cannot say that we gave them a greeting altogether fraternal. We, in fact, suggested that they had made a mistake, and that their friends were in the next carriage.

But the strangers only laughed, and informed us in English that all the other carriages were full. From the peculiar twang of the voice we knew at once that the speakers were Americans, and before the journey was over I was as delighted with their company as I had been at the outset anxious to avoid it. Before we had gone 20 miles it had transpired that these two Americans stood in antagonistic relations one to the other. One was from the Southern and the other from the Northern States. They were friends travelling together, but each taking an active part on the side of his own States. They made no secret of this to each other; but rather kept their relative positions prominently before them.

The Carolina man took my fancy uncommonly. I was never tired of looking at him and listening to him. You could see that he was an American. His hair hung about his head in long skeins. His eye was black, his cheek bones high, his nose of the Roman type, his mouth large. His hat and clothes seemed alike too big for him; and what gave him a singular appearance was, that over his clothes he wore a loose light blouse, to preserve them from the dust,—a pure American fashion. During the night he curled himself up in a long rug, and smoked incessantly, drinking neat brandy, of which he had a quart bottle, and occasionally cramming large quantities of pie, sand-

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wiches, and Bologna sausage into his capacious mouth. These habits did not seem favourable to the cultivation of the intellect; but he had provided himself with a large bag of books in French, German, and English, which he devoured at intervals. They consisted of history chiefly; but there was German poetry, and in the course of conversation he quoted from *Egmont*. Yet this man was a slave owner, admitted it freely, and was prepared to defend the "institution," as he called it, at any length.

But I was not so much interested in his defence as in what his companion stated as the opinion of the North on slavery. "We don't look at it at all," he said, "from the European point of view. We're not shocked at its wickedness, and we don't believe in half the stories of cruelty we hear, and simply, on this principle, that a slave will cost a man a thousand dollars, and he's bound to be pretty careful of him. As for the young slaves they are 'raised' with the master's own boys, and they 'play around' together, and the young master grows up to look on 'em 'most as his own brothers. But we oppose slavery because we say it's a bad spec. It's a curse to a country to git them infernal niggers into it,—a lazy, ungrateful, thieving set,—and the sooner the 'institution's' put an end to, and they're shipped off out of the country right away, so much the better for America." "And," he added in a whisper, "the South knows this, and would be precious glad to see their way out of the wood."

We crossed in prime style. The Americans were most anxious to catch the first glimpse of "the white cliffs," and still more so to distinguish the port. But the sight of Newhaven rather staggered them. I believe England went down five hundred per cent. in their estimation as they looked upon the insignificant wooden piers and landing-place. Under the Despotism we had just left, all this would have been of granite.

But a beef-steak, broiled with the gravy in it, and only a dash of ketchup to heighten, not destroy, its flavour, fetched England up again to its right place. It was declared inimitable, and we parted on the strength of it.

In an hour we were in town.

THE WORLD'S LOTTERY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

By O'DELL, TRAVERS HILL.

"Take hence the world," cried Jove, from upper Heaven ;

"Take it, ye sons of earth, yours shall it be ;

I give it you for tillage, toil, and leaven,

Yet share it with each other brotherly."

Then hastened every strong two-handed being,

Both young and old, to take what pleased his mood ;

The husbandman swift to the meadows fleeing,

While the gay youth went sporting through the wood.

Their portions chosen ; when they had departed

Drove nigh the poet, lost in poet's care,

And sought a home in tears, and broken-hearted,

For greedy men had settled everywhere.

"Woe me ! " he cried ; " shall I alone of others

Forgotten be—I, thy most cherished son ? "

Thus raised he loud his plaint against his brothers,

And abject knelt before the Thunderer's throne.

" If thou wilt linger by the wayside musing, "

Returned the god, " then lay it not to me.

Where wert thou when each one his part was choosing ? "

The poet said, " I was adoring thee.

" Mine eyes were fastened on thy glorious vision,

Mine ears to Heaven's harmonies were chained ;

By thee enchanted from the world's division,

I lingered musing when the prize was gained."

" What shall I do ? " cried Jove, his bosom swelling,

Nor land nor forest hunting, nought is mine ;

Wilt thou in Heaven make with me thy dwelling ?

If thou wilt only come, it shall be thine."

A CORONET AT LAST, A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or True to the Last."

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—ISID.

CHAPTER XI.

CONSPIRATORS.

IT was about six o'clock the same evening that two gentlemen were seated in a gloomy back parlour in Lincoln's Inn. The gas was lit, the fire was burning, and hot water and spirits stood upon the table, but nothing could give an air of comfort to the apartment. A dusty, dark carpet and dusty dingy curtains, were matched with an ancient paper on the walls, and furniture unaccustomed to receive the improvement of polish. In the recesses by the fire side huge iron safes were piled one upon another to the ceiling, and against the walls, where a book-case would have been a welcome object, boxes that had "Deeds" painted in white letters upon them supplied the deficiency. Two over-filled waste-paper baskets adorned either side of the fender, and the large dining-table was untidy with documents. There was, however, on the reverse side a narrow, old-fashioned bookcase placed in a corner and filled with law books. The close, astute countenance of the one, and the self-tormented, ill-at-ease expression visible on the other, that bespoke a mind unprincipled, unsatisfied, and unhappy, suited better the dingy aspect of the room than the glow of the gaslight. The master of the house was one, evidently, who having perfect control over himself, loved the glare that revealed most the betraying trifles of physiognomy; the other winced under it—he liked the blinking old candles of his boyhood, that concealed as much as they pretended to discover. There is no side away from the light with gas—no obscure corner—no doubtful movement admissible—no turning the countenance partly in the shade.

"If the case is investigated, you are lost."

"Don't say I; you are equally involved."

"Not equally, though involved."

"Well, involved very unpleasantly."

"Certainly; and therefore interested in stopping further proceedings."

"If we can only get rid of him as you propose ——"

"Get him out of the country, by all means."

"But suppose your plans fail?"

"I think I have managed that adroitly."

"Are there no relatives to fear—no people who will be poking their noses into the affair and raise suspicion by their gossip?"

"He is to carry the only members of his family with him; one as his wife, the other an old woman. The climate will probably affect her health, but we have no reason to wish that. The wife-elect is the only individual to dread."

"How?"

"She seems, from his report, to be a woman of clear sense, energy, and courage—the very things in which he is deficient."

"I do not see that she can endow him with her qualities."

"No; but she can influence him, and already urges him to meet a trial."

"You say you have succeeded with *him*?"

"Perfectly."

"And yet you dread this woman?"

"Were she his wife, instead of his sweetheart, I should give all up. I should advise our own flight instead of his."

"And why? I do not see the difference in your light."

"This Mary is in love, as they call it; and that weakness must betray her. I can only pervert her judgment by working upon her feminine feelings."

"I confess to utter ignorance about women's sensibilities. I should like to know how you propose to do it."

Mr. Picklebury showed his teeth, and a gentle chuckle was audible. "Women are like fox-hunters. When a marriage is started, they'll run it down and be in at the death—I should say the wedding. They are absurdly frightened at the bare possibility of anything coming between them and the plain gold ring; they will do anything to secure their position, and look round them afterwards. When the altar is in view it bounds it; they can see nothing beyond it or above it, or on either side of it, and they will jump over any obstacle to get at it. It is the handle by which I pull the bell, and the bell summons my servant. Mark you, if the handle were not there, I could not reach the bell, and my servant would remain where she is."

His companion listened in evident admiration.

"I am to call on these ladies to-night. Having shown them all the dangers of his position, as I did to himself, with the weighty authority attached to the words of a servant of the law, I will point out to Miss Mary that she may lose a husband, and even should she follow him to a penal settlement, years must elapse before he could call her his, during which he might die—by no means an unlikely consequence of prison fare and discipline on the frame of a man used to luxury

and comfort, to say nothing of the mental agony. I will ask her how she could bear to see him with a close-cut head, dressed as a convict, and working in chains in the burning sun of a public road, whilst grief and time are undermining her attractions, and ruthless fate cruelly separating those who might mutually comfort mutual afflictions. I shall not use this by way of argument—I expect to find the lady too shrewd for that; if I did so she would immediately perceive I wished to bring about his liberation and their marriage, and would suspect I had some powerful motive of personal interest in my design. But I shall condole with her, play the sympathizing, tender friend, and towards the aunt act the polite gentleman of the old school. All this will transpire accidentally after I have once gravely and as a matter of business stated how his case stands, and how certain his fate, legally, must be. I shall say, ‘If you failed to recognize him, if you thought your interview sufficient, if you did not send for Mr. Burlington and he was discharged, they might fly instantly across the water and proceed with as little delay as possible to the East, since, should any chance person recognize him, he would again be thrown into prison.’ I shall allow my feelings to be moved by her and for her; I shall promise to persuade you as to the mistake in his identity! If I succeed with the lady as I hope, nothing will remain but for you to appear to-morrow and swear that he is not the man. I shall see that the excitement is kept up with them, and in their flutter and perturbation they will be glad to have me to put them in the boat, and I shall keep up a correspondence and see them shipped for China myself. I shall become thoroughly acquainted with all their money-affairs to-night, and shall promise to settle for them on very moderate terms.”

“And why not for nothing, since you are so friendly?”

“Because if a lawyer did business for nothing it might raise suspicion.”

“Your plans are excellent, Picklebury—excellent. I should be a lost man without you. You are worth what you cost.”

Mr. Picklebury took the compliment calmly.

“And when do you wait on these ladies?”

“Directly,” replied the man of business, looking at his watch. “Will you remain here till my return, or come and meet me. Probably I shall stay late. There will be a great deal to say. I shall not be there before eight o’clock. They will talk over the business point of view for an hour at least, and then offer me supper—pretty well another hour. This makes me friendly, and the friendly colloquy will take Heaven knows how long with women. Then comes the detail of their private affairs to be left in my hands, after which the arrangements for flight, and then, ten to one, they will go through the whole business again, from the very beginning. It will be near two

o'clock before I get off. You know the street—ten minutes' walk from Hyde Park Corner.

"I shall come and meet you."

"It is a terrible expenditure of time for a professional man, but the ground to be gained is worth it."

"But, Picklebury, what if your plans fail?"

"Then we must fly, Woodward."

CHAPTER XII.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BERNARD had not been to see little Johnny Dawkins for upwards of a week. The unequal temperature and sudden changes from cold to warmth, and then back to cold again, had affected both rich and poor. Amongst the latter class were many claiming Romilly's good offices. The little child had lingered so long that his parents began to hope he would ultimately be spared to them, but it was wisely ordained otherwise. As his benevolent teacher quietly threaded the narrow streets two days after the conversation recorded between himself and his landlady, he did not think how soon the little sufferer was to be called away. As he stooped under the black rag doll and entered the humble shop, a neighbour with a baby wrapped in a shawl rose from a low stool, and said, "Johnny's dying at last, poor little fellow! They're both upstairs, with hearts mostly broken. Will you step up, sir? They will be glad to have the comfort of your company. I'm here minding the shop a bit."

He ascended the stairs with slow and silent steps. They led right into the room, and before he reached the top he could see the little fellow propped up in bed by two high white pillows fringed with lace, with a beautiful coverlet thrown over the narrow little bed. There was a strange contrast between these things and the mean room. His little hands were clasped enthusiastically, and in a feeble voice he uttered a fervent prayer. But down, at the foot of the bed beside his mother knelt Jim, the scorner, uttering word for word after the child, though sobs and tears rendered his voice half inarticulate. Bernard moved so gently that his entrance was not perceived, and sinking on his knees a little behind them he bent respectfully before the voice of prayer. When the sounds ceased, in the rich impressive tone natural to him, he cried, "Oh! God, who out of the mouths of babes hath perfected praise—oh! Holy Spirit—now present amongst us, bless the late repentance of those kneeling here before Thee. Answer, we beseech Thee, the prayer of the dying child. We thank Thee who hast softened the obdurate heart of the father, and by means of a little one drawn the mother towards the truth, so that when thou

takest him to dwell among the mansions of the blest (and of such is the kingdom of Heaven), there may be a glorious hope of the meeting beyond the grave." The voice of Romilly was so unexpected and surprising that it deeply affected his hearers, and the eloquence with which he delivered his words gave them a double force. Jim buried his face in his hands and continued sobbing. Mrs. Dawkins came towards him, and he pressed her hand kindly in token of sympathy.

"I am so glad you have come," said the child; "I have been dreaming of you. I dreamt that I was in Heaven, and the angels told me they loved you, and were sent night and day to watch round your path."

"Johnny has wished for you so often. Look at Jim, sir; that is all your work. Nay, I know whom I'm to thank now, and so do he, sir, but that don't prevent our owing you something. Now Jim said, sir, and they are his very words, 'The gentleman would make nothing of what he does for us, but that won't prevent my being grateful—not a bit of it. I'll tell you what, mother,' he says to me, 'the Lord's wonderful good and wonderful strong if he makes people act like Mr. Romilly;' and with that, sir, he fell to thinking of them things. Why, it was you persuaded him to give up the drink, and do you think I could ever be grateful enough for that?"

"He has kept his word and acted like a man of honour. I hoped as much from him."

"He has, sir, and blessed comfort it has brought to this poor house. There has been twice the money to spend in a week, and not one quarter of the bad words and quarrelling! Why, my Jim arn't given me an unkind answer. What do you think of that, now, sir?"

Jim having overcome the outburst of grief, rose from his knees, wiped his eyes in a red cotton handkerchief, and came forward much in the manner a large dog would do when lately conscious of guilt.

"There's more in it than that, sir, if I might be so bold as to speak," he said. "Keeping out of the public, I had nothing to do like, and mighty time for thinking. There was no way of getting rid of thoughts; you see they haunted me as ghostesses does wicked houses, I being a wicked man undoubtedly, and my head, clear as it had never been, was quite empty for the use of the same. Well, there was I thinking and thinking, and what you had often said would rise up before me as if your voice were whispering in my ear, and then I listened to what that dear little lamb said. I told you I'd be took with a praying fit, and so I were."

"Jim, it makes me very happy to hear you say this," Bernard exclaimed in a low voice, grasping the other's hand. The ceremony over, Jim withdrew his broad palm and examined both sides

of his hand with extended fingers, then looking up at Mr. Romilly: "It's the first time," he said, "but it's took me and it's got me now. I am very glad, and I feel quite happy in spite ov that"—and he pointed to the bed—"and I must feel grateful to you all my life, as my good woman said."

"I am but the means, and if you feel that any service has been rendered I want you to look higher, Jim, to Him who gives all good things."

"I feel all that, sir, now; but look'ee, this is it—if a man recommends me a job ov work, its the master that pays me, and it is the master I must look to and strive to please; but I thanks he as recommended me a good thing into the bargain. Do you take my meaning, sir?"

"Certainly I do, and your argument is very well put. As long as you tender them in that light, I cannot refuse to receive your thanks."

"But you have had a benevolent visitor here, I see," pointing to the lace and the warm quilt.

"A young lady sent them—an angel, I might say—and she is in affliction herself, too—a time when folks often cannot think of others, but it seems to have softened her heart."

"Did she come here to see Johnny?"

"To be sure she did, sir, and when she saw how he was lying she sent us a spare bed and the very pillows off her own, putting them into these beautiful cases, and her own quilt, shifting at home with an old shawl to keep her warm, because they were angry with her for sending it away, and would not give her another, but she refused to let me bring it back. And look here, sir, and here, and here, at the things she sent to make the child comfortable."

"How came you to meet?"

"I was sent fer to lay out the dead, and I've previous like done a good bit of charing for them, and the young lady, who was very gentle and pleasant spoken—not a bit proud—took on so grievously at the sight of death, and the funeral, and one thing and another, that I made bold to comfort her, and said my own dear child was dying, and I obliged to leave him to earn a trifle. So then she asked me a lot of questions, and helped me at work herself, sir, to get me home sooner, and came here once or twice and sat with the child when I were away. Now, is not that like an angel, sir? She has such a sweet face and such kind eyes, and to judge by what they have about the house they must be a very good family. But I should like to tell you everything another time, only now may I ask you to read to little Johnny?"

Bernard complied, and Jim Dawkins seated himself on a chair in a humble attitude, with his hands folded. His wife took a stool in the

chimney corner. Little Johnny held his teacher's hand tight, and lay so that his eyes could rest on his face whilst he read; when he had finished he still lay in the same position.

"Teacher," he whispered in a low voice, "I can hear such beautiful music. I have heard it all day."

"Johnny has fancied that ever since the morning."

"He has not fancied it," interrupted Jim; "I have heard it myself, and I hear it now."

They listened, but no sound reached the ears of Mrs. Dawkins or Romilly.

"Jim don't generally hear very well, and I'm sure there's no one in the neighbourhood to play music."

"It is not like music I ever hear played," objected Jim; "it is very beautiful and very wild-like—no tune, and sometimes loud, sometimes soft. It is very near now."

"It is the angels," Johnny asserted; "they are coming closer. Sing with them, I should like you to sing. Mr. Romilly, will *you* sing? Let it be the hymn 'We are coming.'"

In another moment the little room echoed to the words,

We are coming, we are coming,
Pressing onwards through the gloom;
Hear the story, how there's glory
In the land beyond the tomb,
In Heaven.

We are coming, we are coming;
Hear you not the Saviour call?
Take my hand then, and join our band then
There are peace and joy for all,
In Heaven.

We are coming, we are coming,
In the spirit to His throne;
Oh, the power of that hour
When we're pardon'd as His own,
In Heaven.

We are coming, we are coming,
Sing the angels on their way;
This is dying—would Love sighing,
Keep us back another day,
From Heaven?

The child had joined softly in the first verse, and then listened in silence with a smile on his face and an abstracted look, as if he beheld something not visible to them. When the song ceased Bernard bent down and saw that the little spirit had fled whilst they sung. It passed away as gently and sweetly as the dying cadence of the music. The first outburst of grief was followed by a hush, and in the presence of death and that solemn stillness of overwhelming grief, Bernard was almost startled as the slight form of a young lady clothed in deep black and thickly veiled emerged from the funnel-like staircase. She com-

prehended instantly what had happened, and that she was once more in the presence of the still clay which so soon loses the likeness of the dear spirit that has passed away. She turned her head aside and burst into genuine tears. Romilly hastily took his leave and withdrew, little thinking that he stood side by side with Alice Woodward, and equally ignorant that she was the owner of the voice which had impressed him so strangely. Since the account of the inquest he determined in his own mind that it must have been some chance visitor whose musical tones had arrested his attention, if, indeed, they came from the house at all. But we have said curiosity awakened by a trifle is not so easily allayed, and on his road home Bernard did not forget to purchase a copy of the day's news.

THE MANUFACTURES OF ENGLAND.

No. III.

WARP AND WEFT.

BY BENJAMIN JESSOP MACKAY.



MAN'S mechanical genius never achieved grander triumphs than in carding, weaving, and spinning by machinery. Nor have the results to ourselves, commercially, been of less import. With a rapidly-increased production came vast superiority in design, strength, and general utility, greater cheapness to the consumer, and the springing up of a new and ever-extending trade with our own colonies and foreign peoples. On the present occasion the writer will confine himself to comments on the Woollen Manufacture as carried on at the extensive works of the Messrs. Wilson,—the Castle Mills, Kendal, Westmoreland. Kendal is the home of the once celebrated "Cottons" named thereafter, but now very little heard of in commercial circles. The whole of the premises in use by the Messrs. Wilson, and lately visited by the writer, occupy the site of the corn mills anciently belonging to Kendal Castle, and bear about them other indications of past historic interest. Their total area is 13,113 square yards; buildings in Stramongate, &c., 1,974; total, 15,087 square yards. The number of hands employed is near 500. The buildings of Castle Mills, by themselves, cover 6,230 square yards.

Of course my readers will not expect, in the short space allotted to this article, more than the veriest outline of the processes connected

with the woollen manufacture. Wool is delivered to the manufacturer in its natural condition, and has therefore to be dressed and sorted, for which various plans and apparatus are in use, as follow:—In the Sorting Room a number of ancient dames preside, each dame armed with a pair of huge shears, and many with proportionately huge spectacles. Their speciality is to go over the raw products and to cut off the knotted and dirty ends of the wools, which (in the coarser varieties) are inferior in quality to the other portions. The finer wools are not subjected to the process, but are carefully freed from dust and grease prior to manipulation, the oil for weaving and spinning purposes being laid on by the machine in the process of manufacture. Next comes the Shake Willy. Reader, have you ever seen a Shake Willy? Well, it is a contrivance by which the wool put into its “spiked” maw is freed from dirt and impurity. Just imagine that the material is very considerably torn in character, lacerated in its vitals, opened up to the world’s eye, pulled to pieces in its affections, and loosened from its grossnesses, by means of curved teeth on rollers revolving in mutual antagonism, and that the muck (heavier than the wool) falls to the bottom when released, and is collected at will,—and you know the whole secret. The cleansed wool goes thence to the Teazer, another very appropriately-named apparatus. The one in use is Leach’s improved. The Teazer might legitimately be also called a Tearer, as it tears up the wool most unmercifully, just doing “right home” what the Shake Willy inaugurated. The wool is fed to many teeth-covered rollers placed one behind the other, and the mode of the wool’s introduction is by means of a table made of ribands of wood, jointed, so that the table can work over wheels as a broad endless chain. As the wool enters between the rollers it is oiled by a very simple mechanical arrangement, and this process is the more important, as various dyed and undyed wools need different degrees of oiling.

Carding, spinning, and weaving comprise the whole of the great processes. In carding the wool passes through three machines for the best class of goods, and through two for the others, namely, the Scribbler, the Intermediate, or second carder, and the Finisher carder and condenser; the second carder is the one dispensed with in low-class products. The prepared wool enters the Scribbler similarly to the way in which the Teazer is indulged. It will be sufficient to state that one portion of this machine cleanses the wool, opens it up thoroughly, combs it, straightens its fibres, and generally fits it for the spinner; while other rollers cleanse their brother rollers, and so help on the good cause; for you must understand that wool is a dreadful thing to clog machinery. After the wool has been properly acted on by this Scribbler it is delivered at the back of the machine in the form of a fleecy rope—rope of fleecy wool—or “sliver,” as it is called in the

trade. If there are to be three cardings, the second carder, or Intermediate, takes charge of this "sliver," and mainly repeats the process of the Scribbler, only doing it still more completely. In the Finishing Carder and Condenser the use of the condenser is to do away with the need of the Slubbing Billy. The last carding process is succeeded by the elongating, straightening, and twisting action of the mules if the Condenser be used, and by that of the Slubbing Billy if otherwise. Please to understand that the carded and prepared wool must be delivered to the spinner in *very fine* slivers, or ropes, and so during the three processes wire brushes, called "cards," keep on clearing the torn up and cleansed wool from off the various cylinders of the carders in such way, and conducting it between revolving rollers in such form, that the one thick rope of the first Carder is reduced to the many fine "slivers" given off by the Condenser ready to the hands of the spinner, who simply improves upon the last thread-production by elongation and twisting. In ancient days a single thread only was spun at a time; now almost any number may be simultaneously operated on. 1,500 spindles are in the room in which the writer is now walking, with 2½ pair of Mules; and the twisting, dancing, fairy threads played on by the chameleon hues of an ever-changing sunlight, give intense life, vivacity, and novelty to the scene. The Mule is the invention of Samuel Compton, a weaver, of Bolton, who, in 1779, thus combined the principles of the water-frame and jenny. In the Mule the revolving spindles are placed on a moveable carriage, running in and out from the roller beam, so stretching and twisting the threads. In 1738 the flying shuttle was introduced, the drop-box in 1760, the spinning jenny in 1767, and two years afterwards Arkwright took out his patent for spinning with rollers; then came power looms and the Jacquard machine; and now, lately, the shuttle is proposed to be propelled by compressed air, instead of by the lever-arm and strap.

Weaving succeeds in the order of importance. Let us take the Power Loom, with the ordinary drop-box arrangement. There are many such before us, all beautiful machines, in first-class order. The object is to interlace the warp and the weft in a given way, the threads being placed at right angles to each other. The warp has been taken from one of the warping mills in the vicinity and placed in its proper position on the loom. In front of this loom there is a movable oblong frame of its own width called a "reed," fitted up with iron wires running from top to bottom, and just so close to each other as to allow the warp threads to pass between each iron wire, to keep the threads distinct. Suppose that such warp threads have been so passed. The thread ends are disposed of according to the pattern to be worked, various of the threads being attached to one framework, suspended by a pulley at the top of the loom, and certain other threads to other frames, and these

frames with their attached threads are lifted at will by the revolution of an endless pegged chain, by treadle, lever, or other suitable contrivance. The drop-box is placed at the right of the loom, and is a box in which the shuttle, covered with the weft thread, is kept. There are several of these boxes, it may be, one on the top of the other, each one containing a shuttle with different coloured weft; and they are raised or depressed by varying and suitable machinery, one box and shuttle always being at the right of the loom on a line with the warp threads. Now, if we suppose the loom to be in motion, the cogged chain or other arrangement acting on the drop-box, and the endless pegged chain or other lever controlling the warp-lifting frames, will all be in action simultaneously, with the machinery giving motion to the reed through which the warp threads pass on their way to the front of the loom, to be taken up by the lifting frames. Thus, while one of the warp-lifters is in action, the shuttle from one of the drop-boxes, happening to be on a level with the warp, is flying on its journey across the loom, leaving its thread behind; the gearing frame suspended from the top is coming from the back to the front of the loom by force of its own weight, or of initial impetus, to press home the weft thread just passed across, when the shuttle returns to its box; and a repetition of this is weaving.

Here we must stop description, and merely note the other sights and information. There are reels, winders, warp and weft mills, &c., for winding around their circumferences the warp and weft (plain or coloured) in simple manner, or in the form of pattern or design, so that it may be removed therefrom all in fitness for adjustment on the loom; Hydro-Extractors, Washers, and similar apparatus for cleansing and drying purposes; Dye apparatus; the Milling and Fulling machinery, for shrinking, thickening, beating up, and improving the woven fabric after nearly all the principal operations have been performed on it; the Finishing Rooms, where a good face is put on all before the world; and lots of other little matters I have no room even to note;—the Wool Shed and buildings, with their fleecy wealth from Egypt, Africa, Australia, Peru, &c., piled in heaps, in pristine glory, at from 6^d. to 2s. 2d. per pound; the great “Windermere” Rug Room, the charm of my heart and hope of my travelling days, where lay the famed “Windermers” (prize medalled in London 1851 and 1862, and at Paris 1855) in all the beauties of tasteful design; the Tweed departments, rich with *recherché* suits for all the classes; the rooms where are produced the various kinds of horse clothing, braces, linseys and winceys, linings, checks, girths, &c.; the Engine, Machine, and Steam Generating departments; and the great Water-wheel motor.

In connexion with these important works there are a host of good and true investments for the *employés*, and all kinds of clubs for amusement, instruction, and social benefit.

THE RUN ON THE BANK: A TALE OF A PANIC.

IN the town of A——, 150 miles from London, Mr. Sydney was the banker, as his father and his grandfather had been before him—all of them honourable men. His daughter was engaged to Richard Winton, the highest merchant of the place, but though twenty years older than Miss Sydney, her father made it a condition of his consent that Mr. Winton should realise £35,000 in addition to the £15,000 he gave her as a marriage portion, so as to make up £50,000 to be secured in the marriage settlement.

Of this sum Mr. Winton had already paid in £33,000 to Mr. Sydney's bank, and after a round of visits to various agents from whom he had received sums due to him very nearly amounting to the remaining £2,000, he rode up one afternoon to Mr. Sydney's counting-house, to pay it into his account.

It was market-day in the country town, and the thoroughfare appeared to be unusually crowded. As he dismounted from his horse a gossiping acquaintance seized his arm. "Have you heard the news? They are gone stark, staring mad in London. Some of the stock-jobbers whom they call bears (that is, fellows who seek to stamp down the prices of everything) are driving down all before them. Sydney's cashier has taken advantage of the disturbance to bolt, with all the cash he could lay hands on. There is a run on the bank, and it is thought impossible that Sydney can stand."

Richard Winton wished his informant a hasty good morning, and hurried away to Mr. Sydney's private house. He saw his betrothed. She tottered to meet him, and gave her hand. It was cold and clammy in his clasp.

"Tell me, Sophia, the simple facts. How much is gone, and how far may I rely on the statements I shall hear at the bank? You know how earnestly I wish to support your father, but I must not sacrifice you. Only let me know the truth, for I cannot act in uncertainty."

"You must be governed by your own judgment, Richard. The reports are exaggerated grossly; but more than enough is true. My brother William is gone to London to fetch supplies. If he return, with them in time for banking hours to-morrow, *and if you do not draw out*, all is safe. Otherwise, the doors must close, and my poor father—you know his feelings—he is frantic already at the disgrace of having the bank run upon; what would he be, then, if it stopped?"

"Is William certain to get the supplies?"

"We hope—we believe so; but go and judge for yourself. Do not save us at your own expense."

"My love, the question is *how* to save you—whether by seeking to prop up the bank, or by snatching from the scramble the means of providing home and comfort for you and yours afterwards." He kissed her forehead with solemnity and affection, then hastened from the room to communicate with her father.

It was with some difficulty that he gained admission to the private room at the bank, where Mr. Sidney was evidently embarrassed how to receive him.

"Let me speak with you in private for a moment," said Richard.

"Surely, surely, my dear sir;" and, as he led the way, "this senseless panic is indeed an annoying business—but a mere annoyance. As for *this* bank, it is of no consequence to us; we could stand it for a fortnight, if need were."

Richard said quietly, "I have had a conversation with Sophia; I wish to do all I can, but I must be told the *whole* truth."

There was no further attempt at disguise on the part of Mr. Sydney. His countenance at once revealed the strong working of the natural features, as he said in a faint voice, "Richard, it rests with you to save my credit or to ruin me."

"Mr. Sidney, the only question is, whether I can serve you best by throwing in my lot with you *now*, or reserving it for you afterwards. Answer me like a man—Can I safely devote my money for the present to the bank? Remember that if I remove it now, it is to make a provision afterwards for Sophia and yourself."

"I hope, I think, I believe you may leave it with us now."

"But state to me your reasons for so thinking, and be calm."

"Calm! Zounds, Sir, do you suppose I am made of cast iron? Calm! I tell you, Richard Winton, if this bank closes its doors from my inability to meet my engagements, I will die on the doorstep rather than survive the disgrace."

"Come, come, Mr. Sydney, compose yourself—and if you wish me to serve you, tell me quietly the exact state of your affairs, so as to enable me to judge for myself."

As a child yields to the commands of a kind but resolute parent, Mr. Sydney by degrees gave Richard an exact account.

"But, Mr. Sydney," said Richard, "if I leave my money with you now, still I must have it eventually."

"Certainly, but *you* would have patience, and enable me to realise at favourable opportunities, so as to pay you all. Besides, there would be the measureless difference of being in the hands of a gentleman and a friend, instead of in the power of shabby snobs who delight to show their strength in petty provocations."

At this moment a clerk entered, and presented his master with a note. He glanced over the writing, and threw it to Richard in a rage.

"Look at that from Sir Jones Wimperley—the greedy shark! So he must come too—he that I have helped times after times with hundreds upon hundreds when his bond was worth no more than his word. He, forsooth, must regret to have 'a particular occasion for his uncle's legacy now in my hands.' I tell you what, Richard Winton, make your election, and don't spend your cool reason upon a frantic man. Do you desire to draw out the whole or any part of your property entrusted to me? It lies between you and this Sir Jonas. Both demands cannot be met, and if one must be preferred, I would rather it were yours. Speak, I say, Sir."

"And I say, speak, Sir," replied Richard, in a voice of calm authority. "Answer me two simple questions rationally, and then I will tell you my decision. What reason have you to suppose that your London bankers will send you the required remittances back by William?"

"My reason for supposing that they will is, that he carried with him ample securities to justify them in doing so without risk."

"And you solemnly assure me that if he does so return with the supply of cash you have asked for, you can hold on?"

"Mr. Winton, forgive my emotion. I care little about lessening my private property or even my children's. But I pledge myself you shall suffer no ultimate loss. On the faith of an honest, though most wretched man, you shall not—all I want is time."

Then send Sir Jones Wimperly his money—and let us both go together into the cash office and pay away with both hands to all applicants. Just send a messenger up with one line that I am writing to Sophia, and fill me out a bumper of that Madeira; then to our desks."

The news spread rapidly that Mr. Richard Winton, after he had been closeted with Mr. Sydney, and had examined into his affairs, had satisfied himself that all was safe, and was helping the bank to his uttermost. This tended powerfully to allay the public panic, which was in truth one of unreasoning distrust. The doors of the bank were kept open an hour beyond the usual time in the full confidence that the night mail would bring William and ample supplies for the demands of the morrow. Alas! the mail arrived, but no William, nor any tidings, no parcel, no letter.

Mr. Sydney relapsed into all the agonies of irritation and despair. It was only by threatening to withdraw his promise of the afternoon that Richard Winton persuaded him to take an opiate and go to bed. Then Richard Winton proceeded to take measures for the morrow. His mind rose to the occasion which the weaker mind sank under. Had the request for temporary assistance, coupled with the offer of

his practical knowledge at the service of the public, by first detailing the regulations and arrangements affecting the use of the room, and then describing the plans and scope of the various catalogues, of the printed books and manuscripts. Without the knowledge embodied in the second part of Mr. Nichols' Handbook—knowledge which it would take the private reader many years to acquire by personal observation and experience—half the utility of the library is lost to the student.

Spring Time with the Poets. By FRANCES MARTIN. Walton and Maberly.

THIS is one of those rare volumes—a selection of poetry. Of medleys of verse, in which good and bad are jumbled together, we have more than sufficient, while of those books of poetry the constituent pieces of which cannot be described as other than good the compilation is often made upon no definite principles and with no specific aim. Miss Martin, the accomplished superintendent of the Bedford College School, having provided a book of poetry for children in her recently published volume, "The Poet's Hour," has in this one considered the wants of those more advanced readers who are commonly spoken of as the young.

A Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER, M.A. Bohn's Philological Library. Ball and Daldy.

THE main design of this work, as stated by its author, is to explain, as far as practicable in a dictionary, the allusions which occur in modern standard literature to noted fictitious persons and places. We believe that this is the first literary undertaking having this object, and now that the work is done its utility is so manifest that we suspect the world will be readier to wonder that it was not attempted before, than to seek reasons for the publication of the volume now. Judged by the hold they have on the public mind, the characters of our best works of fiction have something about them more true and lasting than those of many persons who have actually lived and made a considerable figure in the world; and thus it may be said without paradox that a good dictionary of fiction may possibly have more reality about it than a dictionary of literal prosaic biography.

A Constitutional History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration. By GEORGE BRADIE, Esq., Historiographer of Scotland. New Edition. Longmans.

AT a period in which the mind of the nation is probably about to be largely occupied with constitutional questions, these volumes may be read with new interest. The lessons of history are always valuable, and it is with one of the most important and interesting periods of English history that the author deals. He tells the story of the great rebellion with candour, care, and force.

A NEW and very beautifully-printed edition of the Rev. R. A. Wilmott's *Pleasures of Literature* has just been prepared by the Messrs. Routledge.

LA MODE.

THE unusual and protracted continuance of cold weather during the present season has retarded the assumption of spring dresses, and put summer garments far away from our thoughts. Light coloured, but somewhat thick linseys, poplinettes, grosgrain silks, and velvets have been the most useful substances up to the present moment. The all-pervading stripes still remain in favour, and amongst cheap stuffs are almost universally patronised. The low-priced mixtures of this kind do not, however, wear well; a shower of rain puckers the fabric; those with white stripes too easily soil, and both contingencies disregarded, will not sustain much wear. The better kind of these fabrics, named Java cloths, are serviceable and admit of cleaning. These striped materials may be so prettily and economically made up with a trimming of a similar kind that we will describe one or two fashioned in this manner. The upper skirt is formed, tunic shape, of a puff with an extremely narrow close stripe of brown. The front breadth and false skirt under the tunic of an extremely wide stripe of the same colour. The tunic edge is scalloped and bound with brown braid. The under skirt is attached by neatly hemming or running it on about a quarter of a yard up the tunic, from the edge, all round. This allows the latter to hang loose like a true second skirt. The body and sleeves are of the small stripe, and cut plain. For walking, a short circular cape of the small stripe descends just below the waist of the dress, which is marked by a broad brown braid, is scalloped, and bound with brown braid. A narrow black and white striped dress has a mediæval or Anna Boleyn tunic (that is one with sharp vandykes on each side, coming from the waist, and with a second and longer point, forming the commencement of an angular tunic. This is formed by a band of the very broadest black and white striped stuff, two stripes only being used to form a white over a black border round the whole. Large black buttons, or fine black braid, sewn on in small round coils, or targets, trims the white stripe. Another narrow black and white striped dress was prettily trimmed with broad striped material, cut and sewn so as to form a series of points all round the skirt, bodice trimming, and outdoor jacket; the points were alternately black and white.

The mantles for June are made tight-fitting, with outside belts, and demi-adjuste. The most fashionable are short before and behind, and form long peaks over the hips. Not a few have very long hanging sleeves, and many long-pointed sash ends. The short jackets have *sac* backs. Black cashmere is used for mantles. It is dotted all over with jet beads, and falls gracefully to the figure. Black grenadine mantles, dotted with beads and lined with coloured taffetas, are novel. The plain demi-adjuste mantle in silk, and mohair paletot or fitting jacket, will also be worn. The bonnet assumes a round shape on the top of the head, just like an open head of endive. It retains its position not unfrequently by strings, with lace or blond lappets only, sometimes by

ears. Many of these little head-dresses are composed of little else than flowers. A pretty one we noticed had rows of stalks laid along from front to back, and sewn together after the manner of the Canadian trunk roads. These stalks were outwardly covered by a close mass of tiny white flowers. A bouquet of blush roses ornamented one side of the bonnet, and a similar bouquet formed the inside adornment. Caps are discarded altogether. A spray of flowers—it may be mingled with ribbon or lace—is attached to the strap within. A witty contemporary describes the prevailing mode as “The light skirmishing bonnet.” For ordinary head-dressing *chignons*, bows of hair, groups of plaits, and bunches of ringlets are arranged at the back. The front may be curled *en masse—à la chien, à la grec*—call it which you will—waved back in the Alexandra style, or raised over frizettes in two puffs. In fact, for the arrangement over the forehead, the wearer’s countenance must be studied—almost any style is admissible. Ribbons in the hair are much worn.

NEEDLEWORK.

A STAMP OR CREST ALBUM IN CROCHET AND VELVET.

A very pretty book for either of the above purposes may be made by any young lady who possesses moderate patience and taste for fancy work. Some card-board, as stout as can be procured must be cut the size of the two sides and back of the book she wishes to make. To get the edges exact, lines must be ruled, and the shape cut by a sharp penknife. The divisions between the back and sides must be half cut through by the knife on the outer side only, but great care must be taken not to sever it too much. The whole must then be covered with velvet—say crimson silk velvet—by tacking it across on the other side with silk. A second piece of card, exactly similar, must be covered with white moire antique or grosgrain, and the two then carefully and neatly sewn together all round the edges with crimson sewing silk. The white, on the inside, must have rows of crimson Chinese ribbon placed so close together as to lie flat from end to end of the piece which forms the back. These should be tacked on before the white and crimson pieces are sewn together, so that the ends of the ribbons can be neatly turned in. A gold cord should be very neatly sewn round the edge, but it must be of the best quality, or it will tarnish soon; or a crimson silk cord may be substituted. If the book is large-sized, one of the new fancy braids, mixed with crystal beads, would look pretty. The crotchet squares must be worked very tight and regular to look well, and kept quite clean. Press them in a book and sew them on stretched and flat. They are to be so placed as to form a chess-board pattern alternately of the lace, and velvet uncovered. A quarter of a quire of paper may be, last of all, slipped through each of

the pieces of Chinese ribbon. If paper the size cannot be procured—(that with the waved edge would look very pretty)—great care must be used in cutting the edges of the sheets nicely. A bookbinder would do it for a very small charge.

The white pages added may be charmingly embellished by any one of artistic talent with fancy borders. Devices of stars, anchors, and crosses, &c., plainly ruled, with a thick and thin line in black or colours, if neatly done, may be used for crests, and four or five single lines—the outer one broader—drawn as a border to the page.

THE CROCHET SQUARES

Evans' boar's head cotton, No. 30; Walker's Penelope needle, No. 3.

Make a loop of 7 ch. Into this work 4 tr., with 7 ch. between each.

2nd round: 5 tr. over 1 tr., working two on each side into the 7 ch.; 5 ch., 1 tr. into centre of 7 ch. of last round, and repeat.

3rd round: 5 tr. over 5 tr.; 7 ch., 2 tr., 3 ch., and 2 more tr., all into loop of 1 tr. of last round; 7 ch., and repeat.

4th round: 2 tr. over 5 tr. of last round, beginning on the centre one, 4 ch., d. c. over centre of 7 ch. of last round, 4 ch.; 2 tr., 5 ch., and 2 tr. more into 3 ch. of last round; 4 ch., 1 d. c. over 7 ch. of last round; 4 ch., and repeat.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

CURDS AND WHEY,

ESPECIALLY INTENDED FOR SUFFERERS FROM SORE THROATS.

F. F. believes that the value of this preparation is not half known. It is, of course, as a nutriment, of the *full value of milk*, and it is most easy of digestion, being, in fact, already partly digested, and further, it is *most grateful* to the throat, and can be swallowed so long as anything can be swallowed. The preparation is as follows:—First, the rennet itself must have been taken from the calf as soon as ever the animal is cut up. It must have been thoroughly well rubbed with salt, washed, and cleaned, and finally left with a handful of salt on and about it, and this drained away and fresh salt added in two days.

To a quart of new milk in a pie-dish, take a strip of the rennet two-thirds the length, and about the width of a finger, tie a bit of thin string to it, by which in due time to remove it, and drop it into the middle of the milk. Set it on a stove or the hot plate of a kitchen range, of which the heat must be quite moderate. Watch it, and after a quarter of an hour slightly move the dish to find

whether the milk is set. *The moment it is set it is done*, and the rennet should be drawn out.

The removal from the fire, at the right moment is the most important matter for the success of the process, for if the junket be overdone it is tough; the whey may still be drunk, but the curd is tough and indigestible. When a junket is set to perfection it looks as smooth and firm as blanchmange, and yet it breaks with a touch or a shake, and it melts in the mouth. It should stand to cool in the coolest place in the house.

It is curious to note how it happens that milk—the sun and perfection of food—should disagree with some people. It is the case with those who have an over-heated stomach, which turning the milk at too high a temperature, forms tough curd. No wonder that those who are of this constitution should turn away from milky diet.

Once again, *F. F.*, speaking from experience, entreats those who have any dear to them suffering from sore throat—*try the curds and whey*. It should be sweetened a little to please most people, but finely powdered sugar melted in the whey scarcely affects the perfection of its suitability to a tender throat.

The curds and whey should be freshly made without fail *every day*. It should of course be eaten cold.

It is a favourite and very wholesome second course dish for children in the summer time, and when topped with a little highly whipped cream it is a beautiful birthday dish. Many people like to grate over it in their plates a little nutmeg and ginger, and to add a few drops of brandy.

PANCAKES WITHOUT EGGS.

Ingredients—peas, flour, salt, and butter.

Mix the flour to a thin batter, beat well for an hour, season to taste, and bake on a pancake pan with a bit of butter.

To be eaten with curry.

S., India.

VEGETABLE CURRY.

Melt some butter in a covered pan, slice and half brown an onion in it, add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder, which should be mixed with two or three tablespoons of water, some pounded ginger, and hot capsicums, a saltspoon of salt. Cover and let it stand on the fire two or three minutes, then add potatoes or any other vegetable in season, and two tea-cups of water. Simmer for an hour.

S., India.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ENIGMAS, &c.

1

My 9, 2, 3, is a beverage; my 5, 4, 7, is a cooking utensil; my 1, 6, 7, is an animal; my 8, 9, 5, is to knock; my 7, 4, 5, is a boy's plaything; my 1, 6, 5, is a covering for the head; my 5, 4, 7, 6, 7, 4 is a vegetable; my 1, 6, 8, is a kind of carriage, and my whole is the name of a Queen of Egypt.

JULIETTA.

2

Whole, I am seen in most houses; behead me, and you will find me upon your head; again, and I am one of the four elements.

JULIETTA.

ACROSTIC.

3.

A work of interest, by Cassell given—a modern work;
A potentate you must not offer *Ham*—no Jew nor Turk.

1. A thing of ages—an imperious thing.
2. Music that makes the stops and bellows sing.
3. Part of a word—the other part is lore.
4. A traveller who far Africa did explore.
5. One of the tribes of Judah; and a game.
6. Of cards of somewhat antiquated name.
7. A Saxon king who over Britain reigned.
8. A kind of window generally stained.
9. An actress in "Ixion" we have met.
10. A girl's name, joined to *lia*, I can't forget.
11. Part of a word whose final ends in verse.
12. An eastern plant the azure lakes immerse.
13. The tropic skies that on that plant look down.
14. The lion's tamed and owns the virgin crown.
15. A dish the rich will eat—the poor refuse.
16. The gentle figure of a classic muse.
17. A zephyr, smoke wreath, cloud, or what you will.
18. A better quality than genius' skill.
19. Dated from hence, a poet wronged or wrong.
20. A bird of whom was sung a famous song.

G. C. CENTREVILLE.

CHARADES.

4.

My *third* is an animal, bad at the best,
By farmers and housewives considered a pest;
Curtail and reverse it, my *first* it will show,
And this, if curtailed, is my *second*, I trow.
If my *first* had the head of a king for its tail,
It would show what my *whole* once supported *sans* fail.

EUREKA.

5.

Mynheer Van Dyke is not my *who's*,
He merely is his neighbour;
A sturdy man is this Mynheer,
And well inured to labour.

He has a fault (and who has not?),
 Teetotallers he despises;
 He's far from one himself, but takes
 My *third* e'en ere he rises;
 My *second* of them he will drink
 Ere day is done, his thirst
 Is such. But ask him why? He'll say;
 "Because it is my *first*."

EUREKA.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When do circumstances act as carpenters?
2. Which is the most distinguished of gulls?
3. Why are inveterate smokers like converted heathens?
4. What is the difference between a marchioness and a mountebank?
5. Why cannot a mother nurse her baby-boy in the shade?

CARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

NOSEGAY OF FLOWERS.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Mary-gold. | 4. Blue-bell. |
| 2. Sweet-Sarah. | 5. Cow-slip. |
| 3. Crow-foot. | 6. Dog-rose. |

2.

Switch.

3.

Table.

4.

Sexton.

5.

Because every pupil is misinformed.

OUR COUNCIL:

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

PLAIN QUESTIONS AND PROMPT ANSWERS.

What is a query?

That's one for Dundreary!

What is a lover?

A captive "in clover."

What is a scandal?

A black thing to handle.

What is a "flunkay"?

A liveried monkey.

What is a flatterer?

A pleasing lie-scatterer.

- What is a shuffler?
A sentiment-raffler
And great *choler*-ruffler.
- What is a quarrel?
Sharp words—sour as sorrel :
Cut and thrust—and *no laurel* !
- What is a smoker?
An invalid-choker
And lady provoker.
- What is a snuffer?
A vile dust-hole stuffer
The decent can't suffer.
- What is a chewer?
A beast most impure
With throat like a sewer.
- What is a lawyer?
The type of a sawyer ;*
With plenty of "jaw" here,
But little *éclat* here.
- What, what is passion?
Blind fury and dash on—
Tongue "laying the lash on."
- What is a fight, sir?
A pounding with might, sir—
Black and blue, left and right, sir—
By brutes that should bite, sir—
A pitiful sight, sir !
- What is a battle?
Men slaughtered like cattle ;
No sight of a chattel ;
No sound of a prattle ;
Cannon boom and death-rattle !

CARACTACUS.

QUEER SORTS OF RAIN.

Without going so far as to place faith in the existence of rain comprising "cats, dogs, and pitchforks" (a subject which George Cruikshank illustrated in his early days), we readily believe in rain, or at any rate *showers*, containing many other things besides water, and in some instances no water at all. Fish and land animals have most certainly fallen to the ground in showers—very likely blown thither by some unusual wind, but regarded by the peasantry as rain, living rain.

Herrings, for instance. In 1828 Major Forbes Mackenzie, while walking in a field in Rosshire, saw a large space of ground covered with herring fry. The fry were three or four inches long, fresh and

* "Because, whichever way he works, down comes the dust !"

entire. The field was about three miles from the Frith of Dingwall, and although he did not see the fish fall, he inferred that they had been blown out of the sea by a sudden gust, or else that they had been carried up by a waterspout, borne landward, and there precipitated to the ground. Herrings have been known to be carried in some such way from the Frith to Loch Leven, a distance of eight or ten miles. At Wick, a famous herring-fishing station, a large quantity of herrings were found in a field about half a mile from the sea. Some of the Wick people very rationally cooked and eat the herrings, but others had a little misgiving concerning possible Satanic agency in bringing fish so far out of their native element. In the Isle of Islay, after a day of very heavy rain, the peasants were surprised at finding a number of small herrings, all fresh, and some of them alive, strewed over a field.

Other fish have also taken this strange mode of visiting the land. Hasted, in his *History of Kent*, states that in 1666 a pasture field near Stanstead, in Essex, at a considerable distance from the sea, was found one morning strewed over with small fish. A thunder-storm had shortly before occurred, and very likely a whirlwind, or a waterspout, or both had been concerned in the matter. At Allkhabad, in India, in 1839, a blast of wind came on very suddenly, tearing up trees by the roots and demolishing houses; soon after the wind had abated, three or four thousand small fish were found in a field near the city. Such a rain of fish would, in all probability, be nearly horizontal. At Calcutta, near about the same period, after a smart shower of rain an English officer saw a number of small living fish, not merely on the ground, but fall to the ground in a shower. They were about three inches long. Those that fell on the grass were alive; those that fell on stones or hard ground had the life knocked out of them. One fact was very remarkable, tending to show that some sudden gust had affected all the fish at the same instant. Instead of being helter-skelter, here and there and everywhere, they all fell in a straight line or belt, not much above a yard in width. Smart rain followed, as it had preceded, this shower of fish.

Insects and reptiles? Yes, these also have fallen in the form of showers—animated rain. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* recorded the falling of a shower of insects at Pakeoff, in 1827. During a heavy fall of snow a prodigious number of black insects fell, a little over an inch in length. They had flat, shining heads, and wore a velvety kind of skin marked with rings or bands, and feet which enabled them to crawl rapidly over the snow. Most of them remained alive for a very considerable period in a temperature of great severity. It does not appear that they were sufficiently examined by any naturalist to determine their species. Professor Pontus, of Calais, described a shower of frogs which fell near Toulouse in 1804. He first noticed two or three frogs on the cloaks of two gentlemen who had been caught in a shower of rain on the road, and when he came to the place where the rain had been the heaviest, he saw that the roads and fields were covered with frogs, in some places three or four deep. The hoofs of the horses killed thousands of them in the progress of travellers along the road.

On one occasion, in Norway, an incident presented itself which shows the power of a high wind to cause these abnormal showers. A colony of rats, while emigrating in vast numbers from a higher to a lower tract of country, were overtaken by a whirlwind, caught up, carried to a neighbouring valley, and precipitated as an abundant shower of rats, to the infinite astonishment of the country people.

These are strange things, but they have the merit of being true as well as strange, and in another article we shall tell something about *coloured* rain—red and black substances falling with, or instead of, showers of rain.

AN IDYLL.

A king besieged, and weary of the toil
Of slaying and of having slain, of spoil
And being spoiled—a king among the kings
Of earth, but weary of all earthly things.
The crown that pressed so heavy on his brow,
The sons that glorified and grieved him (now
His best was banished), his state so high,
So far beyond his boyhood's augury—
Rather, so wide, for he had dreamed to be
A crowned poet: now a king was he,
And poet, prophet, warrior—all renown
Encompassed him. But he was sick, and prone
To longing for things difficult to get.
Perchance his soul his appetite did whet—
Both so dissatisfied, both longing, fell
To win the far-away, the unattainable.
“Oh for a draught from Bethlehem's fair spring,
One draught of that sweet water,” said the king.
Alas! fair Bethlehem! Its wells and towers
Were made a garrison for adverse powers;
And host on host—a mighty warlike throng—
Encompassed the spring for which the king did long.
But he was loved, as seldom prince is loved,
For his own gentle self, and valour proved,
His piety and frankness. And there stood
In presence three of valour's noblest blood,
Who, hearing, marked—resolved; resolving, did
All that the king's sick longing all unmeaning bid.
By *three* the hosts are scattered! Calm they bring
The longed-for draught to cool the fevered king.
Surprised he saw, delighted took the cup,
And blessed their love, and praised their valour. Up
To the blue heaven then raised his loving eye
And said, “Oh Father, Lord of Hosts, Thou High
And Mighty One of Israel! *Thou alone*
Art worthy of *this* offering”—poured it down
“Before the Lord,” as the archangel casts his crown.

GWYNNE.

THY BIRTHDAY.

This is thy birthday! But 'tis mine no more
 To keep the day's glad festival with thee.
 The gift and early greeting, that of yore
 Were never wanting, come no more from me.
 Thou wilt not miss them. Yet the time hath been
 When thou and I looked in each other's eyes,
 And saw reflected as in depth serene
 A friendship clear as moon in summer skies!—
 We thought *we* could afford the "whisperer" to despise!
 But he hath found us! Yet—O still most dear,
 Though friend no more,—he hath not had the power
 Within my heart to mar thine image clear,
 Or dim the memory of one blissful hour.
 Still on this day, in answer to my prayer,
 Some little blessing may, perhaps, descend—
 Some floweret by thy footsteps unawares
 Spring,—a mute token from thy banished friend,
 Who, with unchanging heart, still loves thee to the end.

E. N.

THE MOON.—The following facts concerning the recent telescopic observations of the moon have been lately published:—"The 'seas' are the only part of the moon which can be seen by the naked eye, and that very imperfectly. With the telescope there comes into sight a much more remarkable view of its surface, and amidst the first objects which catch the eye are the remarkable mountainous circular formations. The similarity to the great volcanoes of the earth, extinct or otherwise, has often been remarked. The maps of the environs of Naples, of Vesuvius, of the volcanoes of Auvergne and Teneriffe, present the same features, but those sink into insignificance when compared with the vast surface of the lunar volcanoes, and could scarcely be perceived if seen from the moon, and the whole of those known on the earth might be placed within one of the lunar annular mountains. They are different in other respects from the earthly volcanoes, as the bottoms of the crater's on the moon's surface dip below the general surface. The central peak, which appears in many of these formations, is also reproduced in the volcanoes of the earth, and is so perfect and decided that it is astonishing to believe that Kepler could think for a moment that they were artificial formations excavated by the lunar inhabitants to shield themselves from the rays of the sun. The perfect annular mountains with a concave interior (to distinguish them from the walled plains and craters) are the most beautiful and regular of this group, and appear to have been the latest efforts of volcanic action. Among the most perfect specimens of this class are the well-known mountains Tycho, Kepler, and Copernicus, which are easily recognized by being surrounded by bright rays, and which will amply repay a minute examination. A mountain of this description, situated at the end of the chain of the Apennines and a little to the N.W. of Copernicus, is a perfect model of this class of objects. The outer walls,

brilliantly white, as they rise from the level plain, are strikingly in contrast with the black shadows and grey seas which surround this volcano. Its interior walls are much more steep, but, like the outer, gradually descend by a series of steppes and terraces. In general, the proper concave annular mountains are much inferior in size to the circular walled plains, and Eratosthenes, which is the name of the mountain just described, is only thirty-six miles in diameter. The walls are not of equal height all round, for whilst the eastern wall, as measured from the plain, is 7,500 feet high, the western one is only one-half that quantity. If measured from the interior, however, the eastern wall is 16,000 feet high, and that of the western about 10,000. The central peak or peaks are a crowd of rocky fragments, and do not rise to the height of the surrounding wall, which will be found to be the case with the other central peaks. The mountains Copernicus and Tycho, and the surrounding parts, with their bold and grand scenery, present a magnificent sight, and their terraces, peaks, and the shadows of their rugged tops, can be seen with even small telescopes. We lately viewed some of those annular mountains through a splendid telescope, armed with a power of 1,000 (one which would bring the moon within a distance of 240 miles of the earth), and the quantity of detail in and about them was quite marvellous, and to attempt to delineate those minutæ would puzzle a pre-Raphaelite. With a powerful telescope we can detect the stratification of the rocks, as if successive layers of lava had been deposited at various times."

ADDRESS.

To the "Muse uncomplaining,"
 Who ever denying,
 Yet promising still,
 Eludes our endeavour,
 And never, ah! never,
 Our hopes doth fulfil.
 Give me less, or give me more,
 Lady, of thy mystic lore;
 Let my slumbrous spirit lie,
 Dreamless of thy witchery;
 On our eyes all wakeful grown,
 Flash the fullness of thine own.
 Give me less, or give me more,
 Lady, of thy sun-bright lore;
 Let me in the dusk repose,
 Twilight glooms where shadow grows;
 Dense or real, let me see
 Thee or nothing—only thee.
 Millions live who know thee not,
 Blythe, though lowlier, their lot,
 But oblivion may not hide—
 May not veil thy beauty's pride.
 Having glanced at thee we live,
 Ever crying "Give! give! give!"

GWYNNE.

FLOWER FARMING.—Take a pair of compasses, and strike an arc on the map of the French shores of the Mediterranean; making the Fort of Antibes the centre, open the compasses to Nice, and strike round—the highest point will be Grasse; then descending again to the shore in an opposite direction, the compass leg will mark the fringe of the Estrelle hills, and the well-known town of Cannes, with Lord Brougham's villa. From Nice to Cannes it is twenty miles, and from Grasse to the shore ten miles. The three towns form a geographical triangle, having the tideless blue sea for its base. Within this triangle is the valley of the Flower Farms. There are flower farms in England also, but they are insignificant in comparison with those of France. Elsewhere flowers are ornaments—charming accidents; here they are staples. They grow like grass and corn, like potatoes and mangold wurtzel. Here bloom the jasmine, the orange, the violet, the tuberose, the jonquil, the rose, the cassia, not as in our beds, not as in horticultural gardens, not as gardens, but as fields. Broad acres of colour flash under the hot sun. The atmosphere is heavy with perfumes when the snows are melting on the mountains, and the gurgling Var is rapidly growing into a roaring torrent. Here we enter homesteads not of golden grain, but of lavender sheaves; not of cheese, but of olive oil; not of beer and elder wine, but of orange-flower and rose-water in vats; not of clotted cream, but of jasmine and violet butter. It is like a country of the "Arabian Nights." You expect the dark-eyed peasants to answer you in lyrics, and the very dogs to bark in tropes. You are oppressed with the prodigality of splendour. The soil is so fertile that, to borrow Douglas Jerrold's witty conceit, if you tickle it with a hoe, it smiles with a flower; or, as the natives say, if you plant a walking-stick the ferule will blossom.—*Dr. Septimus Piessé's Lecture.*

TWILIGHT.

Oft in the twilight's mystic hour,
 As thronging mem'ries o'er me steal,
 Days long past, in all their power,
 Their varied scenes again reveal.
 Thoughts of many a laughing face
 Once clustered round the cheery blaze
 Of eager looks, and forms of grace
 On which my eye no more shall gaze.
 These, and many another dream,
 Do twilight's shadows oft recall,
 Till peopled still is every gleam
 That flickers out on yonder wall.
 These whispers of a bygone day,
 Of joys and sorrows long since past,
 Are chords which in our being stay
 As long as life itself shall last.
 When past's the noon of manhood's prime,
 And light's dim twilight hovers o'er,
 May my life's shadows, left on time,
 In Jesus set for evermore.

W. B. N.

THE
FAMILY FRIEND

AND

Domestic Economist,

FOR CHRISTMAS,

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PREFACE.

THE second half-yearly volume of our new series is now complete ; and we feel that a few words to our kind friends and readers are more needful on this than on any former occasion.

THE FAMILY FRIEND has undergone many changes during its long and prosperous career, but those changes have been rendered necessary by the remarkable progress of the times, and the extraordinary increase of cheap literature.

THE contents of the present volume will show how far the editor has endeavoured to keep pace with the advancement of thought and the extension of popular instruction.

AMONG the contributions will be found many by writers of considerable distinction, among whom we may mention Walter Thornbury, the Rev. Edward Munro, and William Sawyer.

MANY of the loyal supporters of the old FRIEND continue to favour us with their contributions, and we take this opportunity of tendering our sincere thanks for the valuable assistance which they have afforded.

THAT there is much which needs improvement we are bound to admit, and arrangements are being made to increase the literary and artistic merits of the Magazine for the New Year.

A new story of great interest, by Mrs. Henry Parker, entitled "A Brother's Wrong," will then appear from month to month, and a long list of popular writers who have kindly consented to contribute will be duly announced.

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THE FAMILY FRIEND.

JULY, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER XI.

HE change which had been wrought in Fitz-Osbert's heart by the influence of his daughter was not so complete as he himself had imagined. Never since those grim events which paralysed the best feelings of his nature had he experienced so much mental peace; but the raging fire within his breast had not been thoroughly quenched, there still lurked a smouldering spark, and as he walked by the side of Nelly towards the Priory of Holy Trinity he felt the old fire bursting into flame. He had nourished his hatred and hope of revenge so long that it had become almost a part of himself. The consciousness that every step was taking him nearer to Sir Hugh stirred up the bitterness of the past, and the holier thoughts inspired by the gentle eloquence of his child seemed to lose their control over his soul.

"We can see the Priory now, father; we shall soon be there," said Nelly, her bright blue eyes lighted with hope that the reconciliation would soon be accomplished.

Fitz-Osbert was silent.

"If dear mother can see us from the spirit-land, how happy she will be to know that ere long a Christian peace will consecrate our lives. You will see Father Broadhart at the Priory. He has often desired to speak with you. He is a great and good man, and when he talks to me of Jesus and the Saints I always feel a calm, an inexpressible, sense of happiness; the broad skies, and the solemn clouds, and the sighing winds, seem to be more wonderful and full of the great mystery of eternal Heaven. I have often wished to talk to you about these things, but I felt that I could not talk as Broadhart did, and you—you were always busy. Now that I know your great trouble, father, let us sometimes speak our thoughts, and you shall teach me, father, about the sun, and moon, and stars, and about the holy

Saints and martyrs of olden times; and I will tell you about the sick and poor at Houndsditch, and you shall talk to me about the unjust taxes on the poor citizens; and how you intend to get justice on their side. We shall be very, very happy, then."

"Yes—yes, we will," replied Fitz-Osbert in a tone of indifference that showed his thoughts were wandering elsewhere.

Nelly looked up into his face. The old evil expression had settled upon it. For a moment she was startled, and a feeling of anger crept over her. The stern, sulky, brooding look of her parent exerted an irritating influence over her mind which it had never done before, for the excitement of the last few days had overwrought her nerves, and the sudden discovery that the reconciliation was still incomplete cast a momentary gloom over her spirit.

They walked for a short distance in silence; Fitz-Osbert wrestling with his evil passion, and gradually succumbing to the influence of his daughter's words which were yet ringing in his ears, and Nelly endeavouring to quench and stifle the little flame of anger that his apparent apathy and sullenness had aroused. Gradually Nelly's enthusiastic words dawned on her father's mind with shape and meaning. The picture of peace and content on earth which she had drawn developed itself before his mental vision with increasing distinctness, and the black shadow disappeared from his face.

"You are right, Nelly. It will be better for us both to talk sometimes of other than earthly affairs. I grow weary of the wickedness and worry that surrounds our brief existence in this world. No true peace will ever be my lot until higher hopes and truer wisdom absorb my thoughts. I will strive to subdue the torturing violence of cruel memory; I will try to shut out the past; and I will try to forgive my enemies; but you must help me to do all this. Talk to me often of that sweet philosophy which arms the soul against all worldly cares, and you will save me perhaps from myself. I have fed too long on the miserable past. I have drank too deeply of its bitterness. Help me now to the peace and happiness that spring from the hope of an eternal rest." He said this with a sad meekness and an earnest look at his child, as though he felt that she was his only source of strength, and that without her gentle influence he was unable to keep in view the joy of the future, and to tear himself from the evil clutches of memory. They had arrived at the Priory, and Broadhart came forward to receive them.

The good priest extended his hand to Fitz-Osbert, and was surprised at the humility and fervour with which the latter grasped it. Not a word was spoken, and Fitz-Osbert took hold of Nelly's hand as Broadhart led the way along the narrow corridor. When they entered the chamber of the wounded Crusader they found him seated upon the

edge of the couch, for, notwithstanding entreaties, he had persisted in concealing the signs of his recent injury as much as possible from Fitz-Osbert. With an effort he rose to his feet and held out his hand to Nelly's father.

"Fitz-Osbert, you have been shamefully, wickedly wronged. Can you forgive my misfortune in being the offspring of the woman who has so mercilessly blighted your life? If you can, I swear by the good St. Edmund to do you recompense."

"There can be no sufficient recompense on earth," interrupted Fitz-Osbert rather warmly, but at the same time accepting the proffered hand.

"Yet justice may be done," said Sir Hugh, "and by all the saints I swear this great crime shall be wiped out, or I will pay the penalty with my life blood."

"Nay, Sir Hugh," replied Fitz-Osbert with unusual calmness, "let us leave the stern duty of justice and retribution to a mightier Judge. I have sought to aim the avenging shaft, but it has threatened to recoil on myself. My own dear child has taught me to be wiser, and Heaven will give me strength to be generous. Let us bear no malice, and let this holy man sanctify our reconciliation with his blessing."

"You speak wisely, worthy citizen," said Broadhart, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, the good man muttered a Latin benediction.

Sir Hugh sank down on the couch. The exertion of rising had made him faint and giddy.

A crimson flush of shame overspread Fitz-Osbert's face as he observed for the first time the evidence of Armstrong's rough and cowardly handling.

"You are weak and ill, Sir Hugh. Keep quiet for a few days, and then I will ask you to forget your injury as I have forgiven—I cannot forget—mine."

"It was only a scratch. I have received heavier blows beneath the walls of Acre, and could join the fight within an hour after. Since we are no longer foes, I want to beg of you the service of a friend. I left my men at the Tower some days ago, and have not since communicated with them. They will be alarmed at my absence, and may possibly start for Danedred Tower. I have now good reasons for not wishing them to go thither without me. A curse is upon the threshold. I will go there in state with banner and with lance, and the Lady de Danedred—my mother, my own mother—shall answer for her crime, or the death-wail shall sound from the battlements, and the walls be laid low with flame and sword. Send to the Tower, and let it be known that a trifling accident has befallen me, and that within three days I shall be prepared to start from London."

"It was evident Sir Hugh was very much excited, and that it would be wise to leave him for repose.

"Trust me, Sir Hugh," said Fitz-Osbert; I will see to your men, and will bring you tidings of them to-morrow."

"Until then you must rest, or your strength will be devoured by fever," said Broadhart, turning to Sir Hugh and speaking with more firmness than usual.

"May I ask a favour of you, Sir Hugh?" inquired Nelly, who had remained watching with anxious silence the changing emotions visible in the young Crusader's face.

The quick ray of light that flashed from his dark eyes was sufficient answer.

"I want your promise," she continued, "that you will foster no thought of violence while beneath this sacred roof, that you will listen well to all that our good father Broadhart shall say, and that the doctrines of the Cross for which you have expended so much toil and faced so much danger may guide you in all your future acts."

Fitz-Osbert stared at the bold earnestness of his daughter, and Broadhart himself seemed puzzled at the strange firmness with which she spoke. Her own womanly instinct told her that she could sway the impetuous spirit of Sir Hugh; she felt, and without hesitation she availed herself of her power for good.

Sir Hugh gazed at her for a few moments in silence. They were moments of intense pleasure. In the depths of her blue eyes beamed a tender expression of thought and wisdom that seemed to thrill through his soul like heavenly music.

"I promise you," he said solemnly, "if the golden gates of Paradise were opened and I were invited to enter, it would be no less impossible to refuse. The fervour of his manner was not unnoticed by Fitz-Osbert and Broadhart; the former looked troubled as he gazed from one to the other, and watched the smile on Nelly's face as she permitted Sir Hugh to take her hand in his and gently press it. Broadhart, on the contrary, seemed pleased at the evidence of Nelly's influence. He had the welfare of the Church so deeply at heart that he was too much gratified at his pupil's triumph in the cause of peace and religion to fathom the secrets of Sir Hugh's heart or to have any anxiety for the consequences.

When Nelly and her father returned home they sat beside the blazing logs on the hearth, and talked about the priest and the young Crusader with more mutual confidence and more pleasant earnestness than they had ever talked before. Fitz-Osbert began to discover that his daughter was no longer a simple child. Her shrewdness of observation, her wisdom and unassuming piety gradually showed him that he possessed in Nelly not only a gentle and beautiful daughter, but a

wise and clever companion. As he listened to her conversation and watched her expressive face beaming with poetic thought, he wondered how he could have so long been ignorant of her mental endowments. He forgot that his habits of meditation and his interest in public affairs had deprived him of the free interchange of ideas which now displayed her intellectual powers. A new world of comfort and happiness seemed suddenly opened to him, and he could not avoid the thought that this was in some way the sign of an approving Heaven. He had begun a new life, he had turned from grovelling hatred to be at peace with all the world, to look hopefully to the great future, and here was the sacred reward already manifest. Nelly had judged rightly when she thought that the brave and generous bearing of Sir Hugh would favourably impress her father. It was so : Sir Hugh's handsome face and honest manner, and his evident detestation of his mother's crime had equally won the sympathy of Fitz-Osbert, and had extinguished for ever the expiring sparks of his long fostered hatred. He did not hesitate, therefore, to speak of Sir Hugh with respect and to approve of Nelly's arguments, which all seemed to tend indirectly to the praise of the young Crusader. Had she paused to ask herself the reason of the all-absorbing interest in Sir Hugh, she might have been more reserved.

A modest thump at the oaken door, and the gruff voice of Armstrong abruptly terminated their agreeable conversation.

"Welcome, good neighbour," said Fitz-Osbert, rising to meet his guest with more cordiality than was his custom, for they had had angry words in the morning, and Fitz-Osbert was too light-hearted now to encourage a thought of ill-feeling. The armourer accepted the greeting with thorough good will, and making a profound obeisance to Nelly, seated himself on the bench by the fire.

"What news bring you now?" inquired Fitz-Osbert.

"Worse news than ever."

"How mean you?"

"He's gone—escaped," replied Armstrong, looking intensely miserable, and speaking in a half whisper.

Fitz-Osbert burst out into a laugh. If he had stood on his head, the armourer could not have been more astonished to hear the citizen lawyer laugh. He had never heard him laugh before. Nelly was herself surprised, for the sound was unfamiliar to her ears; but she quickly perceived the reason, and she felt a thrill of happiness at this new evidence of the change that had come over her father.

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, what ails you, neighbour? You look frightened."

Armstrong looked at Fitz-Osbert, and then at Nelly still more perplexed, and as Nelly was smiling, he tried hard to smile himself,

but the corners of his capacious mouth obstinately refused to be controlled by art, and he only succeeded in making a grimace.

"I tell you *he* has gone," persisted Armstrong, laying great emphasis on the "he."

"I understand you, perfectly," said Fitz-Osbert; "and I fear our contract is at an end.

Armstrong scratched his head nervously, and blushed crimson.

"It is no fault of mine, then. By St. Dunstan, I did my work well enough," he replied, with a discontented growl.

Nelly left the room. She had seen and heard enough to guess Armstrong's share in her father's plot against Sir Hugh, and she felt a dislike for the man, which the mention of a contract did not tend to remove.

Fitz-Osbert had irritated the armourer in the morning by not appreciating his services with respect to Sir Hugh; but it was necessary now to explain fully his change of purpose. Without disclosing his family secret, he told Armstrong that he had now good reason for desiring the recovery of the young Baron; and that Providence, which had mercifully intercepted his vengeance, seemed favourable to the accomplishment of his new purpose.

A heavy burden was removed from Armstrong's mind. The dull thud of the Crusader's head against the cold stone floor had rung in his ears ever since the eventful moment when he ended the desperate encounter by flinging him headlong into the cell. His visit to the cell the following morning, when he found Sir Hugh stretched on the ground, impressed him with the belief that he was dead. He had slunk away like a guilty, cowardly outcast. He had scarcely dared to look up to Heaven lest some avenging apparition should meet his gaze. No wonder, therefore, that he heaved a deep sigh of relief, and that his contracted brow relaxed, as he heard the agreeable intelligence of Sir Hugh's safety.

"And does this change of purpose end our contract?" he enquired, when Fitz-Osbert finished his explanation.

"The contract is of no value, Armstrong, without the consent of the third party. I have always respected you as an honest and industrious citizen and a staunch partisan, but I cannot give you my only child unless her happiness as well as yours be enhanced by the alliance. Have you consulted her?"

Fitz-Osbert spoke in slow and measured tones, for he began to regret the hasty promise extracted from him in a moment of violent passion, and he now saw difficulties and obstructions which he did not see then. Above all, he doubted whether Armstrong would succeed in obtaining Nelly's consent, and he secretly desired to elude the pain of parting with his daughter.

"Here is Nelly—plead your own cause, and if she be willing you may yet receive your reward," he continued, as Nelly's footsteps were heard approaching.

Armstrong was in terrible confusion. It was with great difficulty that he could restrain himself from running out after Fitz-Osbert, and it was not without many nervous twitchings and several unwarrantable attacks on his unoffending head of hair that he arrived at the resolution to speak.

"Have you been to Houndsditch to-day, Mistress Nelly?"

"I was there this morning," replied Nelly, looking out of the window.

"Your visits must be very welcome," he continued, gaining courage.

"I hope so."

"I almost wish that I—that you—that is, that I were one of the old and infirm to receive your attentions."

"Do you?"

"You are so beautiful, so kind, Mistress Nelly."

Nelly turned round at these words and looked him full in the face. He was sitting on the bench supporting his chin on his hands, and resting his elbows on his knees. When Nelly turned towards him he immediately lost all command over himself. Her large eyes seemed to be reading his soul; everything appeared to swim around; and in utter despair he threw himself on his knees at her feet.

"Nelly, I love you," he exclaimed, nearly choking with emotion. "Forgive me this rashness. Do not turn away—give me hope—say you will be my wife. Say 'Yes'—one word of hope. I will be true to the death. I will"——

"Armstrong!" said Nelly, starting back with alarm and astonishment, "I do not understand you. Rise to your feet, or I must call my father."

"Oh, forgive me—forgive me," cried the excited armourer, rising from his suppliant position; "I know not what I am doing. I adore you. Say that you will be mine. I will be your slave. I will worship you, and sacrifice every moment of my existence to your happiness."

"It can never be," said Nelly firmly but kindly. "It is useless to say more—it can never be."

The words fell on Armstrong's ears slowly and distinctly, and the tone of candour with which they were uttered only increased the sharpness of the sting. He reeled back and grasped the bench with one hand to support his huge body."

"Is there no hope?" he stammered.

"There is none," replied Nelly, advancing to the door.

"By Heaven!" cried the armourer, rushing forward and seizing her hand; "do not leave me thus—do not condemn me to despair. This hope has been the light of my life; its extinction is worse than death. Relent—pray relent."

"Free my hand and let me go," exclaimed Nelly indignantly. "I have answered you; I can say no more." She uttered the last words with icy coldness, and with an unmistakable expression of contempt.

"Enough!" muttered the armourer, releasing her delicate hand from his rough grasp, and, without another word, he rushed from the room and staggered out of the house."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETING BY THE RIVER.

THE incidents related in the preceding chapters occupied but three days. We must now pass rapidly over the events of the following week. Armstrong, astonished at his own courage in the recent declaration to Nelly, and broken down in spirit by her indignant rejection of his heart and hand, had shut himself up in his workshop, and had never since crossed Fitz-Osbert's threshold. The neighbours wondered why he did not go forth as usual to gossip with his favourite companions, and still more did they wonder at the incessant clank of his hammer and the undying glare of his forge. In vain they sought to discover what important work he had on hand which forced him to toil with such untiring energy. His men and apprentices laboured no longer than usual, nor could they give a reason for their master's strange freak of industry. His huge arms made the anvil tremble beneath the weight of the great hammer. Often in the stillness of the night he could be heard restlessly pacing his workshop, and at the break of day he was standing over his forge preparing for another round of incessant silent toil. His hair was more ragged than ever, his eyes were blood-shot, and his face was furrowed with lines of care.

Nelly had not forgotten the armourer's desperate expressions of devotion, and, although she regarded him as a coarse and brutal man, she could not avoid a feeling of pity by his evident misery. Her mind, however, was occupied by matter so much more important that even this pity left no deep impression, and Armstrong's mad love was almost forgotten.

Sir Hugh de Danedred had recovered from the effects of his injury, and, although scarcely able to undertake the long journey, he had left the Priory and taken up his quarters at the Tower of London. His followers were relieved from an unpleasant anxiety when they received a message assuring them that no serious mischief had befallen him, and commanding them to await with patience his return to the

London Tower. Walrick's curiosity was not satisfied by the scanty information conveyed by the messenger, and with much cunning he contrived to discover the whereabouts of his master. Sir Hugh did not hesitate, consequently, to make a confidant of his fool so far as to confess a slight illness, and Walrick's tongue being given to wagging, he was bound to silence on all he had seen and heard in London by the threat of a severe punishment, and sent back with a message to Danedred Tower, couched in terms least likely to cause alarm. At last the time arrived when Sir Hugh could no longer find an excuse for remaining in London. Much as he dreaded the task before him, he had many good reasons for delaying it no longer. The fool had told him of Mary de Lawnford's joy on hearing of his return to England, and of her ceaseless vigils awaiting his arrival at Danedred Tower. But a short time ago such news would have made him intensely happy, and eager to put a speedy end to his long absence. Now, the news was a cause of pain, and he prepared for his departure from London as a solemn duty.

Since the reconciliation he had frequently seen Nelly, and every meeting gave the spell of her beauty and the influence of her mind a new victory over his heart. His looks, and the fervour of his words, might have betrayed the secret, but he had not dared to confess it to her.

Remorseless time crept on, and the eve of his departure arrived. His men were busily polishing their armour, ready to start at early dawn. The day had been dull and cold, but a strong wind had driven off the heavy snow clouds; and as the evening advanced the full moon rolled upwards, cresting the dancing wavelets of the Thames with flashes of uncertain light.

Sir Hugh stood on the southern battlements of the tower in sad and gloomy reverie. He had not realised the full extent of Nelly's power over him until now that the hour of his departure was at hand. If he could confide to her the secret of his heart, he felt that he would have more courage and more peace of mind. The desire to confess his love grew upon him rapidly—he could not control it; his impatient nature yearned for her answer. His imagination became fired for a moment with the thought of her approval, and then his heart sank at the idea of a cold, contemptuous response. The suspense became unbearable. The moon advanced higher in the heavens. The curfew would soon be sounded; and the thought that he might never see her again filled him with a deep, silent anguish. He turned impatiently towards the great western gates of the Tower, and, passing through, walked hurriedly in the direction of Fitz-Osbert's house. The glow of the log fire glittered on the walls, but he looked in vain for any shadow or sign of life within. Uncertain whether to intrude or not,

he turned down a lane at the side of Bow Church, and strolled towards the river.

"Sir Hugh!" said a voice behind him. It was Nelly.

He turned instantly round, and beheld her standing in the pale moonlight, her hair streaming, and her robes fluttering in the evening breeze.

"I have come to wish you good bye, Sir Hugh," she said, extending her hand with artless grace. "I saw you pass, and I hurried after you."

"It was very kind of you, Nelly. I came this way hoping we might meet once more. I could not rest until I had again thanked you for all your kindness, and ——"

"Sir Hugh, pray say no more! I do not wish to remember that horrible morning."

They were standing by the river bank, not very far from the old stone cell. The events associated with that place flashed across his mind; but foremost in the mental picture was the figure of Nelly standing at the door like an angel of mercy. Respectfully and tenderly he took her small white hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"We may meet again, Nelly," he said with a trembling voice; "but if Heaven decrees otherwise, will you think of me sometimes? I could not have believed that parting would have been such sad work." He still held her hand in his, and he felt a hot tear fall upon his wrist.

"I will always remember you, Sir Hugh—I will always pray for you." She would have said more, but her heart was full, and she strove in vain to conceal her emotion.

"Nelly, Nelly!" cried Sir Hugh, "say one word—say that you can be happy, and cast your lot with me, and I will return soon to claim you as my own."

Her hand trembled, but she did not answer.

At that moment the figure of a broad-shouldered man crouching beside the river bank stood out in dark relief against the moonlit waters.

(To be continued.)

MORALITY IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

“**T**HEOPOMPUS tells us of a certain rogue, one Bardylis, an Illyrian, that got a great power by the fame of his justice in dividing the prey; and Viriatus, the Lusitanian, got a much greater, to whom even some of our armies and generals were forced to yield, till he was beaten and weakened by that Caius Lœlius, who was surnamed the Wise in the time of his prætorship, who brought down his haughtiness to so low an ebb as to render the war easy for those that came after him. If justice, then, be of so great efficacy as to raise and increase even the power of pirates, of what mighty force must we suppose it to be, in the midst of laws, and in a well-constituted republic.”—CICERO.

“Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action, faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd
And prais'd, unenvy'd by the Muse he lov'd.”—Pope.

One of our London journalists, commenting upon some official proceedings which had been under investigation, says of the honourable gentleman principally concerned in those proceedings, that “after making due allowance for imperfections of memory on the part of himself and others, he cannot be exculpated altogether from what is called, in the language of schools, amphibology, and in English, shuffling. Gentlemen do not do these things in private life. But the truth is, that the habit, from which your thorough party man is seldom free, of ‘sporting,’ between jest and earnest, lax principles of political morality, deadens insensibly but surely the fine instinct of a man of honour.” To this it may be added that the spirit of party has a no less marked effect upon the critical observations of commentators, so that—to use an old illustration—one man may steal a horse with impunity so far as *they* are concerned, while another encounters their “satiric touch,” if not something much more severe, for even looking with covetous eyes over the hedge of the field where the horse is depastured.

It is certain, however, that the morality of public business calls for animadversion. There is but too much room for improvement. While amelioration of manners has made great progress, strictly honest and clearly honourable dealing has not made any progress. The advance has been what an Irish recruit described as an advance backwards. Violent crimes and misdemeanours, and, indeed, violent conduct of all kinds (notwithstanding some late illustrations to the contrary in the House of Commons), may be safely said to have diminished; but Satan

makes himself amends in the more general overthrow of sound principles, and of sterling honesty. It is reported of a late eminent person in trade, who gave up business some years before he died, and was asked the reason why, that he said "he had continued in trade as long as a gentleman could do so;" meaning that trade had come to such a pass that no one could be successful in it without resorting to practices which scrupulous honesty, and a nice sense of honour, could not endure. This is too much the case, also, with public life. People who hold their heads high, and whose manners are sufficiently correct and smooth, are not ashamed of artifices which sound morality cannot approve. This may be said to have become the general taste. One of the journals which most inculcates, and most practises, subserviency to the public taste of the day, whatever it may be, delivered itself some time ago of the following piece of philosophy:—

"Compromise is a good thing in its own proper sphere, but that sphere is not the question of truth, but the balance of interests and the calculation of expediences, and, perhaps, the comparison of opinions. The truth is, that the spirit of compromise is supposed to be so ubiquitous, so subtle, and so unprincipled, that a wink or a nod would be sufficient to suggest, transact, and ratify a most complex interchange of accommodation between the greatest opposites and the most dissimilar agents. *There is a notion abroad that everything is to be done by management*, and that the secret of success is to find out the key to a sort of inner machinery by which the whole world is moved. Railways, of course, have long been given up to this system; but opinion gives it a much larger and loftier range. Questions of life and death can now be 'made pleasant,' and official statements 'cooked' to give pleasure. So, at least, it is imagined, and the belief is so general as really to discourage many from regular methods, and set them to work, seeing how their business may be done in some quieter and shorter way by the royal road of mutual accommodation. Such is one of the besetting infirmities of the age."

And to such an infirmity most people conform with considerable alacrity, because it is "an infirmity of the age." At length some wholesome attention is roused to the "management" by which members of Parliament are often made, and by which official influence is sustained. The evil begins to be (in theory, at all events) admitted. Men begin to ask, how is all this to end? and what is to be the cure?

So far as the masses have a share in the indifference to duty, or the absolute corruption, of which notice has been taken, the remedy suggested on almost every hand is simply that of "education." Upon this point, however, Sir A. Alison has wisely said in his book on "Population"—

"That the instruction of the labouring classes is a great public

benefit, and that the general prosperity is immensely benefited by the talent which it brings to bear upon the fortunes of the State, is self-evident; but if, in addition to this, it is expected that the enjoyments of knowledge are to counteract, in the *majority* of the lower orders, the desire for gratifications of a baser kind, or to check the growth of vicious desires in the active as well as the speculative part of mankind, effects are anticipated from its diffusion contrary alike to reason and experience."

Contrary, at all events, to experience; for the persons by whose means and whose agency the lower orders are bribed into the abuse of their public privileges are generally persons of education—certainly of as much education, and, for the most part, of as good education, as we could expect by any public exertion, and any outlay of the public money, to confer upon the great mass of the lower orders of the people. We have no right to infer that, from the increase of the knowledge of the masses, will arise a greater aversion from "managing" matters by some other rules than those of honesty and honour. This is very well shown in the book of Sir A. Alison already quoted:—

"If any man were to propose by a system of education to counteract the passions, or give a new direction to the desires of the *higher orders* generally, he would immediately be regarded as a visionary enthusiast. All the world knows that the charms of science or the attractions of philosophy will never divert the great majority of the higher orders from the sports of the field or the amusements of the metropolis. If any person were to propose by such inducements to make fox-hunting forgotten, or Almack's deserted, everybody would know what success might be expected from his exertions. Experience has sufficiently demonstrated that, although some of the higher orders are men of a thoughtful or speculative turn, who prefer the researches of philosophy to the excitation of amusement, the great majority are differently constituted, and can feel an interest only in those boisterous exercises or trifling occupations which form the ordinary employment of men of fashion.

"Now, if this be admitted in regard to the affluent members of society, what rational ground is there for supposing that the enjoyments of study will be appreciated by a wider circle among the labouring classes; or that the proportion of the human race that are qualified by nature to take an interest in such pursuits is *greater* in the lower than in the higher orders? Intoxication, gaming, and sexual indulgence constitute the excitation of the lower orders; they are within the reach of every labouring man, and their seductions are brought to his door in every large city. If the great majority of the higher ranks, upon whom education has lavished all her treasures, and taste opened all her refinements, can be roused only by the stimulus of

physical passion, or the animation of bodily exercise, what ground is there for supposing that the lower orders, who are doomed by necessity to a life of labour, will be more intellectual in their pleasures? The desire for information, and the enjoyment of study, it is well known, increase in a most extraordinary manner with the acquisition of knowledge, and are never found in so high a degree as among those who are best informed. Is it to be supposed that the scanty education which the poor are able to give their children, before they are harnessed to the labour of life, is to diffuse the perception of the lights of knowledge to a greater degree than the long years of academical education which are bestowed upon the rich? Are the seductions of vice more powerful among the great, who have all the enjoyments of life at their command, and are far removed from the contagion of sin, than among the poor, who are frequently deprived of every gratification but those which flow from licentiousness, and are doomed to meet its votaries every time they cross their threshold? Or is a life of labour, which exhausts the frame, and deadens every desire but that for physical stimulants, a better preparation for the enjoyments of science than the luxurious indolence which requires mental exertion to relieve its uniformity?"

This is sufficient to show that, while encouraging education as a certainly good thing in itself, we must not expect from it so much more than experience warrants us in expecting. No man can be sure that, by making the people more knowing they will be generally made better; and it is, indeed, particularly doubtful that their moral improvement will be of that kind which will set them above the arts of "management" and the seductions of pecuniary or other the like advantage.

That which is of more importance than education is, that men in high station, legislative or local, should set examples of honour, probity, and Christian kindness. If men in Parliament assert that the true rule for public prosperity is that every man should be encouraged to do the best he can for his own interest, it is no wonder that such lessons should corrupt the people. If in high places patriotic feeling be sneered at as romance, unfit for an age of activity and business; if the themes of national honour, national greatness, and even national security, have become distasteful in great assemblies, now more willing to consider by what means merchants may be able to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest markets; and if national glory, which Edmund Burke said was an important part of the business of the nation, be no longer so considered by those who rule the nation and give the tone to public sentiment; how can we wonder that the general mind should become low and sordid?—that men should be ever stooping to pick up the dross of worldly advantage, and that the thickening

mists of corruption should grow and gather, and shut out the sun of public virtue, so that there is no light ?

The tide of indignation against electioneering corruption has set in, and much punishment has, within the last two or three months, been inflicted both on elected and on electors, for acts which, a session or two ago, would certainly have entailed no such results. But can it be expected that, while every avowed supporter of existing Administrations in the House of Commons shares the patronage of Government in the locality to which he belongs as the reward of his support—can it be expected that, while this goes on, the electors can be wholly unbribed ? That this is the practice is perfectly notorious. It is a practice not without its conveniences ; and in many cases it is reasonable enough to suppose that the local member will better know who is fit for a local Government office than any member of the Government at head-quarters can know. But is *merit* generally—is it *ever* considered in such cases ? Does the local member take advantage of his knowledge to recommend the man he conscientiously believes to be fittest for the post to which the Government has to appoint ? No ; he serves the man who has served him.

The moral reform must begin from the top ; and if it do begin there, in sincerity and truth, great and good results will probably follow.

PUMPS, AND ITS INHABITANTS.



PUMPS is a city—"a city of vast importance," as Cadde, Esq., one of its worthy aldermen, loudly asserts in the council chamber when debating the advisability of erecting an extra lamp-light in the High-street ;—and Pumps returns two members to Parliament. The population of Pumps, at the last census, was, including Oxley and Sheepley, six thousand five hundred and nine inhabitants.

Pumps is a show-place. Besides its grand gothic cathedral (commenced A.D. 1001, by Bishop Rubicunde), it contains many other noble edifices—"Hedifices" (we again quote Cadde, Esq.) "alike ornamental and useful, and which 'ave cost the town and corporashun a precious sight of money, sir."

These buildings comprise many excellent institutions. In the first instance, the Pumpites boast a most elegant asylum for congenital idiots (in brick) ; secondly, they have a highly substantial county gaol (likewise in brick) ; thirdly, there is a spacious almshouse for de-

cayed crossing-sweepers; and, in the fourth place, we may mention their national schools. But are these the whole of their "lions"? Certainly not. In addition to the foregoing, they have a Bishop's palace (surrounded by moat), a deanery (castellated), two handsome churches (Revs. Eyre and Lowther), five chapels (periodically closed "till the trifling debt on the sanctuary is liquidated"), a conduit (pronounced "cundick"), and a Russian gun.

Before we proceed further we must set ourselves right on one point. Strictly speaking, the almshouse alluded to above is *not* inhabited by crossing-sweepers, although the benevolent gentleman who endowed it intended that it should be; but, strange to say, since his decease no besom has been brandished in the streets of Pumps; and perhaps the good reader will not be slow to understand that where the crossings are never swept there can be no decayed sweepers. Be this as it may, it was found necessary to do something, and Cadde, Esq., proved himself equal to the occasion. "If there's no bisoms," exclaimed this eloquent civic authority, p'r'aps there's wooden legs, and if there isn't wooden legs maybe there's widders. Let's supply the almshouse with either wooden legs or widders; *I* prefers the former." This brilliant stroke of wit was considered irresistible by the council assembled, and one and all, including the mayor (who, by-the-bye, was under certain pecuniary obligations to Cadde, Esq.), were convulsed with laughter. A vote of thanks was returned to the worthy alderman for what was termed his "neat suggestion," and from that memorable day one-legged gentlemen in straightened circumstances have been industriously sought for by the Pumpite committee, and advanced in life.

Pumps is by no means a dead-alive place. The Yeomanry Cavalry assemble there for seven days' practice once in every two years, to say nothing of quarter sessions, school feasts, and the annual flower show. The fact is—and it can't be disputed—Pumps is gay. Since it has boasted of a volunteer corps it has been gayer than ever. "To 'ear them rifles a-goin' hoff, you'd think 'twas a harmy of ten thousand; but, to state plain fac's, I b'lieve there's only sixty in all, cap'n included." Pardonable enthusiasm on the part of Cadde! Truly, as the Pumpites remark, he is "a man to the backbone."

Apropos of military affairs, we happened to be at Pumps during the time the Yeomanry Cavalry were "out." We were fortunate enough to behold the grand review. The scene was brilliant in the extreme, and the drill-ground was crowded with the *élite* of the city and neighbourhood; to instance which, we have merely to state that the Lord Bishop of the diocese was on the spot, together with A. Moughe, Esq., M.P., and Mrs. Moughe—the congenital idiots were also present. And was Cadde, Esq., on the field? Yes, honest man, he was, perfectly conscious that he had subscribed a five-pound note towards the pyro-

technic display which was to "come off" in the evening in the market-place of Pumps. And Cadde, Esq., was not altogether ignored by exalted personages, or else why should the worthy alderman bow his very best, and exclaim, "Tollorable, my lard; I 'ope and trust yer lardship's 'ealth is good?" Why should Cadde, Esq., we ask, have given expression to this elegant language if he had not been recognised by persons of high degree?

This act of condescension on the part of the Lord Bishop (for we will not be niggardly enough to suppress any portion of his title) puts us in mind of some very similar behaviour shown by his friend Moughe, Esq., M.P., at the time he was a candidate for the city and borough of Pumps. Not but what Moughe, Esq., was highly pleasant at the review, Indeed, Mr. Alderman Cadde informed more than one neighbour that "Moughe, M.P., give me his hand, and passed the time o' day quite pleasant; and Mrs. M., when interjuiced to Mrs. C., smiled affable, and said, "Most 'appy to know you, mum."

"Native perliteness is everything," replied the mayor of Pumps, to whom this interesting anecdote had been related, if we recollect rightly, more than once. The mayor was a long-suffering functionary; and, besides, was he not "trading upon three thousand pound" of Cadde's money?

We will not enlarge upon the review episode. What we want to acquaint our readers with is this—the courtesy and benevolence of Moughe at the time he was canvassing the electors of Pumps. On this memorable occasion, Moughe, Esq., proved himself to be a perfect angel in temper. He made quite a bosom friend of Mr. Alderman Cadde, and treated the mayor of Pumps (as everybody said) for all the world as if he had been his own brother. He not only took the taunts and what a certain admirable civic magnate called the "insinivations" of the opposite side in good part, but actually presented some of his bitterest enemies with glittering coin of the realm and crisp Bank of England five-pound notes.

"It is not bribery and corruption," bleated the Rev. Smugge, independent pastor, who was a staunch Moughite, "but merely an overflow of loving-kindness." And the reverend gentleman, after so delivering himself, proceeded to carve a boiled turkey, and to inquire for oyster sauce. You must please to understand that all this took place at an election dinner, at which the Rev. Smugge "asked a blessing." Now by this we do not mean to insinuate that the Rev. Smugge was wont to take any decided part in election matters. "As a pastor of the independent denomination," this excellent gentleman would remark, "I hold myself strictly neutral; I will hear the strife from afar, nor gird myself for the fight." Notwithstanding this determination, he would not allow himself to be altogether separated from his people. "Al-

though I am totally indifferent to temporal affairs," he went on to observe, "still, by appearing at certain of the feasts I can hold communion with my flock; for at the festive board man is genially inclined, and rather a vessel of peace than of wrath."

Beautifully and touchingly expressed, as every one said who heard this eloquent speech; and the Rev. Smugge upheld his principles like a man. He wended his way to the "Crown" regularly twice a week during election time, and there communed with his sheep (who were browsing on turbot, by the way), and so far overcame his repugnance to the things of this world that at every visit he partook of fish three times, and allowed himself to be supplied with a second bottle of sherry without a murmur. Theology was uppermost in his thoughts, or why, when returning home, did he mistake Dr. Tozer's door for his own? Complacent and devout Smugge! And this was the man of whom slanderers declared he did not "pay his way!"

But we are neglecting Moughe, Esq. We have before stated that his conduct was irreproachable. His canvass was carried on in the most gentlemanly manner, and his principles were aired with the utmost decorum. Cadde, Esq., went from house to house with the embryo senator, and the order of the procession was thus:—Agent in advance (Blande, "'torney," as the Pumpites called him), closely followed by Cadde, Esq., and the mayor. If we draw aside the veil we are bound to disclose this:—The house is that of Mr. Binney, ladies' shoemaker. The agent coughs on entering the door, Moughe, Esq., smiles, and Cadde, Esq., and the mayor mutually rub their hands. After a while the silence is broken by the worthy alderman, who inquires of the agitated cobbler, "How is things goin', Binney?" Binney grows spasmodic, and stutters "Mortal queer." "Oh! things is mortal queer, is they?" chuckles Cadde, glancing at Moughe in a very knowing way: "Ah! things is queer, is they?" he mechanically repeats. "But yer principles isn't qucer, Binney, my man?" he adds, with aldermanic wit. "I've been a buff now for fourteen year," replies Binney, slapping his thigh with his measure, "and I ain't a-goin' to change colour for no man. My father was a buff afore me, and I'll live and die a buff—there now!"

Moughe, Esq., being a buff himself, is of course highly delighted with Binney's sentiments, and in the kindest manner possible assures the little shoemaker that his handsome behaviour shall not be forgotten. The quartet then shake hands with the grateful Binney, and take their leave. After this, is it to be wondered at that the amiable Moughe represents the city and borough of Pumps in Parliament?

The pronunciation of Cadde, Esq., is at times just a little eccentric. We think it right to mention this, lest our motives should be mistaken; and as we are about to notice a certain institution of Pumps, we can-

not do better than account for the peculiarity observable in Cadde, Esq.'s, speech.

The institution in question is a charitable one, and is popularly known as the Blue Coat School. It is built in the *Tompson style of architecture*; and, lest any curiously inclined personage should inquire, "Who is *Tompson*?" we will at once state that he occupies a substantial mansion in *Laurel-street, Pumps*, where he may be "seen" daily from nine to six. To be more explicit, we shall take the liberty to transcribe from the brass plate affixed to *Tompson's door*; and therefore we write—"Inigo Jones *Tompson*, Architect, Land Surveyor, and Valuer. Plans furnished."

But what has this to do with *Cadde, Esq.*? What, indeed! We shall be able, we think, to fully satisfy our readers that the *Pumps Blue Coat School* has been everything to *Cadde*; and, to exhaust the subject, we may hint at eleemosynary education, raiment, and stationery.

About forty years ago (*Cadde, Esq.*, is now fifty—please mark this) a schoolmaster presided over this institution who had been rather imperfectly educated, and had no knowledge whatever of the aspirate. He had been chosen by a committee of town councillors; but as he submitted himself and his testimonials to these gentlemen some time in the month of November, nobody ought to be surprised that a certain amount of obscurity attended his election. Some ill-natured people had the audacity to declare that it was the invariable custom of the elected individual to spell chromatic with a *k*; but as these very slanderers, to save their lives, could not have given you the correct orthography of parallelogram, how could *they* be judges of what was right and what was wrong? Suffice it, the new schoolmaster forthwith seated himself at his desk, wielded the cane with considerable authority, and laid at once the foundation of the future greatness of *Cadde*, and the worthy alderman's eccentricity of pronunciation.

We are much afraid that we have brought *Cadde, Esq.*, just a little too prominently before the reader; and we consider it much the best plan to endeavour to atone for our error by placing the worthy alderman in the background. To speak hyperbolically, and, of course, ridiculously, we have sacrificed *Pumps* on the altar of *Cadde*. Let us, therefore, bring to the front other scenes and persons.

Pumps is not wholly ignorant. Indeed, it has been called "a centre of intelligence." It has its Literary and Scientific Institute, its Athenæum, and its Debating Club; and the name of *Mudie* is not unknown to its inhabitants.

At least seven geniuses have irradiated this ancient city with their light; and we have but to mention the name of *Horatio Smith*, poet and philosopher, to arouse the dormant enthusiasm of the *Pumpites* to

its utmost pitch. The poems of Smith (published in one neat volume by Ferdinand Tones) are as familiar to the maidenhood of Pumps as household words. "Hours of Bliss" contains stanzas of the most ravishing beauty—to wit: "To Angelica, with a Rose," and "Heart Throbs, a Vigil"—"poems," as a writer in the *Pumps Herald* justly remarks, "rife with passion, purity, and polish, and which strikingly remind us of the earlier manner of Chaucer."

But we regret to say that the reviewer of the *Pumps Herald* is not everybody, and, consequently, poor Horatio Smith has not been altogether understood. The slanderers of the Rev. Smugge have slandered him as well.

"Alas!" said the *Pumps Herald* reviewer over his whiskey and water at the Sun—"Alas! that these venomous worms should show such base ingratitude, and turn and sting their benefactor; for Horatio Smith has ever been the champion of Pumps. Not so very long ago he behaved himself like a man, and signally silenced the revilers of his native place. Some treacherous serpents had stated that it was absurd to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakspeare in a city where nine out of ten of the inhabitants had never heard of the immortal bard. 'It was utter nonsense,' they said, 'to do anything of the kind.' 'Was it?' inquired Horatio Smith, with a piercing glance. 'Was it? He would give them to know,' he went on to say, while they quailed before him, 'he would give them to know that the reason of this misunderstanding on the part of his townsmen was a simple one—so simple, in fact, that it could and should be immediately explained to them.' Like an oracle (and here the *Herald's* reviewer lowered his tone, in order to be impressive)—like an oracle he proceeded to illumine their ignorance. 'The orthography,' said my friend, 'of the renowned poet's surname is so extremely doubtful that many individuals are not *sure of their man*, and, not being *sure of their man*, they are, as a matter of course, extremely sceptical. But (mark the brilliancy of his logic, ye Pumpites!)—but although they refuse to follow the example of several notorious dullards, and accept the name of Shakspeare as gospel, still, their objection does not extend to the appellation of *William*. They have a simple, childlike faith in *William*, and are quite ready and willing to believe that a person so christened has written *pastoral* poems of a very high order.' The revilers (continued the gasping reviewer of the *Herald*)—the revilers were dumbfounded to a man. They hadn't a single word to say for themselves—not a single leg to stand upon—after this brilliant exposition of my friend Horatio's; but *behind his back* (O, most cowardly Pumps!) they did and *do* revile Smith, poet, wit, and philosopher. This is to be lamented! And yet, does Smith care?—is his bosom troubled? I am instructed to add, not an iota!"

Here the talented gentleman finished his harangue and whiskey and water, scowled at the company, and departed. The bar of the Sun was in amazement for full ten minutes, and preserved a respectful silence; even the blandishments of the adorable Miss Rea were exercised in vain. Such is the triumph of mind over matter!

We will but briefly mention the other six geniuses of Pumps. Two died young, four are living. The time will come, and is not far distant, when the claims of the surviving ones will be allowed, not only by Pumps, but by the world; and we confidently expect that the wayworn pilgrim will, ere long, thread the mazes of the High-street, and breathlessly inquire for the houses whercin Brown, Jones, Perkins, and Robinson first saw the light. Glorious examples have these gifted beings been to the rising generation of Pumps; and if the ancient city really be more intelligent, more crudite, more talented than the surrounding neighbourhood, we know very well who ought to be thanked for it. But is there not marble in the land? and do not sculptors exist? Littleborough may sneer, Peddlingbury may revile; but Pumps knows the strength of its genius, and smiles complacently in consequence.

We had almost forgotten to mention how glorious a *fête* is the Pumps' annual flower show, and we hasten to do some scanty justice to the festival in question. This flower-show takes place in the month of August, and is holden in the magnificent park appertaining to Cranberry Hall, which was once the seat of one of Pumps' wealthiest squires, but is now, we regret to say, inhabited by an obscure metropolitan family—a family of whom Cadde, Esq., has been heard to remark—"Plebeans, Sir, hevery one of 'em; ought to 'ave a hauctioneer's 'ammer for their crest; and yet give themselves hairs, and won't mix with the 'ighest civic authorities of Pumps. The idear of being hignored by a trump'ry picter-dealer!" Righteous indignation! Cadde Tonans!

But of the flower-show. A military band is engaged for the occasion, and the musicians of the Pumps rifle corps enliven the day's proceedings as well. At an early hour it is patent to everybody that "something is going on," as Cadde, Esq., would put it. The equanimity of the inhabitants seems altogether disturbed. The landlords of the two principal hotels chase their respective waiters from room to room, and ring every bell within reach in the most absurd manner possible, and without any definite purpose whatever, just as they do when one solitary traveller descends from the railway 'bus, with a small carpet-bag in his hand, and asks for the accommodation of bed and breakfast. The landladies are even more frantic and flushed than the landlords; and as for the young females who preside over the several bars—well, their demeanour is utterly changed. For instance, Miss Rea, of the Sun, whose beha-

viour to the young gentlemen of Pumps has been hitherto of the most courteous, nay, tender description, is now pleased to regard them as if they were a set of bumpkins, unworthy of an expression beyond a lofty "Thank you" when she receives their money in exchange for sundry bottles of Bass's ale or Withy's lemonade. (The truth is, the attractions of an elegant stranger from town have blinded Miss Rea to the fascinations of the cavaliers of Pumps.) The streets are of course in a greater bustle than the hotels. Vehicles of every description pursue each other in from the neighbouring towns and villages, and discharge their living freights with a velocity almost unparalleled; the citizens of Pumps congregate in knots and congratulate each other on the growing importance of their city; and thousands of fashionably-attired excursionists perambulate the market-place. Everything and everybody wear a high-holiday appearance.

The city is always most beautifully decorated. The laurel-arch placed at the entrance to the town is invariably allowed to be a perfect miracle of art, while the designs exhibited by the several shopkeepers are of the chastest and sweetest description. And here we will take the liberty to quote from the *Pumps Herald*. "The Flora of Mr. Jukes, Tailor," writes the reporter of this powerful local organ, "is unique of its kind, and inordinately beautiful. A fastidious critic might possibly assert that the goddess is not usually represented as wearing a bonnet ornamented with dahlias and verbenas, but we beg to assure such a person that we do not consider this particular kind of head dress in the least unbecoming; and if further proof be wanting of its utter propriety, we have but to call the attention of Pumps to the fact that the original nymph is commonly understood to have dispensed with some other articles of attire usually held sacred by the female sex. Therefore, we beg to compliment Mr. Jackson, Tailor, upon his 'Flora.'"

Did space admit of it, we could quote columns upon columns from the *Pumps Herald* relative to the surpassing beauty of the floral decorations, and do ourselves the honour to extract portions of its account of the flower-show itself, but we must proceed to bring this trifling and hasty sketch of the ancient city to a conclusion. Can we make our bow more gracefully than by recommending to the notice of all parties interested the graphic pages of the "Guide to Pumps"?

TOO LONG!

BY MRS. W. SAWYER.

"This fire burns long, too long," I said;
 "Would it were out, and I a-bed!
 A-bed, at rest, without a care,
 All pain, all sorrow silenced there:—
 This fire burns long, too long."
 This was my moan, and this my plaint,
 The storied patience of a saint
 Had in that hour of life no share;
 I watched and moaned, with dull despair,—
 "This fire burns long, too long,"
 I sit beside this wasting fire,
 More chill I grow the flames expire;
 Until it dies, I cannot move
 To seek the rest I long and love,—
 "This fire burns long, too long."
 Absorbed, I heard one sound alone—
 Its dropping ashes on the stone.
 "When all its heat is gone," said I,
 "Then it will die, as I shall die;
 Why will it burn so long?"
 Sudden, I heard a sound without,
 Half lamentation, half a shout,
 And startling blows upon the door,
 And cries, "Oh, help us from your store,
 And may your days be long!"
 "For we are storm-bound, stiff, and cold,
 As straying sheep from winter fold."
 I argued, "Shall I help deny?"
 Then, with kind thought, "Come in," said I,
 "Though my fire burns not long."
 "But, while it burns, I shall be glad,
 If its faint warmth which made me sad,
 Can comfort you, and bring surcease
 To pain, which unto me were peace,
 To share my comfort long."

I threw fresh fuel on the grate,
 And said "'Twill burn afresh, though late.
 I had not thought my fire could be
 More than it was—a grief to me:
 I pray it burneth long.

"For, should it solace me no more,
 I see that what may be my sore
 May prove a comfort and a good.
 My selfish heart misunderstood
 This fire that burns so long.

"Since, had it languished, and alone,
 My heart had chill and silent grown,
 I had not sighed, or cared to see
 Its sinking light blaze up for me:
 So may my fire burn long.

"So may my fire burn long, I pray;
 May it warm other hearts to-day—
 To-morrow—and to-morrow still—
 Nor sink the moment that I will,
 And rashly sigh, 'Too long!'

"Not even if no hope were knit
 With mine, in sadly watching it;
 No murmur of my lips dare be,
 That Life is comfortless to me,
 Its fire burns long, too long."

FRANK TRAVERS' LETTERS FROM MESOPOTAMIA.

LETTER III.

ORFAH.



DEAR TOM,—Still hanging out, you see, at Orfah. Have had a touch of low fever. Had scarcely posted off my last to you when I was seized with a shivering fit. I hailed Dabble, and told him somebody unknown was rendering themselves distantly and surreptitiously obnoxious to an author known as Frank Travers, by promenading and perambulating, with an utter disregard to the decencies of life in general, and with want of Christian feeling to himself in particular, over the special six feet of ground allotted for his future tenement in some shrubby and flowery ornamental receptacle for the wholesale dead. With that I

dropped my cigar, gave a lurch like a vessel leaving port, fairly weighed anchor for the fever coast, and took a cruise in the sick ship. Our inelegant but good-tempered friend is a trump at nursing. Would not have done a bad thing if he had joined Miss Nightingale in the Crimea in days gone by—though, if I remember rightly, we were at the toffy, gingerbread, and pugilistic age just then. Sherbet and quinces are not so bad. Made my will, got into strange seas, and talked nonsense about Cyrella. Fancied she came out of one of Pharaoh's eggs in Turkoman breech—I mean bloomers—and said she was going to marry the jolly old Pasha; gave Dabble a black eye, and had his paint box stewed for dinner; and after that, Cyrella and the jolly old Pasha, and Dabble and the camel driver, danced round a fire, and pointed at me as I turned on a spit roasting; and you, Tom—you were basting me with cold water out of a warming-pan! You may think I had anything but a pleasant time. The folks out here are not a bad set, after all. I am on my legs again now, and, as soon as well enough to look at it, was jolly glad to get your letter. Bless Cyrella's sweet little face! Who did the sketch for you? I never thought to "look on that picture, or on this again." The folks here called it nothing, but between you and I, Tom, it was a gambler's game at bowls, and the "golden bowl" got a smart hit.

So "Orfah is my dwelling-place," and, during convalescence, I have taken to it kindly, and must tell you a word or two about it. By-the-bye—shades of Orestes and Pylades forbid it!—all the while Dabble could hand me a cup of sherbet so tenderly, smooth my pillow with as kindly a hand as some one at home (for whom, by-the-bye, I took him when I did not know what I was saying or seeing), WHAT—and I put it in extra capitals—WHAT, I say, do you think the monster was "a-doin' of"? He had got his "Rowney" pitched by the bedside, in close proximity to the physic bottle, and when "I come to," and "knowed myself again," as Mrs. Gamp might say—egad, Tom, I "come a dozen," and "little did I know myself again." That perfidious, false, recreant deceiver, true to his avocation and his trade—eh! Tom, my more than friend—(drop a tear)—Dabble had me in every conceivable attitude and throw; every shade, colour, grimace, contortion—but I can only end the line, as Coleridge did when he addressed "O Sophonisba!" with an "Oh!"

I am being fed upon iced milk, sherbet made with honey, cinnamon, and spice, and iced pomegranate juice and rose water, which we sip on the roof at eventide, with anybody who invites us to pull a weed.

The town is approached through a modern cemetery; and, alas! still nearer to that modern cemetery approached I! What would then have become of the book—eh? The companion of my voyage would have embalmed my body in a sketch, and saying *hic jacet in pace*, sought to

appease my manes, as in admiration of this new proof of his talent he assuaged his grief. Truly, it was a bad omen, passing these white head-stones, each topped with a turban, by the shape and style of which the age and sex of the buried one is known. The bodies of these graves are of stone, in receding stages, and the top about the size of the poor humanity—gone down into the dust below—when that poor humanity yet walked and talked. The living specimens, however, of the local human family wear not the turban, but the Syrian *terbosh*, a head-gear not unlike a dunce's ornament laid prostrate by brutal blow of flourished ferule, or the mighty bonnet of the unhappy and immortal Caudle, wherein he leant a silent and unwilling ear—wishing he was deaf—to the murmured cooing of his ringdove mate, as celebrated in cheap cuts at the top of note paper, slightly tinted yellow, and a little jagged at the edges, price one penny a sheet, and taken out of the window for you. The inscriptions on these tombs are written on the white stone, some in black, some in gilt letters, or in gold on a green or black ground. Sorry I could not read 'em; but I had just come to the conclusion that undoubtedly the most laudatory epitaphs were those written in gold, for in Europe those who have the most gold about them are generally best beloved; and I would not mind taking considerable odds at a bet that the cloak Charity uses to cover a multitude of sins is stitched together with gold thread, and fringed with sequins; and as Cyrella's pet paper, the *Queen*, says, "fashion is in favour of a profusion of silver ornaments, either oxydized or bright." Just as I had arrived at my own conclusions, however, the theory was upset by information received that the white and gold slabs were emblems of innocence—oh! that innocence were so rewarded in my father land! then how rich were Frank, how little need to travel for his fame!—and appropriated to youths and virgins dying in a state of innocence. Black letters on a green ground mark the graves of Shereefs, or Arab Pharisees, men who live in the odour of sanctity or odious hypocrisy; for green, as you may have heard in your previous historical divings, is the colour of the prophet. Green is not reckoned a profitable colour in England—I told 'em so. The reverse of the stones is gaily painted in all colours. "Life's a kaliedoscope," said somebody; here, death is a chromotrope. Well! his wheel, like that of Ixion, is ever a turning, and he does not assume the same colour to all of us. Byron even tells us of persons "who wish the most to die," and says, "'Tis strange"—in them—"how strong the principle of life will often lie." By Jove! if death sent them a warning, it is themselves would be the first to confess as much; they would eat the lie between their teeth gladly enough, Tom.

But, somehow or other, I cannot get out of this graveyard. We are lodged here in a Khan. Walls are bare enough. Rooms look like

ever so many scalleries. The building is constructed round a courtyard, the basement being used as a bazaar, and puts me in mind of the Palais Royale—a meagre compliment to the modern Gauls, but 'tis said your similes should raise your subjects. Upper story is a manufactory. They give us each two cells—two dens—one to sleep in, one to sit in, and they have but little excuse for their dirtiness, water being abundant. Dirtiness? Bah! Tom, the English language will not express existent circumstances. I dare say there is a word for it in Arabic, and Sanskrit, and in the abominable lingo of these unclean beasts.

Unclean beasts! That brings me to the subject of Fakirs again. They need a new Leviticus out here, or a sanitary commission to expel the kind. Tell it not in Gath; but have we not read it in the middle ages? Have we not noted it of the son of Gilbert à Becket, the butcher, or baker, or candle-stick maker—which was he, Tom, do you recollect? And she who came from Syria, bawling his name through London streets, as in the present day muffins are duly celebrated? Did not the righteous Thomas sit with wise Henry in his banquet hall? We have been several times entertained in merchants' houses—modern Sindbads whom such Hindbads as poor Dabble and I, artist and author, can but look upon and envy; beneath ceilings—(now for a touch of the romantically descriptive—now for a box of illuminating colours, cheap at twelve for one shilling, including brushes)—beneath ceilings ornate with the dazzling gilder's art, on softly-carpeted divans, indebted to thy Indian loom, Bengal! reclining on cushions of the gayest Persian silks, heavy with brocade; surrounded with every mark of luxury and wealth, coupled with chiefs arrayed like inheritors of young Aladdin's fabled prize—(will that do?) Waited on by slaves;—and there, yes! there, also, sit the Fakirs, clad “in rags a beggar would despise,” and these unchanged, unmoved, as their hair has been uncombed and bodies unwashed, for three long, ghastly years. “The least, the longest, *not* the last”—dear Tom, I dare not particularise too minutely, but you ask me for facts—I will only ask *you* a riddle. Why are the Fakirs like old cheese? Tom, I detest ripe Stilton. And all these men, you know, are in the odour of sanctity! Here you have a practical picture of what the Archbishop of Canterbury was in the middle ages, and what Father Ignatius may be. The hospitality of the rich at Orfah is such that they permit the meanest beggars to come in, sit down in their rooms, in the free and easy style, and eat with them. Hence there was nothing strange in the Caliph's future wife entertaining the porter. *Vide* “Arabian Nights.” These elegantly-furnished divans are also appropriated by the servants as beds, when the guests have retired—quite Frenchified, *n'est-ce pas?* Hence there is much locomotion of household imps—say “brownies” if you like—

during the night time. Nor is it the custom of the country to disturb the nocturnal gambols of these innocent creatures; to touch them would be defilement; to kill them, a breach of polite etiquette more terrible than contemplation could bear. "They will never be likely to approach us again," say they, blowing them off themselves on to somebody else, with the practical, if unuttered blessing—"Increase and multiply, and replenish the earth."

In our glorious British isles we know something of a man by his name. The O'Brawl and the Killmore are Irish, McGrab and McLean brave Scots whose ancestors "wi' Wallace bled." Lewellyn ap Griffith ap Howell is a Briton fed on leeks; Levy, and Moses, and Snoschmitts are of the Hebraic persuasion. When Romeo said "What's in a name?" and doubted its significance, the poor boy was not quite right in his mind. "Far as that vast shore bounded by the farthest sea," and seeing that the world is round, I should be rather puzzled to give the latitude and longitude of Great Will's geography, though, doubtless, "The Swan of Avon" should have been well up in the cold-water question—even so far a name has a significance. Hereabouts Abdallah is an appellation common to Christians and Mussulmans, who are distinguished by the prefix of the respective names of their respective prophets, Jesus and Mahomed. With regard to the English faith—the Protestant—many of the Mahomedans here think our faith the same as theirs, for, they argue, we are not stupid like the Turks, who set up idols in their mosques, and give them offerings of gold and silver, or like the Franks, who fancy that their Almighty is a weak woman, easily charmed with strings of beads and sweet odours. And, after all, Tom, imagine what the paymin's impression of the adoration of Madonna must be when they shut the gates upon the beauties of the harem, and won't allow their very souls to be their own! But such is the alluring influence of woman, a heaven cannot be imagined without smiles, bright eyes, and all that sort of thing, and so Mahomed "registered" a race of pretty girls intended for this occasion only. Well! give my love to Cyrella. Talking of pretty girls makes me think of her. A day will come when I will have her registered too, unless she prefers publishing the banns.

However, referring to names, I was about to tell you that Abd-el-Meeseah is a favourite Eastern Christian prefix, and it signifies "Slave of the Messiah." Hadjee is rather a title than a name, being conferred as a distinction upon those who have performed the holy pilgrimage.

I have referred before to the custom of writing *Mash-Allah* over many of the doorways. I find it is a privilege enjoyed only by pilgrims.

The streets here are narrow, and there are pavements on both sides,

and, like Lisbon at the commencement of the present century, according to the old travels in the library, an open channel in the centre of the roads, which have a hilly slope in them, is useful to carry the water down. They call this clean. Well! there are Eau d'Orfah and Eau de Cologne, and what a difference exists between them! The houses are mostly of stone, built ornamentally, with divans on the ground floor, and, as we read in Scripture, the "guest" or reception-chamber above—just as we have our drawing-rooms—and a terrace at the top of all, arranged with rows of beds or benches, or sofas with railings round them. Here they sup, smoke, and, in summer, sleep. The wives and children live apart in inner rooms. There is a very good bazaar—as bazaars go—wherein printed cotton, glass, and weapons, of British make, are sold, amongst other things.

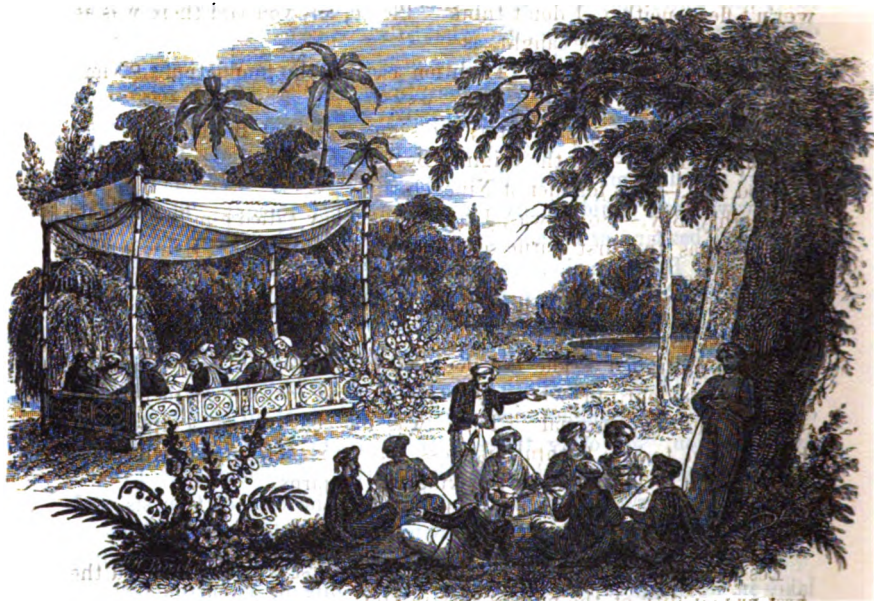
The public baths are open from daybreak till afternoon for the men, and till sunset for the women; and off they go, like the Princess Badral Bedour and many more in those volumes that enchanted our early days. Tom, I sometimes fancy I have fallen asleep, and am dreaming out the Arabian nights, only have not at all been enchanted by the vision. At other times I think I am back at old Cubitt's school—Dabble, you, and I on the fourth form—and that I have fallen asleep over an imposition chapter near the end of Genesis, and am sonambulistically studying the manners and customs of the time.

The country round about here is picturesque. There are beautiful lakes in abundance. One of these, Ain-el-Zilgah, is surrounded by overhanging bushes of a lovely green—"Green grow the rushes O!" But, alas! we are not permitted to look upon "the lasses O!" Why, if a native comes upon a party of houris taking a little sleep on the grass, improved by the absence of their abominable veils, he turns away—he does, indeed—the heathen brute. Lineal descendants of Joseph; not a doubt of it.

The lake Birket-el-Ibrahim el Rhaleel is said to be the birthplace of Abraham. The lake is filled with a confounded lot of carp, but fishing prohibited. In fact, the game laws in this instance equal the English. Act 1.—Catch Abraham's carp. Act 2.—Game-keeper pounces on you. Act 3.—No carping. Grand finale: death.

A work on popular delusions has never been published in this locality. I call that a hint to Mr. Routledge, or any other enterprising publisher; and I ought to make a market of it—a bazaar, they would say here. If such a work were written, and read, and—last, not least—believed, then, perhaps, some tolerably clever, shrewd, and otherwise sensible men would not believe in the utter impossibility of cooking fish—if fish were taken—from Abraham's Lake. However, as the law prevents any little scientific experiments being made in that way; written lore would hardly convince them. Is not their word as good

as yours? Illa! Allah! Would ye compare the truth of a dog with that of a believer? Here, Thomas, my hearty! we have the one thousand and one. Do you remember the remarkable frying of fish taken



from the enchanted pond? Mussulmans yellow, Christians blue, and Jews red?—or *vice versa* and *versâ vice*.

Here follows note one for my book. Take breath, Sinclair. Frank Travers becomes learned. Coached up.

Master.—Orfah, capital of the country between Euphrates and Tigris.

Boy.—Two of the rivers of Paradise?

Master.—Yes. Good boy. Look at your maps (becoming intensely learned). Padan Aram of the Hebrews, and also Aram Nuhraim. (Frank is out of breath.)

Boy.—And what is Mesopotamia?

Master.—Clever boy. Astute question. Name given by the Greeks—Edessa of the Macedonians.

Boy.—I hate the Macedonians, I am so tired of them, and they got me two canings.

Master.—Naughty boy! Will get you three. Look at me—(Lesson continued).—Called by the Arabs Orthon, of which Orfah is a supposed corruption. And this—this—by the poets is called Paradise.

Naughty Boy.—And is Paradise all poetry? Ain't it true?

Master.—Hold your tongue, and look at your book.

Naughty Boy.—Please, sir, were there any fleas in Paradise?

Master.—Did you—what *did* you dare to name to me?

Naughty Boy.—Please, sir, it was you as named them;—though it wer'n't fleas, neither, I don't think. Please, sir, you said there was as many of 'em, not to be caught, as——"

Master.—Take that, sir. Tradition ascribes the foundation to Nimrod. Who was he?

Good Boy.—A mighty hunter, the same as Bel, or Belus.

Naughty Boy.—And the original Beelzebub.

Good Boy.—The founder of Nineveh.

Naughty Boy.—So he was, I tell you. They called him Beelzebub, 'cos his was the first statue set up and worshipped. He was the father of lies.

Master.—There is something in that boy's idea, but his pronunciation is decidedly vulgar.

Lesson continued.—The last King of Edessa reigned contemporary with our Saviour, in whom he believed, and for whose picture he sent to the holy original. There was for centuries a sculpture at Edessa, said to be a faithful likeness, but it is not known what has become of it. The name of this king was Abjarus.

Naughty Boy.—And is it not Abjarus now?

Cane makes three cuts.

Lesson continued.—Baldwin, a hero of the first crusade, founded the first principality of the middle ages in 1097.

Good Boy.—In the time of William Rufus.

Master.—Give him 100. This was held by the Franks for fifty-seven years.

Good Boy.—Three years after Henry the Second, son of Matilda and Geoffry Plantagenet, and grandson of Henry the First, brother to William Rufus, was crowned.

Master.—Give him 1,000. Zenghi, son of Alcazar, a Turk, then subjected it to its present owners. The Castle of Edessa was founded during the Frank supremacy by one Robert, son of Hugh Capet, and from whom are descended the English family of Courtenays, originally of French origin.

Naughty Boy.—I think I have read that in the "Almanac de Gotha."

Master.—Jocelyn, Count of Edessa, journeying in Turbessa, in Syria, neglected this Christian fortress, so that Zenghi conquered it. The Count ended his days in prison at Aleppo. This is a lesson to you on the consequences of neglecting a duty.

Naughty Boy.—Don't see it.

Master.—The Count's daughter became mother of a king.

Naughty Boy.—Said I did not see it.

Master.—The son a seneschal in Palestino. This branch became extinct. The city was afterwards sacked by Tamerlane.

Naughty Boy.—Saw him at Drury-lane.

Tom, I cannot impose upon you. I copied these facts verbatim and literatim from a traveller who has been before me. Still, what am I to do? Facts are facts. Who says "Facts are stubborn things"? I ask you, can I *invent* facts? They *are* facts. "'Twas *his*, 'tis *mine*, and may be any man's." Bah! What matters it where I got them so long as I know them and *you* are amused?

As far as eating and drinking go, in the fruit line we get white mulberries, apricots, quinces, figs, pistacio nuts, grapes, pomegranates; leeks and onions are served raw, and great big lettuces eaten without sauce. I dare say you wonder to hear me speak so freely of ice in this warm climate. It is got off the Taurus mountains. As Ovid, or somebody else, says when translated:—

"And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose."

By-the-bye, was not the former line—

"The bane and antidote the same research disclose"?

That is it. Intolerable heat. Superadjacent mountain. Fever in the valley. Ice at hand.

They are awfully fond of chess here. Glad of it. Women wear outer garments of stuff, and black gauze veils. Hate stuff—hate veils. But perhaps the latter are a good institution. Always conclude a woman is ugly when I see a veil. Deuced glad to show a pretty face. The people hereabouts are horridly spotted, &c., &c. Is it fleas—not to be too particular?—or confounded vegetarian diet, consequent poor blood, and cutaneous disorder? Good investment for a Joint Stock Skin Disease Company, Limited Liability (to cure). Nearly everybody has it. Quite right to cover up the females.

Tom, I adverted to the lake scenery. But I am afraid Dabble's sketches will never do for my book; they are sad rubbish. He gets in the Asiatic sky with a vengeance; a little of the true cerulean, raw sienna, and crimson lake *ad libitum*—as Cyrella's music hath it. Still, I hope that the letterpress may pass off even worse illustrations. Dabble wears spectacles, and I do believe he verges on the pre-Raphaelite. All extraordinary pre-Raphaelite artists are near-sighted, and all near-sighted artists must be pre-Raphaelite. The one is the other. Cause and effect—effect and cause. Think what anything would look like if you were to eye it with your nose touching part of

the texture! Still, apart from his profession, he is a good sort of fellow, and I am glad of any company here.

The officers of the garrison invited us to a smoking party recently. Dabble encloses a sketch of it.

(To be continued.)

LANDMARKS OF MY MEMORY.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

By NELLA RAYNES.

I AM not so young as I once was; that is an established fact. My eyes are growing dim; my hair no longer curls in thick tresses, and there are streaks of grey mingled with the once luxuriant masses of jet black hair. I am now no longer (I may say it now) the courted and admired belle of the ball-room, and have survived nearly all of those who shared the pleasures of my girlhood. My parents rest beneath the sod in a far distant village churchyard. Fergus, my grave, thoughtful, talented brother Fergus, too, sleeps the last long sleep; and Blanche, my fairy sister, has found a home beyond the broad Atlantic. Friends loved and trusted in youth, where are they now?—some dead, some grown cold, a few—ah! how few!—still remain to prove that all do not forget. And he, dearer than any, better loved than parents, sister, brother, or friends, he, too, has left me, and tropical flowers shed their perfume above his unmarked grave.

It is many years ago now; but how well I remember the mixture of hope and fear with which I used to seek intelligence of the Indian war, and the fervour with which I invoked the care of Heaven on his behalf. Often I dreamt I saw him struck down by those gleaming Sikh sabres, and woke to thank God it *was* a dream. Then came the deathlike stupor of the day (my brain reels now at the thought of what I suffered then) when my Ronald's chosen friends and companions in arms brought me the news of his death, and his last words a loving message to "his Clare." Gently, with all the caution that friendship could devise, was the story conveyed; but naught could exceed the agony of the year that succeeded the desolation of my earthly dream of bliss, when I learnt how much we can bear and still live on, until at length I was led to see the folly and sin of such useless sorrows, and could gaze upon the miniature of the loved and lost

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without vainly rebelling at the decree of Almighty Wisdom that saw fit to remove my idol.

But it is the oft-repeated tale of the sorrows of an old maid. I did not intend to make such a digression—dreams of the past bygone! Vain visions of what might have been, torment me not. It is well the momentary weakness is conquered, and I am myself again.

When I headed this sketch, "Out of the Window," it was not meant to be the title of a tale containing an account of a romantic leap. Having little to do, and not seeing much company, my time would often hang heavily on my hands were it not for my favourite amusement—looking out of the window, and many a scrap of romance has thus come to my knowledge. I live in a quiet, retired street in the suburbs of London, better suited for my purposes of observation than one with greater traffic could be, for then the constantly changing round of faces would escape my memory. Early in the morning, when my eight o'clock breakfast is cleared away, I take my work and seat myself in the easy chair by the window, seldom failing to be rewarded by witnessing some incident to amuse, sometimes to sadden me, for the rest of the day. First, there is the arrival of the postman—few and far between are the letters he brings me, but I have learned to watch his coming for the sake of others. How I love to see the look of deep, pure joy that illuminates the face of pretty Fanny Ellsie when he hands her a letter from her sailor lover, —sympathising with her look of disappointment when, in answer to her look of enquiry, he shakes his head and passes on; and I cannot but be amused when five or six of the little Martins come laughing, shouting, and tumbling to the door to receive a letter from "dear Pa" during one of his short business journeys; in their haste to give the precious missive to mamma, scarcely waiting to close the door behind them. Whilst I picture the expectant group that gather round the mother as she breaks the seal, how each receives with every demonstration of delight the message sent for each—bidding Dick be a good boy and not tease mother, cautioning Willie and Frank from lingering on their way from school, and telling Mary and Carrie to be good and obedient until his return, mingled with vague promises to bring home an unlimited quantity of balls, bats, marbles, and dolls, together with a nice new dress for "Ma." Then, with what innocent, childish pleasure little Mrs. Smith, the wife of a few months, receives a letter from her parents, containing words of love and advice, mingled with messages concerning good housewifery. And when the Australian mail is due, how anxiously Lottie Deane and her widowed mother look out for intelligence of the emigrant brother and son.

At nine o'clock, groups of children trip by on their way to school—amongst them, perhaps, a nursemaid dragging along some unlucky

wight, whose vociferous cries of "I shan't go to school," plainly indicate the spoilt child. Then, in most of the houses (our street is principally inhabited by clerks holding situations in the public offices) there is a wonderful brushing of hats and arranging of collars; one by one the doors are opened, and the gentlemen take their departure to attend to the business of the day. Mrs. Smith, always finding something more to say, has to run after "George dear" to the door—there to have the last kiss and good-bye, watching him till his coat-tails disappear round the corner.

Exactly at ten minutes past nine the omnibus stops at No. 42, and out comes Mr. Simpson, the old bachelor of our street, gloves and umbrella in hand, and takes his seat on the left-hand corner nearest the door. Next, young Charles Wilson makes his appearance, and, by some unaccountable fatality, Lottie Deane is always looking out of her window as he passes, he never failing to look that way, and acknowledges her presence by a very low bow.

But it is not with every-day scenes and occurrences I have to do with now. Some five years ago, I was one morning attracted by the fair face of a girl who did not seem more than eighteen; she was passing rapidly along, when her light dress caught in a branch of a shrub that projected beyond the iron railings; she turned to disengage it, and her stopping drew my attention to her face. It was a countenance one would not easily forget. Without being strictly beautiful, there was such a look of sweetness and candour about the rosy mouth, such an appearance of high, pure resolve in the clear, dark eyes, that I could not help being interested. She smiled to herself at the cause of her detention, and releasing her dress, passed on. That afternoon I saw her again, and from that time she passed regularly about half-past nine in the morning, returning at five in the afternoon.

I had given her the name of my "Sunbeam," and if her lot were not a romantic one it was no fault of my imagination, for she was my heroine in many a day-dream. I pictured her firm and steadfast in the performance of every duty, but lovingly gentle where those dear to her were concerned. It was evident she was not rich; the neat but extremely simple style of dress she adopted soon revealed this fact to one so interested in her as I was.

After many vain conjectures as to the cause that occasioned her passing so often and regularly, I at length came to the conclusion that she must be a governess somewhere, having missed her for several weeks at Christmas and Midsummer. Added to this, I had several times seen her accosted by children evidently going to school, who came as if to meet, and turned back with her.

At last my wish for an interview was gratified. One afternoon I

was standing in my little parlour, at the bay window—the only one in the terrace, consequently there is a good view from it, up and down the street. It was just the time “Sunbeam” usually passed, and I soon saw her coming. It had been dull all day, and while I was watching her some large drops fell on the window ledge, and looking up I saw masses of dark clouds gathering overhead. A vivid flash of lightning followed by a peal of thunder, startled me. “Sunbeam” glanced round half terrified; there was no shelter near, so drawing her light cloak closer round her, she was hurrying on, when I tapped at the window and arrested her steps. I ran to the door and beckoned her in, apologising for the liberty, but begging she would not think of proceeding until the storm had abated. She bowed gracefully, thanking me for my kindness in a sweet, melodious voice. “I am constitutionally, not physically, afraid of thunder and lightning,” she said, as we entered the parlour; “the approach of a storm always gives me a severe headache. I felt it this afternoon, but thought there would be plenty of time to reach home before the rain came on; my calculations were, however, wrong, and but for your kindness [it was my private opinion the favour lay at another door] should have been wet through.”

The rain continued with great violence, so as tea was ready, I forced my fair guest to take it with me. I had never known till then how pretty she was. A little excitement lent a bright rose colour to her cheeks, and the removal of her bonnet revealed the thick braids of auburn hair that adorned her head, while she seemed so fully to enter into the enjoyment of the cosy little room, and our unexpected acquaintanceship, that I could not but be pleased.

Once a shade crossed her countenance when I asked if she would be missed and sent for. “Oh! no,” she answered, “Papa is most likely not at home, and Mrs. Lenley would not care——” She hesitated, as if thinking she had gone too far, and blushed.

“You have not told me yet what to call you,” said I. “Will you favour me with your earthly appellation, or must I still think of you as ‘Sunbeam’?”

“I do not deserve such an aerial name as that. My own name is May Lenley,” she replied, laughing.

“May,” how well that suited her, I thought. But has she no mother? Who is this Mrs. Lenley of whom she spoke?

Not till some time afterwards was the mystery solved, the story, in as few words as possible, being as follows. May was the daughter of a naval officer, who had retired on half-pay before I knew her. Her mother had died when she was little more than ten years old, and soon after her father married the present Mrs. Lenley, than whom a more thoroughly selfish woman never existed. In her *own* opinion

she was the most deserving, and, as a matter of course, most ill-treated person in creation.

A few years before I became acquainted with May, Captain Lenley had, at the solicitations of a pretended friend, become surety for a large amount, never for a moment believing that he should be called upon to pay it. When he received an official announcement that his friend had disappeared, and he was responsible for the whole sum, the shock was almost too much for his reason. His income was slender at the best, and Mrs. Lenley's extravagance rendered it more so; but too proud and too honourable to plead this as an excuse for not liquidating the debt, he only asked for time, agreeing to give up half his income until it was defrayed. Trouble and anxiety had rendered him morose; Mrs. Lenley was constantly relating how by his folly he had "broken up their home;" fierce recrimination was the result, so that the household, which, even under these circumstances, might have been happy, was a never-ending scene of discord.

Poor May! I often pitied her when thinking of her warm, impulsive nature thus thrown upon itself. Her father repulsed the slightest attempt at familiarity, and Mrs. Lenley, jealous of the admiration she excited, seemed to take pleasure in annoying her. Unwilling to be more of a burden than she could help, May sought a situation as governess, where her gentle, unassuming manners soon made her a universal favourite.

After our first meeting she became my constant and always welcome visitor; scarcely a day passed without her running in, sometimes only staying a few minutes, at others remaining to enliven my solitary tea-table, amusing me by her merry anecdotes concerning her pupils, or, taking my guitar from the case, where, before she discovered its existence it had lain undisturbed for many a long year, would sing some of those sweet, simple ballads that possess such a nameless charm when sung with feeling.

One evening we were sitting together, I in my favourite easy chair, May on a stool at my side. She had been singing, and looked very picturesque with the broad scarlet ribbon of the guitar round her neck. Somehow, the conversation turned upon her private affairs. She had at length given me an account of her home, touching very lightly, as I afterwards discovered, upon Mrs. Lenley's unkindness and her father's bad temper.

"There now," she said, "will you not tell me about your home when you were as young as I am now?"

I turned away my head, for I, too, once had sat at the side of an old maid, listening to her story; and tears stood in my eyes as I thought how different life seemed then to me. May observed the pain her words had caused.

"Forgive me, dear Miss Eltham," she exclaimed, laying her little white hand in mine, which looked yellow by the contrast, "for my thoughtless words, and the sad memories they occasioned."

"There is nothing to forgive, dear child; on the contrary, it will give me pleasure to tell my tale, though it is but a sad one."

She listened in breathless attention. When I came to my Ronald's death, and the period of agony that succeeded it, she pressed my hands convulsively. She sat for some time after I had finished in silence; then, turning to me with tearful eyes and flushed cheeks, said in an excited manner, "And are you happy?"

"Yes, dear May, very happy. My proud, self-reliant nature required subduing, and I now feel it was for the best; the Almighty thus chastened me." She sat still for a few moments—then, with a deep sigh, rose to go.

I should probably have forgotten this incident, had not subsequent events recalled it to my mind. The first occurred a few days after our conversation. I was at the window, when an omnibus stopped. I looked up mechanically—a young man descended. As he stepped on the pavement May approached; both started. The flush of pleasure that crossed his face, and the blush that crimsoned hers, together with the clinging, eager grasp of the hand, told the old, old tale. May glanced at the window, but I had drawn back behind the curtain, out of sight; so taking his offered arm, she walked on. I very often saw him after that; he generally met May in the morning, accompanying her on her way to Mrs. Collier's. She never mentioned him to me, so I did not like to introduce the subject. In appearance he was worthy of her, and I learned at last to expect the meeting as a matter of course, and my surprise was great when I saw her one morning pass him with a slight bow. He turned, as if to remonstrate, with a look of mingled grief and indignation, but apparently changing his mind, resumed his walk. I noticed that May had on a thick veil, a thing she never wore; indeed, she had more than once expressed her dislike of them. I called her in as she was returning, and was shocked at the change a day had made in her appearance. There was not the slightest trace of colour in her face, and the dark rings surrounding her eyes told of a sleepless night.

"May, what ails you?" said I; "are you ill?"

The poor girl made no reply, but throwing her arms round my neck, burst into a passion of tears. I let her weep on—it evidently relieved her.

"Now, May," said I, when she had somewhat recovered, "you must tell me what this is about. I cannot bear to see you in such grief, and, perhaps, can help you."

She shook her head sadly, but, touched with my sympathy, with

blushes and tears told her tale. About a year before she had met Edgar Allerton. Mutually pleased with each other, their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, friendship into a warmer feeling. All had for some time gone on smoothly. Captain Lenley approved of his daughter's choice; even his wife raised no objection, till the bank in which Mr. Allerton's money was placed failed. Nor was this all. His mother had lately vested hers with the same firm; so that, from being in comparatively affluent circumstances, Edgar found himself penniless, with a widowed mother and two sisters dependent on his exertions. When this reached the ears of Captain Lenley he sternly forbade his daughter even speaking to any of the Allertons. "I know," continued May, "that it will be many years before he can maintain a wife. It will be a hard struggle to support his mother and sisters, so I determined—though God alone knows what it cost me—to make the decision to release him from his promise to me."

"Well, let us hope for the best; all may be right again." I did not tell her my reasons for this assertion; a bright idea had struck me.

"Where is Mr. Allerton now, May?"

Mrs. Lenley says he called yesterday to say he was going into the country to-morrow."

"You passed him without speaking this morning, did you not? I think it was scarcely right."

"What could I do? There is no one to advise me. I wish him to forget me, though my own heart should break."

"Might not Mr. Allerton think you acted from mercenary motives?"

"No; Edgar understands me too well for that;" and a proud, trustful look rested on May's sad face.

A fortnight had elapsed from the time of the preceding conversation, during which I had put my plan into execution. It succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I now only waited a fitting opportunity to reveal it to those on whose behalf it had been formed. I was ruminating on the manner in which this was to be done, when May came down the street. Suddenly she quickened her pace, and entered my front garden. I was out to meet her as she ascended the steps; she looked pale, and said in an agitated manner, "I have only come in till Edgar passes, Miss Eltham; I did not feel equal to meet him."

Before I could reply there was a knock at the door.

"That is Edgar, I am sure of it. Oh! Miss Eltham, what *can* I do?" cried May, in a distressed tone.

"Go into the back parlour till I call you." She did not wait for a second bidding, and I smiled to think how fortune had favoured my hopes."

"A gentleman wants to see you, ma'am," said Mary, handing me a

card, on which was inscribed "Mr. Edgar Allerton." I entered the drawing-room, where my visitor was awaiting my appearance.

"I must apologise for my intrusion, madam," he said, with a bow, "but circumstances with which you are most probably acquainted will palliate my offence. I have for some time past vainly endeavoured to obtain an interview with—with Miss Lenley; may I see her now, for a few moments only, and in your presence?"

"You will understand me better presently, Mr. Allerton, when I say your visit gives me no small pleasure; you shall see May directly."

With these words I went into the back parlour. May was sitting on the sofa in fearful expectation of my summons.

"Must I come?" she asked, without looking up.

"Yes." She rose, making no reply, but I heard her murmur a prayer for help, and then suffered me to lead her into the drawing-room. She stood quite passively, with her eyes fixed on the carpet, and a look of agony crossed Edgar's features as he gazed on her colourless face.

"May," he exclaimed, "what have I done to deserve this treatment? Why am I shunned in this manner? By the memory of our short-lived happiness, by the memory of the love you once bore me, give me some hope. I do not ask you to unite yourself to me now, penniless and friendless as I am. I will be very patient. May, answer me," he continued passionately, "if you would not drive me to destruction. This conduct is *not* right, it is cruel, unjust."

"Edgar, have pity," cried May, imploringly.

"It is I, not you, who should ask for that, May. I have written."

"But I have had no letters, mine were not answered, and ——"

"Did you write?"

"Yes, twice."

"God bless you, May, for that assurance, and now tell me that, when I have won fame and wealth—and for your sake I will win them, or perish in the attempt—you will be mine."

I could bear this no longer, and never felt more inclined to have a good crying spell, as girls call it.

"There, there! that is enough, Mr. Allerton. Did you ever hear of Sir Henry Hansom?"

"I have heard my father allude to him as an old college friend," he answered, looking, as he probably felt, very much astonished.

"Well, my brother Fergus, many years ago, saved Sir Henry from utter ruin. Unlike some, he has never forgotten the favour; so, knowing his interest in certain quarters, I applied to him, thinking it more than likely he would be able to procure for you a situation similar to the one I heard you were seeking. Fortunately there was

an official post vacant, and finding you are the son of an old friend, and your talents being highly spoken of by several to whom he applied for information on the subject, he has offered the appointment to you," and I placed Sir Henry's letter in Edgar's hand.

Simple, but eloquent from their very simplicity, were the thanks I received, as a joyful look of gratitude brightened his face. May's feelings were too deep for words, but I was well repaid by seeing the colour mount again to her cheek, and the lingering kiss she pressed on my hand. Very handsome and very happy they both looked, as putting his arm round her slender waist he drew her towards him, and bending down, whispered "Mine own now, May, are you not?"

Her answer I did not hear; I only know she did not reply in the negative to a somewhat similar question on a subsequent occasion.

As I conjectured when I first heard of their loss, the missing letters had been intercepted by Mrs. Lenley. With the change in his circumstances her opposition and that of the captain were withdrawn, and May is now, as Edgar declares, an opinion in which his mother and I fully agree, "the best, dearest, bonniest," and, as she herself adds, "happiest little wife in Christendom."

A CORONET AT LAST,

A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or True to the Last."

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—IBID.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW FAR HORTENSE WAS RIGHT.



HERE was nothing about Hortense either loveable or loving, and yet the Hon. Mr. Cavenmore had a decided preference for the young lady. There was nothing loving or loveable about the clergyman himself; his sentiment for Miss Woodward was simply admiration—hers for him, interest. He was a fashionable and favourite preacher to an elegantly-dressed congregation of West-end ladies; he was related to the Earl of Grizzlewig, and more distantly to the Earl of Summertown. Nothing but extreme youth could have betrayed him into such serious contemplation of a portionless girl. Hortense certainly had thrown out many

hints relative to her fortune and family, and had misled him so much that he believed all her immediate relations, excepting Lady Timmes, to be dead. He might have chosen amongst his congregation ladies quite as young, perhaps as handsome, and whose fortunes and connexions were known. But such is the perversity of man, who will often pass over worthy and charming women to risk life with an almost unknown stranger. There was something precise, rigid, and unapproachable in Hortense that, united at present to youth and beauty, Mr. Cavenmore called lofty and dignified; and as he arranged a new coat and elegant tie, his unusual care was to be attributed to his intention of handing that young lady to table at the dinner party to which Lady Timmes had invited him three weeks previously, and which he had remembered, without a single reference to his tablets, was to take place that day. His light, feeble-coloured hair was parted in the middle and artificially curled by his valet, his whiskers were very luxuriant, inclined to red, and cultivated to an extreme length; his features were thin, and nowhere remarkable. In figure the young man was tall and spare, but not well formed. His garments were in the height of the fashion, and of the finest quality; his cambric handkerchief was not only embroidered "Philip," but scented with a costly and newly-composed perfume. He was quite a lady's man, and had earned from the sex the distinctive appellation of handsome, and their unbounded admiration and homage. Great, indeed, was the favour designed for Miss Woodward when Mr. Cavenmore determined to hand her down to dinner. But there was more in his mind than this. He dismissed his valet and sat down. Half an hour was yet available for what he seldom practised—thought. His mother would not be ready until seven o'clock. "Let me see," he muttered, resting his head upon his hand, and then, remembering it might disarrange his hair, taking it away and playing with his watch-chain and two suspended locketts instead. "Let me see. Fifty pounds a year for my sermons, and twenty for the valet—that is seventy; cigars would bring it up to a hundred; kid gloves fifty, tailor's bill a hundred and fifty—yes, I must reduce to that—three hundred; house, a hundred—four; Church Living fifteen hundred, and private fortune a thousand. She must have ten thousand, from the way she talks, and my mother will leave me a couple more a year when she dies—not that I want her to die, I am only looking at the case. Then, if anything should happen to Summertown's two boys, there is only that old fellow "Quiz," as we used to call him at college, between me and the earldom. She would make a splendid Countess; she was born for a coronet. I do not see why I should hesitate. I have not spoken to my mother, certainly; but it may be Hortense will refuse me. Perhaps she has more than ten thousand, and her family seem to be very high. She conceals as much as she can about them; there is no boasting in

Hortense; and I have always taken that for encouragement. But she *may* look higher; she *may* expect a coronet at once. I shall make the most of the chance, and talk about the family a little, by way of introducing the subject, and it will be plenty of time to tell my mother afterwards. That is settled," said he, rising and looking at himself in the glass. "I will propose to her this evening, and I do not think she *can* refuse me." His mother was ready and the carriage at the door before he had arranged how he should say it, and where. Lady Cavenmore was a tall, severe-looking woman, dressed entirely in black silk, ornamented with exceedingly rich and elegant lace of the same sombre colour. Her point-lace head-dress was trimmed with light mauve feathers and ribbons, and her jewellery was composed of diamonds and amethysts. Mr. Cavenmore offered his arm to his mother and followed her into the carriage, which was very plain and unpretending. The servants were not in livery, but wore plain black. A greater contrast could hardly be cited to her hostess than this guest; her house itself was equally different to that towards which she was hastening. In a fashionable neighbourhood, and high-rented, but very small—little more than half the size of Keston Villa—its only recommendations were a good, pretty entrance hall, and one large drawing room; the dining-room was small, and the other apartments—Philip's study, his mother's boudoir, which opened out of their respective chambers, and those chambers themselves—were scarcely deserving the name of rooms. Even the drawing-room, furnished with pale blue and white, presented a marked contrast to the gaudy decorations of the lady's whither they were bound that day. Lady Timmes, although her late domicile had been reduced to ashes, had already met with another on the opposite side of the way, ready furnished in bad taste, and as highly coloured as she could have contrived herself; and she would by no means postpone her dinner, for the dishes had been ordered previously at a distinguished pastrycook's in the neighbourhood.

During the ride to the house, Mr. Cavenmore was very abstracted. He was considering that had it been in the old house he might have drawn Hortense into the aviary, or behind the parrot's stand in the bay window. However, he considered that there would probably be a parrot somewhere, and under cover of the unmusical screams of the gaudy bird, he might, without danger of eavesdroppers, enter upon the delicate subject. As they alighted from the carriage, so much was he engaged on his own thoughts, that on offering his arm to his mother he said, "Allow me, dear madam, to hand you to the parrot." Lady Cavenmore looked at him in severe surprise, and remarked distantly—"To whom do you allude?" "To Miss Woodward," he answered. "Whatever you may think, Philip, you might express yourself in a more gentlemanly manner; but allow me to remind you that satirical

remarks are quite at variance with the style of character which should be assumed by the cloth." As they went upstairs, his mother found further opportunity to add, "If the person whose name you mentioned has been making any advances, I trust that your manner convinced her of her mistake. In spite of her boasting, I believe she is a little adventuress."

Boasting! Little adventuress! Philip's pale face flushed scarlet, and he felt more determined than ever to make her the Hon. Mrs. Cavenmore, and show his mother how much she was mistaken. He was of an age to act for himself, and had his independent income. He smiled to think what a poor judge his mother was of character. "She has been used to see me from a child, and forgets that I have outgrown my frocks and trousers. But really, parents never look upon their children as men and women till they startle them with something decisive."

After saluting the hostess, he looked round the room for the parrot. The old green bird was not there, but a splendid blue and crimson macaw kept guard over a bay window. The very spot! He smiled to himself, and suddenly remembered Hortense, who, in his eager search for the parrot, he had forgotten. She was not in the room. Mr. Cavenmore sat down near the noisy bird, and watched the door. He wished dinner were over, coffee being served, and he and the young lady safe behind the parrot.

"That was a beautiful sermon of yours; all the young ladies have talked about it ever since," remarked an affected female near him.

"The parrot *will* scream when we begin to speak," he muttered absently.

"Conceited puppy!" thought the lady. "I beg your pardon, I do not understand."

"Coffee—thank you." Cavenmore looked round as he put out his hand, started, and became confused. "I—I," stammered he, "was lost—was meditating."

"Ah! Next week's sermon or another book of hymns?" cried the young lady, immediately interested; but Philip's eyes were again fixed upon the door. He was downright rude this evening, yet his companion attributed it entirely to his genius. At this moment dinner was announced, and Lady Timmes, who had previously been making her way towards him, approached. "Mr. Cavenmore, will you take charge of Miss Lovepriest?"

"I ask pardon, but I was waiting for Miss Woodward," he replied, dismayed.

"Miss Woodward is not here."

"Not here? Oh! surely—Where is she, then?"

"Returned home, Mr. Cavenmore." She turned away. He would

have followed her, but the voice of Miss Lovepriest recalled him to a sense of social obligations.

"Ah! you are not to have Miss Woodward to-day; only poor me," said she in an affected voice. "I hope you are not *very* disappointed."

"By no means; only, to oblige my mother, I promised to escort her to the table. Lady Timmes and Lady Cavenmore are very old friends."

"Oh!" ejaculated his companion. "Miss Woodward is a very lovely girl."

"Rather good looking; yes, but too dark," said the hypocrite.

"She left Lady Timmes's very suddenly."

"Did she?"

"Yes."

"I thought she intended to reside permanently with her aunt."

"So we all thought."

"She has no parents, I believe?"

"A wealthy orphan—I did hear it said, a ward in Chancery. An excellent match," said Miss Lovepriest slyly; and to appreciate her slyness one must have seen her. She was about five and thirty years of age, attired in white silk, with a lamentably thin neck, distinguished by a ligature of black velvet. Her extremely light thin hair was taken back from her face with a tight band, and secured by a gold comb—(which ornament lacked the effect of contrast)—behind. Her grey eyes had thick lids, and were deficient both in brows and lashes of any distinguished hue. Her nose sunk between the eyes, and was broad and prominent at the end. A large mouth exhibited her only beauty—dazzlingly white and regular teeth. "An *excellent* match," she reiterated, repeating the sly glance and showing the teeth, after which she giggled, and showed the less admirable shoulders.

"Ah, to be sure," was the playful rejoinder, "I had better secure her address." The knife and fork were relinquished, and note book and pencil brought out.

"Oh! for shame!" cried the lady, pretending to blush. "You will make every one look at us."

"Then tell me at once, and I will put it away."

"Really, Mr. Cavenmore, I do not know."

"Now, Miss Lovepriest——"

"Upon my honour, sir, I have not the remotest notion."

"Mr. Cavenmore is betting. Oh, for shame!" said a lady with a white feather from the other side of the table.

"He will be sure to lose," remarked her neighbour.

"You would not be hard upon gloves with a lady?" asked Mr. Cavenmore to the last speaker, as he pocketed his book disappointed.

"You had better not risk them with Miss Lovepriest; she is quite a gambler in a small way," said a rosy-faced gentleman, who looked a little "turfy" himself; "won three dozen pairs last week."

"Such beauties, Mr. Cavenmore—all white, and smelling of roses," she informed him.

At this juncture the ladies retired, and Miss Lovepriest, pointing to her hands, nodded and smiled, and made pantomimic gestures which signified that those she wore were a pair of the rose-scented trophies, as she followed the rest of the fair guests out of the room.

Mr. Cavenmore watched for an opportunity to interrogate Lady Timmes relative to her niece. He had promised her a book of his sermons; would her ladyship oblige him with the address? Her ladyship was very sorry—Hortense was travelling on the continent with an old relative, going about from place to place. Poor Lady Timmes knew not what to say, and condescended to falsehood to screen her low connections. Mr. Cavenmore felt that there had been a quarrel, probably about going to this old relative, who, doubtless, had money, and, doubtless, would leave it to her.

"We miss Miss Woodward's music," remarked Miss Lovepriest, as the young gentleman passed near her.

"Yes, but you *sing*. Allow me to hand you to the piano."

"Me? Oh, dear no! I could not."

"That pretty air from *Martha*."

"Oh, no!"

"Let me beg of you! Take my arm."

"I have such a cold."

"The company will make allowances."

"Before so many people? Oh, Mr. Cavenmore, how can you ask me!"

"Here is Mr. Bluster." It was the gentleman who had spoken of the gloves. "*Now* you will."

"Mr. Cavenmore, fie!" But she did, and appealed from one to the other as she turned over two or three dozen songs preparatory to commencement. "Miss Woodward used to play this, arranged for the pianoforte—such a sweet piece," she said, holding up a song with a picture. "Quite a loss not to have her here!"

"Do you know if she had any disagreement with her aunt?" asked Cavenmore in an undertone.

"Mr. Bluster, there is the book I want. I can see the red cover in the next room. *Will* you fetch it for me?" and turning to the music again, Miss Lovepriest added, "I heard that Mr. Bluster proposed, and her aunt was angry at her refusal—at least, she hinted something to mamma; I do not believe it," she added, tossing her head. "But I believe she *is* going to be married.—"Oh, Mr. Bluster, thank you!"

what a dear, kind man you are—it is the very book. The song is dreadfully old-fashioned, but so pretty—‘Charming May.’ One can appreciate the charms of May at this time of the year, while nothing but snow is to be seen. Thank you, Mr. Bluster, if you will turn the leaves. Yes, I will give you a look when I want you to turn over—just like that; you understand the signal.” And clearing her throat, Miss Lovepriest began.

CHAPTER XIV.

WAYS AND MEANS.

“Mr. Wurcot has been waiting two hours in your study, Sir,” said his valet, when they returned home.

“Oh, very well. I quite forgot the dinner when I told him to call to-night.”

“He asked for some paper, Sir, and I gave him the packet of rose-tinted.”

“Very well, Matthew.”

“But he has used it all, Sir, and rang just now to ask for more. I left him, Sir, opening up the pink envelopes to write on.”

“Never mind.” Cavenmore ran up stairs. “Good evening,” he said, throwing himself into his easy chair, which the other vacated. “Sorry to keep you waiting, Wurcot. Out.”

“Parish business, Sir?” said the other, folding his hands, and bowing with respectful seriousness.

“No; dinner party. But you have improved your time, and used all my rose-coloured note-paper. Never mind, never mind—sermon’s worth it,” he added, seeing his visitor look guilty. “But what’s this?—‘Mother of Heaven!’ Why, Wurcot, what do you want with Juno in a sermon? You are not preaching to the Romans?”

“To the Roman Catholics, Sir; that is not your sermon. Mr. Wurcot sorted the note-paper into five divisions. “Here is yours in my pocket,” and he dragged it out.

“Why, you do a brisk business. What have we here?” And glancing at them, Cavenmore burst out laughing. Wurcot looked piously shocked. “What a medley of doctrines! Which do you profess yourself?”

“I profess them all in turn, Sir; as you see,” was the reply, given with unprecedented gravity; but for private opinion, I am the minister of a free church myself.”

“Free enough,” muttered Cavenmore. “But are all these really bespoken? And what denominations are they for? There is much contradictory matter lying together here.”

"There is always something to be said on all sides. The first is for a priest at St. Xaviour's Chapel. The second is for a Mormon minister. This is for a Wesleyan congregation, and the other two are for and against adult baptism. I have in my pocket a discourse for the Starkeyites, a lecture for the Socialists, a paper upon temperance, and a hymn for the New Lights in Ireland. It has been a busy week, or I should not have taken the liberty of using your paper."

"And you have brought my sermon?"

"The text is——"

"Never mind the text—will you let me see it? 'Shall rejoice because of the bridegroom's voice'. That will not do! I cannot preach that!"

"Not preach it, Mr. Cavenmore? It is written expressly for you!"

"There is the money—now write me another; something about the blighting of early hopes—do you understand? Something affecting, and——"

"It is Saturday night!"

"Saturday night? So it is, and just eleven o'clock. But I can never preach this sermon, he said, taking it up again; 'I should give it no effect—throw no animation into it—and my reputation is at stake, Mr. Wurcot. What is to be done?'"

"Write a few pages yourself, Sir, or preach extempore."

"Not to be thought of. You write very rapidly—can you not sit down and do it now?"

"I must go home and sup first. Then I require an hour's rest at least, before I can count on a single idea worth a furthing. Look here, Mr. Cavenmore—five sermons in two hours. When a man works with such rapidity, he cannot go on working; he uses himself up, and needs rest. He does not gain more in the end; but he works when he works, and plays when he plays."

"You mean to say you could sit up all night and write it?"

"If you make it worth while."

"What do you want?"

"Double."

"And your supper and an hour's rest. It is a bargain." Cavenmore rang the bell. "Matthew, supper, and—— What do you take?" The last remark was addressed to Mr. Wurcot.

"Oh, I am a temperance man—nothing for me, thank you," replied the individual addressed, who had not yet recovered from surprise at such unwonted treatment, and from Mr. Cavenmore too.

"Nonsense! Remember St. Paul's advice. Brandy and water after supper, Matthew." The order was obeyed. Cavenmore wished for

a stirring sermon, and just now he was uneasy in his mind, and rather glad of anyone's company who could help him to forget his recent disappointment. His mother went to bed directly they came home, and it was impossible to talk to a valet. Mr. Wurcot was supposed to be his private almoner and visitor, and it would only increase his reputation for attention to the wants of the poor to be engaged late with him. "What are you going to do with those sermons?" asked the younger man. "They cannot be for to-morrow?"

"Three of them are, and the rest for next week."

"How will they reach their respective destinations?"

"Two I must deposit in the letter-boxes; the masters keep the keys, will find them there in the morning, and not ask at what unseasonable hour they came."

"And they trust to you so implicitly?"

"They cannot help it when I am over busy. I never disappoint any one. On the spur of necessity I can perform the work of twenty heads."

"So it appears. Yet it would be safer to get the week's discourse from one less busy."

"But they cannot change their style?"

"You write for some dozen men. They must all preach alike."

"Not at all—the same style would not succeed with all congregations."

"How do you manage?"

"Ask particulars—tenets, situation, class of hearers, and general character of the preacher himself. I endeavour to suit the matter to the requirements."

"You are very clever!" rose to the lips of his host, but was not uttered, as he leant back and regarded his guest with admiration. Mr. Wurcot was shrewd enough to interpret the countenance of his companion, and looked well pleased. In spite of his denial at first, after a little pressing he drank freely, and helped himself to the liquor placed before him. The melancholy gravity melted out of his face, he rubbed his hands, drew near the fire, and placed his tumbler on the shelf. Cavenmore drew up on the other side. He felt some curiosity about the author of his sermons, and now was the moment when it might be gratified. "I wonder Wurcot you are not in the Church yourself. You are a college man?"

"Yes, yes, a college man," said he, rubbing his hands; "but never passed." Here he shook his head.

"You seem to have talents?"

"I studied deeply. I might have overtopped the whole college, but I was wild, Sir—wild. Got into bad company, drank, ran in

debt, came up for my examination not sober, was disgraced, it took all the money my mother had left me to pay my creditors, father sent me abroad to blow off my ill-name, and I ran away with a girl out of a convent, the daughter of a rich family. Expelled from college, married to a Papist and runaway nun—what chance think you was left? My father died; we wasted his property. A large family increased about us; we picked up a pittance by teaching—she girls, and I boys—till I bethought me of sermon-writing, advertised, and made my fortune."

"And all these different religions?"

"Well, I suppose I might manage that by reading, but the truth is, I have had personal experience. When expelled from college, I left the Established Church in disgust, and turned Wesleyan. Then I got offended with them, and my father sent me abroad. There I became Roman Catholic. My free ways had offended the Methodists, but my new instructors gave me absolution. I got on very well with them till I saw Eugenie. I had become a priest, and had an excellent post as confessor at the convent. When I fled with my wife I was hotly pursued, and after coming to England to avoid difficulties, we joined the Mormons and emigrated to the Salt Lake. However, though Eugenie broke her vow and married me, she could not stand the state of morals there. We escaped with some difficulty, got to New England, and both joined the Quakers. Here we remained very happily, till we received news from my father recalling us to England and promising forgiveness. My father, during our absence, had been converted by a Baptist preacher, and on our return we lived with him and joined his sect, finding that he was very sincere in his new opinions, and had been led to forgive us by his new spiritual director. Before he died, however, disputes arose about his money, the greater part of which the Rev. Mr. Grasp tried to induce him to leave to the Church Building Fund, and I, now the parent of four sons, naturally regarded it as my inheritance. Hence we left the chapel, and after my father's death entered into company, and wasted half our wealth in expensive habits and extravagant indulgences. We sold our estate, and joined several religious societies one after another, until all our money was dissipated, and our children's health injured. Then we tried our school, but with a family increased to ten it was cruel work. Being much unsettled in my mind, I started a free church of my own in our school room, and gave evening lectures, which were becoming profitable, but my tenets getting wind, my pupils were removed. I thought of writing sermons, and here I am now with five sermons, a discourse, a lecture, and a hymn in my pocket; a lucrative church of my own, built by myself; my portrait in all the shop windows, my weekly pamphlets selling 60,000 copies, my two eldest boys established, and

in a fair way to do well for all my family. Several of my younger children are clever, and contribute already to the pamphlet."

Mr. Cavenmore by this time was sufficiently disgusted with his guest's history and relish for the bottle. "It is well," thought he, "such a precious scamp is out of the Church, and has not worn a mask thick enough just to keep within." He was apprehensive, too, for his sermon. How would Wurbot write after the brandy and water? He pointed to the clock. "It is just twelve; I am sorry to hurry you, but the subject for to-morrow, and a clergyman's house, you know."

"Of course, of course. You think I shall not write it well, but I am never more religious, my dear Sir, than when my mind is elevated," he said, laughing. "I will tell you a secret. I always write my temperance papers half drunk. It is not *drinking* that is any detriment to one, it is *imprudence*—letting it be *found out*. I did not get expelled from college for *drinking*, but for going up for my examination drunk. That is a secret for ourselves—eh, Mr. Cavenmore? We must preach total abstinence to the mob." Wurbot rolled up his sermons, tied, directed, and placed them in different pockets. "Yours shall be here at eight to-morrow morning." And as Matthew appeared to show him to the door, with an instant assumption of the old immovable gravity, he said, in tones of sepulchral sadness, "I wish you good night, Mr. Cavenmore, and will do my best."

The young man could hardly conceal his disgust. Throwing open his room door, he walked in and turned up the gas. Matthew hastened to his assistance, stirred his fire, removed his coat and boots, and placed them carefully in the drawers, whilst his master, who had refused to don his dressing-gown, wound his watch. "It is late," he said, as soon as the wardrobe was shut. "Make haste to bed, I shall want nothing else to-night."

"Very well, Sir," Matthew responded, suppressing a yawn, and obeyed with alacrity.

"Conscience has reproached me sometimes about these sermons," he soliloquised, "but, after all, the thought of such a scoundrel is a favourable contrast. I can preach nothing good of my own, I should send my hearers to sleep; they are better off as it is." He sat down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of thinking. He felt that he was out of his vocation in the Church. He thought of his cousin "Quiz," and wondered what had become of the fellow. "It seems to me," he muttered, "that he has gone to one extreme, and I nearly to the other—getting too close to Rome. Is it possible that truth lies in the medium? I should like much to talk to him now." He half resolved to make inquiries, but then, remembering Wurbot's mania for queer sects, he shuddered. Cavenmore was not a bad young

man, but he was weak. A good wife would have made him all that was desirable, but with such a guide as Hortense Woodward, what was he likely to become? His mother was a shrewd woman, but worldly, and not fit to form a nature like his! He could feel her worldliness, but not see her wisdom. Hence he reaped all the disadvantage of the one, and refused to be guided by the other. He was only one of many young men rushing headlong down a path that might or might not lead to ruin, and hearing with contempt the warning of a parent's voice. The fruit looks so beautiful, who can persuade him it will "turn to ashes on the lips"? Experience proves the bitter truth.

(To be continued.)

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.



"All green and wildly gay without,
But worn and grey beneath."

I don't believe, I *can't* believe,
But why should that provoke
A minute's rage, a moment's mirth,
In sober worldly folk?

It cost me once an income vast
 In hoping, loving, fearing ;
 I found my heart would very fast
 To bankruptcy be veering.
 So I shut up the bank one day,
 My creditors all leaving,
 And sang, as fast I stole away,
 "Adieu—adieu believing!"
 I once maintained a troop of friends,
 And paid their pension duly
 In services and kind regards,
 And hoped they loved as truly.
 They wore the livery of the heart
 (Bright crimson cuffed with amber);
 I thought they would not soon depart,
 Or if they did—remember.
 Their barrack-room—my heart—was long,
 Till one by one deceiving,
 I found them gone, and sang my song—
 "Adieu—adieu, believing."
 I loved a lady—nay, indeed,
 I loved a baker's dozen,
 From Lady Blanche I scarcely saw
 To little Nell, my cousin.
 I loved them in and out of town
 And through all change of weather,
 When croqueting in morning gown,
 When decked in flower or feather.
 They danced with me and heard my vow,
 Then turned me off to grieving,
 I took my hat and made my bow,
 But sighed "adieu, believing!"
 My old rich aunt died Lady-day,
 And left me all her money,
 And that from scandal takes the gall,
 That gives to love the honey.
 My "forty thieves" are all come back,
 And swear they love me dearly;
 The ladies take the self-same track,
 And smile as once—or nearly.
 I dine the men as heretofore,
 And with the maids go weaving
 Quadrille or waltz—but never more,
 Ah, never more believing.

And yet, a light has left the world,
 A priceless sort of treasure,
 As if one plucked the crimson heart
 From out the rose of pleasure.
 I could forgive the fate that made
 Me poor and young to-morrow,
 To have again the soul that played
 So tenderly in sorrow—
 So buoyantly in happiness—
 Aye, I could brook deceiving,
 And even the deceiver bless,
 To know again—believing.

M. I. I.

THE MANUFACTURES OF ENGLAND.

No. III.

BY BENJAMIN JESSOFF MACKEL.

Author of "Manufactures of Kendal and its Neighbourhood."



ANY of our London establishments are repertoires of Beauty and of Art, and so our provincial friends undoubtedly consider them, for a visit to London by them is sure to include a lengthy gossip adown its principal thoroughfares. The capital that centres in this metropolis, its large annual influx of sight-seers, its wealthy residents, and the means of direct and constant communication it enjoys with all parts of the civilised world, render the most extensive performances possible. The great shops of London are as so many departments of an art exhibition, rich in variety, sparkling with decorative beauty. Swiss, German, French, and Viennese talent and industry are apparent everywhere, with the skill and enduring work of our own countrymen. Rich show-cases give up their polychromatic glories; ivory, furs, leather, glass, the choicest woods, parqueterie, bijouterie, inlaid and fretted work, are around us in endless diversity of application. In each object there is a concentration of industrial skill the most remarkable: photography, painting, enamelling, the lapidary and polisher, alike contributing in the erection of even the cheapest article. Ladies are most jealously cared for. Boxes to carry the handkerchief or gloves; cases for jewels, rich and rare; scent bottles; tablets; tempt the eye with enticing label. Delightful fans invite contemplation—real works of art in fretted ivory and fragrant cedar.

Simply to note all the productions in Messrs. Parkins and Gatto's establishment, 24 to 28, Oxford-street, and Rathbone Place, would be impossible within the limits allotted to this article. As manufacturers and dealers in stationery and elegant, useful articles; correspondence, hirsuteness, personal adornment, household comfort, are each cared for with more than a lover's tenderness. Standing in high relief are the Travellers, erratic spirits who wander hither and thither "spying out the land," and familiarising needy "continentals" with the wealth of England's sons and daughters. Almost everything is provided within the compass of a portmanteau, travelling-bag, desk, or other similar appliance. One would almost fancy that Mons. Philippe or Colonel Stodare must have stolen a view of the nine show-rooms of Messrs. P. and G. ere they ventured on their "inexhaustible hat" performance, their "shower of pigeons," or "grand distribution of confectionery." Let the patent Bramah key be but once turned back in the lock, and from every expanding nook, developing corner, secret drawer, false bottom and back, enclosed case, and purse-like department, there are evolved innumerable treasures. These apparatus are "the perfection of mechanism" (as a certain horologist *will* have it), ordered in all things and sure, giving up paper in quires, envelopes by the score, pens, &c., in hosts, besides all the brushes, combs, pomades, powders, washes, and soaps necessary "in the days we go a gipsying," with linen in abundance. The "New Despatch Box" is worthy of especial mention from its beauty of form, artistic compactness, and wealth of appointments, and is well sustained in these particulars by the "Alliance" ditto and the "Double Desks." The India goods of this firm are especially excellent, being beautifully moticised, and free of all glue, which will not stand the great heat of the tropics.

Then there are writing cases for India, covered with fine Russia leather, that may not warp by the heat; the 4s. 6d. tourist's writing ditto; the 2s. Society of Arts prize case, of which half a million have been sold, sendable by post for 28 stamps; the "splendid ninety-guinea lady's dressing case," the opening of the lid throwing back the sides and front, elegantly furnished throughout; cigar-stands that play a tune and hand you a cigar simultaneously; scent-bottles to sustain Beauty in the mazy dance; bouquet-holders to charm the scene with floral treasures; numerous tricks and deceptions in Viennese work—in ink being offered the writer out of all manner of spots connected with the anatomy of man and of brute; thermometers, letter weighers, letter minders, paper cutters, penknives, pencil-cases, &c., coming before the eye at every turn and angle; while visions of sweet spots in secluded Edens, with Eves of surpassing beauty, flit before the mentality in the picnic appurtenances around. Side by side pressingly

lay the sparkling glass, and mirroring cases, and glistening cutlery, most admonitory to the pent-up Londoner, enticing him to nature's secret haunts and the country's powerful appetites. Photographic albums, with their "interior" charms of kinship, friendship, and love, may here be found in richest apparel; postage-stamps, home and foreign, crests, monograms, scraps, are framed most lovingly. Bound in the glory of colour, rich in ivory and morocco, gilded and burnished, they almost determine their own sale. Armed with one of the handsome opera glasses, lots of money in one of the ditto purses, smoking a cigar from the luxuriant "seal-skin" case, with the new despatch-box, the registered travelling-bag, and the picnic appliances on the cab-roof over-head—what more can we require where man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards? If the world's normal condition were that of travelling, pleasuring, going to races, collecting foreign postage-stamps (all genuine, of course), writing letters (legal or loving), and smoking cigars (the very best of Havannahs), greater and more constant efforts could not be made for its suitable accommodation. But it is a musical world also, and so there is no scarcity of good harmony in the establishment under notice. Being self-playing it can be indulged in to repletion. Those beautiful productions of our foreign friends, musical boxes, large and small, here give their *matinées musicales* at desire, and may be induced to charm your homes by timely persuasion—and cash. Some of the large boxes have the musical bell accompaniment, very lively and inspiring; wind is also introduced with the ordinary music produced by the steel teeth, and this variety, called the flute box, is exceedingly attractive; some have a pianoforte accompaniment, others a mandoline ditto, others drum, bell, and castanet, all playing the most popular English tunes to the choicest music—the latter expressly transmitted to the makers to ensure the production of the finest and best music of ancient and modern times.

WORKSHOPS AND STORE-ROOMS.—In one of the store-rooms of this firm there are upwards of 20,000 dies in all designs, rich, chaste, historic, autocratic, novel, hieroglyphic, suggestive of our great skill in this department of art. These dies are the property of the firm's customers, to be used for stamping purposes as may be desired by order from the owner. They are admirably kept, each die being numbered in the metal, the books relating thereto at once showing the particular drawer in which any one may be found at desire. Card and other plates in copper, &c., are similarly stored away in great numbers. The Stamping Room determines its own locality by its potent odour, redolent of innumerable colours and varnishes. Here the "orders" receive anew a good character, and are made presentable in the most fastidious society. The Stamping Department, full of life, is interest-

ing from the speed and accuracy with which those beautiful coloured letters, monograms, arms, and devices in general, are put on the paper and envelopes by the *employés*. Men, women, and boys are thus employed, but all do not their work in precisely the same manner. In some presses the die itself is a fixture, in others removable by hand, and in others the die is made to slide in a groove from under the press, and the latter plan I consider to be a great improvement. By the side of each operator was a little ink or paint-like composition, some of which he placed on the die with a brush or a rag, and wiped it off again with the palm of his hand or a cloth—of course leaving behind all that had sunk into the fine cuttings and touches of the die. The plan seems to answer well, for the proofs continually struck off were perfect. The stamping without ink, or plain stamping, is a gratuitous operation to the “stationery” purchaser.

The engravers’ and die-sinkers’ rooms were in full activity; the beautiful precision of this kind of work is most astonishing. The envelope-room is a very store of wealth, rich in paper money that may be issued to any amount irrespective of Bank Charter Acts, and, as in duty bound, is not far off the extensive stores of foreign post, satin-faced, cream-laid, blue-weave, and other writing papers even as low as 5 quires for 5d. Here, close by, are Slates of all kinds, with Dutch pencils, foreign produce, and, as I am informed, “free from all knots, Sir—light, thin, elegant—far superior to the English variety.” Over a delightful flooring of asphalte, or some composition of that nature, we travel to the folding-room, where an industrious young man is at this moment folding himself all over—head bobbing, body swaying, and arms darting spasmodically, in frantic effort to fold incredibly fast—evidently on piece-work. Afterwards, the folded sheets are carried to one of the cutting apparatus at the other end of the room, and are very accurately divided into the required sizes. The hydraulic and other presses are pressing down, smoothing, polishing, and reducing to that neatness, comeliness, and shape apparent in the numerous packages lying on our right hand and on our left.

But I have not yet done. There are the “games,” demanding attention, more especially as the croquet season has now set in, at last. Mallets, balls, hoops, &c., lie about profusely in all the glory of the best box-wood, with bright paint, glittering polish, and meteorological protection. The Club set is certainly very handsome; the mallets have patented immovable heads and round and square ends; there are galvanised hoops (square, or nearly so, that they may be forced into the ground by blows at their corners without injury), and all the *etcéteras* complete for 60s., the full range for all kinds being 15s. to 80s., carriage paid. Everything is made portable, to pack nicely into the box, and the croquet-stands fold up easily for

conveyance from spot to spot. The firm evidently make this game a speciality, and do all they can to produce cheaply and well. How suggestive is all this of happy hours on the lawn, with Beauty! Miniature and other billiard-tables have more reference to my own sex, and to snug housings when the inclement outside is unattractive, or a quiet cigar and a little home-joy are appreciable. Here they are in variety, made of Spanish mahogany, "with all the improvements" as the advertisers have it. The "Bagatelles" are no trifles, I can assure you; my favourite game of Chess, and the men of Staunton, are in rich carved ebony, boxwood, and African ivory; with caskets of carton-pierre, mahogany, and other choice materials—all, as the *Times* says, "combining elegance and solidity to a degree hitherto unknown." Then there are chess-boards—portable, statu-quo, and ordinary; backgammon boards, parlour croquet (I had almost forgotten the indoor and hothouse variety), and "Aunt Sally"—the generalissimo of the field forces. In the outlying departments of the gaming world, we come across a very host of petty sovereignties, whose peculiar laws and executions are most surprising to the stranger. Making a running commentary on the Game List catalogues, it will be apparent that going up "Holborn Hill"—a "Capital Punishment" for the gout—will eventually land you at 24 to 28, Oxford Street, where a "Cavalry Charge" with "Hollow Cue Skittles" is considered tantamount to a "Steeple-Chase," and you will stand a chance of early "Promotion" to the "Summer Excursion up the Rhine." It is also noted, in "English History," as the spot where "The King of the Castle," wishing to make "The Moorish Fort" by "the Road at Sea," had to "Skedaddle" a "Trifle"—swift as a "Puff and Dart" from a "Whitworth Gun"—which was, undoubtedly, "Hard Lines," and no "Gammon."

The firm's paper and envelopes are made in Kent and Hertfordshire. The grasses, straws, weeds, what is termed Surat, hemp, jute, rags, &c., each being utilized in this important branch of industry; indeed, it is difficult to point out any fibred growths that may not be thus used, success depending on the adhesiveness and spiral tenaciousness of the particles. The first object in the manufacture is the preparation and cleansing of the raw product, prior to its being made into pulp. Rags are dusted, sorted, washed, dried, and cut up into certain lengths and sizes; the natural products, direct from home or foreign fields, are also laid out, dried, cleansed, and cut, each being subsequently intermixed or kept separate, as needed. On introduction to the first machine they are thoroughly washed and partly ground up, or torn to pieces, so as to separate the fibres. The second process is similar, the making of the pulp being further perfected. Where colouring of pulp is needed, for the making of coloured papers, it is always done in the beating or second process of pulping. The other apparatus are a

machine for shaking up or disturbing the raw products, to get out sand or gritty particles, something like the "shake willy" of our woollen manufacturers; the bleaching operation, done by aid of the liquor from chloride of lime; and the pressing and squeezing aids, by which the various products are handed over for the subsequent operations in a clean and comely condition and shape, ready to the hand of the worker.

The paper-making machine receives the pulp, very evenly laid on to a kind of travelling leather apron, and, as the pulp-sheet journeys slowly forward, it is deprived of its moisture till it reaches the steam-drying cylinders, around which it is carried, so dried, then turned away a perfectly smooth and woven paper-sheet of almost any length.

In some machines, the paper, before being quite dried, is passed under a pipe pierced throughout with small holes, from which drop the sizing liquid; and is then made to circulate over and under several steam-filled cylinders, with the same result as before. The machines can be widened to suit the size of the paper.

The "calenderer" apparatus is for hot pressing. Here the paper is passed around heated cylinders, placed with their weight upon the paper, and urging on its passage by their revolutions. Much electricity is evolved in the process, and even in the daylight we occasionally saw bright flashes of the subtle fluid playing beautifully over the product, while an application of the knuckles to the paper-roll gave a sensible shock.

Envelope-making is a simple process. A steel die acting on paper placed under a simple pressing or stamping machine cuts out the shape of the envelope before its sides are gummed together; another machine makes the folding grooves, gums the edges, and stamps the part lapping over, where the old wax-seal used to be placed; and hand-labour presses the gummed parts together with the greatest rapidity.

On a future occasion we may again take up this interesting subject.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

The History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the Author of "A Night in the Workhouse." London: S. O. Beeton.

ON the strength of a long and intimate acquaintance with the costermonger and his surroundings, what purports to be "The True History of a Little Ragamuffin" has been written by Mr. James Greenwood, the Amateur Casual; and, however it may fail to satisfy critical readers as a work of art, there can be little doubt that it will interest all who care to read about the every-day lives of the men, women, and children who people the slums and alleys—to most of us a *terra incognita*—of London. The story is supposed to be written by the person who figures as the hero of it, and recounts his adventures as an outcast boy, who had run away from home to escape ill-treatment by a brutal father and a drunken step-mother, and who passed through all the phases of a ragamuffin's career, picking his food from the refuse of the gutter, or stealing it from the well-watched market-stalls, and sleeping under the dry arches of the Adelphi, until he is fever-stricken and carried away to the workhouse, minutely described, and a crowd of characters, all belonging to the lowest social strata, are brought into play, with whose peculiarities the author appears to be thoroughly acquainted.

Little Steps to Great Truths; or, Harry's Own Book About Music. By ELIZA JUKES. London: William Mackintosh, 24, Paternoster-row.

THIS little work contains the rudiments of music attractively conveyed by an amusing and vigorously written dialogue. Miss Jukes has not only planned her book with admirable skill and tact, but she has also succeeded in carrying out her plan with a considerable show of talent. While inculcating the elements of musical art, she succeeds in giving many little examples and lessons of moral harmony. We heartily commend her book to all who wish to make the first principles of music familiar to young minds.

The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts in Ancient and Modern Times. By ARNOLD J. COOLEY. London: B. Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.

THIS book contains hints and advice which will be of service to the community. The introductory chapters of the work are on the baths and toilet of ancient times, among the Jews in Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Carthage, Sicily, and Rome. We have then a description of modern nations, teeming with facts that cannot fail to interest most readers. The part, perhaps, that will most carefully be perused is that treating of the promotion and preservation of the personal appearance and beauty. The importance of cleanliness is dwelt on, and we have likewise an interesting chapter on the hair, treating of its growth, structure, and management. Then we are let into the

secret of the cosmetic arts, and learn how to prepare cosmetics, how to use them, and receive advice as to those preparations that are dangerous to health, and therefore to be avoided. To those persons who believe that art can ~~hide facial~~ imperfections, and who have a small amount of faith in the nostrums of Madame Rachel, which are said to beautify the skin and impart to it a youthful bloom "for ever," this work will be valuable. After all, lotions for the skin, and washes for the hair, are of little or no use unless the health be attended to and cleanliness practised. A want of cleanliness and intemperate indulgence at table are among the principal causes that lead to impaired health, to remove the ravages of which recourse is had to the medical and cosmetic arts. These arts, however, are too uncertain in their effect to give the transgressor of the laws of health immunity from suffering and vexation. The author or compiler of this work has sought to make it beneficial to all readers, and to direct attention to the importance of certain habits which, if neglected, cause illness and a train of other evils that cannot be remedied by artificial appliances. As the fashion for golden hair is now so prevalent, and as grey hair is, as it generally has been, unpopular, the observations on these points offered by Mr. Cooley will be especially welcome; for there are instructions how to produce the golden tint and how to change grey hair. The chapter on the management of the hair is highly interesting, and if its directions be followed, the appearance of grey hair may be prevented to a very late period of life. Diseases of the skin are very common, and these receive full notice, as well as how to remove various facial disfigurements.

The Advanced Lesson Book. London: Longman, Green and Co.

THIS is a sequel to the "Grade Lesson Books," issued to supply a really good reading-book to the advanced classes in schools and institutes and as a guide to many of the best works on the subjects of which it treats. The compilers, the Messrs. Stevens and Holc, have made an admirable and extensive selection. The works of the best writers in the English language have been searched and systematically arranged with a view to form in the readers a pure literary taste, which an acquaintance with the best English classics cannot fail to produce. The plan of the "Grade Lesson Books" is adhered to in the present one with reference to the arithmetical exercises. Of these there are several series of examples in the higher parts, as well as a complete set in mensuration. The literary part of the volume is arranged under the head of history, science, literature, and geography; while the arithmetic and mensuration occupy the concluding section. Rarely have we seen a weightier school book, so filled with good things, nor one so thoroughly useful.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

CELERY SAUCE FOR CHICKENS.

At this time of year the little plants thinned out of celery seedling beds make a very nice celery sauce, the celery being chopped up just as parsley is prepared for parsley and butter.

The white sauce to which it is to be added may be made of pale broth, or water thickened with flour and butter, or flour and cream, or of thickened milk only.

Whichever materials are used, proceed thus:—

Put on about a quarter to half a pint of broth, water, or milk in a small saucepan. Mix up two to three tablespoonfuls of good cream, with about one heaped teaspoonful of flour, and a little white pepper and salt in a tea-cup; when the liquid in the saucepan boils, stir in the thickening, and boil all a few minutes, and lastly put in the celery, which should only be on the fire long enough not to taste raw; it should not be stewed till it loses the green colour.

If no cream is handy, the thickening may be of butter and flour rolled and mixed together so as to become a ball like a large walnut, and some milk must be used for the sake of whitening, in finishing the sauce.

If the main part of the liquor for the sauce be milk, less butter will suffice than if it be broth or water.

It is impossible to give exact proportions for white sauce, on account of the varying richness both of milk and cream; an eye must always be kept to the ultimate result, which should be a smooth sauce which coats over the chickens when poured over them, but should not be so thick as to be pasty.

A very little onion may be boiled in the broth or water, &c., and strained out again; also the rooty bits of the celery plants, if pretty much flavour is liked; particularly if much of the chopped celery is not liked.

If the sauce is at all deficient in richness, it may be finished off by stirring in a beaten yolk of egg; but it must be *well off the boil* first, as the least simmer would curdle the egg.

STEWED CURRANTS.

These will soon be in season. It is generally noticed that these are difficult to sweeten sufficiently. If a pot or two of last years currant or raspberry jam or jelly should be over, it is a great improvement to the fresh fruit to stir in a large spoonful of the preserve when the stew is nearly ready, and *after* all scum is well off. A little water should be added when the preserve is used. Stir till well mixed, but do not let it froth, as that spoils the appearance.

NEEDLEWORK.

DAHLIA MATS.

THESE are very pretty, quickly and easily made, and may be used for any purpose. Twelve dahlias will be needed for a lamp mat, and arranged of alternate colours—scarlet and white; three shades of scarlet, two shades of grey and white and two shades of green, all double wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each; one skein of yellow. Walker's bone crochet hook, the smallest size convenient.

To make the Dahlias.

Twist a ring of yellow wool loosely. Work into it seven long stitches, unite them, and draw the ring quite tight.

1st round: With the darkest shade of scarlet make one plain stitch upon one of the long stitches, taking it through both of the upper loops.* Draw a loop through the next stitch; you now have two loops on the needle. Work through the outer one, and make 4 ch., keeping the other as it is upon the needle. Then draw the wool (like a d.c. stitch) through both the last chain stitch and the stitch on the needle. Make one plain on the next yellow long stitch, taking it through both the upper loops. This forms a dahlia petal in relief. Repeat from * until the round is completed, making 8 petals in all.

2nd round: Use the next shade of wool. Hold the back of the dahlia to you, and work between the petal loops of last row seen at the foundation of the eight petals. Make the petals as before, but in order to increase their number to 16, work two to each of the last row, making the second through the stitch of last petal, taking both loops.

3rd round: Take the lightest scarlet wool, and work the same, but only increase once in every 4 petals, so as to make the number 20.

4th round: Work another 20 petals, which will require no increasing. Make and alternate them as before with last row, by bringing the loop of chains over the plain stitches, and the plain stitches over the chains of last round. This causes the petals to sit closer, and in between each other. Row 3 should be worked like this.

5th round: The same, with light green wool, alternating the petals.

6th round: The same, with dark green. Each of these rounds number 20 petals.

The dahlia is now completed. The white ones are made in the same manner. Before sewing them round the edge of the mat, stuff them with a little wadding, to give a nice raised appearance.

For the bottom of the mat use Mrs. Stair's Penelope canvass, No. 0. Work a stripe of close heron-bone stitch with double green wool. The stripe is three holes, or six threads wide, and each stitch is worked downwards over two threads. The stripes of green are shaded. Between each stripe three rows of narrow pearl plait straw are laid, and a cross stitch worked across each at intervals of three holes. The materials, with the pattern commenced, can be obtained from Mrs. Stair, 29A, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square. The bottom of the mat, when worked, is made up over stiff card or millboard, and lined with green silk.

A NEW STOVE ORNAMENT IN CROCHET.

This is an easy pattern, that can be worked whilst conversing. Get some very stiff wire, and make a square frame like a chimney-board, but only so large as is the stove aperture. Three sides may be straight and the top arched. Shape it by the grate it is intended for. Tack over it some calico or lining, stretching it tightly, and over this some pink or blue sarcanet, to match the colour of the furniture in the room. The crochet apron, when made, must be tacked on, may be turned in over the arched part, and ornamented with a few of the dahlias above described, worked in colours to match the silk, and grouped with a few white ones in the centre or at the top.

The Point Lace Pattern for the Apron.

Evans' boar's head cotton, No. 10; Walker's Penelope hook, No. 6. Make a chain the width of the frame.

1st row: 6 tr., 2 ch., miss 2, and repeat. Take care to end with 6 tr.

2nd row: The same.

3rd row: 1 tr., 1 ch., * 4 tr. over the centre of 6 tr. of last row, 4 ch., and repeat from *.

4th row: 1 tr., 3 ch., * 2tr. in the centre of 4 tr. of last row, 6 ch., and repeat from *.

5th row: To be worked the same as the last.

6th row: 1 tr., 1 ch., * 4 tr. over 2 tr. of last row, bringing one beyond on each side, 4 ch., and repeat from *.

7th row: Recommence again with 1st row. Repeat the pattern until the desired size is made. Then work a narrow crochet lace, and sew on all round. Or a narrow dimity fringe may be used. For the plain work in making the screen use Walker's patent ridge eyed needles, No. 6, and Walter Evans' glazed cotton, No. 20. The screen had better be made of double wire, with cotton twisted tightly round it in button-hole stitches made from the reel. For this purpose use Evans' Boar's Head Cotton, No. 0. Tack on the apron before adding the edge.

LA MODE.

THE very *decolleté* style of evening dress in vogue at the present day has deservedly been the subject of severe animadversion. A very pretty way of preserving the appearance of a fashionable toilette, and not infringing on a modest arrangement, may be contrived in the following manner:—The body of the dress is cut, as usual, extremely low all round. This is filled up with lace or tulle puffings to the desired height round the top. All that will be required is to line this light lace or blond with taffetas of the same colour as the *trimming* of the dress, and run the lace which forms the edge with velvet the colour of the *dress*.

The little bonnets, shaped like a plate, held on the head by two strings, and often lace or blond lappets, are almost universal at the West-end. These are easily trimmed with a garland of flowers, or merely a few bows of narrow ribbon. Or the strings, covered with lace, may be crossed over the top, and the edge of the straw studded round with minute flowers. We have also seen a white pique straw simply crossed with white ribbon, which formed the strings, and over this inch and a-half wide black velvet, formed into a bow at the top, and the ends left under the chin as over strings. No blond is used in the cap, and the flower placed over the forehead should be repeated under the chin. For the bonnet already described moderately large damask roses would be suitable. We have seen a good many handkerchief shaped bonnets in carriages, but scarcely any of the Empire mode. Tulle is mostly in favour at the present moment.

Afternoon bodies, cut square in the neck, are sometimes trimmed round with deep lace, fringe, or anything that will hang like a *berthe*. This is a pretty style, and with a tucker, a ribbon or necklace, may be worn without a chemisette. Low bodies may be worn over muslin or lace chemisettes, but they would be cut square, and long muslin bishop sleeves must be added. Insertion run with ribbon to match the trimmings looks very well. A very pretty body may be formed over a Garibaldi of muslin in this manner. With ribbon three and a half inches broad make a pair of epaulettes, cut open on the shoulder, and sloped towards the waist by turning in the ribbon; unite them to a waistband without ends, by a strap of ribbon, three parts of the whole width. Just below the bosom, add a straight piece, also narrow, from that to the waist, between the braces. Every part of the ribbon must be edged with clung lace. Fasten the waist with hooks and eyes, on the left side, and place a large flower where the band unites—a rose, or pansy.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ENIGMAS, &c.

1

Take thou the noblest of all noble things,
From which alone true freedom ever springs.
Behead, a name you'll have, in Scripture found,
For strongest friendship justly much renowned.
If from this name the final you should take,
Along your path I difficulties make.
But had you ta'en my head, and re-arranged,
Into a cosy shelter I had changed.

REV. A. S.

2.

My *first*, what is't? You tread it under foot;
You do it when you weary are and faint;
You raise it up aloft to guide and cheer,
Oft painted with devices, old and quaint.
My *next*, unpleasant to the well-trained mind,
In low conventicle is often heard;
Mistaken oft for learning and sound sense,
And oft, by minds untutored, e'en preferred.
What is my *whole*? An epithet alone
To crimes applied, which naught can well atone.

3.

Though men frequently "beat" it, and some even kill,
What is it that suffers no injury still?
Ever flying away, and yet present, I ween;
Well known to all persons, by none ever seen,
When once it is gone it can ne'er be regained,
Yet it is not diminished nor loss hath sustained.
Though men how to reckon it know very well,
In its course who can stop it? The answer now tell.

BIBLIOPHILUS.

4.

1. A great botanist.
2. A female name.
3. Something essential to the well-being of a tree.
4. The heroine of a nursery rhyme.
5. An interjection.
6. A nourishing food.

The finals form the name of an eminent poetess; the initials, her birthplace.
IVY GREEN.

5.

1. An adverb of time.
2. A female name.
3. Where coals come from.
4. A tree or a foreign fruit.
5. A useful article, essential to our comfort.
6. A measure.
7. A large river.
8. A denial.

The initials form the name of a great general, and the finals a battle
at which he fought. IVY GREEN.

6.

Towns in Scotland Enigmatically expressed :—

1. A common fruit and a disagreeable quality.
2. A pressing creditor, and a piece of iron.
3. What shopkeepers wish to do, and a place of worship.
4. A piece of money.
5. A covering for the head, and a place of business and traffic.
6. A wine and a sauce.
7. A man's game, and a part of the body.
8. A comfortable thing in summer time, and a wicket.
9. What we see in every house, and the participles of an active verb.
10. A little hill, and the queen of flowers.

J. V. GREEN.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

Cleopatra.

2.

Chair—hair—air.

3.

The Life of Julius Caesar.—Emperor Louis Napoleon.

1. Time.

2. Harmonium.

3. Emp (lore).

4. Livingstone.

5. Issachar.

6. Faro.

7. Edgar.

8. Oriel.

9. Fidelio.

10. Ju (Julia)

11. Uni (Universe).

12. Lotus.

13. Indian.

14. Una.

15. Soup.

16. Clio.

17. Ærial.

18. Sense.

19. Aleppo.

20. Raven.

4.

Ar(k)-a-rat.

5.

Hot-ten-tot.

6.

1. When they "alter cases."

2. The great Mo-gul.

3. They burn their idols.

4. The first "stands upon ceremony," the second on his head.

2. It must be son-nigh (sunny).

OUR COUNCIL; NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

RED AND BLACK RAIN.

WE took occasion, under the title of "Queer Sorts of Rain," to describe some very remarkable showers of animals which have been recorded on good authority. We now renew the subject, in relation to coloured rain, mostly red or black, and pools that are supposed to be caused by rain. The phenomena have given rise to much speculation. How is the colour received, and from what region does such coloured rain come?

In and near Buenos Ayres showers have been known to descend so charged with earthly particles as to give an appearance of having been plastered over with mud. There is not wanting an intelligible explanation of this phenomenon. After a long-continued drought, immense quantities of dry dust are carried by the wind up into the air; and when at length a shower of rain falls, the drops become impregnated with dirt during their descent. This is known in a smaller degree in the densely-inhabited parts of London, where rain-drops become dirty during their passage through the sooty particles which hang over our metropolis during gloomy foggy weather. In one particular instance, in 1849, at Abboyleix, near Kilkenny, a strange shower of black rain attracted much attention. A portion of it was collected and sent in a bottle to Dr. Barker, who exhibited it to the Dublin Society. When the rain fell it looked nearly like writing ink; but black sediment was deposited during quiescence. The area of the shower extended over many square miles of country. It was on an April evening that the occurrence took place; the black rain being preceded by extreme darkness, hail storm, and vivid lightning. The rain had a disagreeable smell and taste; Dr. Harvey and Dr. Steele examined it with a microscope, but found no indications either of animal matter or of fungus. When kept some time, Dr. Barker found that it lost its taste, odour, and blackness. Puzzled by the phenomenon, but not liking to "give it up," he proposed to himself four probable or at least possible modes of explanation: 1st. That a cloud of soot had been wafted from some more populous district; but then the blackness was not of a sooty kind, and the fuel used in that part of Ireland does not yield much soot. 2nd. That clouds containing soot had been driven over from England by some electric disturbance in the air; but the area over which the black rain had fallen was too extensive to render such a theory tenable. 3rd. That the black substance in the rain was of volcanic origin; but, on the other hand, there was no evidence of volcanic action sufficiently near. 4th. That meteoric dust, the *débris* of some aerolite or meteoric stone, had mingled with the rain. Dr. Barker felt inclined to accept the last-named mode of explanation as being the most probable of the four; and there were many scientific men in Ireland who joined him in this opinion.

Red rain, or something that appeared like red rain, has been more frequently observed than black. Sand-rain occurs off the West

Coast of Africa, due most probably to the action of the wind on the surface of the vast sandy desert of Sahara. Sulphur-rain has been observed off the coast of Sicily, presumably caused by a similar action of the wind upon the sulphur which lies upon the flanks of Mount Etna, are fruit of the mighty eruptions to which that mountain is subject. There were dust-showers, which can easily be accounted for. The red rain proper, however, is more puzzling to explain. In 1608, at Aix, in Provence, large red drops appeared one morning on the walls of churches and other buildings, to the great alarm of the inhabitants. Under the influence of the superstitious feeling which so largely affected country people in those days they feared that some dread calamity was portended. The shepherds fled from their flocks in the fields, and a rumour was spread that demons had produced the spots by shedding the blood of innocent babes. The pastor of one of the churches, on examining the drops, found that they were not on the upper surfaces of stones and buildings, as if dropped from above; they were in cavities and crevices, and, moreover, they were chiefly on the sides of walls near fields, and at no great height from the ground. Hence he concluded that the red drops might possibly be such as are known to be emitted by certain insects when passing from the pupa to the butterfly state.

Other instances of a more or less similar kind are numerous. In 1764 there fell in the Duchy of Cleves a kind of red rain which was analysed by Dr. Schulte. He could, however, make nothing of the phenomenon, except that the rain-water was free from any baneful substance, but, after inquiries, adopted the insect theory noticed in the last paragraph. In 1815 a number of red, violet, and green spots were observed on a lake near Lebotia, in Prussia, about the end of harvest, and in the following winter the surface of the ice was coloured in the same way, much to the amazement and consternation of the villagers. The celebrated chemist, Klaproth, who happened to be near the place at the time, examined the coloured spots, and found reason to believe that they were occasioned by the decomposition of vegetable matter, the green being changed to violet and red by the absorption of oxygen. Nuremberg, the great microscopic observer, on one occasion examined some blood-red water taken from a Siberian lake, and found in it to contain an infinite multitude of coloured infusoria. Again, on the 8th of May, 1846, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Lough Brickland, in the county of Down, observed the water of the lake to assume a blood-red colour, and afterwards to return to its original hue. During the period of this change of colour a whirlpool was remarked in the centre of the lake; this, possibly, may have disturbed a reddish earth at the bottom.

Thus the magic disappears. It is probable that the phenomenon of coloured rain and coloured spots in lakes and pools are traceable sometimes to animal, sometimes to vegetable, and sometimes to mineral sources.

Electric rain, also, has occasionally appeared. One instance was in 1774, when, at Skara in Gothland, a violent shower fell, each drop of which threw out fire as it reached the ground. Thunder and lightning accompanied the rain. In 1840, while some troops were on the

march in Algeria, drops of rain that fell on the beards and moustachios of the men were quite luminous. One more example. In 1844, Dr. Morel Déville, whilst watching a shower of rain in the streets of Paris, observed that the drops, in coming in contact with the ground, emitted sparks of light, accompanied by a crackling sound, and an odour of phosphorous.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

It is a beautiful belief
 That ev'ry little child upon this earth
 Has its own guardian angel
 To watch o'er it from its birth.
 And when the child has gone to rest,
 With silence brooding o'er his folded wings,
 The faithful spirit watches near,
 To guard his charge from hurtful things.
 Perchance he follows in its steps
 Throughout the day, alike in good and ill;
 Although unseen by eyes of man,
 Yet is he surely watching still.
 From hour to hour, from day to day,
 He follows on in sunshine and in shade;
 Tender his love through weal and woe,
 Until in death the child is laid.
 Those angels unto whom on earth
 Their special charge by God is given,
 May be chos'n, when the last call comes,
 To bear their souls to him in Heav'n.

HOPE DOUGLAS.

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE.—It has been asked, how is the line to be drawn between the old Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire? Is the new name utterly without significance, or, if it has significance, what is it? Whence did it come? Our answer shall be as concise and clear as we can make it. Three properties the new empire had in common with the old. It was the bulwark against barbarism. It was supreme over all other governments. It was cosmopolitan, not national. One property it had peculiar to itself, to which it owed its special nature, and, as we think, its special name. The religious side of its supremacy was brought out into strong and novel prominence. In the old empire the religious element was completely dwarfed and overshadowed by the political element. The emperors had grasped the symbols of religion as they had all the other insignia of authority, but its ancient virtue had departed from the pontificate. The salt of religion had lost its savour in a society which tolerated all creeds and believed in none. In Charlemagne's time the face of the world had changed. In the room of an all-tolerant, passive, undemonstrative paganism, had sprung up a persecuting, proselytising church, which had already more than once summoned the whole world to conform to its dictates. If the chief bishops of this

church were permitted to pursue a separate path, they would plainly soon acquire a separate and independent dominion, and the eagle-eye of Charlemagne descried the gigantic obstacle it might prove to his autocratic pretensions. The Iconoclastic schism had produced two churches. There were now also two empires. It was only natural that he should have seized on the idea of merging the empire and church of the West, so as to present a bold front to the empire and church of the East. He determined to convert the possible rival into a serviceable dependent. He, too, would have his patriarch, the pale reflection of his own omnipotence, bound by gratitude to use the spells of superstition only to inculcate obedience to his will. While reserving to himself an absolute supremacy in all matters ecclesiastical, while dictating theological tenets with the infallibility of one who was "manifest lord of the whole mind of the West," while sternly checking all sacerdotal encroachments, prohibiting, for instance, all ecclesiastics from accompanying his expeditions, in order to show that he was himself missionary as well as warrior, priest as well as king, he yet made use of the Church as the old kings of Rome had made use of the pontiffs, as the old kings of Israel had made use of the prophets, and deigned to accept their blessing as the sign and seal set by heaven on his august office. He miscalculated the strength and character of the institution he was attempting to bind to his own interests. The weakest place in his magnificent scheme of policy lay here. Mediæval Christendom was not the scene whereon pope and emperor might re-enact the *role* of Samuel and Saul. "*Aut Cæsar aut nullus*" was not to be the motto of the modern prince of the people, any more than of the modern exponent of the decrees of God.

ASPIRATIONS.

To what dost thou aspire in thy short life,
 With all its varied scenes of care and strife?
 Doth the soft, winning, silvery voice of fame
 Allure thee on to seek an envied name?
 So it shall prove to thee a meteor gleam
 Shining a fleeting moment on life's stream.
 Doth human love seem to thy longing heart
 Of its deep inner shrine a needful part,
 To soothe thee on life's dim and shadowy way,
 When grief's wild tempests may around thee stay?
 Beware! It may elude thy eager grasp,
 Or ruthlessly be torn from thy fond clasp.
 Dost thou gaze on through long futurity,
 When by earth's wealth surrounded thou may'st be,
 When ease and luxury shall be thy lot,
 And Poverty's wan face be all forgot?
 Then fear beneath Wealth's bright and glitt'ring wings,
 There is sad care, and oft a thousand stings.
 Or dost thou wish for true humility,
 That like the lowly Saviour thou may'st be,
 With humble, patient mind and gentle heart,
 Bearing in others' woes a soothing part?
 This shall fill up thy soul with happiness,
 When thou with spirit kind dost others bless.

Thou may'st aspire far up beyond the sky,
 Where the unclouded land of love doth lie ;
 When burst for thee are earth's dark prison bars,
 Then thou shalt soar up—up, beyond the stars,
 Finding new wonders still with rapturous joy
 Unmixed with care or earth's dark, chill alloy.

There, where heaven's bright and countless armies sing,
 In anthems sweet, to their eternal King,
 Where round the rainbow-girdled throne they fall,
 And "Holy, holy," on Jehovah call,—
 There thou in endless joy shalt ever be
 Through the vast cycles of eternity.

WINIFRED.

MORNING.

A FRAGMENT.

A dewy fragrance from the opening buds
 Steals on the freshened air. The mist still veils
 In shadowy mantle all the distant trees,
 Casting a softening beauty o'er the scene.
 The dewdrops linger in the brilliant cups
 Of bright convulvi that clustering hang
 In twining festoons from the cactus hedge.
 The murmuring ripple of yon little stream,
 Mingled with sound of silvery matin bells,
 Comes borne toward us. Now a brightening flush
 Tinges the east, while all the wakened birds
 Welcome the dawn with joyous bursts of song.

ELSPIE M'LAUGHLIN.

DEATH.

"Ye call me a cruel reaper,
 And say that I love to mow
 The fairest and sweetest blossoms,
 And lay their young beauty low.
 But oh! if ye knew the heart-aches
 That all who live long must know,
 Ye would hail me a pitying angel—
 Your best friend, and not your foe.
 Mine aspect is pale and chilling,
 Cold, cold is my marble kiss,
 But it seals the awful passport
 To a world of eternal bliss.
 Oh! if ye but knew, ye mothers,
 The misery my stroke may spare
 Your babes, I should be the watchword
 Of hope, and not despair!"

ELEANOR DARBY.



THE

FAMILY FRIEND.

AUGUST, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER XIV,

ARMSTRONG AND FITZ-OSBERT MEET UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

NEITHER Sir Hugh or Nelly observed the strange form crouching by the waterside. They were too much absorbed in each other. Sir Hugh was impelled by one impatient uncontrollable desire to draw from Nelly a word of hope or promise. Nelly was altogether confused. Her little hand trembled in his, and her face burned with excitement. She tried to reason and to understand the full import of Sir Hugh's words, but she could not collect her thoughts; they seemed to be whirling pell-mell through her brain.

Sir Hugh, emboldened by her silence, gently pressed her hand, and drew her to him. "Nelly," he said, "in a low, solemn voice, "from the moment when I first met you on your errand at Houndsditch an earnest and indescribable love has been growing within me. Your face haunts me like a beautiful spirit—your voice rings in my ears with a soft, sweet cadence that opens to me a new world of harmony and peace. You have the power to make my life a life of joy or of sorrow. Those wavelets flashing in the light of the fair moon are emblems of the bright and happy stream of existence—with you to smile on me, you to talk to me, you to be my companion, and your pure love to shed a glory on my path. Let me go away with the knowledge that this blissful dream will be realised."

"What power have I to make you happy, Sir Hugh? I am only a poor citizen's daughter. I shall always remember you and always be grateful for your generous forgiveness to my father. He has no one

to care for but me, and I could never leave him." Nelly gently disengaged her hand from Sir Hugh's, as she spoke and looked up into his face with a sad and thoughtful expression.

Impulsive by nature, he was more quickly affected by her looks than her words, and more earnestly than ever he persevered in pleading his cause. He wanted to hear Nelly confess the affection that beamed from her eyes. The moments flew rapidly past, and the night air was bitterly cold. Still Nelly refused to give Sir Hugh any promise or word of hope. Suddenly the thought struck him that she could not return his affection, and that the spell beneath which he had fallen must end in despair. The warm blood forsook his cheeks, and looking into her face with a wild, enquiring look, he extended his hand, and, with an effort, muttered "Good-bye." In those words there was a mystic influence more potent than all the enthusiastic language he had poured into her ears. The awful reality of parting—the sense of void—the thought that they might never meet again—betrayed the secret of her heart. She could not let him go with that terrible anguish on his brow; she could not let him go away utterly hopeless and miserable. He might never return, and his disappointment seemed so intense, he might court danger and death to drown it. These were the thoughts that darted through Nelly's mind as he turned away to depart.

"Stay, Sir Hugh," she cried. "Promise me that you will return soon."

"And why should I return?" said Sir Hugh bitterly.

"Because the hours of your absence will be long and weary to me. Now that you are really going, I feel that it is something more than friendship that I have for you. Do not leave me with that pale, sorrowful look. Promise me that you will return soon."

Sir Hugh's countenance became illumined with joy, and once more he believed, never again to doubt, the expressive language of Nelly's eyes.

"Good-bye, Nelly! I swear by the good St. Edmund to return to you soon." He could not say more. He was too intensely happy to give words to his thoughts. He stooped down and gently pressed his lips to Nelly's cheek, and again repeating his promise to return, hurried away beside the river. Nelly stood for some moments silently watching him, as he strode along in the broad flood of moonlight."

A crimson flush suffused her face. Her cheek tingled. She felt his warm breath still lingering on the spot where he had snatched a fervent kiss. She heeded not the keen, frosty air, for her blood was flowing feverishly through her veins. Her eyes, wondrously beautiful at all times, were more brilliant, more beautiful than ever, and the little sigh that came from her throbbing breast as she turned away

and hastened home, proved that she had caught the infection—the fever of love. In the meanwhile the dusky form, half concealed among the long grass and reeds by the water, had developed itself sufficiently to be distinguished. The broad shoulders, thick neck, and bulky figure of Armstrong, the armourer, stood forth against the pale light of the Heavens.

For a moment he lingered and watched the fleeting figure of Nelly, then he turned and stealthily followed Sir Hugh. He kept close to the water, because the ground was softer there, and less liable to betray his movements by the sound of his footsteps. The young Crusader was making his way to the tower, and was walking quickly, not from any need of such haste, but because he was of an impetuous nature, and his movements accorded with his rush of pleasant thoughts. Armstrong, however, by dint of running and walking alternately, was gaining upon him rapidly. Once his foot slipped, and on recovering himself he caused some loose earth to fall with a splash in the water. The noise attracted the attention of Sir Hugh, who turned round, and looked towards the spot, but Armstrong, with presence of mind, threw himself down, and was concealed from view by the rank grass and stones. He waited in that position until he heard Sir Hugh's receding footsteps on the frosty path, and then once more he followed in the track. There was a fiendish expression in his eyes as he silently pressed onward and watched the decreasing distance between himself and his hated rival. The path was interrupted at intervals by heaps of stones and rubbish, and the armourer, under the cover of these, shortened the distance by running. At last the path was intercepted by a large pile of timber, and Sir Hugh had to go round the base of the pile. Armstrong was now but a little more than twenty yards behind, and taking advantage of the opportunity, he sprang cautiously forward, and was at the back of the timber before Sir Hugh had reached the other side. It became necessary to move with the utmost caution lest the noise of his feet on the crisp earth should attract the young Crusader's attention. In spite of all his care it was impossible to prevent some of the small pebbles from grating under his heavy tread, and as he grasped the timber and paused to listen, he was surprised at not hearing Sir Hugh's footsteps. Wondering at the silence he grasped one of the beams above, and putting his foot on another, raised himself up and looked along the river bank. There was no one there. Again he paused, and put his hand to his ear to catch the least sound. All was perfect silence. Descending slowly to the ground he put his hand to his belt, drew forth a long pointed knife, and then slowly sinking on his knees, he crawled warily round the base of the pile. No one was to be seen. With a look of doubt and surprise, he rose to his feet and took a minute

survey of every object around. About forty yards to the left stood a row of wooden houses, and the grounds belonging to them extended almost to the path. To the left nothing met his searching gaze but the sparkling waters and the rugged bank. No sign or sound of life! Puzzled at this sudden and mysterious disappearance of his rival, the armourer stood motionless for several minutes. He knew that Sir Hugh could not be far off, and he gripped his knife closer with an instinctive sense of danger, and with a horrible storm of hatred raging within him. The water rolled onward, the little stars flickered in their purple vault, the wind sighed gently as it swept past laden with frost, and the towers of the churches rose pale and dim beneath the hazy light. The calmness of the scene gave Armstrong an opportunity to think. He had rushed forward after Sir Hugh, moved by one powerful impulse. What was he about to do? A cowardly crime! A cold perspiration stood on his brow as he glanced at the gleaming blade in his hand and thought of his wicked purpose. He wondered what Nelly would do if she heard of her gallant lover's death, and then he remembered the kiss she permitted Sir Hugh to bestow on her cheek. That was enough—the memory of that scene aroused all the rage and tumult of the tempest; a wild, unearthly light seemed to flash from his bloodshot eyes, and his teeth grated audibly as he glanced eagerly round in search of his prey. He advanced to the muddy verge of the river, and ran back towards the houses, and peered into every shadow, creeping cautiously lest he should disturb the inmates. He was returning from this fruitless search when he was startled by the dark form of a person standing between himself and the river. It was a person of shorter stature than Sir Hugh, and enveloped in a capacious mantle. The figure beckoned, and Armstrong fancied that he heard a low, mocking laugh. His first impulse was to run, but a slight movement on the part of the apparition showed him a form he was well acquainted with. Slipping his knife hurriedly away, he endeavoured to assume a calm and indifferent air, and walked slowly towards the dark figure. As he approached, the long dark beard and the stooping shoulders of Fitz-Osbert convinced him that he was not mistaken.

"What are you doing here, Armstrong?" said Fitz-Osbert in a solemn tone.

"I have been taking a walk by the river, neighbour," was the somewhat faltering answer.

"True! But had you not a serious reason for walking by the river at this time?" inquired Fitz-Osbert.

"I might ask you the same question," returned the Armourer, rather startled by the impressive manner of his question.

"Certainly you might, and I should not be afraid to answer," said Fitz-Osbert with a significant emphasis on the last word. "I came

here to preserve Sir Hugh de Danedred from a man who evidently meant to do him mischief."

The armourer remained silent.

"I told you," continued Fitz-Osbert, after a brief pause, "that my intentions towards Sir Hugh were entirely changed."

"And what if *your* intentions were changed? May not mine remain the same?"

"I knew not that you had any personal enmity in the matter," replied Fitz-Osbert.

"Perhaps not!" returned Armstrong with a bitter sneer upon his mouth. "But you will know it soon."

"Explain yourself, Armstrong, I do not understand you. Your conduct of late has been the talk of the city. Men think you are moonstruck, and some say that you have doings with the evil one. From what I have witnessed to-night, I fear the last suspicion is correct. What has Sir Hugh done to you that you should thus seek his life?"

"What had he done to *you* when *you* sought to take his life?"

"You lie, Armstrong! I merely wished to secure him in safe custody. Since then I have learnt the folly of my conduct."

"Of course you have," replied Armstrong, pale with passion. "You have learnt even more—you have learnt what a fine thing it will be to marry your child to a grand young Baron, and——"

"Silence!" cried Fitz-Osbert. "I understand you now—miserable jealousy makes you mad, and puts envious slanders on your tongue."

"It is no slander—you know it is no slander. This cursed Norman whelp has dazzled you with his rank and wealth, and I, who was ready to stand by you to the death, am now an object of your contempt. Beware how you cross my path. You told me that our contract was broken! Let me pass. I'll know where you have concealed this dribbling Norman, or you shall pay dearly for the treachery." The Armourer's mouth quivered with anger as he spoke, and his eyes glared at Fitz-Osbert with the fixed, vacant look of madness.

"Pass where'er you list," said Fitz-Osbert, looking up with pity and wonder at the huge Armourer's distorted face. "I will wish you a good night, and pray heaven keep you from evil." With these words Fitz-Osbert turned on his heel, for he deemed it advisable to leave the Armourer to cool down; and having himself contrived to get Sir Hugh safely away, he knew that he was by that time beyond the reach of danger.

"Go, and my curse go with you," cried the Armourer, as Fitz-Osbert walked quietly away in the direction of his house. "I shall remember you."

There was a something in the bitterness of the tone in which these last words were uttered that caused Fitz-Osbert to wince. He would not look back, but he felt that the Armourer was still standing as when he had left him, and that his angry, bloodshot eyes were still fixed upon him.

CHAPTER XV.

SIR HUGH RETURNS TO DANEDRED TOWER.

"Listen! listen! Was not that the sound of a trumpet?"

"I heard not the sound, my child."

"Yes, yes! I hear it again! I am sure it is Sir Hugh returning," exclaimed Mary de Lawnford, throwing aside her tapestry work and springing to the window.

"You have fancied the same so often before, and it troubles me to see you come back from the window with those eyes of yours looking so hopelessly sad. Learn to be patient, my child. Sir Hugh will be here in good time," said the Lady de Danedred.

Mary de Lawnford made no reply; she was straining her eyes and ears to catch the least glimpse or sound of the expected cavalcade. She looked very beautiful as she stood at the narrow window; her dark, brilliant eyes lighted with hope, and her coral lips parted in suspense.

The Lady de Danedred quietly continued her needlework, and Mary remained motionless as a statue, watching the dark line of forest that fringed the western hill.

Suddenly she bent forward with more than usual eagerness. "'Tis he! He comes, he comes!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I see his banner through yonder trees—and there is one of the horsemen—and another --and another! Oh, see!"

The Lady de Danedred rose quietly from her seat, and approached the window. Emerging from the dark and leafless woods was a party of horsemen, and the banner they bore was the banner of Sir Hugh. A slight flush spread over her face as she picked out the most stately and graceful of the distant riders.

Mary de Lawnford was too much excited to speak more. The tears gushed from her dark lashes, and flinging her arms round the Lady de Danedred she wept for joy. This exhibition of weakness was not agreeable to the mistress of Danedred Tower. She disliked any action which compromised her personal dignity. Gently disengaging herself from Mary's arms, she placed her on a low couch and hastened to call together her household. All was noise and confusion. The old Tower, which had been apparently slumbering during the long absence of Sir Hugh, now awoke and was full of life. The serving

men hurried about with faces full of anxious importance, the draw-bridge was lowered over the gaping moat, the portcullis was drawn up with right good will, and the servants arranged themselves on either side of the gateway to receive their young lord. The trumpet was sounded from the ramparts of the tower, and the approaching cavalcade responded with a long triumphant flourish.

The clamour of these preparations aroused Mary de Lawnford, and half-ashamed of her weakness, she hurried away to remove the trace of her tears, and then joined the Lady de Danedred in the great hall. They were assembled there in very much the same position as on the day when Sir Hugh departed to meet King Richard at Messina. But how different the circumstances! Poor Mary de Lawnford trembled so much she was obliged to place her little hand against the oaken panel to save herself from falling.

She was calmer when he left, and pressed her hand to his lips. Every incident on that eventful day were deeply and accurately impressed on her mind. Two long years of waiting, hoping, praying, and dreaming had filled her soul with his image. Imagination and fancy had fed the fire of love, and she longed to look again into his eyes and to feel the warm touch of his hand. Longer and fuller grew the blasts of the trumpets, and louder became the clatter of the horses' feet on the frozen road. A shout of welcome rang from the battlements, and the men and women in the gateway took up the cheer. Then the horses came thundering over the wooden bridge, and there was a confused mass of flashing armour and prancing steeds.

Sir Hugh leapt from his charger and strode into the Hall.

The Lady de Danedred advanced to receive him, and Mary de Lawnford, covered with blushes, was trembling by her side, waiting to meet his eyes, and exchange the look of inexpressible joy that she believed would consecrate their meeting.

To the astonishment of his mother, Sir Hugh received her salute with freezing formality, and turning to Mary, acknowledged her smile with a stern courtesy that betrayed a mind occupied by more important business.

As he passed on in this sullen and indifferent mood the rosy blush on Mary's cheek became a deep crimson, her long dark lashes fell over her eyes, and she bowed her head down on her breast. She could not have spoken had she wished—her heart was too full. The dreams of so many weary months were dispelled. He had returned bronzed with the Eastern sun; he had come back with flaunting banner, looking noble, brave, and handsome; but the smile—the welcome—the rapture of meeting—the one part of her long dream that had sustained her amid so many disappointments, so many ill-forebodings—the one sweet drink of bliss, for which her warm heart craved—all this was un-

realised. A look or gentle pressure of her hand would have been the joyous consummation of her patient love. She had sat and imagined dangers many a long day; she had prayed fervently for his protection from the sword of the Saracen, the hardships of the Crusade, and the dangers of the deep, but she had not feared the change which time had evidently wrought in his heart; she had never dreamt that he would return to her without one look of joy, one word of affection. She hurried to her room in silence, hugging to herself the crushing blow that had struck her to the breast. Her pretty lips were quivering with wounded pride and emotion as she closed the door of her room. Then she felt she was alone in all the wide world, nothing more to hope for, no one to love; and she looked out of the window and saw the woods which she had watched so hopefully month after month; and sinking down on her knees, she buried her face in her hands, and between her choking sobs prayed that she might die. The grey daylight deepened into darkness, and heavy clouds swept across the sky, hiding the light of the stars—yet still she was struggling broken-hearted with her great sorrow.

No one had attempted to disturb her, for Sir Hugh had peremptorily refused to accept any ceremonial of welcome, and had been closeted with his mother ever since his arrival. The servants said that they heard high words between them, and Walrick the Fool having got impatient and peeped through a chink in the door, declared that he saw Sir Hugh in a dreadful passion, and the Lady de Danedred was kneeling at his feet imploring mercy.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GRAY.

"Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own."



HE works of Gray are so greatly prized for their finished excellence, that as much, perhaps, of his writing is familiar to general readers of the present day as of the writing of any other man of the middle of the last century. And yet he did so very little that he may be said to have thrown away his life in a kind of studious indolence; and his death-bed is supposed to have been, in some degree, disturbed by remorseful reflections upon the slightness of his performances in proportion to the powers with which Providence had endowed him. Yet it is no slight praise to say that whatever he did as a literary man he did well; and, so far as is known of him, his conversation, as well as his writings, though tinged by affectation and acerbity, tended always, in the main, to the encouragement of religion and virtue, and to the discomfiture of those who, unhappily, turned their abilities in an opposite direction.

Gray is one among the many instances which might be cited of the loss to mankind arising from the absence of a *necessity* for exertion. The gifts of genius are often accompanied by a constitutional averseness from continuous labour; and though, in some cases, the spring has such internal force that it will flow in spite of all sorts of obstructions, yet in many more cases it may fairly be presumed that the most eminent works which have brightened and entertained the world would never have existed but from the pressure of causes in which neither literary impulse nor the desire of glory had any share.

Though Shakspeare was evidently proud of his poems, and especially of his sonnets, there is no reason to believe that either he himself or his contemporaries comprehended what miracles of genius his dramatic compositions were. They were written as matters of business. To provide theatrical entertainment was his trade. If it had not been so, it is probable that the most wondrous works of genius that the world possesses would never have been composed. If Walter Scott had not had a passion for buying land, he never would have written the *Waverley* novels. That he enjoyed the fame of them we cannot doubt, but that he wrote them for the sake of the money he could sell them for, and for no other reason, is manifest. Of that he made no secret; and it has ever been objected to his character as a literary man that he too lightly regarded the intellectual dignity of the profession. Whether he got the means of purchasing land, and maintaining extensive hospitality, by writing books, or by printing and publishing books, was

all the same to him, so as the means were obtained. How many thousands of hearts have been moved, and minds have been furnished with their best thoughts, by these works which, without the impulse of pecuniary need, would not have existed! Johnson condemned, and justly condemned, the fastidious indolence of Gray; yet Johnson would probably never have taken the trouble to write criticisms on Gray, or anyone else, but for the request of the booksellers, backed by pecuniary recompense. He would always have talked criticism, from his natural love of talk and conversational triumph; but he would not have taken the trouble to write, except in the way of business.

- Gray was born towards the end of the year 1716, in a house in Cornhill, which he afterwards inherited. It went the way of all houses which are not pulled down. A fire consumed it in 1748, very much to the deterioration of Mr. Gray's pecuniary resources at that time. His grandfather and father were merchants. The latter gentleman, we are told, was not only of an indolent temper, but had the misfortune to be unfeeling, sullen, morose, unsocial, and obstinate.
- Moreover, he was practically a fool; neglected his business, and wasted his money in building a country house at Wanstead, of which he said nothing to his family till it was finished. It must have been an extensive affair, for after his death it was sold for £2,000 *less* than it had cost. Wanstead seems to have a luck of its own in regard to matters of this kind.

As it is so often ordered, this not very praiseworthy or amiable gentleman had an uncommonly good wife, whose maiden name was Antrobus. During her husband's lifetime, as well as after his death, she, in partnership with an unmarried sister, kept a kind of India warehouse on Cornhill, in the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. In this business they so far prospered that, soon after the death of Mr. Gray, they were enabled to retire, with a decent competence for the rest of their lives, to Stoke, near Windsor. They had a brother, Mr. Antrobus, who was a Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and, through his assistance, aided by the pecuniary supplies of the ladies, the poet Gray obtained the education which his dull and insipid father would not make any exertion to give him. He went to school at Eton, and it was there the foundation was laid of his acquaintance with Horace Walpole, and his affectionate friendship with West. Gray was studious and grave even as a schoolboy, and among the smart things said by Horace Walpole, which were true as well as smart, was this, that Gray never was a boy.

At Cambridge he displayed a little of the hereditary obstinacy, for, though he was neither idle nor dissipated, he chose his own path in reading rather than that which authority prescribed. When he left

the university, after four years' residence, it was with the intention of studying the law, but from this he was diverted by a proposal to travel on the Continent with Horace Walpole. They set out in the spring of 1739, and passed a considerable time at Florence, where Gray had much opportunity of filling his mind with impressions derived from the finest works of art. Horace Walpole was as fond of dissipation as Gray was of study. They never agreed very well, but at length they quarrelled at Reggio, and separated. Gray returned to London in September, 1741, two months before the death of his father. Mason ascribes the quarrel with Walpole to the meanness on his part of having opened one of Gray's letters in which he expected to find something about himself. He was one of the vainest of clever creatures. Afterwards, in 1745, he sought and accomplished a reconciliation with Gray. They met at the house of a mutual friend. "I was somewhat abashed at his confidence," writes Gray; "he came to meet me, kissed me on both cheeks with all the ease of one who receives an acquaintance just come out of the country, squatted me into a fauteuil, began to talk of the town, and this, that, and t'other, and continued, with little interruption, for three hours, when I took my leave, very indifferently pleased, but treated with monstrous good breeding." The next morning but one Gray breakfasted alone with Walpole. "We had," he writes, "all the *eclaircissement* I ever expected, and I left him far better satisfied than I have been hitherto. When I return I shall see him again." Walpole seems to have been seriously anxious for a reconciliation with Gray; he acknowledged that, as to the quarrel, the fault was his; and, though he met with some repulses when he endeavoured to renew the acquaintance, yet he persevered, and succeeded.

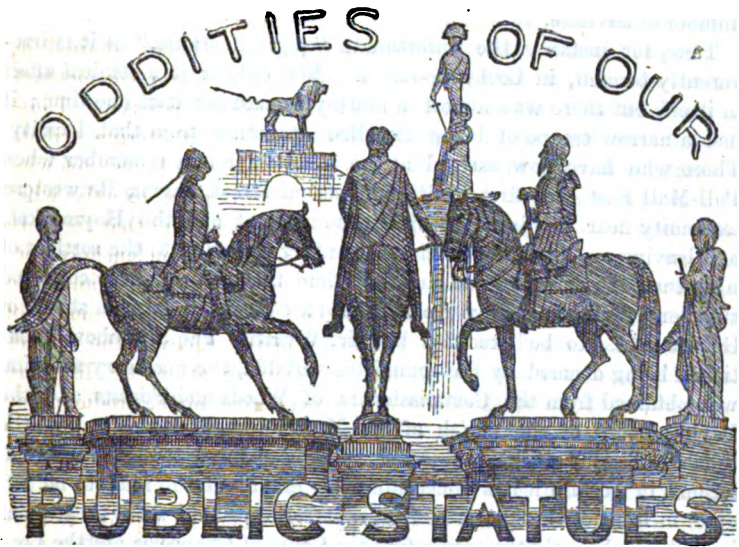
After his father's death, Gray, either not liking the profession of the law, or not choosing to draw upon his mother and aunt for the funds which would have been necessary, retired to the university. In the few months between his father's death and the period of his return to Cambridge, he resided at Stoke, and then wrote the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and the "Ode to Adversity." It is supposed that then also he began the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," but that was very elaborately finished at another time. The "Ode to Adversity" was a noble production for a man of only twenty-six years of age. It is true that the flight of the Muse was short, but it was to the loftiest altitude of that kind of poetry.

In the six years from 1742 to 1748, which he passed at Cambridge, he gave himself entirely to reading, chiefly of Greek authors, and he appears to have studied and annotated with uncommon diligence; but there was very little fruit of all this study, save in the accomplishment of a mind more apt to receive than to pour forth its treasures.

In 1749 he lost his aunt, Mrs. Antrobus, and completed the *Elegy*. It was very favourably received from the first. A critic, who writes at least as well as Lord Carlisle upon the subject, says that not only persons of taste and condition, but persons of all classes admired it. "And this simple truth," he adds, "will form a juster commentary on its beauties than any dogmas of authoritative criticism. Those who cannot judge can yet feel, and perhaps the most flattering tribute an author can receive is the approbation of those who know not why they admire. If, however, any should inquire more exactly what were its claims to this general favour, it may be said that they are founded on that spirit of tender and contemplative melancholy pervading the whole piece, which harmonises with feelings implanted in every breast, and thus forms the truest and most universal source of genuine poetry. Another main excellence of the *Elegy* is the manner in which scenes of natural beauty, or pictures of rustic life, are blended with associations to which they ever give birth, producing an assemblage of delightful images, which are presented to the mind of every one familiarly, and, as it were, in the spontaneous current of his own thoughts."

In 1753 Mr. Gray lost his mother, to whom he appears to have been always most fondly attached. Grief appears with him to have had the effect of prompting to composition. Soon after his bereavement he wrote the ode on the "Progress of Poesy," and in the same year commenced the "Bard;" but they were not published till two or three years afterwards, when they appeared together from the private press which Horace Walpole had just set up at Strawberry Hill. There was thought at the time to be something in them so surprising, and yet so obscure, and altogether so much out of the common way, that Johnson long after called them, sarcastically, "the wonder of wonders." Warburton said that "the world never passed so just an opinion upon anything as upon them; for in other things they have affected to like or dislike; whereas here they own they do not understand; but yet they understand them as well as Milton or Shakspeare, whom they are obliged by fashion to admire." Critics now-a-days do not dare to tell truth to the public in this way. The public must be flattered, and told it is the best judge of everything—yet this is the age of independence! Gray obtained by the sale of his two odes the net profit of 40 guineas in the first two years—not so much as a fourth of the sum which our present laureate is said to have obtained for his ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, even before it was printed. How many will read that ode a hundred years hence?

Of the conclusion of Gray's career, another opportunity shall be taken to speak.



SOMEHOW or other, we do not get on very well with our public statues. Either they laugh at us or foreigners laugh at us about them, or we laugh at each other as clumsy noodles. *Punch* is never tired of poking fun at the mistakes and ludicrous delays exhibited in this class of our public adornments, and in truth we deserve it. The fact is that we are not very well suited for this sort of thing. Among the minor features of the state of society surrounding us, illustrating the peculiarities of social and political life in England, is the embarrassment which nearly always attends the construction of public works, works paid for either by subscription or by a grant from the public purse. Let a railway company plan a great metropolitan terminus and they will beat the world in the magnificence and completeness of the structure; but let it be a matter in which boards and departments, committees, and commissioners have an opportunity of coming to loggerheads, and to loggerheads they are pretty certain to come. In continental states where the will of the sovereign is potent, such matters are arranged without much difficulty. The taste exhibited in the work may be good or bad, according to circumstances; but there is very little conflicting opinion or authority to clog the proceedings. In England, on the contrary, the custom is to allow the Government to do as little as possible; we are such obstinate people that we would

rather govern ourselves badly than be governed by a despot at all. As a consequence, there is often a clash of advice owing to the too great number of advisers.

Take, for instance, the unfortunate "pig-tail statue," as it is irreverently termed, in Cockspur-street. Not only is it a comical affair in itself, but there was almost a mutiny concerning it at one time; it had a narrow escape of being expelled altogether from that locality. Those who have now arrived at the middle age may remember when Pall-Mall East was first built, a handsome street having its western extremity near the junction of Cockspur-street and the Haymarket, and leaving an open triangular space rather tempting to the settlers of a statue. It happened about that time that a committee collected sufficient funds to defray the cost of an equestrian bronze statue of George III., to be executed by Mr. Wyatt. The site above mentioned being deemed by the committee suitable, the necessary sanction was obtained from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and the Paving Board of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. But the inhabitants near at hand objected. They pointed to certain stipulations in certain leases concerning the middle of the road to be left open in front of the houses at that spot. So resolute were they about it that they brought the case before the Court of Chancery, and the Lord Chancellor had to settle the matter in 1836. Sir Charles Wetherell, on the part of the committee, insisted that the inhabitants ought to be glad to have such a beautiful statue of such a good king to look at from their windows; but an Englishman's rights being more to him than either statues or kings, the inhabitants would not consent. The Vice-Chancellor, in the first instance, granted an injunction against setting up the statue; but—beautiful uncertainty of law!—the Lord Chancellor reversed this decision on dry points of law or equity; he said nothing about taste or fine art, royalty or loyalty; he merely decided that the inhabitants could not prevent the setting up of the statue. And so there King George sits astride to this day, with his incomparable pig-tail projecting backwards into infinite space, waiting to be admired.

Almost next door to the pig-tail statue is the Nelson column, concerning which foreigners are infinitely astonished at us, and well they may be. The greatest naval hero that England has ever produced still presents his sculptured lineaments on an unfinished pillar. It cannot be much less than thirty years ago that the chief part of the money for this work was supplied by public subscription, and yet there is the base unfinished even now. There was a hoarding round this base for several years, intended to remain there until the bas-relief and the lions were fixed in their proper places; but, luckily, during a riot or some kind of public disturbance, the mob pulled it

down piecemeal, and the authorities, fortunately, did not deem it necessary to replace it. Whether Sir Edwin Landseer is destined to live till the year 1900 time must show; but as he is modelling the colossal lions for the base, and as he gives not the smallest information touching the period when they will be finished, we have no resource but to be patiently resigned, and to wait in the hope that some at least of those now living will continue to live till the lions lie couchant in their majestic repose. Meanwhile Lord Nelson remains up there aloft in the cold. Mr. Baily's statue may be a good one, but it is too high up to be seen; the few bas reliefs, too, of the battles of Trafalgar, the Nile, St. Vincent, and Copenhagen may be good, but it is none the less annoying to see £20,000 worth of work waiting for the lions; and it "riles" one, as the Americans would say, to remember that the largest subscription towards the cost came from that very Emperor Nicholas against whom we waged the Crimean war. Trafalgar-square, regarded by some continental critics as one of the finest sites in Europe for the display of open-air works of art, contains several other statues which, though not subject, perhaps, to many troubles or tribulations, are incongruous both in their character and their positions. Each body of subscribers manifests interest in one statue only, and has neither the power nor the will to make it harmonise with others.

Then there is the Wellington statue, one of the largest equestrian figures ever constructed. What a trouble the "Iron Duke" had to get up on his perch! The money was subscribed, and Mr. Wyatt modelled the horse and the man—cocked-hat and all. But when the vast group was cast and ready, it was suddenly discovered that there was no one person, either sculptor or architect, empowered to decide on the locality or the mode of setting up. A fierce battle ensued. Some wanted the statue to be placed on the top of the arch opposite the Duke's residence at Hyde-park-corner; the architect of that structure objected, on the ground that the great statue would dwarf the arch too much. Others pointed out the absurdity of mounting a big man on a big horse at so great a height, giving the cloaked and cocked-hatted figure rather an unsculpturesque appearance as seen from below. Committees, commissioners, critics, sculptors, architects, kept the town in a ferment from time to time, but at length the question was decided in the affirmative, and five-and-twenty brewers' horses dragged the enormous mass from the sculptor's studio to the base of the arch, whence it was hauled up by tackle.

King Charles the First's statue at Charing-cross, has had a curious history. This statue is rather celebrated for its excellence. It was the work of Hubert le Sœur, a pupil of John of Bologna. The Earl of Arundel, collector of the far-famed Arundelian marbles, employed

him to execute it; and when ready, it was placed at Charing-cross. No sooner was the unfortunate monarch put to death than the Parliament ordered the statue to be taken down, broken to pieces, and sold. The bronze was bought by a brazier named John Rivers—a cunning fellow, who contrived to evade one of the conditions of sale. He did not break up the statue, but buried it whole, or nearly whole, in his garden, exhibiting to the agents of the Parliament a heap of bronze fragments, but not *the* bronze. As soon as he found it safe to do so, he made all sorts of trinkets, knife-handles, &c., of bronze, and sold them at good prices to the loyalists, who still retained a warm place in their memories for the king; they believed the trinkets to be made from the fragments of the real statue, and the rogue permitted them to entertain this belief. When the Long Parliament had done its work, and the Protectorate had passed away, the royalists again came forth, and with them the veritable bronze statue of Charles the First. John Rivers made a good market of it, and it was again set up at Charing-cross. Andrew Marvell, who was more distinguished for his sturdy independence than for his reverence for kings, wrote the following sarcastic lines while the statue was being re-erected:

“To comfort the heart of the poor cavalier,
The late King on horseback is here to be shown.
What ado with your Kings and your statues is here!
Have we not had enough, pray, already of one?”

Sir Robert Vyner, Lord Mayor of London, set up an equestrian statue of Charles the Second near the site of the present Mansion House; and Marvel took advantage of the opportunity to incite a bit of biting satire against both monarchs. He made the two equestrian bronzes hold a conversation, in which each one vituperated the other. The Charing-cross horse reviled the profligacy of Charles the Second; while the City horse condemned the despotism of Charles the First. The Charing-cross horse had the best of it; for the most cutting bits of satire fell upon the “Merry Monarch.” He was taunted with a sort of lazy cowardice—

“Thy King will ne’er fight unless for his queens;”
and his theology brought forth this,

“Though he changed his religion, I hope he’s so civil
Not to think his own father is gone to the devil.”

The Charing-cross statue has had other curious incidents in its history. On a particular night in 1810, the sword, buckles, and straps fell from the statue. These bronze appendages were picked up by a porter belonging to the Golden Cross Inn; he deposited them in the care of a trunkmaker near at hand; and the local authorities soon afterwards caused them to be re-adjusted in their places. Timid and loyal persons thought the matter a bad omen; but the fall seems to

have been the result of natural decay or wear. The present sword is believed to be a different one from that which the statue originally possessed. The original was a *real* sword, of the rapier class. About thirty years ago, when some scaffolding was erected around the statue, the real sword was secretly removed one dark night, and an imitation sword substituted for it. The nefarious act is supposed to have been committed at the instigation of some curiosity-dealer; and the real sword is probably at this time snugly housed in some collection of armour or curiosities.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD MONRO, M.A.,
VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, LEEDS.

ROBERT HARDY was the eldest child and only boy of his parents. His father was a farmer well off, in a village eleven miles from London. He had one sister younger than himself. Her name was Susan. He was fourteen and a half years of age at the beginning of this tale, and she was eleven.

No character could be higher than that which the farmer bore. He was an upright, God-fearing man;—his wife was a simple, kind-hearted, and thoroughly religious woman.

I fancy I can see their farm now. It stood back, through a field, about three hundred yards from the road. It was a real English farm. It had the gabled roofs of every size. The dark beams of wood, varying the white facings of the house, with China roses and honeysuckles by the chief doorway, and clambering over the slight porch, and peeping into the windows above, when June sunshine had unfolded their sweet and lovely petals. There Robert lived, and there he had been brought up. His parents loved, nay, idolised him. His appearance was striking. He was very fair, with sweet, gentle, blue eyes, an intelligent brow, and, for his age, a tall and also well-formed figure. But, far beyond the appearance of the boy, his conduct and character were the pride and delight of his parents.

When Robert was a little child he was the especial object of his mother's affections. This was natural. He was her first, and, as it turned out, her only boy. Her great delight was the thought of bringing him up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and this she strove to do with all her power.

Often did Robert as a little child kneel by her side, before he said his evening prayer, and look up at the picture which hung above the brass candlesticks on the chimneypiece, and say—"Mother, mother, tell me that story." He had often heard it, but yet she told it again. It was that of the Prodigal Son rising up from the tree where he had sat while the swine were eating the husks, which he had not got. I can see Robert now, in his clean white night-dress, kneeling at his mother's side at his evening prayer, and asking again the story of the picture, which he so much loved. "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say to him, I have sinned." Such was Robert's request, and such was the answer.

"Mother," said the farmer (for he always called her so since Robert was born) "do not tell the child about that Bible tale, for that belongs to those who have strayed from the ways of the Lord; and as to our Robert, he has never fallen from God. Do not, mother, tell him even Bible tales which do not belong to him."

The sweet blue eyes, the quiet face of Robert, dressed in his clean white night-dress, were sunk in sleep as this conversation went on below. His mother sat with her hands over her knees, leaning over the now fading embers of the fire. "Well, father, I do not know. Robert is a good and a holy child, and he belongs to the Lord; but who can say? He may fall away when a boy and when a youth, and who can tell whether the words may not, after all, be his own. 'I will arise and go to my father.' No, father, no, it is good to press those blessed words deep into a child's mind, so that he may never forget them. Bless him! I do love him, and I do think he belongs to God. But——"

"But what?" said the farmer, sitting calmly and quietly over the fireplace.

"Well, well," said his wife, slowly; "but, oh! bless him! you know he may fall away."

But no sign, certainly, did that lovely child show of falling away.

From four years old to six, from six to twelve, from twelve to fourteen, Robert grew up the happiness of his parents and the pride of his village. His mother was his constant teacher. She taught him the blessed lessons of the Bible; she taught him his frequent prayers, which she urged him and brought him up to offer; and often, very often, long after Robert was a little child, his mother used to show him that picture of the Prodigal Son, and say to him the words, which he now knew so well, with the very rhythm of which he was familiar—"I will arise, and go to my Father."

Robert grew from a child to be a really noble boy. All loved him; but the curious thing was that no one exactly knew why. He

remained as a scholar of the day-school until he was made pupil teacher. At the Sunday-school he was the best scholar in his class. No boy could have stood in a higher position than Robert did.

Morning after morning the boy went to school, leaving the same happy feeling behind him, and every evening he returned to renew them. There was no sign of consciousness in the boy. He seemed to be acting simply and only on an instinctive wish to do right. As he grew in stature he grew in character and in the estimation of all connected with him.

As I said at the beginning of the period of my tale, the lad was between fourteen and fifteen. At the day-school he was under the schoolmaster, who placed every trust in him, and who used often to boast that no school in the neighbourhood had such a scholar. His teacher in the Sunday-school was a young man named Craven—Edward Craven—a thoroughly earnest, religious youth. He was deeply fond of Robert—who could be otherwise?—but he studied character more closely and anxiously than the master of the day-school, and could see here and there the slight germs which might grow up into trouble to his young pupil. He used to speak of them to him, and the lad always took it well. There was a little vanity and conceit which showed themselves in trifles now and then. He was too much inclined to rely on his good character and past history. In fact, he was wont to trust in a sort of traditionary religion about himself rather than to direct reliance on the grace of God. These are common faults in youths of Robert's stamp. But there was a more distinctive fault in Robert. He had a peculiar dread of ridicule, and a great desire to stand well with everyone. But his principles were unswerving, and it was only in these little indications that Edward Craven saw the chance of failure.

So things went on. But Robert had one friend—or, rather, one whom he loved and respected. It may seem somewhat strange to say that he had made no real friend. Beloved by all, and loving all, he had not got that depth of mind which would enable him to go deeply into the lives of his companions, and he himself was too scrupulous and too true to be the object of suspicion or critical examination.

But he had a friend—Alley Morton; and that friend was the terror of Edward Craven. Alley was in all points the all but contradictory to Robert. Alley was as dark as his friend was fair. Alley's deep, black fiery eye, flashing with all the power and force of strong passion and intense feeling, and Robert's calm, gentle blue eye, full of the very utterance of a well-nurtured youth, and of a sinless childhood, were unlike each other as their respective characters were. Alley was full of passionate religion; he was the child of passionate feeling, and his religion took its tinge. The fact was, Robert could

not understand him. His own simplicity and unconscious, instinctive religion, which had led him on day by day in doing right, and yet not knowing it, had made the pupil teacher a very bad student of character. Simple-minded good men are not critics. But Alley was a totally different person. He knew the world as far as a boy of sixteen can (for he was a year older than Robert). He came across Robert accidentally at first; but, as it so often happens, direct opposites meet; and, in spite of their different characters, Robert and Alley really loved each other. Robert, with his calm countenance, would look into the strange working face of his friend in mingled love and wonder. But friends they really were; and I know well that Robert was truly attached to Alley, and still more, that Alley would have done anything to keep Robert as his friend.

Robert and Edward Craven walked together one Sunday afternoon, as they often did, and the conversation was this:—

"Well, Robert," said Edward, "and you have found a friend?"

"You mean Alley, Sir," said the boy.

"Well, well, Robert, I do not profess to know 'Alley,' but I had rather that you would not be so much with him."

"Why not, Sir?" said Robert, his eyes flashing with an unaccustomed fire—"Why not? Alley is—oh! he *is* a good boy—far, far better than I am."

Edward was now in a difficulty. That Alley had a great control over his young friend—that there was little hope of dividing them—was clear enough to the young teacher. In vain he tried to argue or persuade. Quiet, teachable, and obedient as Robert always was, he was nevertheless determined in his love for and adherence to Alley. Edward gave it up, feeling that Robert was determined, and that Alley's influence was strong. And very often the pupil teacher walked with his friend Alley—he had a reverence for him. Alley's intellect was keener and more powerful than that of his trusting companion.

It was on a winter's evening in November, and Robert was walking home, when Alley ran after him. "I want to speak to you," said he, "directly—instantly! I cannot wait a minute."

Robert knew the impetuous manner of his friend, but really this evening he was startled. "Where shall I come to?" said he, wonderingly.

"Oh, come home with me; it's close by, you know, and you can get quick home afterwards—but you *must* come."

Robert had difficulties about his mother expecting him at home, but Alley's impetuosity prevailed, and he went with him. Alley flung to the door of his little bedroom. "Oh, Robert, Robert," said he, "I want to ask you what I am to do—I want to tell you something."

Alley was so excited and eager, his eye was lit with such unwonted fire, that his friend was fairly frightened; but he put down his books and slate, and waited for the result.

"Robert, you know how wicked I am."

"I!" said the astonished boy. "I never knew that you were wicked. You are far, far better than I am."

"Better than *you*!" shouted Alley—"Better than you! Robert, I have done a dreadful thing;—tell me what I ought to do. Oh, I don't want to go to hell—oh, no! no!"

"Go to hell!" said the amazed pupil teacher—"Go to hell! Oh, Alley, don't talk in that way!"

"Yes, yes, but I mean it. What do you think I have done? Robert, I am a thief."

"A what?" cried his friend.

"A thief, Bob—a downright awful thief." The eye of the farmer's child gazed in wonder at his companion. "I have done worse," said Alley.

"Now, Robert's idea was that stealing was next to the worst of all, and that the worst was murder. His views of right and wrong went (in a way) in a groove, like so many commandments; so to his mind it came logically that if Alley had done worse than stealing, he must be a murderer.

"What!" said the amazed Robert. "Committed murder!"

"Worse!" said Alley, in agony.

Matters were certainly now at their height. "Worse!" thought, but did not say, the astonished boy.

"Yes, yes," said Alley. Look here. I took ten shillings yesterday out of the till, when my master was out. He missed it when he looked into it, for he knew what ought to be there. He asked me about it, for he trusts me with everything, and I laid it on Seth Walton, and he's discharged. He was the only other working in the house, and he's gone. And he supports his poor mother, and she is a widow, and he is her only child, and he's gone, and they will starve, and they will both die, and I—I, Robert, I am a murderer. Oh, tell me what to do." Alley's misery was real, but equally real were Robert's perplexity and amazement. Certainly, with all his good qualities, he was no casuist; and to decide different questions of morals, and disentangle hard questions of conscience, was beyond Robert's power and sphere. "What am I to do, Robert?" reiterated his agonised friend.

"Well," said Robert, cutting the gordian knot by one simple thought, suggested at the moment, "take the ten shillings back to the master, and tell him that Seth did not take it, and get him back to his place."

"Are you a fool, or gone mad?" indignantly cried Alley. "Do you

think I would go and own it, and be in the hands of the police, and be disgraced for life? No, no—nonsense. Tell me, Robert—you *must* tell me, or I shall go mad!”

“Well,” said the other, “you asked me to advise you, and I have told you all I can see for you to do. I think I should do so if I had done what you have. But you are so much better and cleverer than I am that you ought to know best.”

“Nonsense!” burst out Alley, “Nonsense! I better than you are, when I have just told you I am a thief, and you never did wrong in your life!”

Now, there were two feelings which might have suggested poor Robert's speech—the one bitter irony, and the other extreme simplicity. Certainly, the former was not Robert's case.

“I wish—I do wish—you would let me ask Edward Craven; he would advise you best.”

“Fool!” said Alley, “I'll kill you if you do.”

So saying, the angry youth turned upon his heel and darted off from the house, leaving his young friend in amazement and perplexity. Consult Edward he did not dare now: and whom else to go to he knew not. He walked disconsolately home. But Alley flung himself on the ground under a hedge in the cold evening. He covered his burning face with his hands. He fairly wept aloud. He was truly in earnest in his sorrow and bitter in his misery. He was, as he said, afraid of going to hell. He sobbed aloud. He looked up at the clear vault of the sky above him, and he thought of “going to heaven.” He had a dreadful vision of Eternity, which rose before him, and he trembled: his mind wandered on to find a pause in the boundless length, and there was none. “Eternity—oh, Eternity!” said he, and started up and rushed wildly down the lane. He did not stop till he reached the counting-house. It was after the hour of business, and Mr. Mordaunt, his employer, would certainly be gone home. But as it happened, by an accident, he was still at the house. Alley rushed in, not noticing the fact that, although late, Mr. Mordaunt was still there, and the light shining through the window showed it. Alley entered, to Mr. Mordaunt's astonishment. But he was not a man to be thrown, by any surprise, off his guard. He raised his grey eyes upon the unexpected visitor, and keeping his hand upon his forehead and laying down his pen, he looked at Alley. No two faces could be more different—the perfect calmness of the one, the intense excitement of the other. Nevertheless, Mr. Mordaunt was the first to speak.

“Well, Alley?”

Alley threw down the half-sovereign on the counter.

“Sir, I stole it from the till: I am the thief. And now I will go and fetch the policeman, and bring him back with me. Will you

trust me to fetch him? I promise to come back with him. Yes—yes; I will go anywhere, if only—”

Pale and trembling the excited boy stood before his employer.

“Then you took the ten shillings, and not Seth.”

“Yes, yes,” said Alley, “I stole it, Seth—oh he did nothing. May I go?”

“Go and bring Seth.”

Twenty policemen would not have alarmed the pale boy as much as Seth.

“Go and fetch Seth, sir?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Mordaunt, “and come back with him. I want to see him.”

The half-sovereign lay upon the counter, and Alley left the room. He knew Mr. Mordaunt, and he knew he was in earnest. He went off at once to Seth's home.

Now Seth had been discharged two days before. As Mr. Mordaunt thought and felt, “Alley cannot have taken it. Seth is the only other in the office; therefore, Seth has taken it.”—(Not sound logic.)

But Seth was with his mother now. His mother was a widow, and Seth was her only child. He was seventeen—a tall and weakly youth. His countenance was not good-looking, but interesting to any eye which cared to watch the working and expression of a face which spoke of hard work, integrity, and simplicity of purpose. Most faithfully had he worked for his mother, and most affectionately and tenderly had he watched and cared for her, for she was a cripple, and quite unable to do anything towards their support. Her husband had left her nothing but some debts, which he had left unpaid. They lived in a lodging in a lane not far from the counting-house. They had one room in which they lived, and in which Seth slept, and another little room in which his mother slept. Seth earned just enough to keep them, and to dress thoroughly respectably. Simple and self-denying in all his habits, his one earthly thought was his mother. He was as regular as clockwork, and the neighbours past whose doors he went twice a day often used to say “he was as good as having a watch,” for they always saw him at a quarter before nine and a quarter past five. His manner was gentle and quiet. Seth was second clerk in Mr. Mordaunt's office, and Alley was the first. No two boys could be more different, except, perhaps, Robert, from either. Seth's evening was usually spent in reading to or entertaining his mother. The sound of his footsteps was her daily joy, and his voice her one earthly comfort. And now that home was sad indeed.

Silently and slowly the boy entered his mother's room. No smile lit up his face, and the wonted cheerful word was gone. He buried his face in his hands on the table, and after the heaving of a moment he burst into tears.

"It's all over, mother; it's all—all—over. I've lost my place. Oh my kind—kind—master! That you should think—" But he could say no more, but wept silently.

His mother did not speak. She knew her only child well. He had never deceived her from his childhood up, and she felt sure there was nothing wrong in him. At length she spoke.

"But why, Seth?"

"For stealing, mother."

If Seth had looked up at that moment and seen his mother's face, he would have seen that it was pale as death. But she recovered herself immediately.

"Then, Seth, it is a false charge."

"Yes—yes, dear—dear mother; you know that," and he threw his arms round his mother's neck, and the mother and child wept together.

"Do not fret, my beloved child. God will provide. I am satisfied, and I know that that is all which in this world you care for."

"Yes—yes; all—all. But, mother, how are you to get on?—and all my earnings and all my work gone!"

It was hard work, indeed, for both. Slowly, and drearily, and silently the hours of that evening wore on. There was but little talking and little sound, except when Seth (as he always did) put out the tea things for his mother. But they each knew whom to go to, and in their silent aching hearts they prayed to him who is the father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow. But still that future looked sad enough. Seth had never been with any other employer but Mr. Mordaunt since he left school, and though so faithful there, and winning, by degrees, so high a character and hope of advance for the future, he was not the boy to fit himself to any work or to change his employment easily. A week without wages, with their scanty means, would be sorry work; but a month would be ruin. So they thought and prayed together. And the next day passed, and neither Seth nor his mother left their home, although fifty thoughts were roaming through the boy's head about what he should do; but every plan was forsaken as soon as formed. The second evening set in, and was even more sorrowful than the former, for the excitement was to a certain degree over.

It was late, when a hurried step was heard outside the door. The door burst open without a knock, and with his face highly flushed and his eyes full of his old impetuosity, Alley stood before the sorrowing mother and son.

"Seth," shouted, rather than said, the excited youth, "come directly: the master wants you."

Paler still the face of the widow turned, and more tremulous still was the hand of her child.

"Make haste, make haste," cried Alley, "the master's in a hurry."

That his arrest was now imminent Seth and his mother were fully sure.

"Good-bye, mother, and God bless you for ever and ever," and he controlled his voice as he kissed her; "you know I'm innocent."

"Yes—yes, my child, I know it."

Alley bit his lip nearly through. How he longed to speak—to say out loud enough for all the village to hear, "Innocent! yes, Seth, innocent as a child unborn." But Mr. Mordaunt had sealed his lips, and the two youths walked away along the lane under the dull November evening.

Mr. Mordaunt was sitting quietly at the counter writing, as Seth and Alley entered, and the two boys stood before their master:

No one spoke for a minute. At length Mr. Mordaunt laid down his pen and fixed his eyes on the two who stood before him, as for a moment he passed his hand over his bald head and laid his spectacles down.

"Sir, I am innocent—I assure you I am innocent. Oh, for my poor mother's sake, spare me. She has none but me to depend upon, and I would not—indeed, I would not—tell a lie before God and to you who have been so kind a master."

"Seth, I *know* you are innocent."

No word of mine can describe the change which came over the boy's face. Those few words were as though an angel spoke to him.

"Seth, I know that you are innocent."

Instinctively he threw himself on his knees, and only said, "Thank God for that."

The half-sovereign lay upon the counter. Alley stood quietly with his hands before him.

"May I speak, sir," said he.

"Yes, Alley," was the answer. ("Why does he still call me Alley?" thought the boy.)

"Seth, I stole the money—I was the thief. And now, sir, I will go and fetch the policeman," and he turned to the door.

"Alley, come back, and don't be foolish," said Mr. Mordaunt, and Alley returned to his place by the side of Seth.

Mr. Mordaunt took up the half-sovereign. "Take this to your mother, Seth; from me. I think it will be a help to her. But, stop!—it will not be safe to carry it loose. Wrap it up in this piece of paper, and tell your mother to make any use she likes of that," and he placed a five-pound note in Seth's hand, enclosing the half-sovereign. "And now boys," said Mr. Mordaunt, "mind you are both back in your places to-morrow morning. Alley—you in the *first*

place, as usual; and Seth—you in the *second*. And now go, and no more words, for I am tired, and God bless and help you both."

Mr. Mordaunt resumed his spectacles. The boys left the room, each amazed with their own position.

"Seth," said Mr. Mordaunt, as the door had closed.

Seth came back.

"Tell your mother, my boy, from me that she has got a good and an honest son."

And that was over, and the next morning at the usual hour Alley was in his place, and Seth was in his.

Glad should I be to follow out the future of Seth, but my hero is Robert, and in this diversion I have almost forgotten him.

But Robert had not forgotten Alley. Robert met Alley the next day. Alley told him the whole story, and Robert went on to the school with his books, thinking that Alley was indeed a saint. "And oh," as Robert said to himself, "how much better than I am!" Nevertheless, Alley was in earnest. If you like to call it so, he was in one of his earnest and honest passions, and as he walked away had gleams of thought which did not form themselves into shape, the effect of which was that he felt he was in a higher state than Robert, and had done a thing which Robert had never done.

That evening Robert went to Edward Craven.

"Well, Robert," said his teacher, "you look very solemn. What's the matter now?"

"Sir," said the pupil teacher, "its about Alley. He is so good, you do not know; but, as he says, the devil gets at him at times and overcomes him; but yet he hates the devil and longs to do good, and he is so good now. If I might tell you all I would; but I promised him I would not. He did something very wrong—yes, very wrong; but he did a very hard thing to get back to God.

The boy paused.

"Well," said his friend thoughtfully, "and what next, Robert?"

"Oh, sir, I forgot. Won't you take him into our class in Sunday School? You would do him so much good, and keep him quite safe for the future."

("Take Alley into the class," thought Edward, "that will never do.")

"No, Robert," said he, "I shall not; but I will tell you what I will do. I will place him under another teacher."

The boy's face fell.

"Why not, sir?" said he anxiously.

"I will tell you at once. You and Alley are friends, and I know I should have great difficulty with Alley; and what I might have to do might injure my happy intercourse with you. Besides, you

know, as I have often told you, you have a tendency to think too much of the opinion of those cleverer and more daring than yourself. I should dread bringing Alley into closer connection with you. I will find another teacher, who, I think, will get hold of Alley."

"But—but," said Robert, "Alley is so good compared with me." And he fixed his eyes musingly on the fire.

("Because," thought Edward, "you have never committed Alley's faults, and therefore did not need his acts of repentance.")

The pupil teacher went home, never thinking that, in his earnest mission, he had never asked Alley if he wished to join the school, or if he would, should the fitting teacher be found; and sadly—oh, how sadly—in after days had Robert to remember that circumstance—namely, that Alley had neither said that he would, nor intended to fall under the influence of a Sunday School teacher, or to become a member of a Sunday School at all.

(To be continued.)

MEIN HEINRICH.

BY NELLA RAYNES.

Elene was a picture fair to see,
Half hid 'neath the shade of the old fir tree,
With heaps of flowers laid at her feet,
From which she chose those most bright and sweet,
Weaving them into a garland gay,
To the melody of a tuneful lay;
And often she paused, but yet again
Her carol arose with the same refrain—

"Mein Heinrich."

Her voice was soft, and its cadence clear
Fell like fairy bells on the list'ning ear;
Though the song and the light in her wistful eyes
Would scarcely have pleased the worldly wise,
For she knew not how, this poor little fay,
To love or be loved in a proper way.
So in spite of its being "really wrong"
She chose as the burden of her song—

"Mein Heinrich."

"Mien liebbling, the flowers are blooming fair,
Roses and jasmine still scent the air ;
The sunbeams gleam on the fountain's spray,
Each bird is warbling its own sweet lay.
But I cannot sing as in days gone by,
For the words oft end in a weary sigh ;
I strive to conquer all doubt and fear,
Yet I sometimes wish thou wert not so dear,
Mein Heinrich."

"No ! I meant not that. Ah ! if ye caught,
Ye wandering wind, the trait'rous thought,
Give it me back—oh ! do not tell
Its import to him I love so well.
In my dreams I can hear his tender tone,
And wake but to feel more sad and lone ;
'Tis hard to wait, yet my faith is strong—
I love him well and I'll love him long,
Mein Heinrich."

"Once I used to wish that no piercing gale
Might ever destroy my flow'rets frail,
But to-day I smiled when 'twas hard to find
Blossoms enough for the wreaths I bind ;
For when summer's over and autumn fled,
When the holly berries are bright and red,
When the stern Frost King has begun his reign,
Thy presence shall banish this dream of pain,
Mein Heinrich."

LANDMARKS OF MY MEMORY.

THE SON AND HEIR.

BY NELLA RAYNES.

IF you please, ma'am, there's Mr. Smith wants to see you, and I must say, for a gentleman, he's going on in that ridiculous manner as I never see; he's put his gloves in the umbrella stand, and tried to stick his cane in his hat; and now he's a walking up and down like a "iena" in a wild beast show, and if I never move from the place again, he's a whistling—a whistling in a droring-room—well, I *never*."

Mary evidently thought it unsafe to leave Mr. Smith alone, so I put down the cream-jug, with only half the proper quantity poured into my coffee, and rather surprised at such an early visit, left the breakfast table.

The Smiths were a young married couple, who had resided in one of the houses opposite me for about a year. I had hailed their arrival with great pleasure; they seemed so happy in each other that they reflected an atmosphere of cheerfulness over my solitary home. She was a pretty childlike little thing, loving and gentle, with a firmly-rooted belief that no one was like "George;" he a great, tall fellow, with the keen intelligence and brains of a thorough man of business, but a heart tender as that possessed by the veriest child, and never were two more unspotted by the world than this city clerk and his girl wife. I liked to watch them, their goings out and comings in, and the glimpses I caught of their daily life were woven in my mind into a simple poem, with an ever-recurring refrain of loving pathos. In her fresh morning dress, she would come to the door to start him off for the day, would hold his stick in her hand whilst he put on his gloves, tiptoeing to receive his good-bye kiss, then would watch him down the steps with a critical air, and if a speck of dust were to be seen on his clothes, Mr. George might expect a lecture that evening. When he had finally disappeared from view the door would be closed, and soon afterwards she would make her appearance in the little balcony, trimming her flowers and hanging out her canary. But George's return was the event of the day. Precisely at five she would appear in a fresh toilette, her glossy curls arranged to perfection, and flit about the front room, setting the tea-table, as much interested as if a fortune depended on its being done properly; and when the garden gate swung to, how eagerly the door would be opened, and she would disappear, utterly regardless of crumpled robes, in George's stalwart arms, to emerge rosy and laughing. It was doubtless very idle of George to act the grand pacha to such an extent, having his shrimps skinned and

toast buttered for him, but she *liked* to do it; during the process inquiring whether "those dreadful business sums had been *very* difficult" that day, relating in turn how the cat had paid a visit to the pantry, or how she herself had mended the vase that Jane had broken, so well that "really no one could see the place unless they knew where to look for it."

I was slightly acquainted with my opposite neighbours, and had exchanged various little neighbourly acts, but we were not intimate, and I was totally unprepared for so uncerecermonious a visit.

When I reached the drawing-room matters were much as Mary had described them, but the "iena" walk was stopped, and my visitor started forward to grasp my hand in a way that I did not forget for an hour.

"My dear Miss Eltham, I am in such a state of jollification that I am not quite sure I am not standing on my head and talking to you with my heels," was his salutation, whilst I, not being able to understand the precise amount of "jollity" necessary to arrive at such a state of ignorance, was forced to inquire the reason for such delight.

"Why, Minnie and I have an addition to our family in the shape of a small individual with a pink skin—at least they say its pink, but I thought it red—and such a pair of lungs!"

"Oh!" I said laughing, "then you must be congratulated as being the happy possessor——"

"Of a son and heir. Just fancy, Miss Eltham, *me* a paterfamilias. Well, I suppose I *must* be tidy, as Minnie says, now, for the sake of example to the youngster."

"How is Mrs. Smith?"

"In capital spirits. She desired me to give you her kind regards, and tell you the news; but I was coming over on my own account. My respected mother-in-law cannot come to us, as she is kept a prisoner to her room by an attack of rheumatism, so the poor little thing has no one with her but the nurse. If you could spare a little time to stay with her in the course of the day, I should be so much obliged. We are busy at the office, too, and I cannot be home before seven."

"You may depend upon me, Mr. Smith. I shall be delighted to see the little stranger."

"Stranger, indeed! He makes himself tolerably at home; an Indian war-whoop is nothing to his cry. But I suppose its all right; the nurse says its a proof he's healthy. Do you think so?"

"Most undoubtedly," was my quiet rejoinder, though my risible faculties were strongly inclined to rebellion; and then recollecting it was near business time, with a profusion of thanks "paterfamilias" retired, swinging his stick as he went down the street as if it were an Irish shillelagh.

Directly after dinner I went to pay my respects to the young mother. She raised her head from the pillow when I entered.

"Oh!" I am so glad you have come; it is very kind of you, for it seems so lonely here;" and she whispered as I bent down to kiss her, "Nurse is not very nice, she won't let me talk."

"Mr. Smith came to see me this morning."

"Yes, I told him to do so, you know. I can't tell whatever *will* become of him while I am upstairs. He came to say good bye with his scarf tied in such a knot, and nurse wouldn't let me do it for him, so he's gone out a perfect *guy*."

"He seemed tolerably resigned to his fate; he is as pleased and proud as any one could possibly be."

"The dear old darling! He thinks there never was such a boy as ours. But he *is* a beauty, isn't he?" she continued, turning back the coverlet.

Of course I assented, and of course thought all the time it was very much like any other baby, and was utterly unable to discover any extraordinary amount of attractions in its fingers or toes, being all the time in fear lest the survey might cause a repetition of the Indian war-whoop.

Although I could and did sympathise with the youthful mother's pleased gratitude. She was scarcely twenty—herself almost a child in manner, and yet all a woman's tenderness beamed in the look of ineffable love she bent on the treasure committed to her keeping.

"I am so happy," she murmured. "It seems to me no one was ever as much blessed, and yet I am so undeserving. I know nothing of the management of children, and I do so want baby to grow up a good and great man."

Oh, maternal love! thus striving to pierce futurity before the hand into which ye would place honour and fame, has power to grasp the ball rattle. Inexhaustible fount of affection, too often becoming stagnant because so constantly thrown back upon itself.

I must confess I was not prepossessed in favour of Mrs. Grant, the nurse. She was emphatically one of Pharaoh's lean kine, with a perpetual expression of "Hush!" stamped on her features. It was difficult to imagine that she could ever be surprised into a smile; and had she been the princess who dropped diamonds whenever she spoke, she could scarcely have been more chary of her words. In addition to which, she moved about in a stealthy manner, too much like the feline race, for which I have an intense abhorrence, and her voice had a purring sound that strongly inclined me to shake my drapery and exclaim "Sch, cat."

For nearly three weeks after that time a severe cold and attack of neuralgia prevented me leaving home; and in reply to my daily inquiries, came the invariable message:—"Mrs. Smith desires her regards, and Mrs. Grant says that she and Master Smith are both doing well.

Mrs. Grant hopes Miss Eltham is better," my mental ejaculation being "Velvet Claw."

"My cold is much better, Mary; and the weather so fine, that I think I may venture to go over to Mrs. Smith's," was my announcement one morning to my faithful Abigail, who, on the score of being a very old servant, still treats me as something of a child. It is only recently that she has been induced to acknowledge the propriety of substituting "Ma'am" for "Miss Clare" in addressing me.

"Well, perhaps it will do you good. Put your woollen shawl on, ma'am, and I'll get you something nice for lunch. Daresay the poor young thing wants cheering up, for, though its not for the like of us to talk about our betters, Jane do say that if ever there were a woman as wanted to keep everybody under her thumb, it's Mrs. Grant."

Obedying Mary's injunctions with regard to the shawl, I departed on my mission to find Minnie looking not nearly so well as I had expected. She was pleased at my arrival, and said, seizing the first opportunity when the nurse's back was turned, "Please send her away." This was a somewhat difficult task, but my will is a pretty strong one, and at last succeeded in finding a way.

"Now, what is the matter?" I asked when we were alone. "You look as if you had been crying."

"So I have; but you will laugh at me when you know what it is about."

"Shall I? Well, never mind; you had better confess the truth?"

"Why, baby cried; and do all I could it would not stop him."

"So to mend matters you cried too; that was wise certainly."

"I knew you would think it silly, but I could not help it, and nurse says George and I are a couple of children. She is sure we shall never be able to manage a child, and sometimes I fear she is right."

"Nonsense! You will do just as well as other young people do with children. You must not mind her croaking."

"That is what I try not to do, but it is very dull here, and the room is so dark I cannot read."

"Then have the blinds drawn up."

"Nurse says it is not right yet."

"Not right? Fiddlesticks! It is not right for you to be moping. I must take you in hand. Are there any more troubles?"

She looked up between laughing and crying.

"Yes!—a great many. She will brush my hair so smooth. George says she is making me a little fright; and though I know he did not mean it, yet it is not nice to have him say so."

Throw off that satirical smile, my lady reader. There *was* a time when your eyes would have been dimmed if your George had called you "a little fright." Probably your present state of polite indifference with regard to each other's opinions has more worldly wisdom in it; but it is extremely doubtful if your happiness be increased thereby.

"That was very wrong of George. How shall we punish him?—pull his hair? But these are molehills; are there any mountains in the distance?"

"Yes. Nurse went out last night, and directly she was gone poor George came up here; for he is just as miserable as I am. (To-day he went out with a pair of his winter socks on, and he can't find his hat brush.) Well, he had been wandering about the garden, and was so glad to come and talk to me, without the "she dragon," as he calls nurse; and I was just as glad to have him. Then he asked me if I did not think the room very hot. I said I did. So he drew up the blind and opened one window wide. Then he began to smoke, and I told him to mind baby; and he took him up in such a comical way—all in a bundle you know. We were both laughing because he was pretending to put the cigar in baby's mouth, when nurse came in. She was very cross, saying all sorts of disagreeable things, and George went downstairs quite downcast. I do really believe he is afraid of her. I am; but it is so funny for him to be afraid."

Very funny, but very true, nevertheless, that this great George, with his broad shoulders and muscular frame, who could hold his own against any man in the United Kingdom, was as arrant a coward as ever breathed where women were concerned.

"A touching recital, but it contains nothing for you to worry about. She'll come out of her temper some time."

"But you do not know all yet. It is George's birthday, and I thought I would give him a ring with some of baby's hair in it; so I sent the order by Jane to the jeweller who made my wedding-ring and keeper. They could not finish it before to-day; and now nurse says it is so far to Bayswater, she cannot spare Jane; so it must be put off till another day, and I am very disappointed, for I wanted to have it for him this evening. But there is something that is, perhaps, worse than that. Papa came up to town by an early train this morning. Mamma was still too unwell to accompany him. He had been travelling nearly all night, so I told nurse to let him have a nice piece of steak for his breakfast, and she actually fried it. Fancy papa eating *fried steak*! And I wished to have everything comfortable for him, especially as it is the first time he has been to see me?"

"Is he in the house now?"

"No. He has gone out on business, and will not be home until five. He would have fetched the ring, but he has to go quite to a different part of London."

"If I send for it, and set all these troubles straight, will you promise to do just as I tell you?" "Oh yes; gladly."

"Very well, then, I shall expect implicit obedience. What are you going to have for dinner?"

"Mutton chops, I suppose; I have forgotten the taste of anything else, and they are not cooked as Mamma used to have them done. Nurse gives me arrowroot or gruel for supper. At home I always used to have it in a glass, but she will bring it to me in a basin. She says it keeps hot better."

"Never mind, you shall have something else to-day. I will send you over your dinner, and you are to eat every morsel."

"Oh! what *will* nurse say?"

"That is my business; leave her to me, and listen to my orders. After dinner you are to lie down until I come over at three. Now give me the jeweller's address."

I had no fear of the "she dragon," and my reasoning, enforced with a practical argument, soon induced her to see the necessity of not thwarting my plans.

Of course Mary was called to a consultation as soon as I reached home, and her sympathies speedily enlisted in favour of my scheme.

"We must take over something nice for tea. What is there in the house?"

"There is the couple of fowls I was going to roast for dinner, ma'am."

"Then we must have one of those cold, some preserves—and if you could find time to make some of my favourite cakes, and one of those little loaves, it would do."

"I'll see to it, ma'am; and now if you *would* get out of my kitchen."

"In a moment, Mary, I shall go and fetch the child's ring. I can take a cab from the Strand, and shall be back by one."

My errand was safely accomplished, and I returned with commendable punctuality. Dinner was on the table, and after despatching Minnie's—(Mary hoping that "that woman" would keep her fingers out of the gravy)—I did full justice to the meal.

Determined to do the proper amount of honour to the occasion, I donned one of my handsomest silks, with Honiton lace, collar, and cuffs, and when I came down stairs, after completing my toilette, Mary in her best cap and merino dress was busy packing the basket ready to accompany me.

"This fowl's a perfect picter," she said; "and as for the cakes, if they'd ha' knowed they was to be eaten on a birthday they couldn't ha' turned out better."

Mary, be it understood, was to take tea with Jane, who was an especial favourite of hers, being, as she observed, "a young person as knew her place, and did her duty in that station of life to which God had been pleased to call her."—(*Vide* Catechism, which Mary was very fond of quoting.)

"Now, Jane," said my old servant, depositing her burden in the hall, preparatory to taking the part of M.C., "Missis and I is determined to have everything straight. It is settled your Missis is not to be kept a stewing upstairs any longer, so just shew me the room your folks take tea in, and we'll have it in apple-pie order in a jiffey."

Jane, nothing loth, led the way to the desired haven, and finding there was a vast quantity of dusting and glass-polishing to be done, I busied myself in arranging the plentiful supply of flowers I had brought with me, and our united exertions in the cause soon made the little sitting-room a marvel of prettiness. The lace curtains were looped back with rose-coloured ribbons, every vase filled with flowers, a large glass dish full of roses and jasmine placed on the centre table, impregnating the atmosphere of the room with their delicious perfume; and, lastly, the canary's cage was festooned with fresh groundsel. Then the best tea service of green and gold was produced, and dusted with elaborate care, and when that was arranged to the satisfaction of myself and assistants, the company silver was produced, and set in due order.

"There," said Mary, "as the last finishing touch was given, "if that there table's not fit for a queen to sit down to, I'm a Jew, that's all."

"I have been very good and obedient," exclaimed Minnie, as I entered her room, "but could not help being a little impatient to see you. What *have* you been doing downstairs?"

"Ask no questions, &c. Now, do you feel rested and well?"

"Oh, yes! thoroughly so."

"Then here is the ring. Just take a peep at it, and let me help you to dress."

"I am dressed," she answered, looking down ruefully at her plain wrapper.

"Nonsense! Do you think I should have put on all this finery unless you were going to keep me in countenance. Your mind has not risen to the level of the occasion. Nurse thinks, as I do, that you need a little brightening up"—an assertion that grim functionary endorsed by a very small gesture of assent.

Minnie's face cleared wonderfully.

"Then may I wear a white muslin; George likes those best."

"Certainly. Where are they?"

"In that drawer. That one is the prettiest, I think," she added, as I took one out.

"Now sit down, and have your hair done. These twists don't suit you. We'll have the old curls again."

So the long ringlets were released from their imprisonment, fastened back in a cluster with a blue ribbon, and the tasteful muslin put on.

"There! Now what do you think of yourself?" I asked, turning her to the glass.

She gave a little scream of delight.

"George will be so pleased!" was her answer; and then, kneeling down by "Master Smith," she exclaimed "What do you think of your mamma now, baby darling? I do believe he knows me, nurse. Look how he opens his eyes,—you precious pet!"—and the sentence ended in a shower of kisses.

There was a knock at the door, and in a moment George's step was heard on the stairs. He started back with surprise as the smiling white-robed apparition met his view.

"Why, Minnie!"—and then being at a loss what to say, he clasped her in his arms with a total disregard for muslin or curls.

As soon as she recovered her breath, she said, with a saucy smile, "So I'm not 'a little fright' now, sir."

"I never thought you one. You are just your dear self again. Miss Eltham, I beg your pardon for not seeing you before. I expect you have had a hand in this transformation."

"Yes, and now you must enable me to show my handiwork in another region. Please to carry your wife down into the sitting-room."

Before Minnie had quite finished her remonstrance—"Indeed, I can walk, George dear"—she was lifted off the ground, and carried laughing and blushing downstairs. I followed in time to hear the expression of delight the pair indulged in when the door was opened, and then Minnie was deposited, as if she were something very precious and breakable, in an easy chair, and a white-headed old gentleman, for whom I instantly conceived an intense liking, was introduced as "Papa." I was compelled to perform the ceremony of tea-making, and certainly four happier people never assembled to drink it. As for that great, silly George, his eyes looked wonderfully misty, and he handed me the wing of a fowl instead of the bread-knife, but as he again announced himself in a state of "jollification," I suppose he was content.

Of course we laughed and chatted and admired baby by turns. "George dear" went nearly wild with delight over the ring, and our mirth reached its climax when grandpapa drank young Hopeful's health.

Reader, this has been a narrative of a day of small things, but it was a pleasant one to me, and as such I like to look back upon it. Years have passed since then. There have been more additions to the family, and it must be a very stately nurse that could frighten Minnie now; but still we often enjoy a chat over the advent of the "son and heir."

NELLA.

THE BEE-HOUSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

By O'DELL TRAVERS HILL.

IN a certain city there lived a generous, benevolent man, whose heart was smitten when he beheld how blindly the children of the poor were brought up, and how they spent their days in idleness. Then said he to himself, "I will see if I can help them." So he applied his knowledge and his wealth to carry out his good intentions. But the people were so corrupt—the evils so great—that the power of one man was too little to complete the good work, and it miscarried. Then men began to mock the benefactor, and to say—"How well he has done his work! He is now a poor man himself." Some said—"He sought after honour and gain, and has found disgrace and loss." Thus they spoke, and treated him with contumely. Also his friends forsook him, but they were only table-friends.

Thereupon this lover of humanity became troubled in his heart, and resolved upon forsaking mankind and retiring to a solitary spot, So he built himself a house and planted a garden far away from the turmoil of the city, in a quiet place. Here he made friends with the plants of the mountains and the birds of the wood. But still he felt unhappy. He examined himself and said—"I must have something near me which may love me sincerely and show me truth and fidelity, which are so seldom found amongst men. For this purpose has Heaven given us the most faithful among beasts. He went and brought home a dog, and gave him a name. Now he had a companion and a comrade in his solitude.

One morning, as he was wandering through a neighbouring thicket, he thus mused with himself—"I now live on the bosom of Nature, and yet there is an emptiness in my heart. What is it that fails me?" As he thus murmured, he was attracted by a bird who was tending its young in its nest. "Ah!" cried he, "a new idea. Man must have something to foster and care for." Thereupon he erected a bee-house close to his dwelling.

Then he sat for hours and days long in his bee-house, and pryingly wondered at the activity and industry of the little people, and daily discovered new marvels in this busy little household, and admiration filled his soul. But he looked around him for some one with whom he might share his thoughts and feelings; and his dog looked at him lovingly, but understood him not. Whereupon he got up and sought

out the country people who had bee-houses, and they received him willingly, listened to him, visited him, and learned from him, for he taught them many things about the management of bees of which they knew nothing before. And when he ceased speaking of bees, he told them of the high calling and destiny of man. And all the country people believed in him, began to love him, and to value him as their benefactor.

Thus did Nature and Truth lead him back again to men from whom cunning and falsehood had estranged him.

A CORONET AT LAST, A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or True to the Last."

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—IDID.

CHAPTER XV.

BETRAYS THE PIETY OF THE HON. PHILIP CAVENMORE'S CONGREGATION.

"Mamma!" said the Hon. Mr. Cavenmore, "I am going to travel."

"Philip!" was her only answer.

Philip resumed his paper, after replacing his coffee-cup on the breakfast table, and deigned to hold no further converse. But Lady Cavenmore was unable to proceed with her breakfast. She put down her toast and let the coffee become cold. She looked cold and rigid herself, with her proud aquiline nose, her thin face, and high forehead, and the smooth, dark hair, just touched with grey, surmounted by a lace ornament—half cap, half head-dress; but her son was very dear to her. Who guesses half the warmth of heart and sincerity of affection that often lies buried within these cold, strict beings, or how much they suffer for what they regard as duty? Probably her tyrant knew his power, for he went on reading his paper and crunching his toast in an easy attitude. Philip wore an elegant morning gown and embroidered slippers, displaying much white and gold on a crimson ground. His necktie and whiskers were arranged as studiously as ever; he was what Alice Woodward would have called "A barber's block young man," intending thereby to liken him to the masculine wax figures displayed in the windows of metropolitan hairdressers. He was, in

short, the complete reverse of Mrs. E——n J——s' spouse 'the day after the wedding.'

Lady Cavenmore could bear it no longer. "Philip," she said, "you don't mean it?"

"Mean what?" he asked, turning suddenly and looking full at her; and then, pushing forward his cup, added, "A little more coffee, thank you, and twice as much sugar as the last."

His mother replenished the cup. "You are not going abroad, Philip."

"I thought I told you so just now, did not I?" he asked. "This debate is so interesting."

"But your parish?"

"Get another curate."

"And your fame?"

"Rise by contrast, when I return. People do not know how to appreciate blessings till they lose them."

"And your motive?"

"Mother, I am not well. Health requires a vacation."

"That is your *excuse*, Philip."

"Excuse, if you like the word; it is all the same to me."

"But not to *me*. You have a *motive* besides an excuse."

Philip was deep in the paper again.

"You are upset about Lady Timmes' niece—I know it."

"Really, mother, you are as bad as the rest of the female portion of my congregation," he cried, turning abruptly in his chair. "The sooner I marry the better, and then I shall never hear of the word or anything relative to it again."

"But feel all the consequences of the act."

"What makes you go on so about Miss ——; that girl," he asked, after a slight pause, during which he twirled his watch chain.

"I have noticed you. I noticed you again that night, and I heard part of what you said. *Did* you promise to send her a volume of your sermons?"

"Well, not exactly."

"I knew that. And because her ladyship refused the address, you have determined to go upon a mad crusade. Is that in keeping with the cloth, sir?"

"You have no right to assume such a thing. I tell you I am ill, and want a change. What need have I to run after any girl? I might choose out of my whole congregation."

"That is what vexes me. Miss Hightoss has fifty thousand pounds, and the Duke of Dawdleburgh's daughters are working an altar-piece, Who set on foot the subscription for real gold candlesticks? Why, Miss Lovepriest, you know; and the family estate is worth half-a-

million. She herself is an only child—a most amiable and highly accomplished girl.”

“And only seven years my senior, with a complexion like a deal board, and hair the colour of last year’s hay. Miss Hightoss must find a Socrates to endure her, and as for the Duke of Dawdleburgh and his daughter——”

“Philip! Philip!” His mother’s face was flushing.

“I may as well tell you at once and end the matter, since you have brought it to that pass, that I like Hortense Woodward better than the whole congregation of them, let them sob never so and show their white cambrics when I am pathetic, and if I can find the girl, I’ll marry and bring her home.”

“Not under my roof, sir; not under *my* roof.”

“Yes I shall,” answered the spoilt son, throwing back the door, and calling Matthew. “Let it be known,” he said, addressing that functionary, “that I am ill, and going away to the Continent.”

Sitting down in his study he penned a few lines to Wurbcott ordering a farewell sermon, and sent an advertisement to the clerical journal.

When it became known that the young clergyman was about to leave them, the consternation of the principal portion of his congregation was great, and on the following Sunday, although his sermon was not doleful, the handkerchiefs were greatly increased in number to the usual amount.

One day during the ensuing week he was seated quietly in his study, when a parcel was brought in by Matthew. The direction was in a pointed, running hand. He opened the parcel hastily, thinking of Miss Woodward, and flung from him angrily a pair of satin slippers representing the large red cross of the Crusaders, with a bordering of cockle-shells, typical of the pilgrim. He thought of his mother’s speech—“You are going upon a mad crusade.” Scarcely was he quiet again, when Matthew once more entered, once more with a parcel. The direction was in a somewhat similar hand, and whilst Mr. Cavenmore was bringing to light another pair of slippers bearing fox’s heads, Matthew re-entered. The hunting-slippers were laid upon the table, and the next parcel inspected. Slippers again—red and white roses—the houses united. Was that a hint? Was there any meaning in the fox’s heads? Matthew again!—this time with three parcels—interrupted the grumbings and jealous suggestions of inward conscience. “More slippers! Who the devil is going to wear them all?” Mr. Cavenmore asked himself, as his eyes fell upon a lyre—not complimentary—that—rose, shamrock, and thistle—a hint that he should remain in his native land, and the only decent device amongst the number, he soliloquised—a cornucopæia in gold filled with roses, which might be translated plenty of love;—

plenty of needlework just at the present moment, Mr. Cavenmore thought; and truly the remark was destined to be continued, for scarcely had he thrown the entire heap, cornucopæa and all, into the same corner where the first present lay, ejaculating "Humbug" in a contemptuous tone, when Matthew again appeared, and his master became the sneering possessor of seven smoking-caps and three purses. These were followed by the altar-cloth from the Duke of Dawdleburgh's daughters, and mats and ornaments for the candlesticks from his Grace's nieces, a church service with an embroidered cover for Philip's use abroad, a pair of black and yellow cushions, and more slippers.

"Well, mother," he said, smiling, as he settled himself for the proper enjoyment of dessert and German wine with the duty off; "if you will just peep into my study you will not think the continental tour a bad move, after all."

"The door bell has been very troublesome to day. The constant noise has brought on one of my old head-aches."

"I am very sorry for that, mother."

"Cannot your curate transact all the parish business. You should make the new one see to some of these matters."

"Dear mamma, what do you think the parish business has been all this morning?"

"I really do not know. If you require my name to head a subscription list, put down £10 if you like—or £20, for the sake of example; I need not pay it all; but Philip, do not trouble me with any details. It is so ungentlemanly to mention poverty or poor persons. Bring out a paper, and say you would like to add one's name to the list—offer them the opportunity of reading it if they like. Of course, they only glance at the thing and put down a guinea or a note. It is only those queer canting creatures that would mention such words as *fever* and *rags*." Lady Cavenmore shuddered. "Remember *that*, Philip, my boy; and never fail whilst performing the duties of the cloth to remember that you are a gentleman."

"I am not likely to forget that I am a *single* gentleman. But I need no subscription from you, mother."

At this moment Matthew entered, still looking as stolid as usual, and dryly announced—"More parcels, sir."

"Very well," his master answered.

"Where shall I put them, sir?"

"In the study."

"Study is full, sir."

"In the hall, then."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Cavenmore, but the hall is blocked up. You bid me not interrupt you again, and I have placed what has come there."

Mr. Cavenmore laughed. "Begin with my bedroom, then, and pile them in the corner."

"What is all this?" his mother asked, when the servant had gone.

"Subscriptions for the poor." And then he told his mother. She looked admiringly at her boy. "I shall never be able to use them all. Let us inspect the packets by-and-bye, and I think the best thing to do would be to have a fancy fair and appropriate the money for the schools."

But even Matthew's face relaxed into a grin as he bore in a large box containing mediæval hangings for the pulpit and the reading-desk, stiff with gold bullion, and radiant as the chromatic scale of vision.

Mr. Cavenmore preached his farewell sermon on the following Sunday, and announced from the pulpit to the weeping audience that, having received so many handsome yet undeserved pledges of interest and regard from his beloved congregation, seeing it was utterly impossible to appropriate them all to his own use, as had first been intended by the dearly beloved donors, and unwilling to make any distinction between gifts, valuable both intrinsically and actually, and the promptings of kind hearts, equally prized by him, he was about to propose holding a fancy fair on the following Wednesday for the sale thereof, appropriating the proceeds to the urgent wants of the school attached to the church, to be given in the name of the fair ladies of his congregation, and for which he should be most happy to receive further contributions. Those desirous of assisting might attend in the vestry after morning service.

Awful was the crush of crinolines and clang of steel when the last throb of the organ was hushed, and many fragments of delicate muslin and costly lace were swept away by the pew-opener on Monday morning before the drawing of lots took place according to the direction of the pastor, of these eager lambs, for, as every one wished to take a leading part in the coming fair, and more than fifty could not possibly officiate, some heart-burning and anger might have resulted, which he felt it only his duty to avert. Indeed, tokens of war were already visible amongst the volunteers. Having, therefore, first stipulated that those young ladies who could furnish a whole stall should be allowed to preside over their own free-will gifts, and that those who obtained a number should again raffle for the privilege of superintending the twenty stalls to be furnished by the presents he had received, and which now assumed more the appearance of *his* gifts, and having chosen a committee headed by his mother and the Duchess of Dawdleburgh, he adjourned to meet the ladies at the school-rooms on Monday, and conduct the drawing in person, as he was expected to do. As some compensation to the natural disappointment of the losers, when the drawing was over, Mr. Cavenmore announced that those ladies would be kindly allowed to decorate the school-room for the approaching bazaar, and share with the stall-holders in the privilege of buying

up as many tickets as they pleased for the first day, when the admission would be half-a-guinea each. Somewhat mollified, the young ladies eagerly purchased the tickets which had just come in damp from the printer, who received orders overnight; and even whilst the ceremony of drawing lots had gone on, bill-posters were busy hanging up notices in all directions. It gave no small charm to the affair that it was quite an impromptu, as Mr. Cavenmore must quit London on Saturday. In the hurry and excitement it would scarcely have appeared strange had condolences, and sympathies, and kind inquiries after the young man's health been forgotten. But it was not so. He was pestered with sympathy in every direction—sympathy that smelt of Rimmel's perfumes, and spoke out over embroidered French-cambrio handkerchiefs bordered with lace, and held by delicate gloves, from eyes that seemed to say, "You owe *me* such and such a pair of slippers," or "It was *I* who sent you the mediæval hangings," when perhaps their owner was only the forwarder of an ugly little purse, or a ready-made cap. But it was no secret who had made the altar-cloth; the Duke of Dawdleburgh's daughters had devoted two years of their lives to its completion, and smiled, and bridled, and blushed whenever the subject was mentioned. Nobody could rob them by insinuation of *that*; and, together with the hangings and the private prayer-book, it was to be exhibited—not sold—in a separate room, on the payment of an additional shilling.

Surrounded by a mist of muslin; imprisoned by compact walls of steel; gazed upon by a thousand admiring eyes; stunned into sweet deafness by a silvery but noisy chorus from a myriad of flattering voices; almost suffocated by the consumption of oxygen consequent on the presence of five hundred honied breaths; looked upon by a thousand eyes at once, talked to by the five hundred voices, and asked five hundred questions a minute—which, like the victims to the sphinx, he was unable to answer, but fortunately without any similar result, as an answer, if forthcoming, would have been drowned in another eager question: enshrined like a bon-bon in a variety of colours, and laces, and ornaments—such were Mr. Cavenmore's mental reminiscences of the morning's raffle. A committee was formed, and all further trouble taken off his hands. He would only have to walk up and down the fair as long as possible every day, or linger in the room amongst the unsaleable curiosities worthy of the extra shilling—and be adored.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT SEA.

It was all over now. The hustling, the bustling, the wild excitement, the flashing of eyes, the murmur of voices—deafening as the murmur of the sea—the flirtings of ladies, the dangling of mauve-

gloved and perfumed gallants in beavers and with umbrellas, the squeezing of dresses—(sometimes by the stalls, it may be, the squeezing of hands)—and, in all possible cases the squeezing of pockets—the eight stalls of slippers (Mr. Cavenmore's own), the six of caps and purses, and the four of miscellaneous articles—the comparing of each when the three days' sale was concluded, and the last articles put up in a raffle—it was all over now, and the hero stood on board a steamer bound for Calais. Miss Lovepriest had been great upon the late occasion, having furnished a counter of her own, after drawing a lot, to preside over the finest pile of slippers, which she resigned gracefully, but with a little sigh, to another, and looked upon her only in the light of a deputy saleswoman. Miss Lovepriest had taken sixty pounds, she said, with her own hands, but it was whispered a good round sum had really come out of her own pocket, for ladies on these occasions not unfrequently add a trifle of their own to swell the amount credited to their tooking abilities, or their lucky chances, on their many admirers whom they regard at such moments as lawful victims. But enough of them. Cavenmore himself had not only had enough, but too much, of them, and could bear to part for six months from his worshippers—not without emotion, certainly—not without an emotion of gratitude for—his escape. And now he was steaming over the blue deeps—which, by the bye, he thought looked dirtily yellowish, but did not like to differ from the poets aloud, nor yet in the journal which he kept with a view to publication (with a denial of any such intention in a future preface, and allusion to friends, persuasion, modesty—no merits of his own—indulgence, kindness—first attempt—second allusion to no design—and his own name in small capitals). I have said he was sailing over the *heaving* deeps—for, be they blue or green, there is no disputing *that* adjective—as fast as paddle-wheels could take him. Balmy breezes did *not* fan his brow, as one learned but unacquainted with practical life might be innocently led to expect, but a sharp north-east wind, alternating with a beastly smell of tar, and other noxious but unknown odours, a sickening essence of bilge, and, near the cabins, hot vapours of boiled and roast meats—savoury when inhaled alone, but at present incongruous, and too much for a landsman's digestion. Nor was a reminiscence of stale spirits and spilt beer wanting, together with tobacco of to-day, and samples of yesterday's and the day before's, a self-registered smoking tally, to complete the horrors of inhalement. Balmy breeze, forsooth! He was forced to ask Matthew for the eau-de-cologne, and nearly cut in two, and yet wrote down—"A fresh breeze sprung up, whose 'balmy' breath was somewhat marred by savoury preparations for dinner, and the passengers' predilection for smoking." Not a word about tar, &c.—the Hon. Philip was far too polite.

Well! here he was on the dirty-looking water, in the semi-damp, semi-dirty packet, a cutting north-easter ordering him below, and his nasal organs ordering him above—passengers smoking on deck, passengers eating in the cabin, passengers jolting him on the ladder, cooks and stewards running against him downstairs, and sailors upstairs trundling about ballast and hallooing, and the captain on his perch hallooing and spying alternately like a mad astronomer taken from Greenwich Observatory to a hospital elsewhere—even Hanwell. Why was he leaving England? Was he really unwell, or actually engaged on a mad crusade after Miss Hortense Woodward? He had a fit of restlessness, and it would keep recurring to his thoughts that he might find her in Paris. Was he looking for a needle in a bottle of hay, or asking for John Smith, London? Reader, the question is to you.

And, meanwhile, what was Miss Hortense Woodward doing? Changing her name to Maud, and witnessing her father to the gallows, as Mrs. Pybus phrased it.

Whether it was any mysterious affinity between soul and soul, or whether it was merely the motion of the packet, I know not. That we have often had mysterious sympathies is quite certain, but yet we are not qualified to state, as one unable to trace and read the science of the thing, whether it was a mysterious sympathy or a boisterous sea which at the precise moment when Miss Woodward, preparatory to further evidence, stated her name to be Maud, that the internal man of Philip Cavenmore rose against him, and caused him to hang despondingly, almost suicidedly, over the green-painted rail of the vessel. Certain it is that he and Matthew both blamed the sea, as the latter bore his suffering master below—not to say the scanty breakfast; but poor Philip knew nothing of his lady-love standing in a witness-box, and Matthew knew nothing of his master's secret, being inclined, if at all, to favour Miss Lovepriest, who tipped him handsomely. It might have been an affinity, but, as we said, we do not know; it really seemed very much like the natural effect of the motion of the vessel.

Poor Philip, as he lay there, muttered strange words to himself, a careful guardian would doubtless have said—"He raves!" Yet who on board knew that Cavenmore was of the cloth?—or who regarded a sick man's oaths? There was a cap full of wind, the sailors said, but the ladies shrieked "A storm," and would have prayed, if common weakness incident to unaccustomed humanity on the bosom of the unstable element had not incapacitated them for all things. Nor were their spouses or their escorts better qualified to note the words which slipped from the young man's tongue. Matthew himself succumbed, and the packet had it all her own way. The sailors must have been leagued with powers of darkness, for they not only kept their footing, but ran to and fro, made alarming thunder

with their ballast, which a spoilt child on board insisted on calling "Somebody's luggage," and shouted "Heave-a-hoy" as if glorying in the suffering and agony lying hopeless down below. Up with the feet perpendicular and down with the swimming head. Up again aching brow, and now you seem erect. Then the terrible cradle-like lurch to and fro as the victim lies a moment horizontal. "Oh, why left I my home," thought young Cavenmore; "I would take Miss Lovepriest to my arms and fall at my mother's feet only to be home again. Oh! would indeed that Lady Timmes' haughty dark niece were in the Red Sea with Pharoah and his hardened host, suffering as I now suffer, so that Philip Cavenmore were free. Dover! Dover! Dover! Happy those who still linger on your shores. And this is repentance which I have so often preached about and never yet felt before. Bitter cup, indeed! Ah, frantic despair! How the vessel groans—her timbers will part ere long, and we shall sink to rise no more. What reck's it if I am drowned? Can I suffer more? What care I for anything? The waves may drown me if they like, it is no consequence to me. Here we go up—up—up, and here we go down—down—down; and here we go backwards and forwards. Oh! I don't care—don't care—don't care." The inward voice grew more and more languid till it was silenced altogether, and a stillness like the stillness of despair or of madness settled upon the sufferer. He only wrote (subsequently) in his diary—"We have had a fair passage, cap-full of wind, and most of the passengers indisposed. Made Calais at half-past four." We who report so tranquilly and forget so easily, what struggles and what agonies often pass within us when there are none to witness! And who knows? That contrition, that despair, that inward voice of anguish and vain regret—how passionately and how stormily they plead and tear and weep and tug at our sick heart—but we only report "Fair passage, cap full of wind, passengers a little indisposed." We land and forget. But where do we land? In our native country? On our inheritance? Oh, no! The one is forsaken; the other lost, maybe, or not valued. It is a strange land we tread, and the language spoken strange jargon. We have heard something of it before, and now acquire with facility—we speak it, but it is not our own. We get used to it, and forget we are foreigners on a foreign soil. Yet if perchance an unexpected word of the old language of the heart falls upon our ears, good God, how we weep! What! is fatherland dear to us still? Are we not wiser, better taught? Is the old, silly, innocent heart of youth worth a tear? Aye! the tears of a firmament of clouds. But we could not get through life so well with that silly, innocent heart of ours. True, but we could win Heaven better. It is the dew from Heaven that weeps, and the salutary drops fall out of the clouds.

(To be continued.)

ON WOMAN'S DRESS.

BY AN ARTIST.



WHEN we hear of a woman having a taste for dress, we are apt to conclude that she is fond of showy and expensive clothes, with a view to making herself an object of admiration. But if we are told that a woman has an excellent taste *in* dress, we understand something very different.

Taste *for* dress is intent upon what others will think of the wearer. Taste *in* dress is self-respective, and regards rather the wearer's own knowledge of propriety and elegance, and what, on intelligible principles, will please herself.

People of no taste imagine, and even say, that dress is everything; and by this they mean that sumptuous, costly clothes, fashionably made, will make anyone look well; and so they would put the same gaudy garments upon old and young, handsome and ugly, dark and fair, supposing (as they do) the charm to be in the clothes, instead of in the wearer.

Shakspeare makes shrewd old Polonius say that the apparel oft bespeaks the *man*. But since his time we have learned, in speaking of dress, to confine ourselves exclusively to the dress of women. In Shakspeare's time men took infinite pains about their dress. Now-a-days they would be ashamed even to bestow a thought upon it. In the reign of Henry VIII., and throughout that of his daughter Elizabeth (that is, during the whole of the Shakesperian period), extravagance in dress was much more conspicuous in men than in women. So much so that even grave historians inform us how that the dress of the period was costly, and in its fashion subject to frequent fluctuations, insomuch that the caricatures of the time represent an Englishman in his shirt, sitting with shears in hand, and cloth upon his arm, perplexed amid the multiplicity of fashions what to choose, and how to devise his garments.

At that time the dress of women was decent and becoming, far less subject to change and caprice than the attire of man. It is to his son, Laertes, not to Ophelia, that the worldly-wise Polonius gives the advice before alluded to:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

It is often said that ladies dress to attract the admiration of the other sex. It would be nearer the mark to say that they think rather of exciting the envy or the admiration of other women, or of disarming their hostile criticism.

The writer of this well remembers pointing out to a female relation at a morning party the exquisite taste of the dress of a lady of rank who was sitting near. "Why, Harry, you don't mean to say you admire that! The whole thing never cost five shillings." There were others present whose dresses probably would have exhausted more than a curate's annual income. But it is tolerably certain that every gentleman in the room considered the despised five shillings' worth the handsomest gown in the assembly—if, indeed, any one of them thought of aught else in the matter than the lady-like appearance of the wearer. For all the adjuncts were in perfect keeping with the dress.

The artistic grouping of tints that harmonise and improve each other, as well as suit the style and complexion of the wearer, is the object to be aimed at when an augmentation of the natural charms is desired. To dress, in short, as an able artist would advise when you are going to sit to him for your portrait is what appears to be the reasonable and becoming ambition, in this respect, of a young lady who wishes to give pleasure to her friends by her personal appearance.

Taste, true taste in dress, leads a woman always to regard her own specialities, as age, height, figure, complexion, condition in life, and every other circumstance peculiar to herself, as the first thing to be considered in order to her dressing with propriety and graceful becomingness. If there be any personal defect in face or figure this also must be taken into the account and made due provision for. Neatness and freshness (the result of exquisite cleanliness, the symbol of inward purity) can never be dispensed with. Showy tawdriness can never be permitted, still less can slatternly habits of any kind be for an instant tolerated.

The materials of the dress may be ever so simple, or ever so expensive, but the fit must be unimpeachable, and the colours must be selected and arranged with judgment and cultivated taste. The design, then, of the following papers will be to impress upon our fair readers the importance of a suitable attention to this weighty matter, and to assist them, too, with some hints borrowed from scientific and artistic knowledge and experience as to the principles which ought to guide them in their choice of colours, and the adaptation of those colours to the various complexions of the wearers, and also the arrangement and combination of the colours among themselves.

(To be continued.)

PURE WINE, VERSUS PORT AND SHERRY.

BY BENJAMIN JESSOPP MACKEL.

PERHAPS no greater change has ever occurred in the habits of an entire nation than is now in progress with respect to the Englishman's port and sherry. Thinking people are fast becoming more natural in their tastes, and are freeing themselves from the trammels of an objectionable fashion in the matter of wine-drinking. After having been drugged, half-poisoned, and cheated for many years in nearly everything we eat and drink, but especially so in our wines, we have at length lent a somewhat unwilling ear to the arguments of such men as Mr. J. L. Denman, wine merchant, of Piccadilly, and have consented to patronise the produce of the extensive vine-growing and sunny lands of Greece, Hungary, France, Germany, and other parts, whence the *pure* juice of the grape, rich in all that is good and generous, is exported for our unlimited use. Debarred by long wars and mischievous legislation of access to these treasures of an abundant and glorious earth, bred up, in consequence, to know only the viciously-brandied wines of Spain and Portugal, with a taste thereby misguided and unfitted for legitimate duty, it is no wonder that the pioneers, under the lead of the eternally-to-be-remembered Mr. Gladstone, have found so much difficulty in reforming our national taste and removing our national prejudice in this matter. But they are at length succeeding.

Port and sherry—those household gods of erstwhile tenderest memory and most endearing affection—have so far lost our respect, and their own power, as to be fast abdicating their high eminences, leaving their thrones to be filled by purer and worthier potentates. This is an event that cannot but be welcome to all who know the scandalously adulterated character of these so-called wines, and are acquainted with the evil results that naturally ensue from a perseverance in their recommendation and use. Port and sherry having obtained the character of fashionable drinks, are swallowed wholesale,—dear or cheap, passable or bad, real or counterfeit, harmless or poisonous. It is monstrous to suppose that the pure juice of the grape can be the better for the spirit with which it is drugged to stop the fermentation, thereby concealing the natural and beneficial acidity, and imparting a body, strength, and flavour which the grape, no matter where grown, can never give. Dr. Paris says that alcohol or brandy mingled in water in certain proportions, and the same quantity of spirit existing in a like amount of wine, but formed and

combined with it in the natural process of fermentation, are very different things: alcohol, in the latter case, being by no means so intoxicating or prejudicial to the constitution. Yet in this country the natural alcohol of the wine is not deemed sufficient, and so raw brandy must be added—never to combine naturally, whatever the merchant may do with it, and destroying aroma and virtue by the long keeping necessary to kill the spirit with which it is saturated. This relates to the best ports and sherries. Respecting the Hamburg concoctions, intending purchasers can best be warned in the language of *Mr. Punch* to those about to marry—Don't! For very pride, don't! Why should Englishmen drink the mixtures which the Spanish and Portuguese would spit from their mouths disdainfully. Why should grape-growing foreigners and dealers murder God's blessings and fruits for our express satisfaction, and charge us wine-price for their Elbe-water, elderberries, must, and the cheapest rubbish of the distillery?

All that is needed for man's benefit, in health or sickness—all that can cheer his spirits, revivify his strength, give tone to his stomach and force to his appetite—all that can quench the thirst, uphold the sickening, console the suffering—may be found in pure wine. It is one of nature's most prodigally bestowed gifts, almost as diffused as the limpid stream. But our brandied, spirited, and otherwise fortified and coloured concoctions are of man's invention, and are highly injurious in every respect. The introduction of the spirit and the consequent stoppage of the fermentation, so sweetening the wine, puts money into the pockets of the manufacturers, covers all defects of quality, and leads the drinker into the gravest of errors. In fact, the efforts of the port and sherry makers have been to combine sweetness and strength—to put a sweet wine to a bitter or an acid one, and so spirit must be added to prevent secondary fermentation. But surely this might be done better by the drinker himself—to his own liking, the benefit of his stomach, and the great advantage of his pocket. At least he would make sure of having a vinous base.

One word upon sweet and sour wines. It is here lies the bone of contention, ready to all comers. Our countrymen, with vitiated and inflamed tastes, impaired digestion, and brandy predilections, wrongly imagine that sour wines must produce acidity in the stomach; but the contrary is the fact, for this particular condition more frequently arises from the decomposition of sugar than in any other way. Vinous acids have no tendency to produce their like on the human system; but sweet beers, ciders, and wines, will do it in abundance, as the gouty and dyspeptic know to their cost; yet natural wines become sweeter by age, because, after being but a short while in bottle, they deposit their tartar, tannin, &c., and so become quite mellow and acceptable. The latter fact holds peculiarly true of the Greek and Hungarian products.

The wine consumers of Great Britain have opened up to them, in place of the twin-deposed, a multitude of the choicest vintages of the world. Thanks to Mr. Gladstone and his coadjutors, we have now a very host of wines clamouring for patronage, each more or less to be recommended for genuine character and beneficial therapeutic action, as well as for moderate cost. Although some vintages may produce wines more conformable to certain tastes than other vintages,—for instance, the thin light wines of France and Germany are very excellent, exceedingly grateful to certain palates,—and, though acid, do not in any way produce acidity in the stomach, yet to many Englishmen the more luscious and generous wines of Greece and Hungary are preferable. The Greek wines are asserted to combine a variety of vinous flavour with strength greater than that of any other European natural wines, and are thus especially suitable to port and sherry drinkers. The Greek Archipelago Wine Company (by their chief agent, Mr. J. L. Denman, of 20, Piccadilly) are of those who have taken the lead in fighting the battle of Pure Wine *v.* Brandied Liqueurs. Their catalogue of wines is a very repertoire of treasure, most enticing to the thirsty soul, and inviting to the sated appetite. Aristocracy, gentry, bourgeoisie; merchant, milliner, mechanic; tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, &c., may here drink and be satisfied, without fear of headache, heartburn, and gout on the morrow. These Greek and Hungarian wines are not decomposed by spirits, to the injury of the liver; they are no vile Hambro' mixtures, deadly decoctions, producing sickness, intemperance, and disease; but the natural produce of the grape. For a dry dinner wine there is the white Mont Hymet at 16s. per dozen; it approaches Chablis in character, without acidity; the red variety resembles Burgundy, and it is probably to this that *Mr. Punch* referred on the 9th August, 1865, when he said, "I wish I may never drink worse liquid than my Hymet." Then come the Keffesias, red and white, from 20s. to 24s. per dozen; the hope of my retiring days, when strength and heart failing, taste and judgment are left triumphant. The red variety is a full-bodied dry wine, resembling Burgundy in character, without acidity. For irreclaimable Port drinkers nature has also provided a very excellent substitute in "Santorin." For 20d. a bottle any port admirer may henceforth have his darling flavour, a fine aroma, plenty of alcoholic strength, and wine instead of a chemical and filthy concoction. Then come Thera, Ambrosia, Lachryma Christi, Visanto and St. Elie, or "The Wine of Night," all the produce of the volcanic island of Santorin. This latter is a *chef d'œuvre* of Nature's skill in this particular line, has an Amontillado flavour and character, and ought at once to turn out of doors the abominable cheap sherries. The white St. Elie has something of the character of hock, but is more rich and vinous. The products of the Hellenic Wine Company of Patras are also highly to be

commended. In Hungarian wines we have many excellent qualities, and if they have not the bouquet of, say, good Bordeaux, they have not their acidity and austerity. They are thoroughly English middle-class wines, excellent for the dinner-table, and invaluable medicinally to the feeble and dyspeptic. Indeed, the inexhaustible belts of vine-clad lands all over the world are waiting to give up their pure produce at a price within the reach of the majority of our countrymen.

The drink of a whole people must somewhat influence character. Our masses indulge in heavy liquids and fiery potations, with which they intoxicate themselves rapidly, displaying the effects in brutal insensibility or diabolic rage, according to character; or in silliness and sleepiness, with the physical ills of gout, dyspepsia, stone, and bilious and hepatic affections. Excess of pure wine will never result in a tithe of such calamities. It intoxicates much more slowly, has no such fiery and turbulent action on the stomach and brain, and does not impel to such displays of bad temper or angry passion. The after effects wear away rapidly, and, except in cases of continued drunkenness, no permanent evil may be anticipated from excess. Again, a good wine does not so entice to inebriety. Brandy, gin, and beer engender thirst, and rapidly cloud or confuse the intellect, so that the animal feelings demand gratification louder and louder, as the will gets more infirm. In pure wine-drinking these dangers exist in a much less forcible degree. All who desire to make men temperate should therefore encourage the efforts being made to introduce natural and wholesome wines into this country; while those who care for the sick and suffering, the feeble young and decrepid old, cannot do better than try to make known to our various public dispensaries and hospitals these good things of a kind and bountiful Providence.

THE BURIED HISTORY OF BRITAIN.

IT is impossible to say when every link in the chain of history as divulged by excavation will be complete. Every month—nay, every week—adds to our knowledge of the past by some new discovery—some additional relic of bygone ages extracted from the bosom of the earth. Of the earliest inhabitants of this island little remains but their tombs, and we have in previous papers described the general character and contents of these primitive sepulchres. The evidence which those sacred tumuli offer us is, however, quite sufficient to fill up the picture of the simple and ignorant

race of beings who roamed in our grand old forests, and stood on our white cliffs before Abraham went with his son Isaac to the land of Moriah. We may, moreover, trace the gradual progress of their early civilisation, if such it may be termed, by the nature of the articles found with their dust or bones. The earliest of all interments are found in the natural clefts of rocks, and unaccompanied by anything but animal bones. The next period is marked by the presence of a few flint instruments of the rudest description, and sometimes by a sandstone ball which was used for flinging. The cists in which these articles are found are mostly natural cavities, but in some cases they are formed by stones placed edgewise. Contemporary with these, appear burnt bones on slabs of stone, showing that it was sometimes the custom at that period to burn the bodies of the dead. As we approach a more advanced age we find the interments in artificial cists constructed with more care, and containing, along with the remains of the skeleton, vases of the most ancient form. Frequently in these cists may be observed a deposit of burnt bones, indicating the sacrifice of some human being (possibly the wife) at the funeral ceremony. Sometimes an inverted urn of large dimensions contains calcined bones, accompanied by burnt bone pins, flint spears, and the ends of stags' antlers—the worldly possessions of the dead burnt with the body on the funeral pile. Then we come to neatly-constructed cists containing a large number of bone and flint instruments, shaped with wonderful nicety; pieces of iron ore, red earth, and a drinking cup, which evidently contained a liquid, placed near the head of the skeleton. Here, too, the female interments are distinguished by ornaments of bituminous shale. Passing from these to a yet later date, we find daggers or celts of brass, ornaments of shale and amber, stone axes, and flints; but where these articles are discovered there are no signs of pottery nor of calcined bones. In another class of cist of the same date calcined bones have been found secured with skins of cloth and fastened with brass pins. In a few instances a brazen lance head has been discovered, and a smaller vase placed in the larger one. Advancing still further towards the dawn of civilisation, we find the interments at full length, with swords, daggers, spears, lances, knives, buckles, and umbones of iron shields; these latter bearing the impression of woollen cloth. In the sepulchres of women at this period are found ornaments of gold set with garnets, variegated glass beads, pendants, and needles of silver, boxes of bronze or wood with bronze hinges, iron knives, glass cups, ivory combs, and various other articles. In those instances where the bodies have been burnt, globular urns—rude imitations of the Roman sepulchral vessels of the most common type—frequently contain the calcined bones. It is probable that many of these burnt remains are the relics of human sacrifices, so prevalent

in the earlier period of man's history. Surviving relatives or slaves were placed on the burning pile that they might minister to the wants of the deceased in the future state. Herodotus tells us that it was a custom among the Scythians. Rycant says that the Peruvians followed the same superstition in the sixteenth century, and Hindoo women were until very lately burnt alive with the bodies of their departed husbands.

A few more records of Mr. Bateman's discoveries in Derbyshire may be interesting before we proceed to the Roman period:—

ROCK GRAVE, SOMERBRILL MOOR.

"On the 13th June we opened the second barrow on the contrary side of the ravine, a mound about nine yards across and two feet high, surrounded by an irregular circle of large limestone, and showing the grey surfaces of many others that jutted through its grassy covering. We began our cutting on the west side, and continued it to the centre, where, after much labour, we uncovered a large grave of irregular shape sunk in the rock to the depth of five feet; its average dimensions were eight feet by six. It was filled with stones, and had upon its stony floor a coating of stiff clay, in which was embedded the skeleton of a full-grown man, who lay on his left side, with his knees drawn up, and the head in an easterly direction.

Owing to the wetness of the clay the bones were in an advanced state of decomposition, having become of the consistency of cheese. The skull was narrowed, and otherwise posthumously distorted by the presence of the overhanging mass, and the femur measured $19\frac{1}{2}$ in.; the tibia 16 in. Behind the pelvis lay a very beautiful drinking cup $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, and the exterior entirely covered with ornament. It lay on its side upon an assemblage of implements, consisting of a



bone netting rule or modelling tool, 12 in. long, made from the rib of a large animal (horse or cow), neatly rounded off at each end, and

reduced to a regular breadth and thickness throughout; a dagger 4½ in. long, a spear-head 3 in. long, and four other instruments of flint, all whitened by the action of fire. The usual rats' bones were present in this undisturbed and interesting tumulus."

VASE FROM WALTON-NEAR-HILL.

"At page 83 of 'Vestiges of Antiquities' is a notice of an excavation made at one side of a barrow on the summit of Walton-near-Hill, when, after having found the interment, we desisted, through meeting with the natural rock in front of our cutting. Mr. Carrington, thinking it probable that something might yet remain, made a cutting from the opposite side on the 23rd and 24th of May, having previously made trials of the mound, which showed that in some places the materials were large stones, and in others gravel—both favourable indications. After removing stones to the depth of about a yard, we found a skeleton, accompanied by one rude flint arrow. It lay on the left side, with the knees drawn up, and was that of a strong man in full vigour. The skull—with the exception of the left side, which was decayed, from contact with the earth—is perfect, and of a shape very unusual amongst Celtic crani, being remarkably short and elevated, like the Turkish skull. It is amongst the number selected for publication in the *Crania Britannica*, as an example of acro-cephalic variety. Proceeding forward, we found another skeleton, the feet of which were very near the head of the first, deposited in the contracted posture, in a cist roughly made of large limestones, and partly covered with others of the same kind. Before the face was a very beautiful vase 4½ in. high, with a fluted border and four perforated ears."



BOOKS WORTH READING.

Venetian Life. By W. D. HOWELLS. London: Trübner and Co.

ALTHOUGH often described before by various travellers and tourists, Venice will always afford matter for an entertaining volume; and at the present time especially, when affairs on the Continent are looking so ominous in that quarter, such a work is likely to prove very acceptable to a large number of English readers. The book now before us is the narrative of a three years' residence in Venice, by an American gentleman who had previously lived some time at Vienna as representative of the United States Government. In a long and interesting chapter on the present state of Venice, Mr. Howells says that the best society in the city consists of physicians, advocates, and the more wealthy class of merchants, with their families. Shopkeepers and the master-artisans, he observes, do not seem to have any social life, in the American sense. Common domestic servants are both numerous and cheap in Venice, but dirty in their habits, and untrustworthy. Venetian ladies of fashion receive calls one day in every week, and on these occasions the number of visitors sometimes amounts to three hundred, at which times nobody ever sits down, and few of the guests do more than just exchange a word with the hostess. Speaking of the state of feeling with regard to Austria and the Austrians, our author says that the hatred of the latter people by the Italians is deep-seated and inappeasable; but, although it is by no means new or recent, it did not come on in all its bitter intensity until "the defeat of Venetian hopes of union with Italy in 1859, when Napoleon found the Adriatic at Peschiera, and the peace of Villafranca was concluded." Italians and Austrians, or, as it seems to be the fashion in Venice to call them, Italianissimi and Austriacanti, always keep strictly and rigidly apart from each other at the *cafés* and all other places of public resort at Venice, and you may always know a man's politics at once by the beard he wears, as no Austrian ever sports an imperial, and no Italian ever shaves it. Strange to say, however, in spite of their political feelings, the Venetians bear no individual ill-will to the Austrians, but appear to have rather a contemptuous liking for them; and the Austrians, in their turn, being an amiable people, never wantonly insult or affront anybody, and try not to engender personal malice. There exists at Venice a secret society called the "*Comitato Veneto*," which has agents and spies in every part of the State, who constantly inform it of "inimical action," and who endeavour to promote the union of Venice with the rest of Italy. Although constant arrests of suspicious persons are being made, no member of this mysterious body has ever yet been identified. Mr. Howells concludes his work by observing that nothing can be more praiseworthy in the Venetian character generally than its desire for liberty, and its sacrifice of everything pleasant in life for the attainment of that which is great and noble; and he considers that the Venetians ought immediately to be made free.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

Poultry as a Meat Supply: being Hints to Henwives how to Rear and Manage Poultry Economically and Profitably. By the Author of "The Poultry Kalendar." Edinburgh: Nimmo.

THIS little work has been written with the desire of making some modest suggestions for mitigating the deficiencies caused to our meat supply by the rinderpest. Not that poultry can ever compensate for the lack of beef and mutton. But the author makes out a good case for the increase of poultry as a profitable investment, requiring but little capital, and only moderate care and intelligence. The book is well and sensibly written, the directions are plain, and the promises held out very pleasant as well as probable. To all interested in the care of poultry this book will be useful.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT FOR CHILDREN.

Put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, &c., into a stone jar, and sprinkle as much Lisbon sugar as necessary among them; set the jar on a hot hearth, or in a saucepan of water, and let it remain until the fruit is perfectly done. Slices of bread or rice may be either stewed with the fruit or added when eaten; the rice being plain boiled.

PREPARATION OF ICE FOR ICEING.

Get a few pounds of ice, break it almost to a powder, throw a full handful and a half of salt among it. All the preparations must be performed in the coolest part of the house. The ice and salt being in a bucket, put your cream into an ice-pot and cover it; immerse it in the ice, and draw that round the pot so as to touch every possible part. In a few minutes put a spoon into it, and remove the parts that ice round the edges to the centre. If the ice-cream or water be in a mould, shut the bottom close, and move the whole in the ice, as a spoon cannot in that case be used without danger of waste. There should be holes in the bucket to let off the water as the ice thaws. When any fluid tends towards cold, the moving it quickly accelerates the cold, and likewise when any fluid is tending to heat, stirring it will facilitate its boiling.

ICE WATERS.

Rub some fine sugar on lemon or orange to give the colour and flavour; then squeeze the juice of either on its respective peel; add water and sugar to make a fine sherbet, and strain it before it be put into the ice-pot. If orange, the greater proportion should be of the China orange juice and only a little of Seville, and a small bit of the peel grated by the sugar.

CURRENT OR RASPBERRY WATER ICE.

The juice of these or any other sort of fruit being gained by squeezing, sweetened and mixed with water, will be ready for iceing.

ICE CREAMS.

Mix the juice of the fruits with as much sugar as will be wanted before you add cream, which should be of a moderate richness.

BROWN BREAD ICE.

Grate as fine as possible stale brown bread, soak a small proportion in cream two or three hours, sweeten, and ice it.

RATAFIA CREAM.

Blanch a quarter of an ounce of bitter almonds, and beat them with a teaspoonful of water in a marble mortar; then rub with the paste two ounces of lump sugar, and simmer ten minutes with a tea-cup of cream, which add to a quart more of cream, and having strained, ice it.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.—It is no uncommon thing now to hear of a friend who has been without a cook for some months. No doubt this is very unpleasant, and if the master of the house, who has suffered from raw or burned meat and smoked puddings, in anger and amazement asks, How? or if the lady of the house, hot from visits to registry offices and servants' homes, as well as with scolding the housemaid for not having done what she did not know how to do, joins in demanding a reason, we are humbly ready to give one. In old times the mother of a family herself knew how to cook, and instructed her daughters in the same art. Domestic science was not talked of as physical science and social science now are, but it was both known and practised. The consequence was that an expensive cook was not needed, because an inferior one could be directed and even assisted. Moreover, the cook was not her mistress's mistress in virtue of superior knowledge, but the reverse. Why should not sensible, good-hearted Englishwomen learn the lesson which this scarcity of servants suggests, boldly face the difficulty, and triumph over it? If it did not debase countesses in former days to understand cooking or conserve making, why should it now? If it is not demeaning to the son of a gentleman to do manual work when he is being educated for the Royal Engineers or the Navy, why should it be beneath his sister to learn in like manner how to command her little company and sail her little ship?—*Church and State Review*.

NEEDLEWORK.

CLUNY LACE FICHOU OR CHEMISSETTE.†

EVANS's boar's head crochet cotton, No. 24. Walker's patent Penelope crochet needle, No. 5.

1st round : Chain nine, unite it in a ring. Work through it 9 d. c. Finish with a tight, plain stitch, to make the ring perfect ; over this work the d. c., not *on* it, but *over* it, through and through the ring, as in buttonholcing. Unite it.

2nd : Do not break off the thread, but unite the ring by a single plain stitch, done very tight. Make one chain, and work a second row of double crochet, taking the stitch through *both* of the loops at the top of the stitches of the first round. Increase in every third stitch but the first two, so as to have sixteen altogether. Join this round as the first was done.

3rd : Turn the work in your hand so as to have the back of it towards you, and work round the reverse way, always putting the needle through both of the upper loops, and also working it very tight throughout the pattern. D. c. all round ; increase one in every third, so as to have 22 in the row. Unite the row as before.

4th : Turn it again in the hand, work d. c. all round, increasing in every fifth, so as to have 27 in the row. Join as before.

5th : 3 ch. (to look like a tr. stitch), * miss 2, and make 1 tr., into the third loop. Six ch., one tr. in the same loop, and repeat from * all round, make nine vandykes in all. Finish off with one plain worked very tight on the top ~~ch.~~ stitch of the first 3 ch. This is also worked through the double loops of the foundation stitch.

6th : Turn your work so as to have the back to you, and work 9 d. c. into every loop of the six ch., all round. Finish as before, namely thus :—

To FINISH OFF.—Make one ch., break off the cotton and draw it through. Pull the loop tight ; draw the thread through at some loop near behind, make a plain stitch or two where it will not be observed, and pull the cotton through again tight. Then cut it off, not too close. This is to make a secure finish. To get rid of the end of cotton in commencing, the first row of d. c. should be worked round over the end, and then the rest of it can be cut off close without fear.

The Lace.

Make a chain the length required.

1st row : 2 tr., 2 ch., miss 2, repeat.

2nd row : 1 d. c. between first two tr., 6 ch. ; one tr. between next 2 tr. ; 6 ch., and repeat.

† This makes a very pretty top for a camisole petticoat body or chemise, by making a sufficient number of the flowers, and uniting them in the shape of a yoke and short sleeves. This should be united to extremely fine muslin. The lace yoke will look very pretty if afterwards lined with taffetas of the colour of the skirt and worn under a fine muslin Garibaldi.

3rd : D. c. on d. c. ; 8 d. c. worked through the loop of 6 ch. ; one d. c. on tr. 5 ch. ; twist the cotton 3 times round the needle as for a tr., and work it the same way (in the same loop), pulling the cotton through two at a time. 5 ch., one d. c. in same hole ; 8 d. c. on loop of fine ch., and repeat.

4th : D. c. on d. c. 9 ch., one d. c. at the top of loop of first of 5 ch., one d. c. on top of second loop of five ch. ; five chain and repeat.

5th : D. c. on d. c. ; twelve d. c. into loop of 9 ch. ; one d. c. between the two d. c. of last row, five ch. ; twist the cotton three times round the needle and work it off as in a long stitch, drawing the thread through two at a time, five ch., d. c. into the same loop, 9 ch., and repeat.

6th : Work a row of d. c. on the foundation ch., one between the 2 tr., and four over the space.

7th row : Break off the cotton. Make one d. c. on the first loop of d. c., 3 ch. One of the very long stitches described above in the loop of 5 ch., 3 ch., one long, 3 ch., 2 long, 2 long in next 5 ch., 3 ch., one long, 3 ch., one long 3ch, one long, 3 ch, d. c. on loop of d. c., 3 ch., repeat.

This pattern should be worked backwards and forwards.

To make it up : When sufficient rounds are made sew them together in the desired shape, and edge it with the lace. For a chemisette no lace is required.

LA MODE.

THE extreme warmth of the present late, but genial summer, renders muslin dresses very fashionable. These are principally made with plain skirts, which may be gored in the side breadths next the back, and are as long as other walking dresses. They are worn upon a book-muslin petticoat of equal length. Those who wish style will have the latter made of very fine muslin and trimmed with a frill four or five inches deep, very closely and finely pleated at the top. For full dress this may be edged with cluny lace, and have above it a band of cluny insertion, both lace and insertion lined with a coloured ribbon. Crinoline is not only on the wane, but in upper circles dismissed. In its place are worn skirts of fine but very stiff muslin covered with innumerable deep flounces profusely ornamented with cluny lace, made as long as the training dress, and as stiff as starch and the talent of the laundry can render it. One form of making these skirts is to place a flounce three-quarters of a yard deep round the skirt about the knees, and under this are three very full narrow ones about a quarter of a yard to measure. It is a style too expensive and too easily soiled to be adopted by any who do not keep a carriage and command a large income for dress. For those who study neatness and economy we recommend the crinoline still, but much modified

in size. Any crinoline can be reduced by taking off the two or three largest steels and lowering all the others. The steels must be entirely dispensed with round the upper part of the skirt. Muslins are almost entirely made with Garibaldi bodices of the same pattern as the skirt. These have coat sleeves, or are set into gauntlet cuffs round the wrist. For *fetes* and evening wear plain coloured book-muslins are pretty. These trim well with Valenciennes lace. We saw a buff muslin ornamented on the skirt with a train, simulated by a band of muslin insertion having a broad lace on one side of it and a narrow on the other. Within this a narrow lace described a waved line. The front breadth had three rows of lace across the hem, one above the other. The Garibaldi was ornamented with the Valenciennes lace in stripes. Short circular capes to match dresses, edged with a single row of black lace, which must be removed for washing, and demi-adjuste jackets, untrimmed, are worn out of doors with muslins. Peplums are another novelty of the season. They consist of a basque made of the material of the dress, trimmed and set into a broad band. They are fastened round the waist, the waist band of the dress added, and then appear like a tight-fitting mantle *en suite* with the skirt. The most fashionable shape is short before and behind, with two deep, sharp points beneath the hips, where the seam is open to the waist.

Grey straw hats trimmed with grey ribbon or velvet, grey feathers, and grey gauze veil are the mode. Also broad trimmed Leghorn and fine straw with very low crowns. Fancy bathing costumes are introduced, and serges in all colours manufactured for the purpose. The form that is now almost universal is the complete and modest, yet incommoding covering of a pair of loose trousers and a tunic fastened by a band. Worsted braid is employed to trim them. A deep invisible blue serge, with scarlet trimming looks pretty and not too showy. The sleeves are short, the neck cut quite high, but square, and rouched round by scarlet braid. The breast should be double, to insure its keeping well closed, and the tunic and trousers should be attached so that they can be thrown off together. Sky blue, magenta, orange, yellow, green, and French grey, as well as more sober browns, violets, and maroons are made up. Very nice felt bathing shoes and boots are now produced, of becoming shapes, pretty colours, and at low prices, so that the untidy and uncomfortable fashion of wearing old shoes tied with string will hardly be long retained. The felt shoe being soft, can be wrung out easily. An excellent seaside shoe made of Russian leather is to be used this year. It is shaped like an Oxonian, ties on the instep, and is stout and strong; and with a water-proof sole will probably wear a couple of seasons. Russia leather never absorbs wet or dirt, and can be perfectly cleaned daily by using a damp sponge. The price is about twice that of the ordinary seaside sand shoe, but, in addition to a superior appearance, its durability is about sixfold, and the hose is also preserved by it. We can recommend the new shoe to the use of the economical. A new bathing and swimming dress is made with a plain-fitting bodice top ending in frousters, all in one piece.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ENIGMAS, &c.

1.

Search for me anywhere, I am easily found,
 High on the mountain top, low under ground,
 Deepest in ocean's bed, highest on earth,
 Every land—everywhere—giveth me birth.
 Earth's best historian in every age ; (1)
 Clearly corroborates God's holy page ; (2)
 Dread war's coadjutor—fatal my blow ; (3)
 Man's executioner long, long ago. (4)
 Your shelter, be cottage or palace your home ;
 Likewise your sepulchre—a house and a tomb ; (5)
 Class'd with the costliest, eagerly bought ; (6)
 Rank'd with the valueless, uncared for, unsought ; (7)
 Used by th' Almighty His pow'r to display ; (8)
 Used by the tempter in Christ's trying day ; (9)
 Emblem of righteousness ; (10) type of our God ; (11)
 Emblem of wickedness, glorying in blood ; (12)
 Rivalling Deity—robbing His right ; (13)
 Yet lacking His attributes, wanting His might.

These and more—many more—functions I claim :
 What is my character ? What is my name ?

EUREKA.

2.

If a famed poet's name is correctly transposed, a Shaksperian character
 will be disclosed,

EUREKA.

3.

My whole transposed oft bears my whole
 Where Captain Cook was killed—poor soul.

EUREKA.

4.

I am a word of 12 letters. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 10 is caused by draught ;
 my 7, 8, 9, 12, 2, 6 is a day of the week ; my 5, 4, 3, 10 is used for mortar,
 and my *whole* is always welcome.

LOTUS.

5.

Six letters in my name you'll clearly see,
 And yet not six are they, but only three ;
 Four consonants, and yet there are but two ;
 Two vowels, and yet only one we view.
 Read backwards half my name—there will be seen
 What is much prized by some who serve the Queen.
 Complete, I nothing say, yet make a sound,
 Which scarce disturbs the calm that reigns around.
 To do what I denote men oft are prone,
 Whenever, in words, they make their sorrows known.

BIBLIOPHILUS.

6.

Ere changed, he, whom Jehovah called
 One after God's own heart,
 Oft used me, and so often found
 The comfort I impart.

Transposed, we once were spread about,
 A triumph great to grace;
 When He who is creation's Lord
 Went to the Holy Place.
 Curtail, transpose; the Book divine
 You now may clearly see;
 If rightly used, you'll surely find
 It such will prove to thee.

REV. A. S.

7.

Assembled on the village green
 My whole you lately might have seen.
 Curtailed, I often have been heard
 Proceeding from yon homely bird,
 Or, soaring in the air quite high,
 Homeward at evening seen to fly.
 Beheaded now, you've surely seen
 What brought my whole upon the green.

REV. A. S.

8

Whole, I am a banner; behead me, and I am to idle.

JULIETTA.

9.

Gazing on my *first* with a beating heart,
 Young Harry stood by the shelving shore,
 And sadly thought that now he must part
 From his loved ones, perhaps to meet no more.

Ere he sailed away o'er the ocean blue,
 With a loving clasp and a whispered prayer,
 To my *second* his mother bade adieu,
 And her tears fell fast on his dark brown hair.

Full many a month of my *whole* passed away,
 Yet sadly waited the sorrowing mother—
 Waiting for him the livelong day,
 But each passed by as did the other.

But one day as she sits by the fire to spin,
 And thinks of her long-lost absent one,
 She hears a knock, and one enters in.
 She gazes upon him as if in a dream,
 Then clasps his neck with one wild scream—
 'Tis he—'tis Harry, her sailor son.

A. M.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

Truth—Ruth—hut.

2.

Flag—rant—flagrant.

3.

Time.

OUR COUNCIL.

4.
LESBOS—SAPPHO.
Linnaeus.
Emma.
SaP.
Bo-peeP.
OH!
SagO.

5.
NAPOLEON—WATERLOO.
NoW.
Ada.
PiT.
OlivE.
Lathelt.
EIL,
OrinocO.
NO.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Applecross. | 6. Portsoy. |
| 2. Dunbar. | 7. Peterhead. |
| 3. Selkirk. | 8. Bathgate. |
| 4. Dollar. | 9. Glasgow. |
| 5. Wigtown. | 10. Montrose. |

OUR COUNCIL:

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

DO YOU?

I think full many a "goose," with tongue unfailing,
Love's spark hath struck;

I think full many a "vixen" prone to railing,
Was once a "duck."

I think earth doth not bring forth fruit delicious
Churchyards to fill;

I think, not having yet found plums "pernicious,"
I'll eat them still.

I think 'twere well if each would rule his diet
By home experience;

I think the drug market might then grow "quiet,"
And doctors veer hence.

I think what men term "wise deliberation,"
Some few advances;

I think, a myriad more, through *hesitation*,
Lose life's best chances.

I think a wife may bless an honest Saxon,
Sans charms uncommon;

I think, if selfish, she's her lord a tax on,
And no true woman.

CARACTACUS.

COFFINED ALIVE.

One of the most terrible situations in which a human being can possibly find himself placed is that which is denoted by the above two ominous words. After waking up from a trance or some unusual kind of insensibility or suspended consciousness, a man finds himself in darkness, encompassed within the four walls of a wooden box. Such instances have occasionally come under public notice, presenting more or less variety in detail. The discovery may or may not be made in time to save the life of the buried person; if not, death is likely to occur speedily, owing to the impossibility of obtaining fresh air for respiration.

In 1765 the public journals recorded the case of a Mrs. Merrit, residing in Bull and Mouth Street, a lady nearly seventy years of age. She was laid out for dead in the usual way; but before the day for interment arrived she showed symptoms of life, and ultimately recovered. This was a case of being coffined alive. In the following year a somewhat similar occurrence presented itself. Mrs. Bradfield, of Wallingford, in Berkshire, was found to all appearances dead in a field near that town. She was put into a coffin, and so kept for three days; but showed signs of returning animation just as her narrow resting-place was about to be finally closed. In another instance, in the year 1767, Mrs. Carpenter, a livery lace maker, residing near Lincoln's Inn Fields, died, or was supposed by all around her to have died. She was laid out in the usual way, but in the evening of the same day, to the terror of the whole household, she came down stairs in her shroud. She had been in a trance, and so far as actual health was concerned, might have recovered; but the shock was too much for her senses, and she died a few days afterwards. Some years later, at Ferrybridge, in Yorkshire, the wife of a man named Benson fell ill, and then seemed to die. Every preparation was made for her funeral. The husband, having some suspicion that his wife had hoarded some money without his knowledge, sought about for it, and found twenty or thirty crown pieces in a box; he was about to take away the treasure, when the apparently dead woman scared him by reviving from a trance. In this, as in the instance last mentioned, the patient really died a few days afterwards.

The French record that, in 1773, the curate of Longrate, an aged man of a hundred and one years old, fell into a trance, and was believed by every one to be dead. He was coffined, and all was ready for his funeral; but just as they were preparing for the last sad rites, he awoke, and astounded the bystanders by asking for something to eat. In a case which took place at Hay, in Brecon, in 1809, a woman was laid out for dead. Some of the household noticed a few hours afterwards that the hands had slightly moved from the position in which

they had been placed ; and then to the mingled joy and terror of those around, the apparently dead woman said faintly—"Do not close my mouth, for I am not quite dead." She afterwards recovered, and stated that during her trance she had heard all the conversation relating to her intended funeral, but without the power of moving or speaking.

In some melancholy instances the living person has been actually buried. In 1776, the body of a coachman, without any apparent signs of life, was found in a stable at Fulham. The body was buried in the usual way. When the ceremony was over, a bystander stated that, during the ceremony, he had heard a kind of rumbling and struggling in the coffin. He was, perhaps, too much awe-stricken to mention the fact at the instant, or his interposition might possibly have saved a human life. As matters turned, when the grave was re-opened, it was found that the buried person, though then also lately dead, had been confined alive, for the body was very much bruised in several places, some of which were bleeding, and there was a quantity of blood in the coffin.

Some persons are haunted by a fear of being buried alive. It is not quite clear whether a rational estimate of the effects of trance, or a diseased religious feeling, influenced a wealthy farmer at Weston Stoney, in Bedfordshire, in a curious step which he took. While on his death-bed, in 1765, he gave orders that, when dead, his body should be put into a coffin, slightly nailed, and placed at the top of the inside of his barn. He evidently had a notion that he should come to life again. His wishes as to the placing of the coffin were fulfilled, but no resuscitation followed. In another instance, the previous surmises or apprehensions of the patient were the means of saving her own life. A lady in Cornwall, nearly eighty years of age, had often requested that she should not be buried until two days at least after her death. She sickened, declined, and apparently died. Remembering her injunctions, her friends watched with some solicitude the corpse-like body. One of those who were around her, performing the sad rites that followed, perceived a little warmth in the middle of the back. No breathing could be detected by the most delicate test ; but after several hours, when the warmth at the back increased, respiration was observed, and she ultimately recovered.

One practical rule can be deduced from such recitals as these, and it is on account of this rule that we notice the above incident—that burial should not follow too quickly after decease, or apparent decease. Medical men, although they have yet much to learn concerning the strange phenomenon of trance, have nevertheless means of knowing much that other persons cannot know ; and it is well to be guided by their opinions in this matter.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

Upon Plinlimnon—
 That monarch mountain—
 There sprang a fountain,
 And formed a lake ;
 And beings ærial
 And beings mortal
 Drank of the crystal,
 Their thirst to slake.

These beings ærial,
 They held a council,
 How from all mortal
 To hide the spring,
 For well they knew
 That it had virtue
 To cure the ague,
 Or anything.

So they walled round it,
 Securely bound it ;
 No one e'er found it—
 All searched in vain—
 Until it quite sudden
 Grew tired of being hidden,
 And, bursting its prison,
 It watered the plain.

From it three daughters
 Flowed, and the waters
 Of two crossed the borders
 To England, and then,
 Dispelling its virtue,
 To hundreds, and more, too,
 Not a soul dared to
 Wall it again.

Again on a mountain
 There sprang a fountain—
 A pure and holy one
 From God above.
 It ne'er ceases flowing ;
 'Tis glad in bestowing ;
 Its virtues worth knowing
 Are peace and love.

Ye heavy laden,
 Are not forsaken ;
 Throw off your burden,
 And evermore
 Sing of the fountain
 That on a mountain
 Sprang for the Christian,
 To dry no more.

ALBAN EBBURY.

The *Siccle* has been amusing itself with ferretting out instances of press persecutions in France during past ages. Assuming its researches to be correct, it would seem that MM. de Persigny and Lavalette are only following the example of the dark ages after all; they have not even the merit of originality:—

“One of the most trustworthy analysts of the Imperial library, after careful researches there, and according to the archives of the Prefecture of Police, states that between 1660 and 1756 only, that is to say, in less than a century, 869 authors, printers, or sellers of books or engravings were arrested and thrown into the Bastille for having published works contrary to morals, religion, the King, or the Government. If that number were known to have been condemned, in an age when no sort of publicity existed, how many other unrecorded victims must there have been? We will pass in review the best known dates. The following are some of the principal restrictive measures, from which may be inferred others not less celebrated and much more numerous:—1525, condemnation of the first translation of the Bible by Levefre-d'Etaples; 13th January, 1534, suppression of printing under pain of death; 4th March, 1538, prosecution of the *Cymbulum mundi*; 4th March, 1540, prohibition of the works of Erasmus and Melancthon; July, 1542, domiciliary visits to all booksellers' shops; same year, condemnation of Calvin's work on the constitution of the Christian religion; 20th January, 1544, condemnation and burning of the Passavants, by Theodore de Beze; 3rd August, 1546, Etienne Dolet, printer, grammarian, and poet, after having been arrested four or five times and tortured, was burned alive; 1551, condemnation of the fourth book of Pantagruel, by Rabelais; 27th Feb., 1559, execution of Jean Morel, a printer, and brother of a printer; 15th July, 1560, execution of Martin Lhomme, printer, followed four days later by that of Robert Dehors, who dared to say that the executioner had made Lhomme suffer too long; 1572, massacre of St. Bartholomew, when several Protestant writers lost their lives; 1594, the hanging of Belleville, a lampoonist; 1510, hanging of Jarriage, Chefbobin, and Chapmartin, accused of libel; 1649, condemnation of Vivenay, a bookseller, to the galleys; 1662, suppression of the works of Descartes; 1667, prohibition to deliver a funeral eulogy on the same philosopher; 1670, prosecution of Cartesianism; 1694, hanging of Rambeau and Larcher, printers and bookbinders, accused of having put into circulation the pamphlet entitled *l'Ombre de Scarron*: execution of Chavance, a bookseller's man, and imprisonment in the Bastille of a widow named Caillouet, a bookseller, and others, implicated in the same affair; 1712, decree of perpetual banishment against J. B. Rousseau; 1714, imprisonment at the Bastille of Freret for his dissertation on the Franks, read at the Academy of Belles Lettres; 14th May, 1724, withdrawal of license from a bookseller named Caillau, because he was a Protestant; 1726, second imprisonment of Voltaire; 1735, burning by the hangman of Voltaire's philosophical letters; 7th Feb., 1752, condemnation of the great encyclopædia; 1762, condemnation of *Emile*. We might mention many other significant dates; but, frankly, is not the question already decided?”

BY THE SEA.

Musical, murm'ring sea,
 What are the mystic sounds ye bring to me,
 Borne on the rippling waves that, full and free,
 Flow in toward the shore?

What are the tales they tell
 In the soft accents of their gentle swell—
 Accents that I have learnt to love so well,
 Teeming with ocean lore?

Is it some strange, wild song,
 That to the sprites and sea nymphs does belong,
 Chanted and told by them so oft and long,
 Down in their coral caves,
 Till from that far-off sea,
 Where all the water sprites and fairies be,
 Echoes of their refrain ye bring to me,
 Floating upon the waves?

Or does that long, low wail
 Murmur the burden of a mournful tale,
 How the deep sea closed over mast and sail,
 Drowning the sailors' groan;
 And how the billows high,
 In whose dark shroud they coldly, closely lie,
 Caught the sad sound, and now, with sob and sigh,
 Softly repeat their moan?

Vainly I seek to know.
 Still do the sea's blue waters come and go,
 Still do the ripples murmur in their flow
 Secrets all hid from me;
 Yet as I pace the shore,
 Listening to the tide's strange ocean lore,
 Fancy still strives the meaning to explore
 Of its deep mystery.

AMELIA BECKWITH.

 ENGLAND.

Swells my heart with proud emotion,
 England! at thy hero name;
 Noblest daughter of the ocean,
 High thine honours, wide thy fame.

Blest through lessening generations—
 Heir of Alfred's loving zeal,
 In the mighty march of nations
 Rings a clang of Cæsar's heel.

Conquered oft, and still retaining
 Every victor's noblest traits,
 With high native scorn disdaining
 All their meaner, weaklier ways.

Egypt-like—aye, wealthier growing
 By each overwhelming tide,
 Richer fruits and foliage showing,
 Still how full the floods, and wide.

Enemies without may rend thee—
 Thou hast fangs as well as they;
 Rocks and rock-like sons defend thee,
 Ocean sweeps thy foes away.

Shall a moth have birth within thee?
 Vilest rust corrupt thy steel?
 Luxury's fascinations win thee
 From thyself, until thou reel?

Drunk and maddened, hurled from glory,
 Shall a purer wear thy crown?
 Shall a newer, colder story
 Scribble out thine old renown?

No, my country! Cast the slander
 Back on those who do thee wrong;
 While the stars above us wander
 Thou shalt live the loved of song.

Loved of freedom, calmly peerless,
 Long as Peace will Honour meet;
 But when Greed or Guilt grows fearless
 Hurl them howling 'neath thy feet.

Let the tribes of weaklier sinew
 Robe, and curl, and feast and lie;
 Thou thy glorious self continue
 Wrapt in Honour's panoply.

GWYNNE.

"LORD OF THE BEATING HEART."

A. SMITH.

"Lord of the beating heart," and lives
 There one all worthy that renown—
 One soul whose secret pureness gives
 The right divine to such a crown?

"Lord of the beating heart," there is—
 There must be One to reign above
 That changeful realm's intricacies
 And wear its royal purple—love.

Do Thou, th'Anointed, Thou who art blest
 Beyond all meaner monarchs,
 Guard loyally that beating heart,
 And knightly shield that subject breast.

GWINNER.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Hush! Would ye break the stillness of the night?
 And he is sleeping; do not wake him yet.
 Together did we watch the red sun set;
 Then slumber fell upon his eyelids white.
 He holds my hand in his so tenderly;—
 That gentle clasp doth all my being thrill,
 For, linked to him, I have *one* joy, *one* will.
 No other like to him could ever be.
 Oh God! I ask thee but for this dear life—
 'Tis but a grain in million miles of sand
 To Thee, great Father: end this spirit strife,
 Who hold'st the world in hollow of Thine hand.
 Dead! Oh, belov'd, my prayers have been in vain;
 But break not heart—thy loss is his great gain.

ELLYS H. ERLE.

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the stars shall beat
 Over my slumber from head to feet;
 Sooner or later the winds shall rave
 In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie—
 Nothing their sound shall signify—
 Nothing the headstone's fret of rain—
 Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
 The stars shall over me wing their flight;
 Sooner or later my darkling dews
 Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
 That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
 Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow
 Sooner or later. Oh, why not now?

HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

OLD STYLE AND NEW STYLE.—In many works written and printed in the seventeenth century the year is said to be 1632-3, 1648-9, and the like, as if there were a doubt which of the two years is right. The change from the old style to the new, in the time of George II., consisted in the division of eleven days; but the above-named double-dating, used some generations earlier, evidently implies and depends upon something else. I should feel glad if this matter could be elucidated in your pages.—*Dryasdust*.

THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

In a recent number of *Macmillan*, we find a description of the English agricultural labourer, which we subjoin for two reasons: first, because we believe it is the sort of character generally ascribed to the peasant by those who know nothing about him, and secondly, because it is so utterly unlike what is thought of him by those who know him well.

Our own experience has been in the southern counties of England, and there we have found him neither degraded nor unintelligent. It is true that he has little in common with the literary writer; but he understands and takes a lively interest in all forms of life, both animal and vegetable; knows every bird by its note as well as by its look; notes heedfully the seasons and their change. Every tree of the wood and every wild flower is familiar to him; so are the habits of wild as well as of domestic animals. And as to rest, when he lies tossing on the bed of sickness his constant complaint is of the weariness of lying there hour after hour with nothing to do to pass away the time.

With this personal experience, it was an exercise of some patience to read what follows:—

“Well, in the first place, he is a machine. Now, there are other living machines, spinning and weaving in our factories and elsewhere. But in these human nature sometimes rebels against its bondage, and the man breaks out at intervals into some wild excess, after which he returns to his mechanical toil as before. But in the case of the farm-labourer, human nature seems unconscious of its degradation. The brain has been conquered by the muscles, and he works on from year's end to year's end—shall we say contentedly?—in the same mill-round of monotonous toil. His only intellectual amusement, poor wretch, seems to consist in listening to sermons, which he requires to be loud, and hot, and strong; for he is a little deaf from exposure, and rather phlegmatic, and slow to be roused. He may give you the appearance of dullness, but he is wonderfully sharp and shrewd, nevertheless, in things which concern his immediate interests, all the little brain he has being concentrated thereon. He is thankful for small mercies and little kindnesses, and rather suspicious as to the motives which induced them, as he finds it hard to believe in disinterested benevolence. Patient to a marvel, he has learnt one great secret of life—endurance. After a sort, he is religious too, but not devotional. And death is almost lovely in his eyes, even though it were annihilation; that which he enjoys above all things being rest after long toil.”

Erratum.—For 24 to 28, on page 55 (July Number), read 24, 25, 27, and 28, Oxford-street.



"We will wait," replied the man, with a grin, "until the price is worth the having."

THE

FAMILY FRIEND.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOTHER AND SON.



HE chamber in which Sir Hugh and the Lady de Dancred were engaged in angry altercation was a small apartment at the eastern extremity of the Tower. The walls were covered with oak, and one narrow window dimly lighted the massive panels and heavy furniture.

As the gloom of a winter's afternoon gradually overspread the cold grey sky, black and solemn shadows filled the corners of the room, and closed round mother and son. The last dull rays of the fading day fell across Sir Hugh's pale brow and quivering lips, and shed a small gleam of light on the crown of a steel helmet that hung on the wall.

"What horrible infatuation led you to this crime?" There was deep hoarseness in the tone of Sir Hugh's voice, as he asked this question, that betrayed the intense agitation of his mind.

"Your welfare," was the firm and brief reply.

"My welfare? Woman—I cannot call you mother—are you mad? My welfare? Guilt, dishonour, and shame prepared as an heritage for your child—and for his welfare? Think you that I can live within these walls, and enjoy the power secured to me by the agony and death of an innocent and helpless woman—that I can look with pride at the trophies of my brave father's prowess with this foul stain upon the honour of his house? You have injured me—you have injured yourself more than your victim, or her unhappy husband, by this cruel deed. Heaven will guard her soul, and Heaven will com-

fort her honest husband and motherless child, but this curse of blood will haunt us to our tombs."

"The curse of blood rests on me—you are innocent," replied the Lady de Danedred, standing erect and motionless.

"Innocent with the blood of a murderess flowing in my veins? Am I not your son?"

"Alas, I would you had never been born!" Her voice trembled as she uttered this exclamation, and she buried her face in her hands.

"I would so, too! Then you would have been preserved from crime, and the honour of our house would have been sacred."

"Hugh!" cried the Lady de Danedred; "I have done all this for you. For your happiness—for your good I sacrificed even my soul. I believed you would never learn my secret. I thought that, ignorant of what I had done, you would have grown up to enjoy power and fame, and for this I steeled my heart against all mercy, all pity; I shut out every invading whisper of conscience, and even dared to face eternal perdition. But for an unlucky accident you would never have discovered my secret, and your return home would have been graced with new honour and power. This castle was won by your great grandfather's stout heart and strong arm, and but for the foolish whim of a weak moment there could never have been a question of your right. What are these mean and boarish Saxons that we should be so nice and dainty in dealing unto them such truly balanced justice? Did not our forefathers wrench this land from their hands in fair and manly battle? There, upon that wall, still hangs the battered helmet worn by your brave ancestors in the mighty rush and turmoil of Hastings' field. You will see the marks of Saxon arrows on its front as thick as the cells in a honeycomb. It was the recollection of all this that smote me when I saw your right to this Tower and to these lands in peril. Let the dishonour of my action rest with me. You are innocent—the past cannot be repaired—and none can now dispute your claim to Danedred Tower."

With folded arms and knitted brows, Sir Hugh listened to his mother's words. Although she evinced more excitement than usual, she maintained enough control over herself to speak with somewhat of her wonted tone of haughty calmness.

For a few moments after she had finished Sir Hugh paced up and down the small room in silence, but his mother still stood like a dark statue in the deep shadow by the window. Very different were her thoughts from his. The Lady de Danedred had recovered the first surprise and shock caused by the knowledge of her son's discovery and his violent indignation. Her intellect was keen and ready. She saw her position and decided on her course of action. She saw that her scheme had been ruthlessly exposed and somewhat injured, but it

had not yet entirely failed. She had lost perhaps the love and respect of her son, but she had secured for him the lands and home of his forefathers. Perhaps she might regain the respect and love when time had inured him to the intrigues of the world, and he found himself enjoying the undisputed right to property that, but for her desperate stratagem, might have been transferred to another. To bring about these results she had dwelt impressively on the doings of Sir Hugh's ancestors. She knew that he had some of his father's chivalrous pride in his veins, and by exciting that she hoped to distract his attention from the enormity of her crime.

Sir Hugh as he paced slowly and moodily past his mother was dwelling on her words. "The past cannot be repaired." How could he repair the citizen lawyer's life of desolation? How could he recompense Nelly for the revolting cruelty which deprived her of a gentle mother? There was one way, one glorious and happy way to restore the mere worldly riches of which she had been robbed by his mother's guilty deeds. The thought filled his impetuous nature with enthusiasm, and nerved him against the heartless worldly arguments that he had just heard.

"You say the past cannot be repaired," he said, suddenly checking his impatient perambulation, and facing the Lady de Danedred. "It is true we cannot recall the young and innocent wife from her long sleep of death, nor can we heal the wounded heart of the honest man from whom you tore her so mercilessly to be a sacrifice to your ambition and intolerable pride; but there is one course yet before me by which I can make some small recompense for the evil done. I shall bring Nelly Fitz-Osbert home here to be my wife, and she shall be mistress of Danedred Tower!"

The Lady de Danedred moved her hands nervously with astonishment, and she spoke with great excitement.

"Have you lost your reason that you talk thus? Have you lost all sense of honour?"

"Honour," interrupted Sir Hugh, "prompts me to the course that I have named."

"A poor ill-bred citizen's daughter mistress of Danedred Tower! Is this to be the end of all my care for you—this to be the end of our noble line of Norman 'Hughes'?"

"I neither want your advice nor your opinion on this matter. I have told you my resolution. Fitz-Osbert is a clever and able scholar, learned in the laws, and his daughter is worthy to be the consort of the wealthiest noble in the kingdom. Do you forget that she is descended from the Saxon owner of these lands?"

"Forget? What good ere came from the churlish race? I hate the whole——."

"Peace! You have said enough! I am master here, and though I have the misfortune to be your son, I cannot grant you either the privilege or the respect due to a parent." Sir Hugh spoke with the forced calmness and precision inspired by an unwavering resolution.

A great fear came upon his mother as she looked at his pale face, and felt the cold, hard words striking at her heart, and shutting out all hope of control over him. The punishment had come. The rod of Heaven was upon her, and bitterly she writhed under the avenging blow. The one object of all her affections—her own son, on whom she had centred all her love, and hope, and pride, until love, hope, and pride became selfish in their intensity, and excluded all sympathy for the outer world—that son now stood before her, with a bitter scorn on his lips, and a defiant fire in his eye. The silent plotting, scheming and planning that had occupied her secret thoughts—the selfish love, pride, ambition, hope and fear which constituted the narrow world concealed beneath her cold and haughty exterior—all had now collapsed. It was impossible to doubt the irrevocable determination of her son. Hitherto he had only displayed the impulsive and impatient nature inherited from his chivalrous father, but a touch of her own firmness now displayed itself; and as she gazed at his compressed lip and flashing eye she saw that opposition was hopeless—she saw that the long dream of her life had dissolved—she saw that she stood alone between a gloomy past and a terrible future, with nothing left but misery in the one and regret for the other.

For a moment a feeling of pity smote Sir Hugh's heart as he observed in the pale light the strange expression of mental torture in his mother's face, but the feeling was quickly dispelled by the overwhelming consciousness of her guilt.

"I command you," he said with the same stern, resolute tone of voice, "to leave this castle within three days, and never again to return within the shelter of these walls."

"Hugh! Hugh!" cried the Lady de Danedred, "remember that I am your mother. I may have done wrong, but I did it all for you. You may be just in your anger, but you may also be merciful."

"That you are my mother," answered Sir Hugh coldly, "I know too well to my shame and sorrow; that you have done wrong—a vile, hideous crime—the great God above is a judge. For mercy you must look to Him. You had no mercy on the helpless, innocent woman whom you tore from her husband and child to a horrible death—what mercy can you expect from man or Heaven?"

A shudder and an audible sigh were the only response.

"This interview is painful to us both," continued Sir Hugh; "there is no need to prolong it. I have said all I have to say."

"Hugh! on my knees I implore you to recall this sentence of my

banishment. I have not long to live. Though you may never more be to me as my son, oh! mercy—have mercy!” And she buried her face in her hands, and could speak no more.

Again the brief feeling of pity seemed to struggle for existence in Sir Hugh's breast, but the recollection of Nelly's dreadful narrative was too fresh in his mind, and the cruel wickedness of his mother filled him with too much horror to leave room for any tender impulse. For a few moments he looked down on her in silence, and then, with a sudden start, as though he recoiled from her near approach, he strode towards the door, saying, “You may go to a monastery, and make your peace with God, if that be possible. I will never see you again.”

As he closed the door behind him, and descended to the hall below, he thought he heard a strange sound in the chamber where he had just left his mother on her knees; but he proceeded on his way with pale face and knitted brow, and nearly stumbled over Walrick, who had been listening at the door, and had fallen down the first flight of stairs in attempting a retreat.

“Hold! hold, my lord! Be firm; these are slippery times,” shouted the fool, rolling from under his master's feet.

“What are you doing here,” asked Sir Hugh abruptly.

“I am suffering under the discomfiture of a most miserable fall, my lord. I was about to ascend the stairs when my foot slipped, and—and—I—

“Silence, Walrick! I can see the lie on your face,” returned Sir Hugh sternly.

“Well, my lord, I do confess I've had a lie on my back.”

“I am in no humour for your foolery. You have been playing the spy—you need not deny it. You are growing more deceitful every day.”

“I have been backsliding, most truly, my lord,” muttered Walrick, rising from the ground with a dejected expression, and planting himself against the wall to allow his master room to pass.

Sir Hugh did not or would not hear this last remark, but went on his way to see that the horses were all properly attended to, and to examine the outer gate, the moat, and other defences of the stronghold. The campaign in which he had been engaged had given him valuable experience in such matters, and for many serious reasons he was anxious to ascertain the points of strength and weakness in the old tower. Although subsequent alterations had given it a form similar to other Norman castles, Danedred Tower was originally a Saxon stronghold, erected, as its name implies, to protect the country from the frequent incursions of the Danes. Its walls were of unusual thickness, and the moat was almost as deep and wide as that which

was then being made round the Tower of London. Having satisfied himself that the old tower would stand out well against any possible attack, Sir Hugh ordered the garrison to assemble, and, having briefly addressed them, gave instructions for the maintenance of a proper watch and ward.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EVENTS OF TWO YEARS—ARMSTRONG AND THE OUTLAWS.

SIR HUGH wisely lost no time in strengthening his position at Danedred Tower. He foresaw the troubles which Richard's prolonged absence would promote. Already the King's brother John had collected a large body of troops, and had forcibly taken possession of Windsor and Wallingford castles, and, to add to the gloomy aspect of affairs, a rumour was prevalent that the Lion Heart had died in his Austrian prison. Sir Hugh, and many other staunch adherents of Richard, resolved to make a stand against John's ambitious pretensions, and before many weeks had passed the retainers at Danedred Tower were augmented in number by a large reinforcement of patriotic neighbours, and sallied forth with the young baron to join the army raised in opposition to John.

The Lady de Danedred had silently departed many days before, and had taken up her abode in a monastery about ten miles from Canterbury. Mary de Lawnford, with her modest retinue, took her departure at the same time, but none knew her destination. Men were too busy anticipating the coming storm to pay much attention to this strange breaking up of the household at Danedred Tower; but curious stories were afloat which were supposed to account for Mary de Lawnford's worn and sorrowful face, for the Lady de Danedred's sudden retirement, and for Sir Hugh's cold indifference to everything but warlike preparation.

It will not serve the purpose of our story to follow minutely the fortunes of Sir Hugh through the two following years. Allied with other barons, he was busily occupied during the first year in driving John from England, securing the peace of the country, and assisting to raise the heavy ransom required for King Richard's release. Often amid the dangers and difficulties of his arduous duties his mind wandered to the house in Cheapside, and his impulsive nature tempted him to throw up honour, duty, ambition—everything—and seek rest in some humble retirement, with Nelly Fitz-Osbert for his companion. But the hope that public affairs would ultimately afford him more leisure, assisted him to resist these temptations, and at such times his activity and energy would astonish his faithful followers. At last there appeared a prospect of peace and prosperity. On the 13th of March, 1194, a small



' Know ye not that the folly of the fool is of times better than the wisdom of the war ?

" How so ? "

Wisdom teacheth us to avoid folly, but seldom hath success until folly hath taught us wisdom . "

vessel was seen approaching the shore near Sandwich, and soon after the news spread that Richard Cœur de Lion was again on English soil. From town to town, from castle to castle, the glorious news flew with astounding rapidity, and crowds of people mad with joy rushed to greet their brave monarch. Saxons and Normans were equally enthusiastic ; for the chivalrous generosity and bravery of Richard had long been the theme of song throughout England and the continent. When he passed through the streets of London every citizen turned out in holiday attire, the bells rang merrily from the city churches, cloth of gold waved in the wind and was festooned from house to house, vast stores of plate and jewels were exhibited at the windows of the wealthier merchants, the windows of all the sacred edifices gleamed with the light of innumerable tapers burning on the altars, and the priests were all busy in pronouncing the awful sentence of excommunication against Prince John and his adherents. When the noise and clatter of the great cavalcade, and the blare of the trumpets had died away, and when the bells had ceased ringing, the people gradually dispersed from the narrow streets.

Standing at his door just in the same attitude as he was standing two years before, when the people carried Fitz-Osbert past on their shoulders, stood Citizen Tapper, the worthy mender and maker of metal pots.

"Canst thou tell me where I may find an armourer named Armstrong?" asked a stranger, whose cap was pulled suspiciously over his features.

"Over yonder," said Tapper, pointing to Armstrong's shop.

The man did not stop to thank him for his brief direction, but beckoning to a companion who stood a few paces off, crossed the road towards the house pointed out by Tapper.

There was no difficulty in discovering the armourer's abode, for over his door were fastened several rusty signs of his trade, and he himself was standing within the threshold.

He recognised the two men instantly, and rising hastily, motioned them to enter. They did so in silence, and without a word of greeting or explanation the armourer proceeded to close and fasten the door.

The men seated themselves, and looked about them at the various weapons and pieces of armour piled in the corners and suspended against the walls.

As there was no window to the workshop, and the door was closed, the only light available was that of the forge, and Armstrong proceeded quietly to blow the embers into a more active state of combustion. Then he sat himself down on a small bench and looked at his guests.

"So you have kept your promise," he said at last, addressing the man who had asked his way of Tapper.

"Yes," replied the man, "I hope you are ready to keep to yours."

"How many are there?" inquired Armstrong.

"Six-and-twenty."

"Good and true?"

"Some of 'em want a firm hand."

"Right enough if there's plenty of sport, I suppose?"

"Aye, right as bishops."

"Anything to be done?"

"Yes, the exchequer is to be moved to Nottingham, and if there is a chance the boys are ready to work.

"Humph! and will they follow me on my own errands?"

"They pledge themselves to do so.

"It cannot be long," said Armstrong, when he had finished this introductory interrogation, "before Fitz-Osbert will be involved in a plot which will make his head valuable."

"We will wait," replied the man, with a grin, "until the price is worth the having."

"That you can leave to me," answered Armstrong. "When the fruit is ripe I will pluck it."

"When will you join us, captain," asked the other man, who had not yet spoken.

"To-morrow at dawn."

"Do you know the way?"

"I am not sure."

"Then I will meet you on the other side of the mere*."

"Be it so."

"What say you to the capture of a pretty Norman lady as your first exploit?" asked the man who had first spoken.

"Depends on the object," replied Armstrong with a bitter smile.

"I hate women."

"The object is a goodly purse. They say that Mary de Lawnford, a young Norman lady, travels on her way to Norwich, with but few attendants."

"If there be good money or jewels, the sport is fair," answered Armstrong; "but if there is a doubt about her burden I would let her ladyship pursue her journey in peace."

"There is no doubt about her jewels, they have been seen with mine own eyes; and as to the weight of her purse, by St. Edmund, it should be hard to lift, if report speaks truly."

"When and where do you propose to intercept her gentle ladyship?" asked Armstrong.

* New Moorfields.

"On the road to Royston, whither she should be passing by to-morrow night."

"We must be prepared for a hard day's work, then," said Armstrong.

"And a good reward," replied the man, rising from the bench, and preparing to depart.

"I trust so," replied Armstrong, cautiously unbolting the door. "If we have wealth we can accomplish all."

The two men glided out into the street, and Armstrong again closed the door.

"Wealth!" he muttered. Wealth is the key to woman's heart. I see it now—fool that I have been! But it is not too late; I may yet purchase what Sir Hugh believes he has secured. He has not returned these many months, and I fancy that Nelly's face grows paler. Is it possible that she regrets her coldness to me? I will wait. I will wait till, with this strong arm, I have secretly piled up my riches and gained power. With this brief soliloquy he seized a bar of metal that lay in the glowing fire, and placing it on his anvil, raised his great hammer high in the air, and went to work with a mad kind of energy.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GRAY.

No. II.

"If life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot: no hunter of the hare
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
Has roused the lion; no one plucks the rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
With joy like his who climbs on hands and knees,
For some rare plant, yon headland of St. Bees."

WORDSWORTH.



HE life of Gray was upon the whole a life of learned leisure and studious ease. It was not, indeed, a life of slumber, nor of toil unimposed, but there was no vigorous exertion, nor such toil as too often wears out the body, and overstrains the mind. He never had to work in order to keep the wolf from the door. He never had to look danger and difficulty in the face, and to do battle with stern adversity.

He had to endure many things which fretted him, and some real griefs; but there was always either the domestic roof or his college home to shelter him. The fierce struggle of the world, or the stern gloom of friendless desolation, he never knew. Though a Londoner by birth, he had not much experience of the great city, and none at all of those dark caverns of misery which it contains—

“Where hopeless Anguish pours his groan,
And lonely Want retires to die.”

Thus it happened that the circumstances of his life, as well as his natural constitution, were unfavourable to the growth of an energetic character. Even the sublimer flights of his muse are more remarkable for elegance than strength; not, however, that they are deficient in the latter, but that they are pre-eminent in the former. It is, nevertheless, submitted that even the famous lines on Milton indicate great elevation rather than great energy of thought:—

“Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.”

The passage in the penultimate line, “blasted with excess of light,” is very fine, and the last line is a powerful expression of the blindness which befel the great bard. But compare it with Milton’s own, which Gray had before him in “Sampson Agonistes:”—

“My miseries
So many and so huge that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O! worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
And all her various objects of delight
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seemed to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!”

An occasional ruggedness of the verse here helps the terrible force of the description.

In one of the most charming passages of the "Elegy," which, like many others, is an adaptation from a classical source, we may observe how *force* of expression is sacrificed to obtain a harmonious smoothness. He writes :—

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

Lucretius has said something very like this before, and the modern version, soft and touching though it be, is not an improvement.

"At jam non domus accipiet te læta ; neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita, pectus dulcedine tangent."

The impetuous fondness of the children running to their father to snatch kisses is mellowed down to climbing his knees the envied kiss to share ; which is less natural, but more in keeping with the general *tone* of the poem—which is pensive and soft, and in which quick action of any kind might have seemed incongruous. But it is a pity he did not make use of the "tacita pectus dulcedine tangent," which is exactly in harmony with the key-note of the elegy.

Even the cleverest of the moderns make but lame work of it when they take the thoughts of the old masters, and work them up in their own way. Moore, in "Lalla Rookh," says :—

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die." "

It is impossible not to decide that the origin of this is in the 13th ode of Horace's first book—

"Felix ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula ; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet amor die."

Moore's lines are very sweet and musical, but the philosophy and the poetry are very far superior in the lines of Horace. "Love on till they die" is absolutely poor compared with the last line of the Latin.

Our rapid sketch of the events of Gray's life, in our last paper, brought us to the publication of his famous Odes. Soon after this, on the death of Cibber, the office of Poet-Laureate was offered to him, but he declined it. It appears that he thought it beneath his acceptance. When the British Museum was opened, in 1759, Gray came to reside in town, perhaps because he was tired of Cambridge, but the desire of studying the treasures of MSS. in the collections of

the Museum was the ostensible motive of this change, and, no doubt, in a very considerable degree, the real one. He established himself in Southampton-row, where he remained for more than two years. This place of abode was not only convenient from its vicinity to his place of study, the Museum, but it was in those days a genteel neighbourhood, and close upon the fields. It was about this time that the Duke of Bedford disposed of his noble grounds in that neighbourhood for building purposes, or, as Mr. Burke expressed it, allowed the gardens in which the spirit of his father still flitted to be dug up, in order that he might increase his fortune by building streets.

At this time Gray became greatly interested in the "Poems of Ossian," as they were called, and other fragments which Mr. Macpherson gave the world as translations from the Erse. Mr. Gray, certainly the most accomplished man of his time in all that related to poetry, was greatly captivated by the wild and enthusiastic spirit of these poems, and though doubtful at first, eventually became satisfied of their antiquity. This circumstance doubtless contributed in no slight degree to Johnson's disrelish of Gray. The great critic's fierce impatience of what he considered Mr. Macpherson's gross impostures is sufficiently notorious, and he was a man of Achillean temperament.

"A generous frindship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows :
One must our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man who injures me."

In 1762, Gray had returned to Cambridge, and the professorship of Modern History falling vacant, it was asked for him of Lord Bute, who was then Minister. The Tories had, at that time, no particular respect for literary men, and Gray did not obtain what he sought. He had a very courteous denial from Lord Bute, and the place was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther, a certain Mr. Brocket. Sir James was the powerful tyrant of the Northern counties, a very remarkable man in his way, who married Lord Bute's daughter.

Four years afterwards, on the death of Mr. Brocket, who had his neck broken by a fall from his horse, the Duke of Grafton, who was then Minister, offered the professorship to Gray in very complimentary terms. The place was accepted, and Gray immediately set about devising plans for making his teaching of more than ordinary service to the University, but he never had the nerve and energy to carry these plans into execution. Delicate health and depression of spirits soon came upon him, and though he lived for nearly five years after obtaining the professorship, he never actually discharged any of its duties.

During these years he made various tours into the most picturesque

parts of England, of which some traces remain in his letters; enough to make us wish for more. Of the journey which he made into Westmoreland and Cumberland in the autumn of 1769 (which was not his first appearance in those regions), an account is preserved in his journal, transmitted to Dr. Wharton. It is curious enough to read at this day his account of those beautiful regions, and the odd names he gives to places now familiar to all the world, but then, and for a long time afterwards, as little known even to educated Englishmen of the south as the interior of Hungary. Lord Carlisle, in his late lecture, mentions what Gray had said of Grasmere. His lordship was, however, anticipated in this by the great poet of that romantic land, Mr. Wordsworth, who, in the autumn of 1844, addressed to the *Morning Post* two letters upon the then projected railway into the lake country, which letters were afterwards published in a separate form. The projectors of the railway set forth as an inducement for establishing it that it would place the beautiful scenery of the lake district within easier reach of working people, who could not well afford the expense of ordinary conveyances. Mr. Wordsworth undertook to show that the pleasure afforded by romantic scenery is not perceptible by the common crowd—that it arises from a cultivated taste, and from that alone, and is, in fact, in this country, a comparatively new thing. Gray was one of the first of our authors who discerned beauty where others had discovered only the terrors of savage wildness, and his description of Grasmere was brought forward with sympathetic fondness by the greatest of his successors, who has done far more than any other Englishman to associate the beautiful and the magnificent in nature with moral feeling and intellectual aspiration.

Poor Gray's health and spirits gradually sunk from 1767, and in 1770 he had formed the resolution of resigning his office in the University, finding that to discharge its duties was hopeless. In 1771, however, he became very ill in London, but recovered so far as to be able to get back to Cambridge. There he was seized with gout in the stomach, while dining in the hall of his college, and died in a week.

His accomplishments as a scholar were prodigious. It is a strange record to make of a man who spent the greater part of his life at Cambridge University; but it is true that, in all branches of classical knowledge and of modern literature, he was profoundly accomplished, and in the whole range of the sciences, with one important exception, a great proficient—but the one exception was mathematics!

He was a devoted student, and, upon the whole, a wise and temperate man. He spent a great part of his life in seclusion, but he never lost his benevolence; and all that he has written is calculated to elevate the mind and purify the taste of his readers.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD MONRO, M.A.,

VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, LEEDS.



SINGENT THORNTON was a teacher—a youth of singular holiness of life and beauty of character. I fancy I see him now, with those dark, dreamy eyes, over which a veil seemed to fall which concealed their deeper expression, and made them, as it were, the silent witnesses of his own deeper soul. Yes, Singent, there was a peculiarity in that character of yours which has left you occupying your own distinctive place in the memory of those who knew you.

It was to Singent Thornton that Edward Craven went, for he had an extraordinary influence over his boys, which was the more remarkable when I remember the marvellous simplicity of his life and character. Singent was not one to undertake any new work or responsibility without deliberation, or which he did not honestly think he could accomplish. But, after due thought, he did undertake this work. Poor Singent! little did you know what you had undertaken. If there could be two contrasts it would be you in your quiet, thoughtful mind, and the wild, passionate boy whom you had undertaken to reclaim. Nor did you know how brief and vain that effort would be.

Robert was delighted, and the moment Edward told him of his success he rushed to announce to Ally that for the future he was to be in the Sunday-school, and although not in the same class with himself, in the very next one.

If Robert's pleasure was great, Alley's amazement was greater still.

"I join the Sunday-school! Never!"

Such was the impetuous reception which the young missionary met with.

"No," said Alley, smiling, "I can do some things. I *have* done. But belonging to a Sunday-school or all the Sunday-schools of the kingdom put together is quite out of the case."

Poor Robert! Here again was a difficulty for his casuistry.

Alley went on writing, smiling quietly, as if to himself, while the pupil teacher stood, perplexed, opposite to him.

"It's of no use," said Alley; "I won't. So go."

And Robert did go to pour out his troubles to Edward's faithful love and sound judgment.

It took a little while to arrange matters. But by one process or another Alley was got to have an interview with Singent Thornton.

They took a walk with a view to settle matters; and certainly a greater contrast in the feelings of two companions could not exist. But Alley was really in earnest just now. Nor do I at all blame him for his unwillingness to join the Sunday-school. Every one has his own fashion and his own way of going to work. Alley liked Thornton, and Thornton was much struck with and interested in Alley. Poor Thornton! it was very natural. But how little did you know what was going to happen! However, as far as the walk went, Alley promised to be at the school, in Singent's class, next Sunday; and I believe he would have been had it not been for that which I have here to relate.

A few evenings after, Robert was returning, satchel on back, when passing under some cottages he saw Alley on the other side of the road, surrounded by three other youths. "He's a capital fellow; but he is a muff."

There was something in the tone of the voice which made Robert feel that he was the person referred to. The colour rose to his face. But he turned and nodded to Alley.

"Halloa, old fellow," was Alley's greeting.

There was something in the tone and style which struck Robert as strange. But he passed the little pond where he always watched the ducks, and went on home to tea. He, with his honest heart, did not see that Alley's religious fit was over, and a new passion set in.

The next afternoon the same thing occurred, and now Robert heard a low voice, which he knew was Alley's, say—"Hush! here the fellow is."

This was a little too much, so he walked boldly across the road, and said, "Alley, I want to speak to you. Will you walk home with me?"

"No," said his friend, "I can't just now; I am not in a humour for sermonising."

Red as a fire Robert's face glowed. He looked steadily at Alley for a few seconds; but Alley turned on his heel and whistled an air from *Don Giovanni*, and resumed his conversation with his other companions. And Robert went home. An arrow, not poisoned yet, had pierced one of the chinks of his armour—one that he had never taken care to repair—overmuch self-esteem. That evening Robert was silent at tea. He sat in his usual place next his mother, for Susan always sat by her father. But his eyes were fixed on the window, and his manner was abstracted. He looked through his pupil teacher work for to-morrow, and went silently to bed.

"What's the matter with the boy?" said the farmer. "There's something. But never mind."

His wife sighed.

"Father," said she, "it's odd. I never saw our Robert so strange before."

"Never mind," said the father, "we know him well, and there is no chance of his having done wrong."

"Nay, father," said she, say not so. Human nature is bad, Adam and Eve made it so, and our Robert has got the taint."

"Maybe," said the farmer; "we are born from Adam, and we've all done wrong. But as to the fault of the boy, I never knew it."

His wife worked on still with her needle, and then pushed up her spectacles, and said quietly—"Husband, our boy is good, and I know I have made him my idol since he was born. But yet he may do wrong. He is at a dangerous age, and Satan is active; and, husband, I have never been sorry for what you blamed me for one day—that I made him know that picture, and made him learn that verse, 'I will arise and go to my Father.'"

The farmer resumed his quiet gaze on the fire, and his wife resumed her work.

Meanwhile, Robert lay in his little bed. It was little. But in after days how he remembered his little bed! It was in a small room—what you would call a "lean-to." The bed stood under the shelving roof, and close to the wall. Under the window, which was large, was a table with a white cloth. On that Robert's Bible lay, and two or three other books which his mother laid there. A white curtain hung over it, and every other part of the room was neat and clean. The narrow strip of carpet by the bedside; the polished Windsor chair; the well-washed floor; the picture of our blessed Lord over the bed-head—all showed a mother's love and a mother's care. And here Robert slept to-night, and the moon shone large and glorious through the window and the white curtain. And his mother went up to him, as she ever did before she went to bed. His face was turned towards the window, one arm lying over the sheet. She looked at him long and silently. His sleep was sound, but it was restless. Twice while she was there he said "Mother," and he turned on his pillow, with his face from the window and towards the wall, and back again. .

"I will arise and go to my Father," said Robert's mother, as she stood in the moonlight looking at her boy; and she knelt down silently by the table and prayed to that Father whose love is infinite, and who knows "what is in man."

Meantime, the farmer was asleep; and the mother, after one last look at her child, went to rest.

The next evening and the next, the pupil teacher came across his friends—Alley was always the chief; but, curiously enough, he was always standing with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed across the road on Robert.

Robert could bear it no longer. His self-respect, his vanity could bear it no longer. He again asked Alley to come with him, and Alley did go. No snake with the eye of fascination had fastened its gaze upon its victim more successfully than Alley had fastened his on Robert. He knew his power, and he was right.

The rest is short and simple. Its summary is this:—

“Robert,” said Alley, “there’s a great opportunity if we go over to Rickworth on Wednesday. We can get a free passage, and more than that, to a colony where money is to be got by a touch of the hand, and where a clever fellow like you, and a scholar, could make a fortune in a few months, and come home in a short time a rich fellow, and independent of father, mother, and all.”

“I don’t want to be independent of either,” said Robert, indignantly.

Alley had made a false step.

“No, I know that,” said he, after a few seconds; “but still, with all your love for them, what a thing it would be to come home and make their fortune, and make them independent.”

“They are independent,” said the boy indignantly.

“Yes, yes,” said Alley; “but money, Robert, money—and the splendid position. Why, although you are only fifteen, you would be like a king in the colony, with your character and your learning. But I told the other fellows who wanted me to press you to come, that you were so tied to your mother’s apron-strings that you would never think of enterprise or a scheme of independence like this, and so I said I would not speak to you.”

“Good-bye,” said Robert, as he turned into his father’s field.

“Good-bye,” said Alley.

Yes, that had been a poisoned arrow. Deeply it rankled in his heart. He was sullen at tea. He quarrelled with Susan about some bread and butter. He refused to go through his work for to-morrow. He sat sullenly looking at the fire.

“Bob,” said his father, “where’s teacher work?”

“I know that best,” said the boy [of fifteen].

Susan in amazement let drop her work, and stared up at her brother.

The farmer neither looked nor spoke till Robert started up and dashed to the door, and went to bed.

“Go to bed, Susan,” said her father.”

And Susan went, wondering.

“The boy is ill,” said the father.

The mother said nothing, but went on with her employment. She put it down to a deeper cause.

And another evening came, and another, and it was worse and

worse with Robert. Alley never failed to meet him, and never failed to distil his poison into the boy's ear. And fearfully it worked. Vanity, love of approbation, a germ of ambition now springing up in soil of fifteen, which had not heaved the ground at thirteen—all were in energy. Alley knew his power. The religious passion was gone for the present. When to return? Oh! Robert, Robert, if only then you had gone and told all to Edward Craven, what agony, what misery would have been saved! But that old failing, which he told you of long ago—dread of losing the approbation of those who loved you, or whom you loved—that stopped you.

But his mother could bear it no more. So that evening, when the farmer had gone to bed, she went up to Robert's room and closed the door. He was asleep, but disturbed in his dreams. The same moon was still shining upon him. His hand with the sleeve of his clean nightgown was flung over the folded sheet. His hair was rough and dishevelled, though it always used to be brushed and combed before he went to bed. She looked at him long and earnestly, with a love which only a mother knows. His face was troubled, and he talked strangely in his sleep. She knelt down at his bedside.

"My child, my only boy, my idolised boy—oh! if Satan has gained any hold of you, Jesus, blessed Jesus, wilt thou save him and release him."

So she said with her hands over her face, while Robert turned from side to side, disturbed and troubled.

"Robert," said she; but he only talked on in his dream something about Alley.

"Robert," said she again, as she kissed him in order to wake him.

He slowly opened his eyes—those large, blue, loving eyes which she had so loved. "Mother," said he, wonderingly, and starting up with his neck exposed, and the unbuttoned nightgown falling on either side, "mother, is it time to go? Where's the slate? I haven't made out the fractions for to-day."

"No, Robert," said she, "it is not yet eleven o'clock at night. You were sound asleep, and seemed dreaming."

The boy sunk back upon his pillow, and placing his hand under his head, turned his eyes on the moon-light window.

"Was I, mother?" said he.

"Robert," said she, "there's something the matter. Tell me what it is. Be afraid of nothing. You know how I love you."

And she kissed him. In doing so she found that the tears were stealing down his cheek. But still his hand lay under his head, and his eyes were fixed on the curtain.

"Tell me, Robert, tell me."

Another minute and then the boy's arms were flung round his

mother's neck, and his face buried in her bosom. He sobbed silently, and she waited.

"Tell me, Robert, tell me. It is good to open your heart, and if you have done wrong and that aches, remember the old verse you and I have talked of together—"I will arise and go to my Father——"

"And will say unto him," continued the sobbing boy.

But he could say no more, so they wept and talked together.

Oh! Eternal Spirit of God, how wonderful is thy long-suffering love! Oh! Satan, how active and unceasing are thine efforts to gain and ruin an immortal soul!

The strife was strong that night in the little chamber where the mother and her child were so close together. And the mother left the room, but she did not sleep. She rose early, at two in the morning, and rose to go to the boy's room. The Bible lay open upon his table—open at the 15th chapter of St. Luke, where there was the story of the Prodigal Son. But Robert was asleep, the tears undried still shone on his cheek. She read the holy lesson and went away, but left her sleeping child. Little did she know that her last kiss to him had been given that evening.

"I hope it is all happy," said she to her husband the next day, as Robert went off to his work. "But may God keep him safe. We all need grace to keep us, and Robert among us all."

"Yes," said the farmer, "I know that, but the boy is as safe as any one in this village."

The mother looked anxious, but said nothing.

The next day and the next Robert came home and was silent. All was dull there just now.

"It's that Alley," said his mother, "who is doing it all. Is there no getting him out of the place?"

And the farmer tried. But how was he to get Alley out of the place?

Robert had grown to be a tall, handsome youth—he was now past fifteen.

And the crisis came, and Alley never left Robert alone. "We go to-morrow," said he, although it had been twice put off. "We start from Rickwork. The oath is taken there, and you will be ready."

Pale and almost trembling, the pupil teacher spoke to his clever friend.

And Robert sat down to his usual tea and in his usual place; but a silence sank upon all of them. The farmer went to Alley's home, and found out the day that they were to go, and then he went to Edward Craven to see what could be done. But the farmer knew nothing of aught else than that Alley was a dangerous character, and that Robert was so much under his influence.

The next day came. Tea was ready as usual, and the place of all others cared for, Robert's, was still unoccupied. The clock had struck five some time since.

"Where's the lad?" said the farmer, leaning over the fire with his hands resting on his knees.

"He's late," said his mother going on with her work.

Little Susan looked from one to the other, not quite knowing what was the matter, but feeling something was.

Time slid by, but still no foot-fall on the path outside or sound within the farm except those three old companions which change and chance do not silence—the regular ticking of the clock, the purring of the cat, and the singing of the tea-kettle. The clock struck six, but not bit nor drop had been touched. The farmer rose.

"I will go and see—maybe he's at Edward Craven's, or at that fellow Alley's."

"Robert is always so punctual," said his mother; "he never would go to Edward Craven's when he knew it was tea-time. But go, father."

And the door closed on the farmer.

Short and silent was that meal of Susan and her mother's. Hour passed after hour, but Hardy did not return. There were no tidings at Edward's, but worse at Alley's. He had gone, and his parents were in deep anxiety. The farmer had gleaned and knew enough to make him know which way to turn his steps; so he set out for Rickworth. But alas! too late! Four lads had gone, and it was evident from the description who they were. The three had given false names, but Robert had given his own. "He couldn't tell a lie," said the farmer to himself.

He sent a messenger quickly off to his wife, while he started instantly to the port from which they were to start. He took the first train, simply sending a verbal message to his wife, saying she was not to expect him till she saw him.

But while she waited, the silence and delay became intolerable.

Susan employed herself in putting away the tea-things. Her mother opened the door, and walked out into the clear, frosty, starlight night. She listened, but there was not a sound save that deep silence which only belongs to a hard frost. While she was watching, a gleam of light, which seemed to flash from the hedge, struck her eye. It was reflected from a slate. She instinctively took it up. On the slate were written the words, "Oh! mother! "Oh! mother!" That was enough. Whether it was a cry of anguish as he went past his dear home of other days, or a last memorial of love to his mother, I cannot tell. But it was enough for her. She took it home, and she read its story right.

Three days passed away, and they were sad enough. No news from anyone, even to Alley's home.

The farmer returned. The boys had gone ere he reached the port. He arrived late in the evening, and walked straight to the fire and sat down with his hands on his knees—his usual posture. His wife said nothing, but guessed all. Susan went up into a corner and sobbed to herself. That was a sad and silent evening at the farm.

At length his mother left the room. She went to Robert's little chamber. The bed was as usual neatly folded down. The pictures on the wall; the Bible lying open on the table at the 15th chapter of St. Luke. She had not closed it. The moon shone in with a flood of wintry light upon the floor through the neat white curtain. She gazed silently round the deserted chamber, and she knelt down in the old place close to the pillow.

"Oh, my child, my child—Oh! God, my child——" She could say no more, but burst into tears, and prayed in silence—prayed for him on the distant sea—prayed for him in foreign lands—prayed for the only boy who had cradled on her breast—prayed that the Father would receive at His Home the child who, if he ever did arise and say "I will go to my father," would stand at that Father's door waiting to be accepted.

Days passed away, months rolled by, and nothing more was heard. Robert's little room and bed were always kept in order, for evening after evening his mother went to that room to pray for him—it was her household rest, her silent home of prayer.

So June rolled away like quiet pointless waves upon a still and dull sea-shore. The wild winds of January blew round the little household, round Susan in her little bed, round the room where the farmer and his wife were sleeping, round the silent, empty bed, the pillow of which was now never pressed, and the sheet which Susan patched never wrinkled. But the wind which sounded to each member of the little household suggested but one thought to all—though silently and secretly each thought of and prayed for Robert.

February came with its one soft, early sunshine, and the snow-drops grew in Robert's garden, and on the hardened ground, through which the hyacinths which he had planted were breaking, but no news of him. March only brought fresh winds and sadness, Dull, monotonous, weary March! And again they thought at night, and prayed each in their separate bed and chamber. Then April, sweet and gentle, genial and soft, waking up herb and root, germ and hedgerow flower. And Mrs. Hardy fulfilled her daily task, and the farmer neglected none of his; and Susan tended her garden and Robert's, and saw that his bed was "laid tidy," and his room in order; "for," as she said to herself, "he will come

back one day all of a sudden, and mother's face will be happy again."

Poor Susan! Yes, you were right in one thing, though wrong in the other; he did come back, but his mother's face did not "look happy," for it was where faces are not seen, nor earthly joys known.

And May came—happy, glorious May. Apple trees began to show their pink buds of blossom, and cowslips hung their modest heads among the growing grass of the field: and on May-day the postman walked up the field-path towards the farmhouse. He did this two or three times a week. But on this bright May morning poor Susan had given up the joining the happy party, who had elected their queen, and were to crown her with cowslips and cuckoo-flowers, and as she stood sadly at the open door the postman came up the field-path and put one letter into her hand. She took it, but the shout of happy children coming down from balmy fields laden with lovely and sweet-smelling spoil for their coronation was arresting her attention.

The postman went away before Susan looked at the direction on the letter. Her father often had letters from other farmers about the state of cattle and the price of sheep; so she thought little of her small burden, but starting at last from her reverie, and listening to what was to her the sweet concert of those "coronation" children, she looked absently on the letter. Susan started. It was addressed to Mr. Hardy. It was yellow and worn. It bore a foreign post-mark. A thrill passed through Susan's frame. She did not know how she reached the table by which her mother was sitting. Simply saying "Oh, mother!" she threw the letter into her lap. That handwriting there was no mistake about.

"Call father," said she, and, panting with eagerness, she brought her father in; and those three were together when they opened Robert's first and only letter.

"Oh, mother!—oh, father!—can you forgive me? God only knows how miserable I have been. I am coming home, but I must wait till I can pay off for the time for which I have undertaken. Oh, father, mother, Susan, do—do forgive me."

And that was all.

"Yes, my boy, I forgive you," said the farmer, who was the first to speak. "May the Lord bring you safe back to your father's home."

Susan had no answer to make to that appeal to her, for what would she not have done to have thrown herself on her brother's neck?—and she—(I mean Robert's mother)—who held that yellow time-worn letter in her hand. What had not she to say? But she said nothing. She only thought of the old words "I will arise and go to my Father." And that letter was well kept, and read over and over again—conned

over, and torn with constant use—for week after week, month after month. They watched and waited for Robert, but he did not come. Susan for some time daily tidied up that little room, although what there was to tidy up I do not know. But time rolled its lazy waves away, and no Robert came—no postman with yellow letters—no news. Summer came and went—roses died and holyoaks bloomed. The farm-garden—apples show red on the orchard trees, and the corn had been cut (with the sickle in the field, and sad November, with her ruddysunsets—a year now since he went away)—came and went, and spring returned. But though summer was returning with bird and bee, Robert never came.

“And he will now be sixteen and a half,” said his mother as she lay propped up on pillows, with her husband watching her silently, for she was fast dying.

I do not mean that it was Robert's absence which had brought this about; but naturally weakly and delicate, no doubt her fretting about him had hastened on the end.

And now it had come. The sweet sunshine of a second June was shining through the open window—through china roses and blooming woodbines. The printed text which Edward Craven had got for her—“I will arise and go to my father”—hung just opposite to her. Susan was lying on the bed trying to keep the pillows up, and her husband sat on the other side, close beside her. There was no other sound but the song of blackbirds in the hedge and thrushes on the lawn. The last religious duty had been performed.

“Father,” said she, faintly, and he drew close to her, “you'll receive him, and forgive him, if he comes?”

There was no word to answer that. There was more than a world for that affirmative, and two hours afterwards she passed gently away. In the last moment she was able to utter two words. The first was “Robert” and the last was “Jesus.”

And that was over; and it being Tuesday, the next Sunday was fixed for the funeral—for they always had funerals on Sundays in that village—that is, if they could). And the next Sunday, the day when Mrs. Hardy was to be buried, happened to be Whit Sunday.

CORAL INSECTS.

BY BARBARA HALIFAX.



Under the salt sea waves
 Ye build your coralline caves,
 Far from the haunts of man
 Ye toil out your life's brief span.
 Have ye time for gladness and melody?
 Do your hours pass sadly or cheerfully?
 Under the surging deep
 Do ye wild revels keep?
 Or pass ye all your lives in toil
 In heaping up your blushing spoil,
 And then on the pyre that yourselves have made
 In death, that can scarce be called death, are ye laid
 To sleep---to sleep
 Under the deep?

Strange lives, fair insects, are thine,
 Passed under the surging brine!
 Ye heed not the wrecks ye make,
 Ye know not the hearts ye break,
 When the proud ships strike on your glancing reef;
 Wild are the cries, but the agony brief,
 As beneath stormy waves
 The seamen find their graves,
 Far from the homes of those they love,
 Ocean around them—God above.
 But ye toil on! and ye teach unto man
 What he, too, may do in *his* life's brief span,
 Ere he yields his breath
 To the sleep of death.

LANDMARKS OF MY MEMORY.

By NELLA RAYNES.

No. III.

LOTTIE DEANE.

“Y dear Miss Eltham,—Do come over to tea to-day; I have such a curiosity to show you in the shape of a real live Australian scarecrow. In case you should not be prepared with a suitable welcome, I had better tell you that this potato-bogie is no other than my redoubtable brother James, who arrived most unexpectedly this morning; so please devote an hour to the study of Johnson and Walker, in order that you may be well up in expressions of surprised delight. He has come home such a tall—(no, that adjective is not enough)—such a *high* thing, one almost needs a telescope to look up at him; and he has whiskers, beard, and moustache all in one. For this occasion admission is free; but I may not be so much of a philanthropist to-morrow.—Yours, in the essence of haste, LOTTIE.”

Such was the epistle that disturbed my perusal of “Only a Clod.” Its contents pleased me, for the Brother James had been a great favourite of mine, and I should be very glad to see him; so the invitation was immediately accepted.

About twelve years before the period of which I am writing the house next to mine was to let. One day the bill was taken down, and a quantity of furniture arrived under the care of two servants, who, with the help of an upholsterer, were soon busily occupied in making the house ready for its future inmates. My curiosity was excited as to whom or what they might be, but was not gratified until some weeks after, when a cab drove to the door, and a widow lady, a boy of about sixteen, and a little girl, certainly not more than seven, alighted.

Mary, as usual, was my first informant with regard to something of the history of my new neighbours. Mrs. Deane had been a widow but a few months. Her husband, a banker in a small provincial town, had left them tolerably well provided for; so, after everything was settled, she had come to London in order that her children’s education might have greater advantages than S—— could give.

There is nothing like a child for paving the way to an introduction. Lottie was a winsome little thing, wonderfully self-possessed, with, even as a child, no small degree of humour. James was a handsome boy—at once his mother’s pride and torment; Mrs. Deane being a delicate-looking woman, taking but little interest in anything but her children.

The time passed quickly—their childhood was over, and James had accepted a lucrative situation in Australia. At first his mother objected, but he was ambitious, and declared he would never content himself with “a paltry two or three hundred a year in old England;” so, as in everything else, he had his way and departed, taking with him much of the charm from his mother’s life and a firm resolve to come back in a few years the possessor of gold galore to fetch her and Lottie. The latter had, during his absence, developed into a glorious type of the English girl—not exactly pretty, but stylish, *distingué*, and highly accomplished, the life and cynosure of the circle in which she moved, dazzling by the brilliancy of her wit, and pleasing by her graceful courtesy.

Lottie was at the window, and darted to open the door when she saw me enter the front garden.

“You dear old thing,” she exclaimed; “how good of you to be so tractable. Come, take off your cloak first; then you will be able to survey the live lion in comfort at your leisure.”

“Were you not very surprised to see him?”

“*Rather!* His entrance was of the most striking description,” answered Lottie, seating herself by the toilette-table. “Directly the door opened—(Are you looking for pins? Here are some)—he rushed in, flung open the door of the room where I was quietly reading——”

“That’s a new scent. How do you like it?”

“Very much.”

“Help yourself, then.”

“Well, to resume my narrative. Before I had time to recognize the intruder he had performed the part of a human skittle-ball, knocked down half-a-dozen chairs in as many different ways, and caught me up as one might expect, to be embraced by an affectionate member of the bruin family. As for my face he scrubbed it so with his beard that I shall have to spend a juvenile fortune in kalydor before my skin resumes its usual smoothness.”

“Is he improved in appearance?”

“Wonderfully. He is so much more manly. *Entre nous*, I have not the slightest objection to do the amiable, and be trotted out by him.”

“That, from the fastidious Miss Deane, is unqualified praise,” said I, laughing.

“Perhaps it is; but mind, not a word of this downstairs. It would be a pity to make him vain. Mamma does her best to render him so. Her eyes follow him in every direction. If you are ready now, we will go down,” and giving herself a peculiar little shake that always

had the effect of throwing her drapery into graceful folds she led the way.

I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses that the gentleman who rose with an air of polished ease to return my greeting could be my favourite James. When last I saw him he was barely twenty, still boyish in manners and appearance; now he stood before me a bronzed and bearded man of twenty-eight, with that indescribable something clinging to him always given by travel, and a habit of exacting obedience from others.

"Time has dealt leniently with you, Miss Eltham. The difficulty I have had in convincing certain people of my identity tells me it must be different in my case."

"Hold your tongue, sir, do," exclaimed Lottie; "you confessed that you were not sure who I was when you came in. It was a great pity you did not stop to ascertain before taking such unwarrantable liberties."

"Pardon me, sweet sister mine, there was method in my madness. You looked so bewitching—such a delightful copy of the 'Reading Girl'—that I was afraid you might be somebody else, and that if I hesitated you might explain the mistake, and deprive me of my fraternal right—to kiss your rosy lips."

"Sound reasoning, no doubt, but scarcely sufficient to smoothe my ruffled plumes—and collar."

"My dear, don't talk nonsense, but go and make the tea, and let us have some of the preserved peaches."

"Certainly, mamma. If there be a corpulent calf in the neighbourhood, shall I order its instant assassination?"

No reply being vouchsafed to this, Lottie departed to perform her task.

"To what are we indebted for your return, James?" I asked at tea-time.

Looking at his sister, he replied gaily, "Why, I heard such extraordinary accounts of that young lady's doings and undoings, even from herself. What they would have been told by any one else I dare not surmise, and at last I came to the conclusion that it would be much better if she had some one to keep her in order, so as business affairs were in a prosperous condition, and my establishment sadly in want of supervision, I determined to put my long-cherished plan into execution, and fetch my lady relatives."

Lottie nearly cut her hand, instead of the loaf, at this announcement.

"I should think a wife would be the proper person to manage your house."

"But suppose I cannot find one to suit me. I want your wisdom to help me in the search."

"Then all I can say is, it must be a lively place if there is not a girl worth having in it; and I have no wish to be a thorn in the side of a possible Mrs. James Deane."

"Well, I'll promise not to be married till after you. Will that satisfy you? Depend upon it I shall not have to wait long."

"Thank you, but I daresay I might find a husband without emigrating."

"Undoubtedly. May I trouble you to pass the butter?" And the conversation changed.

"Mother," said James, early in the evening, "I have no cigars left, and am sadly in want of one, so I think I will go and lay in a stock. Shall not be long," he added, putting his head in again at the door.

"Why can't you send one of the servants for them?" asked Mrs. Deane.

"Send a girl for cigars! Thank you kindly for the suggestion, Ma'am, but I have a slight dislike to "penny pickwicks."

"You absurd boy! Well, go along, and be as quick as you can."

Lottie had been silent for some time, apparently absorbed in some intricate tatting, but as the front door closed she looked up and said, "Mamma, does James really mean that he wishes us to go back with him?"

"Certainly he does. Why should he come over except for that reason?"

"But you do not intend to go?"

"Indeed I do, and shall be only too glad to be with him again. So, I should think, would you."

Lottie made no answer, but in a few minutes she rose to leave the room.

"Where are you going, Lottie?"

"To fetch some woolwork. This tatting is so fine it makes my eyes ache."

"That's strange; you never complained of it before. I always thought you had such good sight, but I wish you'd light the lamp, and find my spectacles before you go."

These injunctions were obeyed, and with an unmistakeable sigh of relief she left us. I did not hear her go upstairs, and a short time afterwards, as I was drawing down one of the blinds, I saw the dusky outline of her figure as she paced quickly up and down the path at the end of the garden. It was evident to me that for some reason she greatly disliked the idea of going to Australia. She came in a few minutes after James returned. Probably she had heard his knock, and knew he would soon seek her. Her face was pale and rigid, and she answered some trifling question of her brother's so sharply as to

astonish him, and gain a reproof from her mother. She seemed to recollect herself, though, and regret her hasty remark, for she turned to her brother, saying kindly, "You told me you wanted some music to-night. I will play for you if you like, James."

"Thank you, I should like it exceedingly. Do you excel in the musical line, Lottie?"

"I know my notes."

"You knew those eight years ago."

Lottie was in reality an accomplished musician, and played several pieces in a style that met with her hearers' unqualified praise.

"Now let me hear you sing. Not those," he added, as Lottie took up a book of operatic songs; "some of these old Scotch ballads, please," and he placed a volume before her. Her voice had a melancholy cadence that evening, and I could not help noticing the wild pathos with which, in singing "Auld Robin Gray," she invested the words, "I wish I were dead; but I'm no like to die." She smiled sadly when I bade her good-bye and remarked that she did not look well. "I have a headache" was the reason given.

Ah! Lottie, Lottie, were you not pleading, as so many of your sex do, the excuse of an aching head to hide the reality of a weary heart?

After a month devoted to visiting and pleasure-seeking—though to one of the trio it was a mockery of enjoyment—preparations for the departure of the Deane family began in earnest. I was very sorry to lose them. The friendship had been very pleasant to me, and the clever, kindhearted girl was dearer to me than I had thought. A great part of my time was spent with them. I and my "steam needle," as James called it, being always sure of a hearty welcome. Lottie had raised no objections to the scheme. She worked early and late—worked with a purpose, I thought, and that purpose a wish to avoid thinking. But a great change had come over her: she was very quiet, seldom speaking unless addressed, and the old playful wit was entirely laid aside. She grew pale and languid, but almost angrily repelled the charge of ill-health.

It was the last afternoon of their stay in England, and I had been spending the day with them. There was not the desolate look about the house that generally precedes a removal; the whole of the furniture had been sold, but was not to be removed until after their departure. Mrs. Deane and James had gone out on business, leaving Lottie and I engaged in some light packing. Our tasks completed, we went into the drawing-room. The early winter twilight was rapidly drawing in, but neither of us cared for lights. Tired with my exertions, I threw myself on a couch at the further end of the room, dreamily watching Lottie as she sat in a low chair, with the twilight

falling on her pale, sorrowful face, and I wondered what the shadow was that had clouded her bright young life.

I was startled from my reverie by a peremptory knock at the door, and soon afterwards the servant announced "Mr. Charles Wilson." I knew him by sight, as I had a sitting in the pew his father and mother occupied at church, and had had a sort of bowing acquaintance with the family. I was aware Lottie had frequently met him in society, and had often rallied her on his evident admiration for herself; but having lost sight of him for some time, the affair had escaped my memory. Yet some unaccountable impulse prompted me to remain where I was, unnoticed by one, forgotten by the other.

Lottie rose and offered her hand with a few formal words. He seemed nervously excited, and said in a hurried manner, "I have only this afternoon returned from France, where I have been for the last six months, and have just been told that you are going to Australia. Is it true?"

"Quite. The ship sails to-morrow."

"Are you glad to leave England?"

"Not at all; but mamma wishes to be with my brother, who, of course, must return. So I am obliged to yield to the force of circumstances."

"Is there no one else for whose sake you wish to go?"

"There is no one for whom I should wish to go,—or care to stay," she added bitterly.

"Oh, Lottie," he exclaimed, springing forward, "for the love of Heaven unsay those last words. Forgive me if I am scarcely collected. It seems as if my senses have deserted me since I heard you were going to leave England. I loved you, Lottie," he continued, taking her hand in his, and looking down on the drooping face, "loved you dearly and truly before I went away,—so dearly and so truly that I would not tie you to me by a promise then. I have toiled late and early till sometimes my brain seemed stupified with fatigue; but your dear face was ever before me, whilst the thought of the reward I hoped to claim spurred me on to renewed exertions. I have achieved my end—the position I coveted is mine. I can ask you to be my wife without doubting my ability to give you all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Lottie, will you go now?"

"I cannot stay; it is not possible."

"But you can make it so; answer me this one little question—"Do you love me?"

There was what seemed a long silence. Then she raised her frank, clear eyes to his, and answered firmly, "Yes, I do."

"Then no power on earth shall tear you from me, my love, my little birdie."

But why need I dwell on this? It was the self-same song that has found singers and listeners for ages, and will find them while the world lasts. It may be set in many keys, rise in a succession of pealing, joyous chords, or sink into a wailing minor; but the melody remains the same.

My retreat was soon discovered amid laughter and blushes, but neither of the actors seemed to trouble themselves much about my eavesdropping. Lottie said it saved her the trouble of telling me; and Charles, who, having overcome the one great obstacle, was ready to perform St. George, and encounter any dragon that might arise, claimed my intercession on their behalf in mock heroics.

"Oh, what will mamma say?" exclaimed Lottie.

"Say? Why, first, 'Bless me!' and then, 'Bless you, my children.' As to your brother, if he does not see the necessity for giving you to me, I must find him a pair of spectacles that will enable him to do so."

"There they are," said I, as James's voice sounded in the hall, and without a word, Lottie darted from the room.

I had just lighted the lamp, when Mrs. Deane came in, and, seeing my companion, said cordially, "Ah, Mr. Wilson, I am very pleased to see you again. Allow me to introduce you to my son. James, Mr. Charles Wilson." The young men bowed, and James went to the fireplace to put on his slippers.

"What a stranger you are. Where have you been?" remarked Mrs. Deane.

"In France for six months."

"Well, I am glad you came back in time to see us before we went. Lottie, too, will not be sorry to have an opportunity of bidding you good-bye."

"With your permission, Mrs. Deane, Lottie and I have agreed *not* to say good-bye to each other."

"What?" exclaimed James, with a slipper in his hand, and one foot in the air, while his mother stood in mute astonishment.

"The truth is," said Charles earnestly, "I have loved Lottie for some time, but have only just gained the position that will enable me to keep my wife as I could wish. She has confessed that I am not indifferent to her. Give her to me, and all the happiness that tender, care and unchanging affection can bestow shall be hers."

"Do you know for what you ask, Mr. Wilson," inquired James almost sternly.

"Yes, from you a sister, from your mother a daughter; but remember her future happiness as well as my own is concerned. You will have other ties in the land to which you are going, and will

probably soon find some one to compensate in some measure to your mother for the daughter she leaves behind."

"But it is impossible that I can leave her?"

"I think not, Mrs. Deane. There is no time for strict conventionalities. Let us be married in the morning. My mother is ready with a warm welcome for her."

"That is out of the question," said James as he went out of the room, returning in a short time with his sister.

"Lottie," he said very gravely, leading her to her mother's chair, "you are nearly twenty, as much a woman, and as well able to judge for yourself as if you were of age. Believe me, little sister, in all my plans I have had no stronger motive than the wish to make you happy. I have learnt to-day, for the first time, that the love I offer you is not sufficient. As Mr. Wilson says, there is little time to waste. God knows mother and I shall miss you sadly; but it is for you to decide. Take time to think. Recollect your decision will influence your whole future life."

With a wild cry she threw herself into his arms, sobbing in a manner that was dreadful to hear, and James clasped her tightly to him. Mrs. Deane was crying bitterly, my tears were falling fast, whilst Charles, with pale face and compressed lips, bent his head on the mantelpiece.

From sheer exhaustion Lottie's sobs at length became fainter, and when she was somewhat calm, James said to her, "Lottie, darling, such things must be, though either way this parting will be very painful. Do you wish to go or stay?"

"Oh, Charles! help me," she cried piteously. "Tell them I love them as much as ever, but *must* stay with you."

"That will do," said James, and he seated her gently on the couch. "Mr. Wilson, will you come with me; there are some business matters we must settle."

"Certainly," and the two left the apartment.

Lottie went to her mother, and laying her head in her lap, said, "Mamma, dear, you are not angry with me, are you?"

"No, dear; but I shall miss you so much," and she sat stroking her hair in silence, as she might have done years ago.

So I left them, for James had sent to request my presence in the dining-room. He rose as I entered, and offered me a chair. "I can find no reason to blame Lottie's choice, Miss Eltham, but her wedding must not be so hurried as to-morrow. It would be a serious loss to me were I to delay our departure. There is no one whom I could so well ask, nor whom I would so readily trust as you. Mr. Wilson, though rebelling against the delay, thinks my plan a good one. Will you take charge of my sister for six months, and superintend any preparations she may wish to make. It is a great favour."

"Hush, James; you and I are too old friends to talk like that. Leave her with me; it is the greatest pleasure you can give me. The trust shall be held sacred, and I will guard her as tenderly as I could the most cherished daughter."

It was arranged thus. I do not care to linger over a description of the parting next day. For weeks after Lottie grieved bitterly, but at length the excitement attendant upon the preparations for her wedding roused her. And was I not busy and pleased ransacking half-forgotten stores of rich old lace, and having jewellery reset. Lottie's *trousseau* was worth seeing, and so was the bride.

It was a quiet but very happy wedding, and if they have not received the flitch of bacon, it is only for want of claiming it.

THE CH'ONG M'OW, OR LONG-HAIRED REBELS.



Who enjoy a settled government know little of the misery of residing in a land where the government has not sufficient power to repress disturbers of the commonwealth. Many years have passed since civil war ravaged our country, or the foot of a foreign foe touched the shores of Great Britain, and we can scarcely realise the uncertainty and state of fear in which those live whose lot is less happily cast. China is a land where rebellion seems perennial, and foreigners have watched with much interest the recent attempt of the Taepings to subvert the Mantchoo dynasty, and replace it by that of Hung-Tseu-Tsenen. Could he have founded a firm Christian empire, as at first it was hoped he might do, he would have been the greatest benefactor to the human race that has ever existed, for in speaking of China we cannot forget that her population nearly equals the whole of the rest of the world; but the expectations of those who thought they saw in the Taeping movement the regeneration of China were soon dashed to the ground. The blasphemous pretensions of Hung-Tseu-Tsenen to Divine relationship were supported by hordes of ruffians, who marked their course only by plunder and desolation, who found in his service the opportunity for the indulgence of every brutal passion. No benefits were conferred on the districts subdued by the Taepings to induce the people to throw off the Mantchoo rule, which at least allowed them to pursue their avocations unmolested; but fire, murder, and pillage showed the path of the locust-like Ch'ong M'ow, or long-haired men, which soon became the name by which the

Taepings were known on the sea-board of China. It is an appellation which falls with little signification on an English ear, but it has a terrible meaning, and has spread dismay and terror amongst hundreds of thousands of Chinese. At the first utterance of its ominous syllables towns and villages have been cleared of their inhabitants, the frightened people, warned by the lurid smoke of distant fires that the alarm was but too true, quitting their homes to wander helplessly along the roads, till, worn out with fatigue and hunger, they fell down exhausted. We are not going to enter upon a history of the Taeping rebellion, but merely intend giving an explanation of the popular term for its followers.

Chinese expressions are generally full of meaning, and the words Ch'ong M'ow, which are pronounced as if there were another h before each o in the place of the apostrophe, originate from the fashion in which the Taepings wear their hair.

The most distinctive part of a Chinaman's *coiffure* is decidedly the long tail with which we are all so familiar. To cause this to grow in perfection it is requisite to shave the head all round for a width of about two inches, leaving a central tuft of hair, which is carefully cultivated from an infantile age in order to produce a thick handsome caudal appendage. The juvenile Celestial looks very comical with his shorn head and incipient pig-tail sticking out from his dark round skull like the spout of a black tea-pot. Of course the shaven head requires daily attention or the coarse hair sprouts, and a wreath of black bristles is the consequence of temporary neglect, and a remarkably unbecoming one it is. Every respectable inhabitant of the Flowery Kingdom is very careful to have his tail combed and plaited and the bare ring round the head shaved every day by a professional barber. Most of these men are itinerant. They carry about their apparatus of brass basin, combs, soap, razors, and stool from house to house, and accomplish their work in a masterly manner. Those who require their services first wash themselves *à la Chinoise*, i.e., dip a small towel into very hot, almost boiling water, wring it out, and pass it a few times over the head, face, and hands, and are then ready to submit themselves to the usual lathering process. Public baths are to be found in all large towns, and hot water is sold from house to house in the summer time, but the ordinary daily ablution is very limited. The shaving is generally confined to the ring round the skull, as Chinese have seldom any moustache, beard, or whiskers till they grow old, so that the elegant pendant moustache belonging to the obese figure sitting under an umbrella which we sometimes see presiding over small teagrocers' shops, is not often met with in the Celestial Empire, and, when seen, it is ordinarily grey, and indicates that the possessor has attained the age and honours

of grandfatherhood. When the shaving operation is over, the tail is combed and plaited. It is seldom thick and long enough to satisfy the wearer's ideas of what is becoming, so coloured silk, white, blue, or black, is woven in, in the course of plaiting, to supply the deficiency of hair. The colour of the silk depends on the fact of the wearer being in or out of mourning. If he has recently lost a near relative—say a father or mother—white silk must be used; if the sad event occurred more than twelve moons before, and his grief has been alleviated by the lapse of time, blue is selected as slight mourning, just as violet and lavender are admitted into “the mitigated woe department” of our mourning warehouses. At length the tedious process is over, and a fah, or Kin Tai, can go forth to his daily labour conscious that his *coiffure* has been properly attended to and that his head is neat and trim. Baldness is a real calamity to a Chinese, and renders him liable to unkind remarks, for criminals guilty of slight offences have their tails cut off, which at once brands them as offenders against society. However, there are very few Chinamen who have not enough hair to serve as a foundation for the tail of silk.

When the Taeping revolt first attained considerable dimensions, after it emerged from the mountain passes of Quang Tung, to the conquest of Nankin, and the attempted capture of Peking, it was requisite there should be some permanent mark by which the adherents could be distinguished from the Imperialists. The turmoil of plunder and warfare, or the absence of barbers from the rebel camp, prevented the Taipings paying the requisite attention to their personal appearance. The hair round the tail grew long and shaggy, imparting a ferocious and awe-inspiring expression to the smooth celestial countenance. Perhaps too, a desire to assimilate their appearance in some degree to that of the powerful barbarians whose religious tenets their leader was said to have adopted, may have caused the Taipings to abandon the purely Chinese fashion of wearing all the hair plaited into a tail. Though the reason of their doing so is obscure, the fact is certain, and the introducer of this custom must have been a reasoner as well as a humourist, for the long hair (Ch'ong M'ow) implied a lengthened allegiance to the Kingdom of Great Peace, for the growth of hair cannot be forced to any extent, notwithstanding the numerous barbarously named compounds which are advertised in our papers to do so. Hence the epithet Ch'ong M'ow soon became the familiar and terrible name by which these scourges were known amongst the peaceful populations, and the rumour that the long-haired men were coming sufficed to depopulate entire districts. The terrified inhabitants whose hair was short and whose political sentiments, therefore, favoured the Imperial cause, betook themselves to boats, bushes, or any place of concealment. Fathers and mothers fled along the towing-paths or by

the narrow highway, carrying with them their portable valuables and their children, and loving parents were sometimes compelled to choose which of the little ones they should try to convey to a place of safety and which they must leave behind to almost certain starvation and death. Being captured by the Ch'ong M'ow, meant death to old men, women, and able-bodied men, who refused to join the captor's ranks, and slavery and degradation for the younger women and boys. The latter, when taken prisoners, were not allowed to have their heads shaved, were carried away by these plundering hordes, and soon in their turn became Ch'ong M'ow, and recruited the Taeping armies. The industrious populations upon whom the Taipings swooped down like clouds of locusts had but a sorry time, for the Imperialists on re-occupying the districts devastated by these marauders slaughtered all whom they suspected of favouring the rebellion, or whose hair had attained a treasonable length. Yeh, the deposed Viceroy of Canton, boasted that he had ordered the execution of one hundred thousand long-haired rebels, and his policy, that massacre was the only means of extinguishing the revolt, was carried out by other mandarins in power.

In 1861 and 1862 the Taipings ravaged the rich provinces around the foreign settlements of Shanghai and Ningpo, and a piteous sight it was to witness long trains of panic-stricken fugitives driven from their homes by the alarm of their approach, hurrying in small parties, parents with their children, grey-haired old men and weak tottering women, along the banks of the canals, towards some fancied place of security, whence they would, perhaps, again be forced to flee. Numbers took refuge in the foreign settlements of Shanghai. Huts were erected to provide a slight shelter from the keen winds of the N.E. monsoon, and food was doled out to the poor villagers, who seldom brought from their ravaged homes more than a roll of bedding or a small bag of rice. Others betook themselves to boats, which they endeavoured to conceal, up the numerous canals intersecting the provinces around the mouth of the Yag-Ise-Keang, and lay hidden till the plundering armies had completed their work of waste and ruin. The wealthier classes flocked to the protection afforded by the foreign flag, and were willing to pay enormous sums for safe shelter. Bamboo houses were erected with extraordinary rapidity, and the population of Shanghai increased from about 250,000 to over 2,000,000, according to Sir T. Bruce's despatch. The Taou-lai, or governor of the native city, placed his treasures under the care of an English firm, and when the Ch'ong M'ow came nearer and the alarm was at its height, he slept or tried to sleep in a junk anchored off the British settlement, feeling safer there than in his own yamun.

While taking their daily rides on their own race-course, the foreign

residents could see the smoke of burning villages, while those who extended their constitutional into the adjoining districts, brought back sad tales of smouldering homesteads, burnt rice and bean stacks and murdered corpses, for these savage banditti destroyed property and life even where no resistance was offered.

It is, doubtless, the unmilitary spirit of the Chinese which has allowed a body of robbers to obtain such power and commit such destruction. They leave the protection of their paternal government, devoting themselves entirely to industrial and mercantile pursuits. They have a proverb—"Of good iron you do not make a nail, neither of a good man do you make a soldier"—which well expresses their contempt of a military life. They are entirely wanting in the chivalrous spirit which animates the volunteers of Great Britain and makes them willing to undergo much hardship to be able to defend the homes they love so well. I once heard a Chinese merchant say, when asked why he did not himself fight for his home and property, "My makee pay that mandarin catchee plenty brave; what for wantchee fight my own?" But the braves run away, and the mandarin swallows a gold-leaf pill, and the merchant finds himself left at the mercy of any banditti who attack him. The government, weakened by a long course of misrule, is unequal, without aid, to the task thrown upon it by the care of such vast territories, and when turbulent desperadoes, such as are to be found in all parts of the world, band themselves together, striking terror into the hearts of the timid people by acts of savage ferocity, the latter, instead of uniting in their own defence, seek safety only in flight, whereas, if defensive measures were properly organized, a province containing 14 or 20,000,000 of inhabitants could easily subdue a corps of plunderers, even should they number some hundreds of thousands.

Happily for China, the skill of our brave and good countryman, Lieut.-Col. Gordon, has broken up the vast horde of Ch'ong M'ow, and destroyed the unorganised Taeping kingdom, which at one time threatened to reduce the richest and most densely-populated provinces on the coast of China to the same state of desolation as that which existed around Nankin, its head-quarters. The energy and generalship of one man, aided by a few of the appliances of European warfare, effected that which had baffled for many years the power of the Chinese empire, wielded by its mandarins.

A CORONET AT LAST,

A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or True to the Last."

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—IBID.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRIAL.



HURRYING home with his newspaper, Bernard made his tea, and settled himself near the window to read the trial. He was not long in finding it. The heading, in large letters, was—

THE POISONING AT KESTON VILLA.

Thursday.—Central Criminal Court (Before the Lord Chief Baron).

This morning at ten o'clock, when his lordship took his seat, the court was crowded to excess, and Richard Woodward was placed at the bar, indicted for the wilful murder of Emmeline Woodward, his wife, at Keston Villa, on 22nd of April last, 1861.

The prisoner, who is described in the calender as a "gentleman," fifty-two years of age, appeared considerably younger, and is a remarkably fine-looking man, with a resolute bearing. He pleaded "Not Guilty." Mr. Serjeant Bullysome and Mr. Ticklewit appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Twistabout and Mr. Jewry-split, assisted by Messrs. Picklebury and Sharpsett, for the prisoner.

The nature of the case being such as to make it depend in a great measure on circumstantial evidence, it is necessary to introduce it by a statement of facts in the form of a connected narrative so as to render the hearing of the evidence intelligible. The prisoner was formerly, it appears, an opulent banker, the banking business having been ruined through the absconding of a young man named George Hamilton, a head clerk, with the bulk of the capital, at the precise moment when Mr. Frederick Burlington, the junior partner, was laid up by a serious illness that ultimately ended in death; and his father, Mr. Jacob Burlington, the senior partner, looked entirely to Mr. Woodward to support the brunt of the whole affair. It seems that since their loss of position and reduction of fortune the Woodwards have not lived very happily together. Keston Villa is said to have been kept up on the interest of his wife's fortune, who was the daughter of Sir Albert Melville, Bart., where they had been in the habit of residing with their two daughters. Their frequent quarrels have been subject of conversa-

tion in the neighbourhood, and on the night of Friday, April 20, the prisoner entered the shop of Mr. Sperge, chemist, and obtained from the assistant, in the absence of the master, one pennyworth of acetate of lead, destroying the label before he left the shop. On Sunday, 22nd, they have some words, and after dinner the prisoner fetches up a bottle of wine and a small quantity in a decanter. He is not in the habit of drinking wine on a Sunday. He gives some from the decanter to deceased. Himself and daughters drink from the fresh bottle. The deceased complains of a queer taste in the wine, the remainder of which is conveyed to the servant by one of the daughters. Soon after the wife is seized with alarming pains, which terminate rapidly in death, and the servant is discovered to be suffering from similar symptoms. The prisoner, in running for a doctor, takes with him the decanter which held the wine alleged to be poisoned, and contrives to drop it in the street. Such is an outline of the case now to be tried.

Mr. Serjeant Bullysome opened the case in a speech in which he forestalled the evidence and summing up of the bench, rather assuming that the prisoner must have committed the murder, and calling upon the jury to convict him, saying that he should demonstrate that the prisoner had placed the poison in the wine.

The Lord Chief Baron remarked that as no portion of the wine, or even of the decanter, remained, there could hardly be direct proof of that, and he saw no such proof upon the depositions.

The learned Serjeant said undoubtedly that was so, and he did not mean to imply or convey to the jury that there was any express or direct evidence that there was acetate of lead in the wine, but still he contended that it would be abundantly demonstrated by means of inferential proof, because on the one hand it was obvious that the woman had died of the effects of acetate of lead, that the prisoner had purchased a sufficient quantity of that poison, that he had given her the wine, and, lastly, that she had been seized with illness, and died soon after. Whatever his motive might have been, the deed would be murder. On the other hand, he would show that they did not live happily together, that he often complained of deceased's extravagance, and that their disputes were so frequent and so noisy as to make them a byword with their neighbours' servants. Taking these and all other circumstances of the case into consideration, the learned Serjeant said he thought the jury would feel reasonably satisfied that the prisoner had administered the poison to the deceased, and if so they would feel no difficulty in convicting him; but if they were not so satisfied they would acquit him.

The first witness called was one of the most important in the case—

one of the daughters of the deceased. Alice Woodward said she was eighteen years of age ; the deceased was her mother, and she lived with her parents at Keston Villa. She was at home all day Sunday, 22nd. The deceased did not go to church. After breakfast she went into the kitchen. Witness was downstairs with her part of the time. The deceased made a custard tart and a rhubarb tart, and put them into the oven to bake. There was another person in the kitchen part of the time, besides the servants, named Rebecca Dawkins ; she acted sometimes as charwoman. She came in on Sunday to see the servant, Martha Brookes. The deceased talked to Mrs. Dawkins. She talked about the charwoman's child that was ill. She was present at dinner. Her father and mother had some words—nothing more than usual. Her mother was unhappy. Her father said he had some wine which would not bear keeping longer. Saw her father fetch up some wine, and give to her mother. Heard her mother say it tasted queer. Saw her father taste, and spit out what he tasted. Took down what remained in the glass to the servant, Martha Brookes, as her mother desired. Her mother did not speak, but made a sign. She often made a sign instead of speaking, because she was afraid of the prisoner. She was afraid of making him angry. Her mother was seized with violent pains and sickness about ten minutes after dinner. Asked her father to fetch a doctor. Gave him the decanter herself when he was going out, fancying he might bring back some medicine. Saw her mother die. Deceased did not speak after she was first attacked.

Cross-examined by Serjeant Bullysome.—I am not in the habit of going to church. I certainly know the nature of an oath. Going to church does not effect that. I do not think it effects it. I am not a child. I have some old toys by me, but am not imbecile. I know the difference between a knave and a fool, Mr. Bullysome. (Laughter.) Deceased was afraid of my father swearing or speaking loud. He was not in the habit of striking her ; never saw him strike anything but the table.

Serjeant Bullysome : You say you know the nature of an oath ; you are now upon your oath. Come, witness, have you never seen your father give a blow ?

Witness : Yes ; I said I have seen him strike the table.

Serjeant Bullysome : Your parents disagreed ; you and the prisoner disagreed. How did you disagree ?

Witness : We are all disagreeable to each other, as lawyers are disagreeable to witnesses. (Laughter.) I did push the decanter into prisoner's hand. I was beside myself with grief to see my poor mother suffering. Prisoner shared our grief. He seemed quite lost

when I put the bottle into his hand. I did mean decanter when I said bottle. Prisoner is a very peculiar man.

Serjeant Bullysome: What do you call a peculiar man?

Witness: Such a man as the prisoner, or as Mr. Serjeant Bullysome. (Laughter.) I believe the prisoner is as innocent as Mr. Serjeant Bullysome.

The next witness called was Maud Woodward, eldest daughter of the deceased and the prisoner. She was deeply affected, and fainted away upon being conducted into the box. As soon as she was able to give her testimony, which she did interrupted by frequent sobs, and amidst the sympathy of the court, the Lord Chief Baron asked her to raise her veil. She complied with reluctance, and revealed to the court a face of exquisite beauty, but pale and tearful. She trembled excessively. Even Mr. Serjeant Bullysome showed sympathy with so young and sensitive a girl, placed in so melancholy a situation. She said she was 19 years of age, and lived at home. On the morning of Sunday, the 22nd, when she returned from church, her mother was in the kitchen. They dined together. They had a few words at dinner. Witness reclined on the sofa before dinner was over, being unwell. Witness was delicate. Knew her mother had some wine. Did not see what her father fetched. Heard her mother make some objection to the wine. She thought her sister went out of the room—could not swear it. Had a glass of wine herself subsequently, and came to the table. Her mother then laid down. She complained of pains shortly after, and they were all much alarmed. She found the servant suffering from similar pains. She insisted on her father fetching a doctor. He did not seem to think it serious. She was frightened. She remembered nothing more. Believed she fainted.

Cross examined: Regretted that her parents were absent from church that Sunday. Believed they were unwell. Could not deny that they were often absent.

Serjeant Bullysome: You mean to say they never go?

Mr. Jursplit objected that the question was irrelevant.

Serjeant Bullysome said he had a right to ask anything he pleased.

Mr. Jursplit: But the witness can refuse to answer.

Serjeant Bullysome: Witness is a witness for the prosecution, and not for the defence.

Mr. Jursplit: I am for the defence, and I object to the question.

Serjeant Bullysome had put the question, and should not withdraw it.

Mr. Jursplit appealed to the bench, who agreed that the learned Serjeant had no right to put the question.

Serjeant Bullysome would be sorry to annoy the young lady.

Witness certainly felt annoyed at such a question being put.

The question was withdrawn, and the witness left the box.

Betsy Freegossip, cook to Mr. Philip Hanwell, Adelaide Villa, St. Stephen's-road, said : I live next door to the prisoner. The walls are very thin, and we can hear he and deceased a-rowing as we sit in our kitchen, leastwise twice a day, and morning, noon and night, on the blessed Sundays. I should rather think they lived like cat and dog, them two. I have lived in Mr. Hanwell's service nigh upon two year. My master and missis lives like two mock-turtle birds (laughter), and never have no wrangling in their house. I am not mistaken to say they quarrel—I says it upon my oath, and I'll take another if you like. We can hear what they say precious often.

Lord Chief Baron : And what do you hear ?

Witness : Hear, your worship ? Why, more swearin' than you hears in this noble court any day in the week.

Lord Chief Baron : Well, but I suppose he says something besides swearing ?

Witness : Well, he do, now, your worship, sure enough. But it is mainly swearing as comes through the walls. Martha—that's their servant—she says to me—

Mr. Jurysplit objected to this evidence, and begged the witness might be kept to the case. They wanted facts, not kitchen gossip.

The witness being admonished, said : Well, what I hears with my very ears is this much. I was standing, I was, and Jane the house-maid, in the garden, master and missus having gone for to see missus's mother at Blackheath, and no one at home but us, and the primroses, and such like, peeping out in the garden, and the road very gay, we goes into the garden in our Sunday caps to get a mouthful of air.

Witness was again admonished by the court.

Witness : Well, and ain't I going to tell you ? And what is the use of pulling the bells, as it were, in that way ? By Jessamy ! you're as bad as the prisoner. I am going to say nothing more *irry elephant*, as you calls it ; let me bide, and I'll say my say. Let me bide, your worship, for you can't hang the man, leastwise, without me.

Lord Chief Baron : We cannot let you bide, my good woman, unless you keep to the point. Now, what did you hear or see ?

Witness : Well, as we was "a-walking the giardin around"—(order)—and so we was !—we heard a row next door, and says Jane, "The wind is getting up again," says she (and it is to the point, I tell you). "That man 'll murder his wife some day," says she, "and we ought to witness it—we'll be wanted." Now don't you see it's to the point ? (To the court. Laughter.) We made for the bushes ; they was having their dinner, and was a quarrelin' for sure and certain. We heard him call out "ruin your husband" very loud, and mention her name. She appeared to be insisting on somethin' or other, and he

wouldn't. I heard him say, "D—— extravagance" two or three times; and we both heard him say "he would put an end to it, he would;" and we both heard Miss Alice—that is the daughter—putting in her spoke precious loud. And that is what *we* heard, Sir. And we went in, two friends being come to tea with us; and presently we hear a sort of moanin' through the wall, and Tom says, "Why Betsy you be *haanied*—you've been and got gostesses 'ere;" and we all laughed, little thinking it was poor Martha and the poison. Then there was a loud sobbin' and roarin' and groanin', and runnin' in and runnin' out; and out we runs to see the matter, and Mr. Sperge he was a comin' out, mad-like, and wouldn't answer a civil question, and runs off. And presently comes the police, and carries off the prisoner; and says I, "Jane, I'm afeard to sleep in this precious 'ouse, and master and missus out, and a corpus murdered t'other side of the petition, as one may say; we had best get Tom to stop." And Jane says, "Hold your jaw," says she; "we'll have to be witnesses, and we 'ad best keep our eyes and ears open. We know more of this than anybody else."

Witness was cross-examined, but nothing new elicited.

Jane Havelaw called: I am housemaid to Mrs. Hanwell. I was walkin' in the giardin Sunday night a month come to-morrow. It was the 22nd day of April. I know it was. It is nothing to you why I know it. We 'eard loud words at the next 'ouse, Keston viller. It is only a 'edge of bushes, like, 'twixt our giardin and theirs, and standing under the 'edge one is more than 'alf under their winder and ours both at once. They are not much of 'ouses in St. Stephen's-road; the Wood'ard's arn't much. They were always quarrelin'. My master and missus didn't think 'em good neighbours. Betsey and I was standin' where I *hindickated*, and 'eard 'em goin' on as they generally do, most perticular on a Sunday, when the place is quiet. 'E wasn't talkin' of extravagance, but of saving. 'E was rowing 'cause they laughed at his spectacles—she 'eard him say spectacles. She 'eard him talking of pie crust. 'E wouldn't eat the pie crust nor the custard. They quarrelled about the custard; *she* 'eard 'em; and nobody would eat the custard but the deseased herself, and said she liked it. Witness could partly 'ear and partly tell by gesture.

Cross-examined: There was a lamp on the table, and the window shutters were not closed. She could see into the room where she stood. When she 'eard deceased was poisoned by the lead she said to Betsey, "We'll 'ave the law of 'im." She knew their evidence would be important. She had often been a witness before. She never took a bribe. She scorned the question. Mr. Jurysplit might cross-examine and cross-examine, he would not get any good out of her. She meant she was a witness for the prosecution, and that

'e was on prisoner's side. Of course, she was impartial. She was for the prosecution 'cause she was. If she knew anything in favour of the prisoner she would up and speak; but she knew nothing. 'e was good-for-nothing, so everyone said. She said what she knew, and would speak truth through thick and thin.

Mr. Philip Hanwell called: The last witness was his servant. Mrs. Hanwell and himself were absent from home on Sunday, the 22nd April, and did not return till Monday night. His depositions at the inquest were then read over, and the witness left the box.

Algernon Fribble, the assistant to Mr. Sperge, who sold the poison to the prisoner, was called, and proved selling the sixpennyworth of acetate of lead to him in an ornamental toilette pot, which he brought with him on Friday evening, and also deposed to the fact of his destroying the label.

The Lord Chief Baron censured the young man for allowing the bottle to be taken from the shop without the label.

Algernon Fribble: What could I do, Sir? The prisoner had the label and destroyed it. I remonstrated, and he swore. He is six foot high, and a powerful man, a gentleman too, and we know him very well. He is often in the shop. He was near the door, and went out.

Lord Chief Baron: You should have called the police.

Witness said there was no policeman in sight. Witness would like to hear of anyone who ever saw a policeman when he was wanted.

Amos Sperge, surgeon, was then called upon. He said the prisoner fetched him to Keston Villa on Sunday, April 22, at about 7 o'clock. He found deceased and her servant both suffering apparently from the effects of poison, which poison he believed to be acetate of lead. He treated them accordingly—(treatment stated at length)—but deceased died in a few minutes. He had often attended deceased, and considered she had a fine constitution. She suffered much from low spirits and nervousness, brought on, he considered, by her husband's ill-treatment. She led the life of a dog. He considered them a very unhappy family. The deceased complained a great deal of the prisoner. The deceased was perfectly sane. There was no indication of intemperate habits. Neither insanity or drink would produce such symptoms as he found deceased suffering from on Sunday evening, April 22, and which shortly terminated in death. He had made a *post-mortem* examination. He secured the stomach and removed it, and found the mucous coat in a state of great inflammation, such as would be produced by an irritant poison. The stomach and contents were sealed up and sent to Professor Ayler. Witness found nothing to which he could ascribe death except the result of an irritant in the stomach; and in his judgment that irritation was caused by

acetate of lead. He suspected at the time that it was acetate of lead. Natural causes could not have produced the appearance he observed.

Cross-examined: The witness said he believed deceased to have a strong constitution and generally good health. The appearance of irritation on the coats of the stomach could only have been produced by poison. There was no doubt whatever about the presence of sugar of lead.

Re-examined: He never knew a stomach present such appearances from natural causes.

Professor Ayler was then called, and entered into minute details of the analysis, the result of which was to prove undoubtedly the presence of acetate of lead, and death from the same. In conclusion, the professor said he never knew in all his experience a clearer case of death caused by taking acetate of lead. The time of operation of such a poison would vary according to circumstances.

Cross-examined from his own book, Dr. Ayler stated that there were exceptional cases, one of which he himself recorded, in which the poison had worked a little sooner or later. The operation of the poison would depend a good deal on the state of the stomach and circulation. There was no absolute rule to lay down on the subject. The fact that the deceased was of temperate habits would make the action of the poison slower. The period of death from acetate of lead varied in different cases, and according to the quantity taken. The earliest known was almost instantaneous.

The Coroner who held the inquest stated that he had given the prisoner notice that a criminal charge would be made against him, and that if he elected to make a statement he must do so upon oath. He said he wished to be sworn, and made the deposition as follows:—

“I bought acetate of lead on the evening of Friday, April 20, at the shop of Amos Sperge, surgeon and chemist, but neither gave nor caused it to be given to deceased. I put the pot containing it on the bedroom mantelpiece, and afterwards found it had been removed.”

Alice Woodward recalled: I saw an ornamental pot with something in it amongst several phials on the mantelpiece of the sleeping chamber occupied by my father and mother. I saw it there on Saturday and on Sunday. I went into the room on Sunday just before dinner, and it was not there then. My father seemed very much affected when my mother died. The police constable came the same night, and said, “Richard Woodward, I arrest you on suspicion of poisoning your wife.” The prisoner went with him without a word.

This closed the evidence in the case.

(To be continued.)

THE HURTLEBURY ELEVEN DEFEATED.



HE Hurtlebury Cricket Club, to which we had the honour to belong, some few years ago, numbered seventy-seven individuals—forty-two of whom were “honorary” and thirty-five “playing” members. It was customary for the eleven best of these latter to play ten matches during the season, one of which they were always sure to win, and the remaining nine as invariably to *lose*. This was an unsatisfactory state of things, but how brought about it would be difficult to tell. Some declared that Spanker, their fast round-arm bowler, had been “off his pitch” for years; others complained of there being a lack of enthusiasm on the part of several of the members; and some few vowed that Lobs, the captain, was gouty, irritable, and a—*muff*. Some said one thing; some, another. However, the fact remained indisputable that the “eleven best” of Hurtlebury donned their flannels ten times a year in order to do battle with the champions of the surrounding districts, and nine times out of the ten returned to their homes to doff those flannels in disappointment and disgust.

The agony of the inhabitants of Hurtlebury, as they surveyed the discomfiture of their heroes, was absolutely painful to witness, and the reproaches with which the vanquished were assailed were of the most forcible and cruel description. Even jeering was resorted to, and the bitterest irony. At last Hurtlebury was disgracefully defeated by Upton Magna, and from the evening of that eventful day things began to assume a really serious aspect.

“Beaten again, as usual!” cried old Lieutenant Smythe, R.N., as three or four of the Eleven entered the sanctum of the Griffin Hotel, divested of their flannels, and endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as possible under the trying circumstances. “Beaten again, as usual!” the old cynic repeated, handing his glass to be refilled and winking at the same time at the young lady who presided at the bar, for whom, it was whispered, the Lieutenant had conceived an extraordinary attachment. “Who or what’s to blame this time, eh?” he asked, as he placed his replenished tumbler carefully and tenderly on the right-hand corner of the little round table at which he had nightly seated himself for a score of years or more, and from the legs of which he was only too frequently disentangled and refreshed with soda-water ere he could be persuaded to consider the untimeliness of the hour and be brought to recollect in what quarter of the town he resided.

“’Twas the ground,” replied Lobs, gloomily, in answer to his question.

"Oh! 'twas the ground, was it?" chuckled the Lieutenant. "The time before last 'twas the 'slows,' last time 'twas the weather, now it's the ground. Upon my word and honour, Mr. Lobs, you possess a great talent for invention, sir. What is it going to be next, I wonder?"

"So, 'twas the ground," interposed Spanker, dryly.

"Bowled for nothing, no doubt," sneered the old boy, who didn't like to be interrupted. Of course, it's the ground with *you*. What's the highest score you've made this season, Mr. Spanker, sir?"

"Don't be inquisitive; you're beyond your sixth glass of brandy-and-water, and can't control yourself again, as usual. If you will have the goodness to keep quiet, I daresay Lobs will let you know about the match. By the way, when are you likely to be Admiral?"

"Admiral, sir! Such confounded impudence! I'll cut the service, sir. I wouldn't be an Admiral, sir, if the whole Board of Admiralty came down and implored me to——"

"Emerge from your half-pay retirement, eh?"

"I would *not*, sir; and it's much like your impertinence to talk of things you don't understand to an officer who was a midshipsman on board the Victory when Nel——"

"Oh! oh! oh!" was chorused by every person in the bar, as the Lieutenant was about to deliver himself of certain astounding information relative to his early career. Copious draughts of brandy-and-water are apt to work insidiously on the imagination, and of this psychological fact in connection with Lieutenant Smythe, R.N., the majority of the inhabitants of Hurtlebury were by no means unaware.

Finding that he could not mount his hobby with much credit to himself, the old tar relapsed into an obstinate silence, which he did not condescend to break for some considerable time. In the interval two more of the Eleven had made their appearance, together with several of the leading tavern-frequenters of Hurtlebury.

Before we proceed further we will say just a word or two about the Griffin. Less than twenty years ago this hotel was a good old-fashioned structure, with pointed gables, and, if we recollect rightly, a signboard of a gorgeous and amazing pattern. Poor old Andrew Bowles, whose versatility was universally acknowledged, and who had been, amongst other things, a druggist, auctioneer, clerk at a brush factory, a schoolmaster, a professor of pyrotechny, and an emigrant to America, was, at that time, the landlord; but, with all his experience, the Griffin never became a highly-flourishing hostelry under his management. Andrew was by far the most scientific billiard-player in Hurtlebury, a proficient at the game of skittles, and by no means a bad hand at whist; he knew much about the manufacture of sky-rockets, and had some reputation as a getter-up of private theatricals;

nevertheless, to quote the words of one of Hurtlebury's most sagacious inhabitants; "He must 'ave drunk more than 'alf the profit, and while *he* had the Griffin most everything went to wrack and ruin." Andrew, as was only natural, became insolvent, and found it advisable to exile himself from his native town. He was succeeded by a certain Mr. Edward Basse, a widower, who was tall and portly, and—strange infatuation for a Boniface!—said to be possessed of a turn for church music. This gentleman, we believe, did not take a very active part in the management of the hotel, but allowed his daughter, Amelia, who was desperately enamoured of the driver of a four-horse stage-coach, to assume the reins of government. This young lady, however, was not a very good manager (some were ungallant enough to say that she drank), and under her auspices the Griffin was not much more thriving than it had been in the days of Andrew Bowles. Her father knowing this only too well, removed to the Cygnet, and his late residence was closed for a considerable period; but the Cygnet proved fully as unprofitable, and back to the Griffin went Edward Basse, who had in the meantime married a wealthy and fair widow. At this period of its history, the old gable-roofed Griffin was pulled down, and a stately stuccoed edifice arose in its place. The tap, which had for so many years faced the High-street, was metamorphosed into a booking-office; a spacious billiard-room was erected up the yard, and the new bar decorated to suit the all but Oriental tastes of Mrs. Basse. Notwithstanding that a large portion of his wife's money had been lavished upon the house, still the worthy landlord, who, as we have before hinted, preferred church-music to hotel-keeping, was unable to make the place pay; and, after due deliberation, surrendered the Griffin into the keeping of one James Lester, and retired from the scene of action to live upon the small salary he derived from the church-choir and what little remained of his wife's property. Mrs. Basse went with him, as a matter of course, but he did not allow her to remain long, for he was a man of a choleric temperament, and she rendered his life miserable by continually taunting him with an injudicious disposal of her fortune.

The Griffin having fallen into the hands of James Lester, who enjoyed a certain reputation for smartness, and whose wife was the daughter of the principal hotel-keeper of Broome, it was supposed by many of the inhabitants of Hurtlebury that it would now become one of the most flourishing hotels in the town; but it subsequently turned out that these individuals were wrong in their conjectures, for the Griffin, instead of making any progress, executed a retrograde movement, and bid fair to relapse into a very poor state indeed. It was only too evident that Mr. James Lester was not suited to the Griffin. A combination of laziness and semi-intoxication proved detrimental to

his career. He left his wife to take upon herself the rest of the hotel management, and retired to the billiard-room and stables for a period of about two years and a half, and then thought proper to vacate in favour of the present landlord, who, we believe, has restored the Griffin to a somewhat healthy condition.

And now that we have given the leading features of the history of the Griffin, we will return to the company assembled in its bar. All of the uninitiated were very anxious to learn the particulars of the Upton Magna match, but the members of the Eleven who were present were singularly silent and reserved, and had to be pressed before they would give the requisite information.

"The ground was not in a worse state than usual, I suppose?" interrogated Robinson, who was of a sceptical turn of mind.

"Oh, yes, it was," answered Boyes, the longstop, quickly. "I had the greatest difficulty possible to stop the balls, and when I was batting to Hewitt's bowling I was in an awful funk, for just in front of the crease the ground was full of holes. I was struck several times in the face and chest, and as for poor old Browne, he's black and blue—bruises all over!"

"How many runs did the Upton Magna men make?" asked Clowes, removing his pipe, at which he had been puffing vigorously.

"Two hundred and ten in their first innings," replied Boyes.

"How many in their second?"

"Oh, they didn't go in the second time, because—because we were——"

"Beaten in one innings, I suppose?" interrupted Robinson.

"Well—ye-e-es," stammered Boyes.

"By how many runs?" inquired Clowes.

"One hundred and twenty. But it was entirely owing to the ground."

"Entirely owing to the ground—stuff and nonsense!" shouted Robinson. It's always the case with you fellows; you are the laughing-stocks of the whole county! Upton Magna is about half the size of Hurtlebury, and yet Upton Magna can lick Hurtlebury into fits. It's a confounded shame, that it is! And you make such an exhibition of yourselves, too! You start off, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, in a break-and-four, with a fellow playing the cornopean as you pass through the principal streets, and in the evening you sneak back to town and take off your flannels before you dare to show your faces. I should be ashamed to return at all if I were you. What did Legge make?"

"Nothing."

"That's his usual score, isn't it?" said Greene, with a smile.

"He makes runs sometimes, but he's a little out of practice just now," replied Boyes.

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"Did Lobs score many?" pursued Robinson, who was determined to learn as much as possible about the match.

"No, he only scored one in his first innings, and he made nothing in his second," answered Boyes. He was bowled off his pad each time. And if the ground——"

"Bother the ground! Please don't say it was the ground again. If all of you would only practice a little more you would not be compelled to make use of such paltry excuses."

Robinson delivered himself of this phillipic, sipped his brandy-and-water, and turned round to Lobs in order to possess himself of *his* version of the affair.

"Well, Lobs," he said, "you're the captain of the eleven, how is it, my dear fellow, that the Upton Magna men managed to beat you again?"

"You heard me say just now that it was the ground," said Lobs snappishly.

"Yes, yes, but it was something else besides the ground. Say it was the 'slows' and I'll be satisfied, but really I can't stand the ground any longer. Say it was the 'slows,' my dear fellow, and have done with it."

"I'm sure the 'slows' had nothing at all to do with the matter; I repeat it was the *ground*. I'd rather play cricket in the street than in such a 'bumpy' patch as that of Upton Magna. A roller has not been——"

"Oh, you're a set of humbugs!" growled old Lieutenant Smythe, R.N., looking up and interrupting Lobs. "Why, a pack of schoolboys would beat you. I'll back the Grammar School to play any twenty-two of you. The ground indeed!"

The lieutenant's *forte* was grumbling, and his grumbling was not of a very classical description, especially when he was in a state of partial intoxication. When sober he merely dissented to the remarks made by the individuals in whose company he found himself, but as he became heated with brandy-and-water he waxed more contradictory, and indulged freely both in hyperbole and anathema. The Hurtlebury Eleven had been defeated by Upton Magna, and he, in common with several of his townsmen, ridiculed their discomfiture, and sneered at what they flattered themselves were extenuating circumstances. Even when they won their one match he declared it was a fluke, and taunted them with playing against greatly inferior opponents at a time when they laboured under worse disadvantages than ever. Lieutenant Smythe, R.N., was, in fact, a nuisance—a malignant nuisance. Lobs knew it, Spanker had openly denounced him as such, and the landlord of the Griffin confessed in secret that half-pay naval officers were identical with bores—and bores of the most

insufferable kind, too; their great capacity for brandy-and-water being their only redeeming quality.

Hurtlebury had been vanquished by Upton Magna, and the five members of the H. E. assembled in the bar of the Griffin were unwilling witnesses to the fact. They excused themselves, as we have seen, by declaring that the ground was of an inferior description—imperfectly levelled, and not fit to be played upon; and they persisted in concealing the one great truth, which was that the men of Upton Magna were in better practice than themselves, and pulled more heartily together. They (the H. E.) had departed, with their umpire and scorer, for Upton Magna, firmly impressed with the belief that they would issue from the struggle crowned with success; a brass band had been engaged in the morning to play them triumphantly through the town on their return, banners had been prepared, and—but why dwell on such harrowing details? Suffice it, the band had been countermanded, the flags remained unfurled, and the other preparations, to quote Robinson, who was an authority upon the subject, were all “nipped in the bud.” Dido sighed for the return of *Æneas*, Hurtlebury groaned when its Eleven came back!

We subjoin two paragraphs relating to the match. The first has been published in the columns of the *Upton Magna Tatler*, the other has been extracted from the *Hurtlebury Journal*:—

“CRICKET.—The men of Upton Magna may congratulate themselves upon achieving another victory; their cause has triumphed, their brows are wreathed with laurels, and the threats of their opponents have been scattered like chaff before the wind. Hurtlebury, by dint of much underhand dealing, managed to secure the quarter sessions as its own, but Hurtlebury, despite its *underhand* bowling, has failed—miserably failed—to win a certain match at cricket. But this is not a time to indulge in paltry reminiscences. The inhabitants of Upton Magna can well afford to laugh at, or forget, such trifles. They have long since consigned the turnpike business to oblivion, the disputed roadside pump appears to them like a dream, and the brass band contest is indeed a thing of the past. ‘*Honesta quam splendida*,’ says the poet. We are not envious of Hurtlebury’s ill-gotten gains. Let us console ourselves with the *present* victory. Lobs has bowled in vain, Boyes has batted to no purpose; Hurtlebury, to sum it up in a word, has been defeated. So long as Hewitt and Pobjoy are the champions of Upton Magna, we need not tremble for our laurels. We rejoice to find that our esteemed townsman, Russell Parker, Esq., has headed the subscription-list for a presentation-bat, with a donation of two-and-six (half-a-crown).”

And now for the brief paragraph of the *Hurtlebury Journal*:—

“CRICKET.—We had hoped to chronicle a victory for the men of

Hurtlebury; but we regret that we are obliged to own to their defeat. The *Upton Magna Tattler*, with its usual vulgarity, indulges in ungrammatical and illogical personalities. We hurl back its taunts with scorn, and from motives of courtesy forbear to refer to the disgraceful condition of the ground and the want of proper tent accommodation."

The Hurtlebury Eleven had been defeated, and it was a long time before they ventured to play another match.

WILD MEN.

IT has long formed a subject for inquiry among physicians and metaphysicians how far the human faculties are susceptible of degradation by absence from society and deprivation of the ordinary civilising agencies. From the period of Peter the Wild Boy to that of Kaspar Hauser, instances from time to time came under public notice tending to afford some data towards a solution of this problem. As to the case of Sawney Bean, the so-called "man-eater," who is said to have supported himself and his family for twenty-five years with the cut-up and pickled bodies of travellers whom he murdered on the highways near the western coast of Scotland, there is fortunately very little reliable testimony; the story is buried in the mists of three centuries ago, and there we may safely leave it.

Peter the Wild Boy, whose case attracted much attention in the time of George I. and his successor, was in the year 1725 found in a wood near Hamelin, about twenty-five miles from Hanover. He was walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss. The boy, who appeared to be about thirteen years old, but could not speak, was taken to an asylum at Hanover, when the King ordered him to be supplied with such food as he would take, and to be taught, if teaching were possible. Very shortly, however, the boy escaped, fled, and hid in a tree. When re-captured he was sent to England in 1726, and exhibited to the nobility. He had few ideas on any subject, was uneasy in garments, and would not lie in bed, but preferred to sit and sleep in a corner. Dr. Arbuthnot, after many trials, failed to elicit any power of speech in him. A satire of Swift tended to draw still more attention to the case of the so-called Wild Boy. In his *It never rains but it pours*;

or, *London strewed with Rarities*, Swift spoke of the Wild Boy in the following terms :—"It is evident by several tokens about this young gentleman that he had a father and mother like one of us, but there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at. . . . So far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole, who for that reason has become the envy of the court circle, this being a decision of Nature as to her superior beauty. By his mimic quality he disclosed what wild beast had nursed him. Observing children to ask blessings of their mothers, he one day fell down on his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like us, confined to that of one species." From this and a good deal more of the same description it is easy, to trace the kind of questions which were started and discussed concerning this strange creature. He was for many years fonder of raw flesh than cooked meat; though disinclined to clothing, he gradually formed a liking for finery; he had no idea of money or its uses; he was greatly excited by music. By slow degrees he learned to understand what was said to him, but his spoken vocabulary was nearly limited to "Peter" and "King George," even when he became of middle age. He lived many years on a pension; then ran away in 1745, was taken up as a spy in Scotland, and restored again to safe keeping in England. The eccentric Lord Macboddo, who had a theory about the descent of human beings from tadpoles and apes, described Peter as seen at Berkhamstead in 1782, when about seventy years old. Peter was about five feet three inches in height; he would growl and howl when bad weather was coming on; he learned to drink beer and to like spirits only too well; he had a fresh and healthy look, and was not at that time savage or repulsive in appearance. He died in 1785. Nothing was ascertained concerning the origin of the wild state in which he was found, nor could any inference safely be drawn as to whether any period of civilised existence had preceded his savage career.

Six years after the discovery of Peter, or in 1731, while a French nobleman was shooting at Songi, near Chalons, he fired at something in the water that looked like a bird or a cluster of birds. After diving and rising at another spot, there appeared two children about nine or ten years old. They tore and devoured raw fish, hit each other with sticks, bound up their hurts with skins of fish and bark of trees. One returned to the river, and was never again seen. The other went to Songi. He (or she) was nearly black, and had on a few scraps of skins, went to the fields, and lived in a tree. The Viscount d'Epinaï offered a reward for his re-capture, and the boy was brought into a kitchen, where he speedily devoured raw fowls

and rabbits. When washed, the blackened skin proved to be tolerably white. Great trouble was experienced in keeping him in the house, for being muscularly strong, he would make holes in the wall and roof, and creep out. He walked with a sort of flying glide. His hearing and sight were very acute. He spoke no language at first, only a scream, but learned to talk a little by degrees. One of the French accounts of this singular being spoke of it as a girl, not a boy, and said that she was baptised in 1732 as Maria de Blanc. Whether the story is correctly told or not, no clue was ever obtained to the early history of this Maria de Blanc and her companion.

Leroy, in his *Memoires sur les Travaux dans les Pyrenées*, gives the following narrative:—"In the year 1774, a savage or wild man was discovered by some shepherds who fed their flocks in the neighbourhood of the Forest of Tuary. The strange man, who inhabited the rocks that lie near the forest, was very tall, covered with hair like a bear, nimble as the hisars (?), of a gay humour, and, in all appearance, of a wild character. He often visited the cottages, without attempting to carry off anything. He manifested no knowledge of bread, milk, or cheese. His greatest amusement was to watch the sheep running, and to scatter them; and he testified his pleasure at the sight by loud fits of laughter, but never attempted to hurt the animals. When the shepherds, as was frequently the case, let loose their dogs at him, he fled with the swiftness of an arrow, and never allowed the dogs to overtake him. One morning he came to the cottage of some workmen; one of them endeavoured to get near him and catch him by the leg; but he laughed heartily, and then made his escape, and was not seen again. He seemed to be about thirty years of age." Such is the narrative, which leaves us quite in the dark as to the early history of the forest wanderer. Probably a fair inference would be that the wild man had been lost in the forest when young, and had thenceforward lived in a savage state.

In another instance, recorded by Itard about the close of the same century, the attributes observed were more numerous and varied. Itard (*Des Premiers Developpement Physiques et Moraux du Jeune Sauvage de l'Aveyron*) says that, several years before, a wild boy, apparently about twelve years of age, was seen in the woods near Aveyron; he was naked, and was grubbing for nuts and roots. Nothing was seen again of him for some years, when a youth of eighteen or nineteen, supposed to be the same, was seen in the same woods by three hunters. They seized him, and conducted him to a hamlet. He ran away within a week, and lived throughout a severe season, clothed only in a sheepskin. He was seized again, and taken to a hospice at Rhodex, where he was detained several months. Ferocious, impatient, and restless, he baffled all attempts to civilise

him, and tried continually to escape. He was next taken to Paris, where Pinel and other *savans* displayed great interest in his case. He bit and growled at all who offended him, attended to nothing, displayed no liking for any one, and remained, as he had probably lived from childhood, unconscious of human sympathy. Most of his organic senses were inferior in acuteness to those of the brute creation; he knew nothing of language, and had very little power of denoting his meaning by gestures. His discernment (to use the words of Itard) was nothing but a "talent of gluttony," and his pleasures only a gratification of the sensorial organs. He had a tendency to trot and gallop when he moved, and to eat his food in the manner of graminivorous animals, smelling everything before he tasted it. Two of his greatest delights were to be in a snowstorm, and to look at the moonlight. Pinel and Itard made many investigations into his mental condition while he was in a deaf and dumb asylum; but of his end nothing definite seems to be known, except that he escaped from the asylum and from Paris altogether.

Some instances seem to denote rather a depraved appetite for savage life, than an accidental separation from civilised communities. The *Royal Gazette* of Jamaica, for 1807, contained an account of a wild man who made his appearance on one of the plantations, molesting the women, but manifesting some fear of the men. It was ascertained that he haunted the recesses of a neighbouring wood; and the owner of the plantation sent out a party to capture him. When caught, he had no clothing, save the remains of a doublet; his beard was very long; his feet and hands were callous as leather; his skin was discoloured with filth, and his whole appearance was most degrading. With much difficulty the planter induced him to talk, by which he learned that the wild man's name was Charles Martin or Martino; that he had been in the woods two or three years, and that until he approached near St. Anne's he had never during that time seen a white face or a human habitation. It could not be ascertained whether any other cause than a depraved inclination had led him into the woods.

A singular incident was recorded in the *Van Dieman's Land Magazine*, as occurring about the beginning of May, 1836. A Mr. Batman and others, having removed from Van Dieman's Land to Port Philip (now the flourishing city of Melbourne) to settle as stock farmers, were struck with the appearance of some of the natives, whose gait, colour, and countenances differed much from those of the other aborigines. They also exhibited marks of a certain degree of civilisation—rude embankments with stone fences across creeks and inlets; sluices to catch fish at fall of tide; wigwams well thatched, with doors and windows; pieces of wood well hollowed out for water vessels; and kangaroo skins well cut and sewn into garments. All

these things seemed to denote that civilised man had been among them. And so it proved. A white man made his appearance, clothed in a kangaroo-skin cloak. He was at first rather timid in his approaches; but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and accepted the offer. Looking at it long, he suddenly exclaimed with delight "*Bread!*" Other English words soon came to his memory. As soon as his conversational faculties became sufficiently awakened, he gave a singular account of his life. Thirty-three years earlier, or in 1803, the English Government determined to form a settlement on the southern shore of Australia; the only settlement at that time being New South Wales, on the eastern shore. The ship *Ocean* was sent out with a gang of convicts, under the control of Colonel Collins. William Buckley, one of these convicts, was a very tall man, about thirty years of age, who had served in Holland as a grenadier under the Duke of York. Watching their opportunity, Buckley and two companions escaped from the encampment, and wandered away into the woods. They kept together for about a year, living in terrible privation. Buckley then left his companions, whom he never saw again; he joined a tribe of aborigines, became their chief, and lived with them thirty years. He brought up a progeny of half-castes, and threw a little gleam of civilisation into the barbarism of that region. As there was no reason to doubt the truth of this story, measures were taken to secure the pardon of the governor for this escaped convict, now past sixty years of age; the pardon was obtained. The gradual awakening of the old ideas, as denoted by the cry of "*Bread!*" is a very instructive feature in this case.

Kaspar Hauser takes notable rank in this list of wild men. In 1828 a strange youth was seen to enter the market place at Nuremberg, holding a piece of written paper in his hand. The paper contained a narrative to the effect that a labouring man in Bavaria, struggling with the charge and expense of a large family, had had the youth placed before his door by a person unknown, and had brought him up secretly; that the youth was the son of a soldier in the Bavarian army, and was himself desirous of being a soldier. This youth was examined at Nuremberg, with a view of obtaining further light in the matter; but it was found exceedingly difficult to get anything out of him. He could speak very little, and was almost totally ignorant; he knew very few German words, and could only write his name, "Kaspar Hauser." He showed a violent dislike to all kinds of meat and drink except bread and water. He had a handkerchief with him marked in one corner K. H., and a few written Catholic prayers. Notwithstanding all this, there was a whiteness of skin, a smallness of hands and feet, and a general delicacy of

proportion, such as humbly-born youths seldom exhibit. The burgo-master of the city caused investigation to be made into this singular phenomenon. Among other things, it was ascertained that Kaspar had never from his childhood worn any clothing except shirt and trousers, that he had lived in a dark place underground, where he was unable to stretch himself out at full length, that he had been fed upon bread and water by a man who did not show himself, but who cleaned and dressed him. His sole occupation was playing with two wooden horses. Shortly before his strange appearance at Nuremberg, Kaspar had been visited more frequently by the man, and had been taught to write a little, and to lift his feet and walk. Kaspar was handed over to the care of Professor Daumer to see what could be done for him or with him in the way of education. The result was not satisfactory; for, although his original mental qualities appeared to have been good, a sort of dullness supervened. Earl Stanhope, an English nobleman who saw him at Nuremberg, procured for him a situation in one of the civil courts; but he was neither intelligent enough to be admired, nor stupid enough to be regarded as a semi-barbaric phenomenon. The poor young man lived to his twenty-first year, but then he fell under very miserable and suspicious circumstances. There can be no doubt that he was the son of some one who disowned him, though all attempts to discover the individual have hitherto failed. Some persons suppose Kaspar to be the natural son of a priest; some, of a lady of high rank; some, of a royal prince. To others it appeared probable that the poor fellow was a victim to some conspiracy concerning the inheritance of property. One day in 1829 he was found bleeding at the head; he said that a man in a black mask had wounded him, but all attempts to discover the perpetrator were fruitless. Four years afterwards, towards the end of 1833, a stranger brought him a pretended message from Earl Stanhope to the effect that the secret of his birth was at length ascertained, and that Kaspar was to meet the Earl in the palace garden at a certain hour on a certain day. The unsuspecting victim went, met a stranger, and speedily received a mortal wound by a stab from a dagger. The assassin disappeared, help came to Kaspar, and he survived three days; after giving an account of so much of the transaction as he was acquainted with, Kaspar Hauser died on the 17th of December, 1833, but the mystery of his birth still continues unrevealed. He was not a "wild man" in the sense applicable to some of the persons noticed in this article, but the degradation of intellect observable in them may have been due to the same neglect in childhood as that which brought about his partial brutalisation. What a human being *may* become when human (or at least humane) agencies are almost wholly withheld, we do not even yet fully know; it is fearful to contemplate.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

RYE DROP CAKES.

To one pint of sour or butter-milk, add two eggs, a small teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and rye meal, sufficient to make a batter that will spread a little, but not run. Drop in muffin rings with a spoon. For baking they will require twice the time of common griddle-cakes. They are also nice baked in cups about fifteen minutes.

BREAD WITHOUT CRUST.

The housewife who would bake her bread or biscuit without a dry, hard crust, can do so very readily. Just before placing the bread in the oven, she has only to rub its surface with butter or lard. This will close the pores, prevent the escape of the gas which is produced by the yeast, and the escape of the steam which is produced by the moisture of the heated loaf. Bread thus baked will be almost crustless.

RICH PLUM CAKE.

Mix two quarts of flour with a pound of sifted loaf sugar, three pounds of currants, half a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, a quarter of an ounce of mace and cloves; a grated nutmeg, the peel of a lemon, cut fine; melt two pounds of butter in a pint and quarter of cream, but not hot; the whites and yolks of twelve eggs, beaten apart, and half a pint of good yeast. Beat them together a full hour. Put in plenty of citron and lemon. Then butter your hoop, or pans, and bake.

A GOOD PLUM CAKE.

An equal weight of butter and flour, a quarter of a pound of cut peels and citrons, double the weight of butter in currants, the grating of three lemons, and half a nutmeg, half an ounce of pudding spice, one glass of brandy, and the same quantity of eggs as the weight in butter; beat your butter as for pound cake; put in a few chopped sweet almonds. Paper and butter a hoop, bottom and sides; then put in your mixtures; bake in a slow oven for some time; take off the hoop when done, but not the paper.

COFFEE CREAM.

Mix three cups of good coffee with one pint of cream, and sugar according to taste; boil them together, and reduce them one-third; observe that the coffee must be done as if it was for drinking alone, and settle very clear before you mix it with the cream.

TO PRESERVE MILK.

Put a spoonful of horseradish into a pan of milk, and it will remain sweet for several days, either in the open air or in a cellar, while other milk will sour.

RICE PUFFS.

To a pint of flour put boiling water or milk sufficient to make batter. Beat four eggs (when it is cool), and put in, together with a

teaspoonful of salt. Drop this mixture by the large spoonful into hot fat.

CIDER CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter; mix them together, and break in two or three eggs; then add one cupful of flour, one nutmeg, and one teaspoonful of saleratus; put into it one cupful of cider, or pour the cider foaming over it; then add two cupfuls of flour; mix the whole well together, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

ROUT CAKES.

Take a pound of ground almonds and a pound of fine sifted sugar, a few grains of nutmeg, a little grated lemon peel; dry it well up into a stiffish paste; work it well; if too stiff it will crack; then add a trifle more yolk of egg, and form into cakes to suit the fancy; no cutters are used; they must be made a day or two; after they are formed, let them stand on sugared paper, upon your baking sheet; bake them in a quick oven—a few minutes will do.

GINGER BEER.

Boil gently, in a gallon of water, three tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, three of ginger, and a lemon cut in slices. When it has boiled half an hour, take it from the fire, strain, and sweeten to your taste; white sugar is the best, but brown sugar or molasses answers very well. Put to it, when lukewarm, half a pint of fresh yeast. Turn it off carefully when fermented, bottle it, and keep it in a cool place. It will be fit to drink in the course of seven or eight days.

CREAM SODA—AN EXCELLENT DRINK.

Five pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce of cream of tar, one ounce Epsom salts, five ounces tartaric acid. Dissolve all the ingredients in one gallon of water, and heat it till it boils; and skim, if necessary. When cool, put the syrup in bottles, and set in a cool place. To prepare the drink, put two or three tablespoonfuls of the syrup into a tumbler two-thirds full of water; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of super-carbonate of soda; stir briskly, and the effervescence will be equal to any soda from the fount.

NEEDLEWORK.

CROCHET ROSES,

AND SEVERAL WAYS OF USING THEM.

TO MAKE THE ROSES.

1st 6 chain; form a ring.

2nd round: 12 d. c. into the ring.

3rd round: D. c. through the two upper loops of the first d. c. of last round; 3 ch.; miss one, and repeat, making 6 loops of 3 ch. in all.

4th round: 1 d. c., 4 tr., 1 d. c.; all into first loop of 3 ch. of last round. Repeat. This forms 6 petals.

5th round : 3 ch., and make one plain into the loop behind the two d. c. of last row that come between the petals. Repeat all round, as a foundation for more petals. The object of taking the stitch at the back is to make the petals raised up as they are in the real flower. There should be six in all.

6th round : 1 d. c., 6 tr., 1 d. c., into each loop of 3 ch.

7th round : Same as 5th round, but 4 ch. instead of 3.

8th round : 1 d. c., 9 tr., 1 d. c., into every ch. of 4.

9th round : Same as 5th round, but 5 ch. instead of 3.

10th round : 1 d. c., 11 tr., 1 d. c., into every chain of 5.

This completes the rose.

A VERY PRETTY ANTIMACASSAR IN BRAID AND RAISED ROSES.

Inch and a-half wide braid—blue or green. Must be cut the length wished. Make a scalloped edge each side with* 1 plain crochet stitch through the braid, 8 ch., miss a quarter of an inch, and repeat from *. Use Evans and Co.'s Boar's-head crochet cotton No. 4, and Walker's Uncotopic needle No. 4. A number of the roses are then made, sewn together, and added as stripes between the braid. The ends of the braid have a rose each side, sewn back to back on each of them. To form a fringe make 5 loops of 6 ch. each on every rose at the edge, and just a tuft of fringe through each. This should be 4 inches long, and 14 threads in each tuft. Mrs. Shales, of Westbourne-grove, supplies the antimacassar, commenced, and sufficient material, for 4s. 6d.

A COLLAR AND PAIR OF CUFFS

May be made of these roses worked in Evans' Boar's-head cotton No. 24, and a very fine size of Walker's Penelope crochet hook. For sewing the roses use Walker's Patent Ridge-Eyed needles No. 9. For the antimacassar, Walker's Ridge-Eyed needles No. 7, and Evans' glacé thread No. 60. The Ridge-Eyed needles go through the work more easily than the common sort, as they do not drag and pull the thread near the eye.

NECKLET AND HAIR ORNAMENTS.

Work the same roses in fine purse-silk of three shades—either pink or amber—and sew on to black velvet at intervals. For the neck, for green bands or cordons, they look very pretty.

A SWISS ANTIMACASSAR.

Cut out the centre of a square piece of book muslin in a circular form, and fill it with machine-made netting square, darned with a pattern. Where the net and muslin join place a close wreath of the roses worked in Evans' Boar's-head cotton No. 14, and Walker's Penelope needles No. 5. Edge the muslin with roses and a fringe. Spotted muslin may be used, and the border formed by it should not be more than from two to three inches wide.

LA MODE.

THE changeable and cold days of the past month have rendered the duties of the toilette difficult, and an accumulation of changes of raiment indispensable, and in describing the style of the present moment, the alternations of sharp cold and intense heat still not unlikely to ensue must be taken into consideration. Serges, which have not yet been struck from the list of fashion, may be quoted as truly appropriate for the seaside and for travelling, especially when a bracing coast or mountain air is to be encountered. Scotch tweeds are also excellent wear. These resemble serge, but are softer and every way superior. Some elegant yachting jackets are fashioned of pure white tweed braid, or bound with black, and secured with large pearl or ivory buttons. Vecuna stockings, undyed, of the natural rich brown shade, are introduced, and are appropriate accompaniments to such skirts and suits.

The looped skirts are universal at the present moment, many being made purposely for this style. A dress which has become short, or inelegant in the flow of the skirt, is easily converted into one of these costumes. A stylish seaside toilette, which is worth description, was composed of a delicate grey chamber-gauze robe, ornamented with medallions of blue silk and black braiding. This was festooned over a white serge skirt trimmed with a very broad braid of blue silk, bordered with narrow Cluny lace. Another dress of plain grey lama was trimmed with black braid, and looped over a scarlet serge under-shirt, on which rows of black braid were laid close together. Large scarlet rosettes with a black button in the centre of each secured the festoons. One of these had a peplum with a low body and braces of the same material as the skirt placed over a plain-fitting high body, and sleeves corresponding with the petticoat. The other has a high peplum, with coat sleeves, and a large triple-pointed hood hanging from the neck behind. The flat pamela style of hat is one of the newest, but a great variety of shapes can be worn, thus enabling the wearer to accommodate the style of her features; but in all cases high crowns seem to be abandoned. White dresses of all kinds, and especially white garnished with black, remain fashionable, and the bright, beautiful blue has lost none of its popularity. In jewellery, a massive and plain make, wonderfully jointed, and copied from antique models, is chosen for necklets, bracelets, earrings, and brooches, and deep-coloured dead gold selected for the purpose. Watch-chains are worn very long and round the neck, worked in somewhat massive cable-like turns. Watches are worn a little larger, and decidedly more substantial in bulk.

FAMILY PASTIME.

1.

DESCRIPTIVE CHARADE.

An Eastern city is the scene—
 Its throng'd bazaar.
 From near and far
 A motley crowd's assembled there,
 More mixed, I ween,
 Than e'er at revel seen, or fair.
 My doubled *first* keeps holiday—
 A strange procession stops the way.
 Here are men with swords in mimic fight,
 And knives, and clubs, and armour bright ;
 Here minstrels tune most dismal strains,
 And mad fanatics shake their chains ;
 Crescented flags wave o'er the ranks,
 Masked buffoons play ludicrous pranks.
 A rabble rout
 My *second* shout ;
 While turban'd head, and naked pate
 "*Hussain ! Hoossain !*" reiterate.
 Here tamed tigers prance,
 Whose foot bells jingle as they dance ;
 Sage dervishes among the crowd
 From Khoran's pages chant aloud,
 And brazen tridents (symbols quaint !)
 Mahomet's fingers represent ;
 Tom-toms-resound their "*rat-tat-ta !*"
 And cymbals clash
 (A deafning crash !),
 While borne in effigy's the tomb
 At *Kerbela*,
 With tinsel'd minaret and dome.
 Here comes along
 A nuptial throng,
 And there some chant a mournful dirge.
 Here bright array—there sombre serge ;
 Here joyful strains—there sorrowing moans ;
 Here laughing nymphs—there weeping crones ;
 A wedding car—a sable pall—
 A bridal, and a funeral.
 Around the outskirts of the throng
 A drunken rabble roll along—
 A staggering herd,
 Who have drank my *third*
Sans stint—or something quite as strong ;
 And over all the eager crowd—
 O'er bridal car and funeral shroud—
 O'er dervish, trident, minstrel, clown—
 Scatter the scented *udbhir* round.
 Such is the scene, so strangely droll.
 The *faithful* celebrate my *whole*.

2.

MYTHOLOGICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

Names of Fruit.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Solemn. | 5. A gnome pater. | 9. A Sirin. |
| 2. Azel's hunt. | 6. Etna gnomes. | 10. Dire Erebus. |
| 3. An Ogre. | 7. Etna Ciren. | 11. A motto. |
| 4. A gnome. | 8. Nomads. | |

EUREKA.

3.

CHARADES.

My 1, 6, 7, is a vessel used to carry water in ; my 7, 6, 5, is short for a man's name ; my 8, 9, is a French pronoun ; my 8, 6, 4, 5, is to throw ; my 1, 6, 5, is an animal ; and my whole is a lady's name.

JULIETTA.

4.

My *first* is so small that it oft can't be seen ;
 My *second's* less!—isn't it droll ?
 To solve this charade is easy, I ween—
 I'm afraid you'll pronounce it my *whole*.

EUREKA.

5.

My *first* is a pronoun, nor he, she, nor it ;
 My *second's* a boy, if transposed ;
 My *whole* is a forerunner (Webster to wit) ;
 Now, clever ones, solve it ! I've closed.

EUREKA.

6.

ENIGMA.

In countries where the snow drifts deep
 My *first* will often lie asleep,
 While feathery flakes around it raise
 A shelter from the hunter's gaze.

In the hazy forest, wild and drear,
 My *second* soundeth silv'ry clear,
 Many a horned band adorning,
 That the traveller may have warning.

My *whole*, though fragile, may be found
 On precipice or rocky ground ;
 Be careful, therefore, lest thou fall
 In seeking one who charmeth all.

H. D. W.

7.

MENTAL HISTORICAL PICTURE.

News is received in France of the death of a contender for the English throne with its rightful sovereign. He has been slightly wounded in a battle with the King of England, and the false report of his decease is welcomed with great joy at Paris ; the bells are rung, the usurper is burned in effigy, and even the guns of the Bastille are fired by the people, as on an occasion of public rejoicing.

J.

8.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the reluctance of the ladies to discard crinoline most reasonable?
2. Why ought the supply of veal to be particularly abundant?
3. Why cannot a humble dwelling be inhabited solely by young persons?
4. Why is a schoolroom in task hours like a dinner?
5. Why must a courageous man be successful in everything?

CARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

A STONE.—(1) Geology; (2) Vide Dr. Layard's Researches, &c.; (3) See 1 Samuel, xvii., 49, 50; (4) See Numbers xv., 35, 36; (5) Requires no explanation; (6) Diamonds, and other gems; (7) Pebbles by the roadside, &c.; (8) See Exodus xvii., 6; (9) See Matthew v., 3; (10) See Matthew xvi., 16, 17, 18; (11) See Matthew xxi., 42; (12) Hard, or stony heart; (13) Stone idols.

2.

Moorc—Romeo.

3.

Canoe—ocean.

4.

Murmur.

5.

Psalms—Palm—Lamp.

6.

Crowd—crow—row.

7.

Flag—lag.

8.

Sea—son.

OUR COUNCIL:

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

CURIOUS MAIDEN FRIENDSHIPS.

There have been many cases placed on record tending to illustrate the remarkable attachments which maiden ladies sometimes manifest towards each other, as if the want of another tie led them to cherish this one the more warmly and deeply.

One of the most notable instances of this kind was furnished by the "Ladies of Llangollen," as they were generally called. To this day no tourist or visitor goes to the beautiful vale of Llangollen without hearing or speaking of these ladies, and wishing to have a peep at the picturesque cottage which they inhabited. One of those two inseparable friends was Lady Eleanor Butler, sister of the Earl of Ormonde; the other was Miss Ponsonby, cousin of the Earl of Bessborough, both, therefore, high-born and nobly connected. It is not clearly known what was the immediate cause of the singular step they took, whether disappointed love or any other; but, being deeply attached to each other, and conceiving a distaste for the gaities of high life in Dublin, they quitted relations and suitors in 1778, and retired to the little romantic village of Llangollen in North Wales. In this retreat they concealed their names so effectually that they were known to the neighbourhood only as "The Ladies." Their relations made several attempts to lure them back to the cultivated society which they were fitted to adorn, but in vain, and as the ladies held property in their own hands they were free to live where they chose. This cottage, known as "Plas Newydd," or New-place, was a model of refined taste within and picturesqueness without. By degrees the names and rank of the ladies became known; Madame de Genlis, Miss Anne Seward, and other writers, mentioned them, and curiosity concerning them became excited, especially in the higher circles of society. The masculine habits of Lady Eleanor Butler, and the feminine grace of Miss Ponsonby became subject of talk, and so matters continued for more than half a century, by which time the ladies had, of course, become old women. One lady died in 1829, and it is not to be wondered at that the other, deprived of her life's companion, soon followed her. The example was catching. Two other maiden ladies, Miss Holly and Miss Andrews, took Plas Newydd after the death of the former occupant; their friendship may have been deep, but it was quiet, and they made no noise in the world.

One of these examples of lasting friendship between maiden ladies was brought under public notice by a remarkable will case which was tried on the 5th of May, 1854. We must narrate the case a little at full. Two friends, Miss Bennett and Miss Wheatley, had pledged each other during their lifetime that the survivor of them should inherit all the personal estates and effects of the other. Miss Wheatley died, and Miss Bennett then put in her claim for the property. It appeared, however, that the agreement had only been a verbal one, or,

at any rate, there was no actual will in a valid form forthcoming. The administrators or next of kin disputed the claim on this and other grounds. From the evidence brought before the jury it appears that the romantic attachment between the two ladies commenced so far back as the year 1813, when one of them was twenty years of age, and the other a year older. They shared the same home during the greater part of forty years. Each wrote a document purporting to give the inheritance of all her property to the other. The document written or signed by Miss Wheatley, on which the claim of the plaintiff was based, was worded in the following curious way:—"I, Jane Wheatley, will and testimony. I leave all my money in the bank to Maria Bennett, my dear friend.—Jane Wheatley." To which there was a kind of postscript: "The land to my sister's daughter.—Jane Wheatley."

The end of this particular maiden friendship was marked by a most unusual collision of opinion between the judge and jury who tried the will case. The jury, as plain, observant men, entertained no doubt whatever that the two maiden ladies intended to dispose of their property in the way indicated, but the judge, having an eye to the strict letter of the law, combated their views. The jury, after a short consultation, said they found a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Baron Alderson: On what count, gentlemen?

The Foreman: We find that there was an intention that the survivor should have the property.

Mr. Baron Alderson: Then you really say that they agreed to this—that there was an absolute agreement between them that one should leave her money to the other?

The Foreman: We do.

Mr. Baron Alderson: Then I think your finding is bad in law.

The Foreman: That is our opinion.

Mr. Baron Alderson: Then God forbid I should have such an opinion. Well, what as to the account of money lent, and the interest?

The Foreman: We also find for the plaintiff for £200 and interest.

Mr. Baron Alderson: Is your verdict for the whole property of the deceased?

The Foreman: No, only for the personalty.

Mr. Baron Alderson: If it is good for that, it is good for the whole. Then take care, gentlemen, as you go home, that some of you say to a person, "Sweep the street and I will leave you my estate! for that, according to your finding, would be a bargain. I am entirely dissatisfied with this verdict. If such a principle were admitted, nobody's property would be safe. I declare, I protest it is the most dangerous verdict I ever heard in all my life."

A juryman here rose and said, "It is our unanimous opinion that we have given a conscientious verdict."

Mr. Baron Alderson: I should have summed up much more elaborately if I had entertained the least opinion that you would have given such a verdict.

The jury, in fact, felt no doubt that the ladies fully intended to leave their personal property to each other, or rather to the survivor

of them; and the clumsy and informal nature of the document or will was not allowed to interfere with this decision. Whereas the judge, wedded to law forms from the beginning of his legal career, would not accept the intention unless it were expressed and testified in the usual way.

ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

Dear little infant so peacefully sleeping,
 Emblem of all that is fairest and best,
 Innocence o'er thee her vigil is keeping,
 Sin never knoweth the charm of thy rest.

Well may we fancy around thee do hover
 Guardians whose dwellings are found in the skies;
 Naught that is earthly in thee we discover;
 Purity's self seems revealed to our eyes.

Lips alightly parted, on which a smile lingers,
 Look like a blossom new ope'd to the sun;
 E'en as the coral now clasped in thy fingers
 Matches their colour, thou beautiful one !

Few could resist thee, thus mutely appealing,
 Few pass unnoticed thy manifold charms;
 Nor, in the midst of a rush of sweet feeling,
 Chide as a weakness thy mother's alarms.

Heedless art thou of her loving protection,
 Wholly unconscious of hopes or of fears;
 Heedless as yet of the boundless affection
 Lavished upon thee with smiles and with tears.

Ne'er canst thou measure her noble devotion,
 Ne'er canst thou fathom the depth of her love;
 Weak, and yet strong, is that holy emotion,
 Fearless, yet gentle as soft cooing dove.

Strangers, perchance, are but backward in seeing
 Some of thy numberless sweet winning ways;
 She ever watching and guarding thy being,
 Noteth each act, and is loud in thy praise.

When thou canst utter that magic word *mother*,
 Who shall describe her ineffable joy?
 Word that is dearest, and, more than all other,
 Breathing of happiness free from alloy.

Dear little infant, though Time is so fleeting,
 Soon will he bring thee full many a care;
 Thou, like the rest, must encounter his greeting;
 Thou, like the rest, art Eternity's heir.

Friends but in name will both falsely and fairly
 Tempt thee with pleasure from Honesty's way.
 Hearts all unselfish are met with but rarely;
 Constancy seldom reigns more than a day.

Where'er thy footsteps or fancy may take thee,
 Yet will thy mother's affection remain.
 Love so enduring can never forsake thee—
 Ends but in death, and is always the same.

Baby, fair baby!—if constant to duty
 While in the world thou art taking a part,
 Then will the life bear a blossom of beauty,
 Proving the goodness and strength of thy heart.

EMMA WALLINGTON.

A DAY IN SUMMER.

Gently sigheth the murmur'ing breeze,
 Gracefully bend the stately trees,
 Drowsily hum the busy bees,
 This glorious summer day.

Skyward the flowers in beauty spring,
 On the air their odorous perfumes fling;
 Bright is the earth with each glorious thing,
 From the great Creator's hand.

Fair and glorious the sun's bright ray,
 Now brightly gleaming on Ocean's spray,
 Thrown from the waves in fanciful play,
 Dashing the rocks among.

Pealingly grand is their harmony there,
 Solemn the music borne on the air,
 Sounding from mountainous cliffs afar,
 In symphonies grand and deep.

And as the tranquil hours pass on,
 And, with days and weeks long fled, are gone,
 Carrying their records of right and wrong,
 On to the buried past.

I think of God's mercies numerous more
 Than countless sands on the ocean shore,
 Repeated and multiplied o'er and o'er,
 In many blessings to me.

THE WISDOM OF FRANKNESS.

'Tis said that none but a booby rash
 Ever for action a *reason* states.
 We wouldn't accept the spurious trash
 For the promise of entry at Fortune's gates!
 Here's a note of the Bank of Common Sense,
 Which for much of life's truest wealth is good:—
 With hourly worry would'st thou dispense?
Aim to be understood!

Lacking a reason do not act ;

Acting, thy reason may be *told*—

For none will a well-meant deed detract,
 Excepting natures of basest mould :
 And meet respect thou shalt aye command
 From the noblest of the brotherhood,
 And thy friends shall form a goodly band,
 If thou be understood.

Since all in action are prone to err,
 How good soever the motive be,
 How false a view of thy character
 Thy *deeds*, my brother, may give to me !
 But thou, by timely and candid *speech*,
 In the light of thine honour clear and good,
 Might give me knowledge they could not teach,
 And so be understood,

Thy neighbours' acts, too, regarding thee,
 Take hue from their judgment of thine own,
 And if this often mistaken be,
 Adieu to the peace that's worth a throne !
 Then let not reticence, passion, pride,
 Or inconsistency mask thy mood ;
 Be aye thy deeds with thy words allied,
 Aim to be understood.

How often have love and friendship's ties
 By misconception been rudely broken,
 When, could we see with omniscient eyes,
 No word of anger had e'er been spoken !
 In thoughtless converse and hasty deed,
 We furnish misapprehension food,
 And myriad hearts are made to bleed,
 Because misunderstood.

Then be the study both thine and mine,
 To preclude all ambiguity,
 So that each our meaning may well divine,
 And each our real intent may see.
 Alway, as with honest aim we act,
 To advance our own and other's good.
 Let us veil not a motive or a fact
 That may make us understood.

What countless troubles would ne'er be grown,
 Did men more honour this pregnant truth !
 More of just forbearance then were grown ;
 Far less of bitterness—more of ruth.
 Fewer wounded breasts, fewer wills at strife,
 And fewer feuds 'mong the erring good
 Would stain the annals of human life
If hearts were understood !

CARACTACUS.

WHAT THE CHURCH BELLS SAID TO ME.

In life's battle boldly
 Press on for ever,
 Cower at no danger,
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 Do cruel men deride you,
 Press on for ever ;
 Good conscience will guide you—
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 When false friends disown you,
 Press on still ever.
 Successes will crown you—
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 Though troubles increase,
 Press on for ever ;
 They soon will decrease—
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 The honest hand's strongest,
 Press on for ever—
 Self-made fortune lasts longest ;—
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 Face the world boldly,
 Press on for ever,
 Though it sneers coldly,
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 Let honour guide thy way,
 Press on for ever.
 Whate'er the scoffers say,
 Faint thou, ah ! never.
 Not in thy strength alone,
 Press on for ever ;
 Ask humbly at Jesus' throne,
 Failing, ah ! never.
 If, then, thou would'st be wise,
 Press on for ever ;
 List to a friend's advice,
 Scorn it, ah ! never.

A. CROFT.

 ON THE RIVER.

It is quiet evening time,
 When ghostly moonbeams quiver,
 And, through a mist of tears,
 Across the river

I look with straining eyes,
And strive to see,
Some trace of a bark that once
Was near to me.

'Tis gone with the dreamy past,
My youth's sweet prime ;
But always through my mind,
In the evening time,

Steal recollections fair,
And, though they leave but pain,
As sure as the twilight comes
They come again.

I was farther up the river,
Where it is not so wide ;
And as I floated on alone
There came one by my side.

Others amid the host of boats
Had thus come, and passed me by ;
But this stranger still kept near me,
And,—I know not why,—

But I felt that a friend was there,
Close to my side,
Going with me out to the sea
On the ebbing tide.

And still we kept together,
And journeyed on,
And I thought that nevermore would I travel
On alone.

But, one night, as on the waves I watched,
The moonbeams quiver,
A sudden gust of wind came blowing
Along the river.

And it caught his sails, and bore him
Away from me
Into another current that flowed
Out to the sea.

Vainly he tried to alter his course,
Or his boat to stay ;
The current but bore him ever on,
Farther away.

And now while through my soul
There passes a shiver,
I look, through a mist of tears,
Across the river,

And strive to see among the boats
Which onward glide
The one that once in the dreamy past
Sailed by my side;

For I know that wherever he sails,
Still out to the sea,
Over the restless waves, his heart
Is calling me.

And I often wonder sadly,
With tears and pain,
If ever along the river
We shall meet again.

Though I know if on river or sea,
We meet no more,
We shall meet and know each other,
On yonder shore.

But still in the eventide,
When moonbeams quiver,
I look with straining eyes
Across the river.

And ever I watch, and wait,
And long to see,
The bark that long ago
Was near to me.

AMELIA BECKWITH.

THE FAMILY FRIEND.

OCTOBER, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LETTER—THE OUTLAWS—THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.



When Mary de Lawnford bowed down with the crushing weight of disappointment. When she recovered from the first storm of anguish she tried to find a reason for Sir Hugh's indifference. She could not, however, conceal the one cruel truth that his heart was no longer hers. When she recalled the hours of happiness long past, those hours which had proved so fatal to her, every little incident had a new meaning. The pleasant conversations, the delightful hunting excursions which had been the means a few years ago of arousing a warm, mutual sympathy between them, now assumed a less rosy hue. What right had she to think he cared for her more than for any other companion of his sport? She asked herself this question over and over again. Miserable and broken-hearted as she was, she still strove to defend the object of her hopeless affection from even a thought of wrong. He had spoken words which she had cherished as expressions of more than friendly tenderness—he had looked into her face with those dark eyes of his in a dreamy, lingering way that she had remembered with a strange thrill of secret rapture. It was a hard task to fling off all this pleasant delusion, a heart-rending task to convince herself that she had not been deceived by him, but had deceived herself, yet she had learnt to reverence him so much, and to put such faith in his generous manliness, that it was more difficult, it was even impossible to believe him false-hearted. So she stifled the hysterical sobs which threatened to divulge the sorrow that was gnawing at her young heart,

and, calling together her attendants she bade them prepare to accompany her on a long journey. It was impossible for her people to be ignorant of her trouble, and many were the discussions that took place among them while making the necessary preparations to depart from Danedred Tower.

"Poor creature," said one of her firewomen, "she hath been sorely smitten by a trouble of the heart. She takes after her father, who was as warm as a glowing brand in matters of love, religion, and feud. She hath his southern blood in her veins, and it's hard to drink of the bitter cup. Marked you her face?"

"Aye, truly did I," replied her companion; "her soul glows through her fair flesh; her sweet face is a living mirror, and the more she strives to check its tell-tale propensities—poor, pretty thing!—the more painful it is to see her. She tried to smile when she bade me get ready to go from hence, but her poor dear lips seemed to tremble, and she looked as white as yonder ashes. He is a cruel knight, any way, to serve so beautiful and gentle a lady so falsely."

"Surely," said the first speaker, "some evil one has possessed him. It ill becomes a gallant soldier of the Cross to come to his home like a blight in the orchard, and wither the fruit that was ripe for the plucking. It matters not that he be strong of arm and stout of heart, or that he is favoured in form, if he knows not the worth of a woman's love, and can break a gentle heart as lightly as a Saracen's pate."

"I wot his mother has had even less mercy at his hands," said the other woman. He has come back like a wild boar, tearing and rending his home that was ready to give him cheer and welcome."

The day following this conversation Mary de Lawnford set forth from the Castle. Sir Hugh was away on special business at the house of a neighbouring baron, and the only person who bade her farewell was the Lady de Danedred. Mary could not comprehend the cause of Sir Hugh's anger with his mother; she had observed his manner towards her on arriving at the Tower, and she saw that the Lady de Danedred was suffering from some secret trouble, but she was too much distracted with her own aching heart to attempt a solution of the mystery, and she left with a few courteous words of thanks for the hospitality so long received, and a brief explanation of a vague and faltering character. She went with her retinue to a castle belonging to a wealthy baron who had married her mother's sister. Her aunt had often solicited a visit from her "Orphan niece Mary" as she called her, and Mary had quite as frequently promised to avail herself of the invitation; but the journey was long and tedious, and, as all such journeys were in those days, it was attended by many dangers; her sympathies, moreover, had been all concentrated about Danedred Tower, and the visit had been frequently postponed. She

felt that such a place would be a fitting asylum now that her long romantic dream had come to such an abrupt termination, because it would be far away from all the scenes and associations of the past.

We need not follow the course of her life during the two years she remained under the protection of her aunt. Suffice it that she was frequently courted by the chivalrous knights who went to and fro her uncle's castle, that she often heard news of Sir Hugh's doings in assisting to crush the ambitious designs of King Richard's brother, that the warm glow which made her so beautiful never returned to her cheeks, and that she could not entirely forget the blissful delusion of her young life or keep away its sense of void in her heart. At times she would assume much of her old cheerfulness of manner, but in such moments an excess of excitement betrayed the severe shock that her nerves had sustained in secret wrestlings with the burden of sorrow in her bosom.

About two days before the occurrence related in the foregoing chapter a special messenger arrived in great haste at the castle, and demanded audience with Mary de Lawnford.

The circumstance somewhat startled Mary, for she had few friends who were likely to communicate with her on any matter of importance.

"Bid him approach," said Mary to the serving maid who stood awaiting her answer. "Yet stay! What kind of person is this anxious messenger?"

"He is a lean, long-limbed person, my lady, and much begrimed with the dust and dirt of a long ride."

"Does he bring his message by word of mouth, or has he a scrip?"

"He has a sealed letter, my lady," answered the serving man, "which he declares he must deliver with his own hands."

"I will see him, then. Call hither Father Malini; I need his services to read the letter."

The serving man disappeared, and in a few minutes father Malini, who was chaplain to the household, entered the room, followed by the messenger.

"Art thou the Lady de Lawnford?" asked the man, bowing his head very low.

Mary assured him that such was her name, and having received from his large rough hand the small roll of parchment, she bade him seek rest and refreshment in the kitchen until her answer was prepared. She then handed the missive to the monk, and requested him to read it aloud. It ran thus:—

"The loving greeting of the Lady de Danedred, now at the priory of St. Ann, Norwich, to Mary de Lawnford. Come to me, for in my hour of sorrow I have had a dream of joy. The return of King

Richard is as the rising of the sun after a long and dreary night. Thy estates will soon be free from the wardenship of the King. Sir Hugh has not forgotten all the past, and I shall see thee happy before I die. Haste thee, my daughter, that I may show how thou shalt win back my wayward son. Bring thee thy dresses and jewels, for if need be thou wilt go hence on a journey of state."

Mary turned her face away while the monk read slowly and distinctly the ominous words of this strange letter. One sentence—"Haste thee, my daughter, that I may show thee how thou shalt win back my wayward son," stood forth prominently from all the remainder, and filled her with a new hope. For a moment she hesitated on the course to pursue. Why do I disturb myself with this renewal of the old dream? It is only the preparing of another cup of bitterness. Such was the thought that flashed across her mind as the monk moved towards a small bench, and mechanically prepared his writing materials to engross her reply.

But the yearning of her heart overwhelmed every other consideration, and she caught at the new hope inspired by the Lady de Dane-dred's letter, reckless of the misery that might be concealed beneath it.

"What answer wilt thou send, my daughter?" inquired the monk, with the indifference of one who was performing an ordinary duty.

"Mary de Lawnford's affectionate greeting to the Lady de Dane-dred," dictated Mary. "I will go from hence at sunrise to-morrow, and will journey to Norwich with all speed."

The monk wrote the epistle with much care, and having read it aloud, fastened it together with wax, on which Mary pressed her seal.

At sunrise the next morning the household was astir, and Mary with her retinue set forth for Norwich. That day's journey was comparatively uneventful, and the party found refreshment and rest towards evening at a religious house near Hertford. On the following day they started in the direction of Royston, and the weather being very favourable, the journey seemed to revive Mary's spirits. She chatted quite merrily with her attendants, and sat on her palfrey with the same careless ease which distinguished her of yore.

"What is that behind yonder ash tree, my lady?" asked one of her attendants, pointing to a dark object crouched behind the tree.

"It has the appearance of a human body," answered Mary, after a careful scrutiny. "Call Harold hither, and let him keep our people together. I do not like the attitude of this strange figure."

There was no fear evident in Mary's countenance as she gave these orders; the heart trial of the last two years had made her wonderfully callous of danger.

"See!" cried her attendant, "there is another and another; they

are approaching. Ah! they see that we notice them. Oh, my lady, they are outlaws. What shall we do? We are all lost!"

With marvellous rapidity the outlaws, for such they really were, sprang from their several hiding places, and advanced towards the small cavalcade.

A man named Harold and three lazy retainers formed the only guard of the party, and these did not seem inclined to attempt any vigorous feat of valour. The women, shrieking and praying, clung round their mistress, while Harold and his men reluctantly obeyed Mary's command to advance within arrow-shot of the outlaws and demand their purpose. No sooner did they get within range than a dozen arrows whizzed about their ears, and turning their horses' heads they rode off at full speed, and left the party of women at the mercy of the ruffians, who now raised a shout of triumph, and eagerly hurried forward to their work of brutality and plunder. Conspicuous among the crowd of savage-looking men, Mary observed one of extraordinary dimensions. He seemed fiercer and more eager than any of his followers. His head had a natural covering of coarse red hair, and in his right hand he carried a short but heavy axe. On this man she fixed her gaze as she disengaged herself from the women who were clinging hysterically around her, and drew from her girdle a small bright poignard. The ruffian, instead of attempting to molest the women, turned suddenly aside and began to examine the contents of the small wagon which carried Mary's wardrobe, &c.

In an instant Mary dashed up to him, and her dagger was within an inch of his breast. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her large dark eyes flashed with anger. So utterly regardless was the rogue of aught but the plunder that he might have received his quietus then and there had Mary possessed the strength of heart and hand to carry out her first impulse.

A strange sense of horror seized her as she thought of spilling the fellow's blood. She hesitated; and, gripping her hand, he snatched the little weapon from her delicate fingers in an instant.

"He, he, hee!" laughed the fellow savagely. "You ought to be in Prince John's garrison at Nottingham. They want soldiers that can fight."

Mary made no reply, for a rough hand seized her by the shoulder and dragged her away. She and her attendants were now surrounded by the outlaws, who, with coarse jests and threats, forced them to relinquish every article of value. In vain Mary looked round for help. There was neither sign nor sound to give her hope of succour.

"What shall we do with this precious booty, Captain?" said one of the men to Armstrong, for it was he who was busy ransacking the wagon.

"Leave them where they are," was the abrupt reply, and the

speaker went on with the task of tossing the various articles about and extracting the valuables from what would have been to him useless lumber. Mary was burning with indignation at the sight of her wardrobe being thus destroyed, and at the insulting familiarity of the men who were standing round.

"You are a base coward," she exclaimed, addressing herself to Armstrong. "I shall remember your evil face again, and you shall pay dearly for this!"

"Remember me again, will you?" said Armstrong, with a slight start. "I fear then we must gag your unpleasant memory. Baldwin, secure that little fury."

The man addressed stepped forward, and was about to seize Mary, but suddenly jumped back with a yell of pain. An arrow had pierced him between the shoulders.

All was confusion instantly.

Wheugh—thut—wheugh—thut—wheugh—thut—came the arrows one after another, and three of the outlaws fell in succession, groaning and writhing with agony.

Armstrong lingered a few moments to grasp the heap of treasures which he had been so careful in selecting, but those moments were sufficient to put a long distance between him and his flying comrades. A party of horsemen dashed from a neighbouring thicket, and their leader took a sweep round so as to cut off Armstrong from his companions.

The Armourer quickly perceived the difficulty in which he was placed, and drawing a ponderous sword that hung by his side from a broad belt of rough hide, he gripped the long handle firmly with both hands, and boldly sprang forward at the horseman.

"After them!" cried the foremost rider, who appeared to be a person of distinction. "Leave this rogue to me."

His followers obeyed him without hesitation, and overtaking the retreating outlaws, were soon engaged in a fierce hand to hand encounter.

Mary and her attendants stood in a group, trembling with suspense, and half terrified at the shouts and imprecations, the groans and shrieks of the furious combatants, as blow followed blow in rapid succession. In the meantime Armstrong had raised his long two-handed sword, and was about to aim a tremendous blow at the head of his opponent's charger, when his huge arms appeared suddenly to relax, and he staggered back paralysed with a strange fear.

"Ah—you know me, scoundrel!" cried Sir Hugh, for he it was who had come thus opportunely to the rescue. "Yield thee now, or by the good St. Edmund thy ugly head shall roll at thy feet."

"Never!" cried Armstrong, recovering himself from the shock of surprise, and dealing a heavy blow at Sir Hugh's horse that brought both horse and rider to the ground. Sir Hugh disengaged himself instantly, and was only just in time to ward off a second blow aimed at his head. He knew that to close with so powerful an antagonist as Armstrong would be instant defeat, and so he leapt back several paces and resolved to trust to his sword.

Both were skilled in the use of their long and formidable weapon, and round and round they darted, striking and warding with a violence that tested to the utmost the temper of the steel. Neither seemed to gain an advantage, although there was a marked difference in their bearing. Armstrong rushed at his antagonist mad with fury, and Sir Hugh baffled his desperate onsets with the coolness and undaunted confidence of one to whom such an encounter was no novelty. Mary fell upon her knees pale with terror, and burying her face in her hands, offered up a hurried but fervent prayer to Heaven for the safety of Sir Hugh. It was becoming a question of endurance, for both were equally matched in agility and perfect command of their weapons. The great strength of Armstrong might under these circumstances have prevailed, but for the superior coolness of his adversary. The ground was torn up by their feet, and the woods were still echoing with their blows, when the sound of approaching horsemen caused Armstrong to glance behind him, and to his dismay he beheld Sir Hugh's companions returning from the pursuit and advancing to the succour of their leader. More desperate than ever, he rushed at Sir Hugh, and contrived by a daring risk to close with him. Sir Hugh flung away his now useless sword and gripped the giant by the throat, causing his eyes to start and his face to blacken with suffocation. Armstrong had managed, however, to raise Sir Hugh from the ground, and was preparing to fling him down, when he heard a mocking voice close to his ear—

"Thou wantest wind—here's a blow that 'll make thee blow more freely."

With a wild shriek that rent the air, Armstrong released his hold of Sir Hugh, and, bending backwards, fell groaning and writhing to the earth.

"Kick about, kick about, my most excellent fellow," cried Walrick the fool, who had plunged his long dagger into the Armourer's side. "The end wherewith thou did'st come was to steal, and by steel thou hast come to thy end."

Sir Hugh looked at the dying man with stern indifference, but his heart was not without a large share of tenderness, and he felt a momentary pang of regret that his enemy had fallen by a treacherous thrust from behind, and not in fair battle.

"Cease your senseless jesting," he exclaimed, addressing Walrick somewhat irritably. "He is dying; his fate, poor wretch, is sealed—how hard he dies!"

"A hard die maketh a sure seal, my lord," said Walrick, with great gravity.

Sir Hugh was in no humour to listen to the prattling of his fool, and he turned away to see after the unfortunate persons whom he had rescued from the outlaws.

"Permit me, Sir Knight," said Mary, partially concealing her face with her mantle, "to offer you, on behalf of myself and my attendant, our most heartfelt thanks for the gallant service you have done us. But for the bravery of yourself and followers we must have lost all our property, and possibly our lives."

"Most gracious lady," replied Sir Hugh, "we have done nought to deserve such special thanks. We hold it our duty to defend our good king's subjects from the miscreants who harass and disturb his kingdom. With your permission, I will order my men to replace your goods in the wagon, and as your escort appears to have deserted you in the hour of peril, we will bear you company to a place of safety. Whither were you bound?"

"We were on the road to Norwich," replied Mary; "but I pray, Sir Knight, that you will not delay your own journey for the protection of so humble a person as myself."

"I, too, am on my way to Norwich," answered Sir Hugh, with a start. "Pardon me, gentle lady, but your voice is wonderfully familiar to my ear."

Mary made no reply. Sir Hugh looked round, and recognised her attendants.

"Mary de Lawnford," he exclaimed, extending his hand, "have you forgotten me?"

"Have you not rather forgotten me?" answered Mary, no longer attempting to conceal her face.

"I have not forgotten you entirely, Mary; but then the events which have occurred since my return to this country have torn me from all the pleasant associations of the past. Far from forgetting you, I have often remembered with regret your sudden departure from Danedred Tower. I could not be totally unconscious of the unchivalrous abruptness with which I accepted your generous greeting on my return; but my heart was heavy with a great trouble at the time, and I was utterly incapable of the smallest act of courtesy."

"Courtesy!" thought Mary. Had she only looked for courtesy how much suffering might she have been spared! It was with difficulty she concealed the pain that that one word caused; it expressed so plainly Sir Hugh's sentiment, and his perfect ignorance of the long

dream of love from which she had so cruelly awakened. It was evident that what she had cherished as a great reality had only been regarded by him as a boyish flirtation. Her heart sank within her as she looked timidly into his handsome face, and read there the perfect absence of any deeper feelings than those of courteous friendship.

"I beg, Sir Hugh," she replied, "that you will not allow any thought of that unhappy time to distress you on my account. I did not know the cause of your trouble, nor is it likely that my sympathy would have been of any service to you."

"Why, my pretty cousin," said Sir Hugh, anxious to change the topic, and looking into Mary's pale face, "these ruffians have alarmed you, I fear; or have you been doing penance, with fastings and vigils, for the protection of some absent lover?"

Mary made an excuse for her changed appearance, and Sir Hugh turned away to give instructions for the continuation of the journey. "Walrick, see that the bodies of those rascally outlaws are carried with us to the nearest village. We have saved this hundred* a heavy amercement."

When all the preparations were completed, the party, considerably augmented in number by Sir Hugh's followers, proceeded on the road to Norwich. After an hour's brisk riding they came to the borders of a dense forest, through which the road was continued; and as there was great difficulty for the horses to proceed, in consequence of the broken and winding nature of the path, Mary and her female attendants dismounted. Sir Hugh, in company with half-a-dozen horsemen, rode some distance in advance, and another body of mounted retainers followed at an equal distance in the rear. A few men on foot, armed with long bows, entered the thickets on either side. These precautions were rendered necessary by the troubled state of the country; for the scattered adherents of King Richard's infamous brother frequently collected together in the forests and lived by plundering travellers, and even villages—burning the houses to the ground, and slaughtering the unfortunate inhabitants.

Walrick, who had no particular occupation, and voluntarily acted in all capacities—at one moment Sir Hugh's lieutenant, and at another his humble serving man—took this opportunity to approach Mary de Lawnford—

"Does my lady remember one who was more distinguished by his folly than his wisdom?" he asked.

"I have good reason," replied Mary, "to remember all the folly of the past."

"Verily, my lady, thou art in grief; thy answer hath a flavour of

* It was customary for "hundreds," towns, &c., to pay fines or amercements for any unavenged outrage committed within their boundaries.

bitterness. Knew ye not that the folly of the fool is oftentimes better than the wisdom of the wise?"

"How so?"

"Folly causeth mirth. Mirth is healthful. Wisdom teacheth us to avoid folly, but seldom hath success until Folly hath taught us wisdom."

"Then you should be the healthiest and wisest of men," replied Mary.

"For the matter of health, my lady, I am as the blast of a trumpet—sound of wind; and as for wisdom, I am wise enough to be a fool. Good humour likes fooling, and good humour is a wise state. Art thou in good humour?"

"I have no heart for fooling."

"Then more the pity that thou should'st have lost thy heart so young. Hath not my master returned thee one for thine?"

Mary blushed, and turned away her head at this bold question. She half wished that Sir Hugh could know how deeply she loved him; and the thought flashed across her that Walrick might be the means of divulging her secret.

"I fear your master has none to bestow," she replied, with a suppressed sigh.

"'Tis just likely that thy fear is justified. I have seen a comely lady—the daughter of a wealthy citizen—in sweet companionship with my lord, and he appeared to be pouring forth his heart through his eyes."

Mary gave an involuntary start, and a death-like pallor overspread her face.

"When did you see this?" she asked, with a desperate effort to appear indifferent—an effort, however, that her trembling lips refused to obey.

"Not many days ago."

"What is her name?"

"Nelly Fitzosbert."

"Is not her father the leader of a seditious party?"

"So 'tis said."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"That, my lady, is a question I cannot safely answer. Beauty is that which pleaseth the eye. She may please my eye, but not thine; she may please my lord's eye, but not mine."

Mary was about to question Walrick farther, but their conversation was abruptly terminated by Sir Hugh, who had ridden back to inform Mary and her attendants that they might now mount their palfreys with safety. A sudden turn of the road led them out of the dense forest on to an open moorland, and Sir Hugh placed himself again by

Mary's side, and chatted pleasantly concerning his adventures and the future prospects of the country. He little knew the aching heart of the pale-faced girl who listened so patiently to all he said.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH.

Sir Hugh had been summoned to Norwich by a message from his mother. Hitherto he had obstinately avoided all correspondence with her. For reasons best known to herself, she had recently left the monastery at Canterbury, whither she resorted on leaving Danedred Tower, and had now located herself at a similar establishment at Norwich. Walrick had gleaned from the messenger some very startling intelligence: the Lady de Danedred was dying. For awhile Sir Hugh forgot her crime, and was deeply moved by the news; and forthwith he had resolved to break his resolution, and to see his mother once more before they were parted by the mysterious and gloomy gulf of death. His mother had evidently intended that he should meet Mary de Lawnford, and the events recorded in the preceding chapter had anticipated her intention.

The Lady de Danedred was strangely altered. Mental trouble had broken down her haughty spirit, and had scored her face with deep, sharp lines. Her dark, penetrating eyes had become dim and expressionless, and when she spoke, a hard, uneasy movement of the lower jaw showed how utterly she had lost all physical energy, and how near at hand was the terrible messenger who opens to us the doors of Eternity.

She was reclining on a couch within a large chamber but dimly lighted by two long and narrow apertures in the massive stone walls. Rushes were strewn on the floor, and in a niche at the darkest corner of the room stood a crucifix on a small altar. The altar was covered with richly embroidered cloth, and two wax tapers, supported by massive silver candlesticks, threw a warm glow of light upon the cloth, on the shining crucifix, and on a heap of glittering jewels that lay in front of the cross.

The proud woman had relinquished one by one the splendid baubles of this world as the pangs of death grew more and more frequent, and they were placed on the altar to purchase, at the last moment, a pass to Heaven. Alas! she did not know that she was mocking her Creator by offering a counterfeit coin; she never thought that one true repentant tear would be more precious in the eyes of angels than ten-thousandfold those pearls and costly stones! A monk sat by her side with a small table before him, on which were placed materials for

writing, and, in a faint voice, which was interrupted now and then by violent spasms, the dying woman dictated the following letter:—

"Margaret, widow of Hugh de Danedred, to Henry Fitz-Alwyne, Mayor of the City of London, greeting! Whereas it has come to my knowledge that one William Fitz-Osbert, a citizen of London, doth conspire against the peace of the said city, and hath made sundry preparations for the overthrow of those lawfully appointed to maintain order within the precincts of the city, and hath moreover plotted a special injury to me and mine, which causeth me much tribulation. I earnestly pray that you will take measures to punish this wicked and malicious man now harboured within your walls. By promptly acting on this advice you will secure the peace of well-disposed citizens, and will confer a favour on the widow of Sir Hugh de Danedred, who did good service and fell in honourable battle. The bearer of this letter hath twenty byzants* in a silken bag, which you will receive as a sure testimony of my regard."

The monk had only just rolled and sealed this document, and had placed it on one side with a small bag of yellow silk, when the distant blast of a horn proclaimed some one at the gates of the monastery. A slight flush overspread for a moment the Lady de Danedred's wrinkled face, and her eyes assumed a temporary lustre as she bent forward and listened eagerly.

The monk rose slowly, and walked to the window with the calm solemnity of one careless of all earthly events.

"Who comes?" asked the invalid, breathing heavily.

"A troop of horsemen, a young baron, and a gentle lady," answered the monk, still looking through the narrow aperture.

"Thank God!" gasped the Lady de Danedred, and, as if exhausted by the effort, she sank back on the couch, and clasping her long, thin fingers together, remained silent.

Presently the door slowly opened, and one of the sisters of the establishment advanced to the bedside.

"They have come," she said.

"All?" asked the Lady de Danedred, faintly.

"Yes," replied the woman. "There is your son and a young lady, Mary de Lawnford."

"Ah!" exclaimed her mistress in a half-whisper; "they have met on the road. It is well. Bid Mary de Lawnford come to me."

The woman retired, and returned in a few moments, accompanied by Mary.

"Oh, my dear lady!" cried Mary, falling on her knees by the bedside, "I did not expect to find you thus. Had I known you were ill, I would have come to you sooner."

* A gold coin of the period.

"You have come soon enough. We must all come to this. Do you still love my son?" The Lady de Danedred spoke with increasing difficulty.

Mary's white hands were resting on the dark covering of the bed, and they trembled visibly as she answered, "I have not, I cannot forget the happy dream."

"'Twill be more than a dream, child. Do as I tell you. Go to London, and there, on that table, is the means of crushing your rival."

Mary started.

"Unless Sir Hugh cares for me, my lady, how will it avail me to injure the happy woman who has won his regard?"

"Leave that to me, child. Sir Hugh does love you—will love you. Do as I bid you. Deliver those with your own hands, and leave Sir Hugh to me. Farewell. I have not long to live. Oh, Heaven have mercy on me! Farewell! Kiss me, child. God bless you! Go—go, and bid Sir Hugh hasten to me."

Mary rushed from the room to fetch Sir Hugh, and with closed doors, the young baron and a priest witnessed the last moments of "Margaret, widow of Hugh de Danedred." While struggling with death she whispered in her son's ear till her voice was no longer audible, and a cold film began to spread over her eyes.

(To be continued.)

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD MANNERS.

"Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth which many buy too dear;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous even to taste,—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light which in yourself you must perceive—
E'en taste and learning have it not to give."—POPE.

"Herodotus has well appreciated and graphically depicted that engaging element of the Attic character which we shall designate its *humanity*, the term being here used in the widest sense as indicating not only a benevolence of temper and manners, but the possession of those qualities which in every age constitute the accomplished gentleman and man of the world."—COL. MURK (*Crit. Hist. Greek Lit.*)

"The truth is, that that kind of friendly intercourse between the higher and lower orders, beautiful and touching as it often was, belonged to feudalism, and is simply impracticable and incongruous in a democratic age."—ED. REV.



HE renowned Jonathan Swift, in an essay on Good Manners and Good Breeding, draws this distinction between the two—that the first is only the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour, but the second is of a much larger extent. For good breeding (says he), besides an uncommon degree

of literature, sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, taketh in a great compass of knowledge, no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French; not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments which are more easily acquired.

From these premises, the essayist, with becoming gravity, infers that while good breeding cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labour, a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners without other assistance.

Good manners he defines to be "the art of making those people easy with whom we converse," and for this he insists that good sense (without any knowledge of etiquette) is sufficient, along with the discernment to suit our behaviour to our superiors, our equals, and those below us. He proceeds thus:—

"Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense are the three great sources of ill-manners; without some one of those defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or of what, in *the language of fools*, is called 'knowing the world.'

"I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what we are to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill-nature.

"Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilised nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour best suited to their general customs or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense to supply the defects of reason; without which the *gentlemanly* part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And God be thanked, there hardly happeneth a duel in a year which may not be imputed to one of those three motives; upon which account I should be exceedingly sorry to find the Legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling, because the methods are easy and many for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

"As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings, so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to everybody else—inasmuch that wise men are often more uneasy at the over-civility of these refiners than they could possibly be in the conversations of peasants or mechanics."

We shall not now dwell (though we very well might do so if composition or style were the subject under consideration) upon the admirable force and ease and clearness with which all this is expressed. We shall only say that it were well if, for the sake of style, more study were given in the present day to the writings of one who, even from the unwilling pen of Macaulay, extorts this praise, when the fashionable historian sketches him at the age of four or five-and-twenty. "The secretary of Sir William Temple," he says, "was a poor scholar, under whose plain garb and ungainly deportment were concealed some of the choicest gifts that have ever been bestowed on any of the children of men—rare powers of observation, brilliant wit, grotesque invention, humour of the most austere flavour, yet exquisitely delicious, eloquence singularly pure, manly, and perspicuous. This young man was named Jonathan Swift."

What we are concerned with, however, is the theory that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; and since the gift of good sense and the accomplishment of good manners are the things upon which a man's conduct in society depends—which make him useful and agreeable if he have them, or an encumbrance and an annoyance if he have them not—it is of importance to consider how they may be encouraged and promoted, and whether modern habits of education be efficacious towards their encouragement and promotion. Now, we apprehend that, in the feverish pursuit of various kinds of knowledge, which is the fashion of the present day, the gift of good sense is less attended to than it ought to be. It is a gift, and nothing can supply it, when by nature it has been wholly withheld; but, like every other gift of nature, it is susceptible of cultivation if only the germ of it can be found; and it is submitted that to cultivate good sense—that is to say, habits of quick observation and ready judgment upon the things observed—is very much more useful, especially in early life, than to seek to pour into the mind a vast quantity or a vast variety of knowledge.

They who mix much in English society at the present day say that that species of civilised animal which satirists call the "accomplished idiot" is on the increase, and that in certain circles considerably above the middle class it is rather the fashion. Young persons are led about from this place to that, to see specimens of science or of art, in a great variety of different departments, and to hear what professors have to say about these things. This would be distracting enough even to those whose preliminary education is completed, and whose minds are matured and settled; but to young people it must be in many ways pernicious. They should have their hours of study according to some settled plan of instruction, and then the mind should be left to its own natural growth, aided by the conversation of those who

would be able to satisfy inquiry, to stimulate the desire of further information, and to guard against rash conclusions. In this way general knowledge is *picked up* without being regularly taught, and the powers of observation and judgment are practised and matured. Once the faculty of good sense is established in the mind, the common experience of every day is practical education, and, as regards the concerns of this present world, the most important of all education; but to go about continually under the sense that you are expected to be trying to learn some new thing, is intolerably wearisome, and is rarely indeed attended with a good result.

But if it be true that good sense is so rare a gift that, though it suggests good manners where it exists, it is needful to fix some rules for general behaviour, in order to fit the common case of such as have not good sense to guide them, then such "artificial good sense" should be regarded as of much importance. It is true that it is liable to abuse, as most good things are, but that abuse is not the thing we have so much reason to apprehend at the present time as the total neglect of that urbanity which good sense would secure if it existed. In the days of Jonathan Swift the forms of politeness had, no doubt, run into ridiculous excess, and he instances those of locking up a visitor's boots, or hiding the key of the stable, in order to *seem* to wish for his longer stay, when it was obvious enough that his departure would be really agreeable. Many other things equally absurd were done from the abuse of ceremony in certain quarters, while in others coarse habits were tolerated which now we do not hear of. But the reaction from the ultra ceremony of bygone days has proceeded a great deal too far, and now a rule seems to be very generally acted upon by those who have not good sense to guide them, that they are unhesitatingly to consult their own inclination without any regard, either real or assumed, to the convenience of others. This should be reformed, and it is much to be desired that a great portion of society, who run after instruction in various branches of science, should be put through an elementary course of good manners before they proceed to matters of less every-day use and less practical bearing on the endurableness of life.

The good manners here alluded to are such as Colonel Mure points at in the passage at the head of this paper. Such "humanity" has but little to do with certain ceremonies which a class very deficient in common sense regard as of high importance, but which the very highest class probably regard as extremely stupid. The wit of Swift is discharged with great effect against those whose whole stock of ideas is confined to ceremonies:—

"There is a pedantry in manners as in all arts and sciences, and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the over-rating any kind of know-

ledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c., to be greater pedants than Lipsius or the elder Scaliger. With these kinds of pedants the Court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman-usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman-porter, who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profess. For being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices; and as they are below the notice of Ministers, they live and die in Court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeness or insolence to everybody else. From whence I have long concluded that good manners are not a plant of the Court growth; for if they were, those people who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, and who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For, as to the great officers who attend the Prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at Court upon this head, except in the material circumstances of dress, wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress."

The experienced will require but little comment upon this. Individuals perish, but the race of these parasitical attendants upon civilisation live on in perpetual succession. What we have not in these days is a satirist of the power of Swift to deal with them. One thing, however, we may note as an illustration of the change of fashion. Who cares now for the authority of a "favourite actress" in matters of dress? Who, beyond the green-room, takes any note of the dressing on the stage, except to require that it be suitable to the scene, and that it do not involve any very glaring anachronistic impropriety? In this, and in every way—whatever be the cause—the influence of the theatre upon society has dwindled down almost to nothing.

We have left ourselves too little space to consider, as it merits to be considered, the dictum of the Edinburgh reviewer, that the courteous and kindly intercourse which in times past subsisted between the higher and lower orders must necessarily be sacrificed to the requirements of a democratic age. We do not deny the practical truth of the proposition, but we are led to ask, what is the good which the prevalence of democratic influence gives us in exchange? That it is a great encourager of ill-manners, as well as some worse things, both in the lower classes and in the upper, is, we fear, too apparent; but in what way it promotes human virtue or human happiness the present writer has, for so far, been unable to discover.

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE

BY THE REV. EDWARD MONRO, M.A.,

VICAR OF ST. JOHN'S, LEEDS.



HIT-SUNDAY! Glorious, happy day! and that Whit-Sunday was lovely indeed. I remember it well. There was no cloud in the sky except the tiny white one which indicates a gentle south wind. The banks and hedgerows, the fields and green swards vied with each other in flowers and colour, life and joy. The birds had been up at work since two in the morning, the lanes of the village never looked so lovely, deep shadow and intense sunshine chequered the road. There were sounds astir on that June morning, although it was Sunday; crickets chirped in the grass, and school children in holiday attire gossiped on their way to school. No one felt inclined to be angry or out of humour on that sweet, lovely June morning—the day for Mrs. Hardy's funeral.

"I say, Betsy, he does look bad, doesn't he? And sitting in that ditch, too! He ought to be ashamed of himself. What a wicked boy he must be!"

"I don't know, Polly, about all of that. He looks bad enough, to be sure, and perhaps has been bad. But you should not have stood and stared at him as you did. He put his hands over his face."

"Well, Betsy, and so he ought to have done, for mother always says we ought to hide ourselves when we've done wrong."

"Well, but, Polly, we don't know for certain that he has done wrong."

"Oh, but he has," said her companion; and these two passed on, passed through the sweet summer lane to school. "Stop that getting down the bough with the bit of May blossom on; it's well nigh dead, and you'll tear your frock. Look here, Sarah Ann, what's that?" It did not take twenty seconds for Sarah Ann to leave hold of the bough, and descend to the *terra firma* of the bank. "What!" cried she, thinking she had a spider upon her bonnet, a thing of which she stood in the greatest terror. "Where is it?"

"Why, there, to be sure," said her friend, pointing to a ragged beggar who was sitting with his head resting on his hand, and that on his knee, under the deep shadow of the hawthorn hedge. Sarah Ann gave one look at the object. "Oh! for goodness sake let's run away; it's one of those horrid tramps. Mother always says, get away from them as quick as you can, for they'll steal you and take all your clothes off and everything else besides, and that Hannibals eat

people." This was warning enough, although why the family of Hannibal eat human flesh was not explained. So these two ran a little away towards school. But having soon forgotten the object of their terror began again to reach after the last blooms of hawthorn on the spray, or to laugh at and scold each other alternately.

"He does look bad," said little Jessy Turner to her companion as they two passed slowly by.

"So he does," said Lucy Taylor; "but we can't do anything, so let us go. Teacher will scold, we're so late."

"No, never on a Whit-Sunday," said Jessy; "she never scolds on Whit-Sunday or Easter. Stay a moment, Lucy."

"Now, what are you going to be after, Jessy; it's so like you, and you are so odd—leave the beggar alone, and the police will see to him, and look him up comfortable."

Jessy, with her sweet blue eyes and shining hair, had made up her mind, if Lucy had made up hers."

"I shall go back, Lucy; stay here for me."

"Good gracious! Never to the beggar; he'll kill you." But those words were vain, for they were not heard, and if they had been, perhaps they would not have been listened to.

"Poor boy," said the gentle voice of the loving little girl, "you look hungry, here's my dinner; all wrapped up in a clean handkerchief—you take the dinner, and I'll take the handkerchief, or else mother will scold; but she won't scold about the dinner if I tell her, that I know."

Oh, Jessy, kind-hearted little girl as you were, if you had known or been able to understand that pale, worn face, with its tired blue eyes which was raised from the beggar's hand to look at you, you would have known what a breaking spirit was. But you only saw the thinness and the paleness—saw the rags in which your beggar friend was dressed, and were not old enough to guess more. "Take it all—all," said she; "I shan't want it." She poured the last crumb into that thin and shaking hand. The blue eyes of the vagrant rested a moment on the child's sweet, beaming, glowing face. There was a slight pressure of his teeth upon his lip, and he buried his face in both hands. The food lay beside him.

"Jessy, you must come, teacher will scold so," was the now oft-repeated cry from Lucy Taylor.

"Not on a Whit-Sunday," said Jessy to herself, as she still stood on the grass a little way behind the beggar, full of pity, but wondering why the food—her dinner—lay neglected by his side. His whole frame shook as he sat with his face hidden from her view.

"Perhaps he's crying," thought the little girl; "and when he has

done, he'll wipe his eyes and eat the dinner. Poor boy!" and Jessy ran off to join Lucy to go to school.

And the beggar ate his dinner. And hearing the church-bell tolling, wandered slowly on, as much in the shadow as he could, for he was so ragged. The group of children—boys and girls—had gathered at the corner of the four cross ways. They were all looking down one of them, and were eager about something which was coming up one of them. That on the left hand led down hill under a line of fir trees. There was a little whispering, but no loud talking. But there were a great number there of all ages. The beggar, listless and sad, and wishing to find some passing interest in what was going on, leant against the sign-post, which pointed to neighbouring villages, and, besides that, the sign-post was a shadow. But the object of the children's interest was just coming up the hill. It was a funeral; and children will look at funerals.

The beggar gazed as though he could find some passing interest too on that Whit-Sunday. The coffin approached, when the vagrant started from the sign-post. Pale as his face had been, it was paler than coldest marble now. His whole soul seemed fixed. The mourners were just behind the coffin—a man and a girl. There was a long train behind (for all respected and loved Mrs. Hardy); The ragged youth seemed urged by an irresistible instinct to join the two first mourners. He had looked for a third, and found her not. No. That mourner was in front of that procession—mourner no longer now, for she was where tears are wiped from every eye and aching hearts are felt no more. The beggar drew back, but walked at the end of the long line of followers—walked in his rags and tatters. The children talked and pointed about it, but no one interfered, and the vagrant seemed to know little of what was going on, for his eyes were fixed on the ground.

The bell went on tolling, and the funeral and its procession reached the gate of the lovely little churchyard where Mrs. Hardy's remains were to rest by the side of those of many of her companions in her heavenward pilgrimage, and many of the old inhabitants of the little village.

Her grave had been dug near the porch, at her own request, close to a hedge which over-hung the western bank of the churchyard. The churchyard was very full.

The mourners and the people gathered round the grave. The beggar stood apart, under the shadow of the hedge; the service was over, and a hymn was sung over the open grave—Mrs. Hardy had begged that it might be. It was one which Edward Crayen had written for her at her own request, and which she had through her last few months sung to herself. Edward had had it printed on small papers for the mourners and people.

As the hymn began to rise in the sweet stillness of the summer sky, the beggar-boy started, for a light finger had touched his hand. The tender face of little Jessie was looking up to him, putting into his hand a copy of the hymn. He took it, and the child was gone.

All was over now. The people had left the churchyard. The men filled up the grave, and went away—for the two chief mourners lingered still, Hardy and his little girl (and the men might finish their work an hour hence). Yes. Leave mourners to themselves. The churchyard was empty when Hardy and Susan drew near to the just closed grave. They stood hand in hand, looking at it. But neither of them had noticed that a third had drawn near it too—the ragged beggar; nor, perhaps, would they have done so—for deep sorrow absorbs all attention—had not the boy thrown himself on the grass by the unclosed grave, with his face buried in his hands.

"Mother, oh, mother! Dear, dear mother! Shall I never see you again? Oh, mother, speak one word—one little word to Robert—one little word!" and there was silence.

Susan had seized and pressed her father's hand with a clasp of iron. In a whisper, scarcely audible, she said: "Oh! it is our Robert."

Hardy made to her a sign to remain quiet, which she only did by thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth; and looking round on all sides, he went up to his boy, whose face was still hidden and buried in his hands. His whole frame seemed heaving in agony. Hardy placed his face close to his child's ear, and said—

"I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh, father, father!" said the boy, "you can never forgive me. Never, never, never!"

"Robert, my own dear boy, I have forgiven you, and I do forgive you. Get up from the grass. We will come here to-morrow."

"Oh, mother, mother! and I have killed you," was the only sobbing answer.

"Robert," said his father firmly, "get up and come with me and your sister home. Your mother wished it."

And the poor boy arose. But when face met face—the father and his only boy—they wept upon each other's bosoms. And those three walked home together. Robert leant on his father's arm, and held on the other side Susan's hand. None of them spoke on that walk. But that silence was more than eloquence.

"Eh! there goes the ragged beggar home with Farmer Hardy; sure he does," was the restrained cry of a few children whom they passed. But they reached the farm ("then there were still three to be there").

Two hours had passed away, when Susan beckoned her father out of the room.

"Father," said she, "I have got up Robert's bed beautiful, and put all dear mother's pictures there, and——"

"Stop, child, Robert will sleep in my room, and I will sleep in his. And Susan, take everything which he will remember, and everything about your blessed mother, out of my room, and let your brother see none."

"But, father," said the amazed Susan.

"Susan, my girl," said he, with more sternness than usual, "remember two things—first do what your parents tell you," although the word "parents" more than brought tears down the farmer's face. "And secondly—Susan, remember this—he whom the Lord has stricken, leave to the Lord. If Robert is in God's hands for penitence and broken-heartedness, our work is to bind up and heal, not to open out, the wound. Leave your brother to God. He will bring the wanderer home; and He is doing it now. Leave those two alone together."

And Robert slept in his father's bed and room; and his father slept in his.

But it was poor sleeping with Hardy. He threw himself on his bed. "Merciful, oh! how merciful art Thou, oh! Lord, for all Thou hast done to me. Thou hast taken away to Thyself the dear partner of my life—the sharer in my joys and sorrows—my weal and woe. And Thou hast restored to me my only, my wandering boy! The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Towards three in the morning Hardy left his bed (Robert's little bed of other days). His child was asleep—worn out with weariness and terror. His father stood and looked at him, as the moon fell upon his face. It was very beautiful, and full of all the loveliness of his childhood, matured into the deeper thoughts and powers of the youth; washed from the miseries of his vagrant journeyings, his hair fair and luxuriant as ever, his two hands clasped together near his face, the still undried tear hanging on his eye-lash and his cheek. The farmer gazed upon his worn-out and sleeping child. He knelt down and prayed by his side, and returned. But again he went back (he thought his mother would have done so). But still Robert slept, though one hand was now placed under his cheek on the pillow, and the other lay outside the sheet.

And a third time the father returned, and knelt by his sleeping boy. But this time he spoke above a whisper, as a thought of his wife rose before him. He said the old words as it were to himself—"I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him;" but a soft gentle

voice from the pillow finished the sentence, "I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." And his father fell upon his neck and kissed him.

And Robert walked on calmly and safely in the paths of righteousness—not the same Robert of other days, for the somewhat vain and self-conscious manner of the pupil-teacher had given place to the pensive, quiet, and subdued tone of the penitent and restored wanderer.

HOW WE INVADÉD WALES.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER CAMPAIGN IN THE PRINCIPALITY.

By WILLIAM SAWYER.

Author of "With a Friend in Paris."

CHAPTER I.

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

IN those capital old times which some people are never tired of talking about—(and how glad we should be if they had only happened to have lived in them!)—it was the ordinary summer occupation of a good many, otherwise sensible, English people to go fighting in Wales. As the weather became settled, they might be seen furbishing up their old bits of armour and grinding away at their swords, or sharpening up flints for fire-locks; and all against the time when the Welsh excursions began; that was, as soon as the roads were practicable for attacking the enemy—who, on his part, busied himself in making arrangements to give his English visitors the best reception he could! "The red tide of war," it has been said, "used to roll from the gates of Chester to the banks of Conway, and the reflux from Conway back to Chester was quite as powerful;" which annual ebb and flow of the red tide must have been pleasant for those in danger of being overwhelmed and lost by it! Still, the amusement must have been highly exciting. Our simple pastimes—such as salmon-fishing, deer-stalking, and "shooting over a thousand acres"—are ridiculously mild in comparison. And as for summer excursions to Wales, it seems awfully degenerate to think of entering the Principality out of chain-mail, and armed with a railway-ticket in place of a sword.

Still—there being no help for it—the modern style was the one adopted by the invaders—two in number—whose exploits I sit down to record. Their appearance was suggestive of comfort rather than romance, and—like other modern campaigners—their first care was to

press the railway into their service. This latter fact, as they were painfully conscious, reduced them to a miserable level of conventionality; but it was not without its compensating advantages, and it certainly increased their respect for those who had gone over the ground when railways were unknown. How did people possibly find their way into the Principality in the days, when even roads were rare luxuries? How did Falstaff get from Eastcheap to Shrewsbury even, with his marching company, when he says of himself, "Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me." And as to riding thers—that must have been a greater trial, with such roads. One has even a sort of hero-worship feeling toward the men of later days who reached Snowdon by post-chaise or on coach-tops. Weary, weary work it must have been, and it seemed all the more so by contrast, as we thought over it while approaching our destination with luxurious despatch.

Though Wales has, in course of time, become one and indivisible, the tourist will always regard it as having two great divisions—North and South. One or the other of these divisions he must select at starting. The question usually is—"Which?" For my part, I determined to see both the South and the North; to do the country in its entirety, in fact, so far as that was practicable; but, taking the seasonable advice of a friend, I set out on the Southern road first. As was predicted, this turned out to be by far the wisest course, upon the principle of saving the best wine to the last. There cannot be a greater contrast than between North and South Wales. Both are delightful, each in its own way; but the South is flat and fertile as a garden, while the North is rugged, wild, and romantic; and it will be obvious that placid beauty is far more delightful before the taste for it has been spoiled by the grandeur of Nature in her mountain fastnesses.

Taking the map of the Great Western Railway at starting, we found that there was an almost straight course from London to Milford Haven, from the Capital to the extreme western point of the Principality. This line, we saw, ran along the whole southern coast of Wales—the coast washed by the waters of the Bristol Channel—and touched at most of the principal towns—at Chepstow (in the neighbourhood of which Tintern Abbey is situated), Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelly, Caermarthen, and Milford—going also within a short distance of that gem of fashionable watering-places, Tenby.

Here was our Southern route, then, marked out by a discriminating railway company, which had judiciously left out every place not worth looking at, and placed us in immediate contact with all those spots to which our taste was likely to incline. The route embraced some 288 miles, and, as that is rather a long journey to mere plea-

sure-seekers, we determined to break it as points of interest presented themselves. Thus it happened that on the first day we did not get out of England; that day we only reached the borders of Wales, stopping at Gloucester, and taking the opportunity of running over to Cheltenham in the evening.

Respecting this English part of the journey there is very little to say, but, being an Englishman, it is natural that this little should begin with a grumble; and I certainly did grumble, when at Swindon I darted into the refreshment-room, and having secured three penny buns and about three pennyworth of brandy, the sum of eighteen-pence was demanded for those luxuries! Threepence for a penny bun is a little beyond a joke, as a country clergyman who had charge of six schoolboys thought. One has heard of a saint swearing—without crediting it, of course—and if that saintly personage in the white tie and black coat did not indulge in a mild expletive at a demand for something like five shillings for buns, why I never heard a mild expletive—that's all. The whole system, however, is monstrous. No railway company ought to sanction three or four hundred per cent. being made out of their passengers, simply because it is a case of Hebeon's choice. But what struck me as the worst part of the business was, that the charming young brigands who levied this black mail were subjected to an amount of bullying and cursing on the part of irate passengers, most painful and repulsive to listen to. It is sad to see young, pretty, and innocent-looking girls assisting in something so like a swindle, and being forced to listen, as a rule, to coarse and brutal denunciations, often in language by no means choice or select, while they have to brazen out what they well know is an imposition.

The fact is, the whole system wants revising. People who take long journeys want proper food and due conveniences for partaking of it. Not only do the Americans set us an example in this respect, but on the Continent they have reformed it altogether. On some of the lines there, when a man wants to dine he signifies his wish to the guard on arriving at a station; the order is telegraphed on to the next station, and when the train reaches it, his dinner is handed in in a basket; it is eaten in the carriage, and at the next station the basket is given up. What simpler or more admirable?

A pleasant bit of country that through which the Great Western Line passes—fertile though flat—so flat that there is no tunnel until Cirencester is reached. Immediately after that, comes a tunnel, breaking from which at Tetbury Road, you come upon the most striking piece of scenery with which I am acquainted. The neighbourhood of Brinscomb is not “famed in story,” but it is not likely to be forgotten by any one who has passed through it. Wooded hills

rise on either side the valley, and among the trees little white houses are perched, without order or regularity, but with a picturesqueness that is inimitable. I can compare the scene to nothing but some valley in Switzerland, with its chalets perched here and there in charming disorder. There may be streets in this favoured district, but I saw none, and I hope not. What I did notice was, that there are factories, and that even these have a pleasing appearance. There are also streams and pools of water, in which the red sunset was being reflected with admirable effect as we passed through. It is seldom, indeed, that factories present a charming appearance; but nothing in Wales exceeds in picturesqueness this little village of Brinscombe, with its toy houses, and water-wheels, and abounding foliage, as viewed from the passing train.

Of course this piece of country, lying between Cirencester and Stroud, is familiar to most persons who have travelled on this line; but people are afraid to be enthusiastic about anything so near home. Bring Snowdon itself to within a mile of London, and people would regard it as about equal to Primrose Hill.

At Gloucester we stopped. This seems quite as dull as most cathedral cities, and rather less interesting in every way than many I have seen. The Cathedral is considered fine, but I was not much struck with it. There is no spire, and the general effect is that of squabbiness. Like most Protestant places of the kind, it had been seized on as the freehold of some enterprising verger—who, however, was represented on this occasion by a very small girl with a very demonstrative sniff—who, peering through an aperture of two inches, to which extent she permitted the door to open, demanded whether we “wished to be shown over the building?” I declined, perhaps rashly—for what valuable ecclesiological lore I thereby lost is matter for conjecture. Enough that the maiden sniffed us off, closed the door, and I had to console myself with Jonas Chuzzlewit’s reflection, that “the outside of these places is always the best.”

Apropos of “Verge,” the word evidently comes from the old English “verge,” a stick or wand; hence verger, one carrying the wand. The Latin name of the divining rod familiarly illustrates this.

Gloucester stands in close relation to Cheltenham. The towns are eight miles apart, and a branch line connects them. We were certainly glad to have availed ourselves of this branch, for Cheltenham is in every respect worth a visit. It is a handsome town, with fine streets and shops, fine churches and walks, and without the oppressive newness that makes most fashionable places so objectionable. The Promenade, with its fine trees, is like a Parisian boulevard. The only note I took in the course of my short visit was as to the Sebastopol guns presented to this town. They are erected in front of

the Queen's Hotel, on a commanding eminence, and are very showily mounted. There is, moreover, one admirable idea in connection with them. On the sides of the granite pedestals on which they stand, are inscribed the names of all the men of Cheltenham and its neighbourhood who fell in the Crimea. Not only the officers but the privates, in the different regiments, born in those parts, are thus borne in grateful remembrance.

But we were impatient to get to Wales, and started the first thing in the morning. Nor were we satisfied until, while passing Grange Court Road Station—an insignificant one—we saw there on a board four placards, setting forth the condign punishment inflicted on certain offenders against the Railway bye-laws, and all the names were unmistakably Welsh. There was *Evan Jones*, who had tried to get a ride without a ticket; there was *John Evans* and *William Morgan*, who had thrown stones at a passing train; and there was *David Griffith*, who, I am afraid, had been guilty of smoking in a railway carriage—a hardened malefactor, whom we—a carriage full of smokers—set down as a fool, for being found out!

After such an array of names there could be no question about our having got into Wales. And here let me caution the tourist who may follow in my steps against indulging the rash expectations which the very name of Wales is apt to conjure up. Once for all bear in mind that while North Wales is grand and imposing in character, South Wales is as flat as a bowling-green. The scenery is thoroughly English, and hardly more diversified than that between Brighton and Portsmouth. Exceptions to the rule do occur, but they are few and far between. The lowland character pervades throughout, and is most disappointing. At every step the traveller demands "something Welsh," that is, something grand or romantic, something different to the prosaic country he has just quitted, and demands it in vain.

Chepstow is the first of the exceptional places at which there is something really worth seeing—its castle rises proudly on the right, while on the left of the line the banks of the Wye present a decidedly picturesque aspect, being steep and in parts overgrown with ivy and other foliage. With the exception of the castle, there is not much to detain one at this place; but that is a fine ruin, finely situated, and has historical associations which render it interesting. At one corner of the square and otherwise unrelieved building there rises a broken circular tower which will always inspire melancholy reflections from the number of great and good who have languished out long years of imprisonment in the gloomy dungeons beneath it. It would be hard to bring a general charge against our ancestors that they had no appreciation of goodness or virtue; but certainly they had a marvellous knack of consigning their best men to prison or to the block.

The chief prisoner whose name is associated with the dungeon, is Henry Martin, one of the judges of Charles I., who paid the penalty of his fearless execution of the national will by twenty years of imprisonment! Sad, indeed, it is to contemplate such a fate, and the story has a comic side to it almost as saddening, in so pitiable a light does it place poor humanity. They record that at his death the prisoner was buried in the chancel of the church, but afterwards some drivelling vicar had the mouldering bones removed, on the plea that he would not suffer the remains of what he called a regicide to be so near to the altar! This place was also the temporary prison of Jeremy Taylor. The castle is well worth a visit, though it does not present features inviting description.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Chepstow are two places which tradition and poetry have alike invested with the strongest attraction. Singular it seems to read the words "Caerleon" and "Usk" as the names of railway stations! Caerleon, where Arthur founded the Round Table, and Usk so associated with his name, his exploits, and those of the heroes by whom he was surrounded! In the King's days the whole of this district was covered with wood; it constituted part of the great forest of Dean, and as I came to the now open and cultivated spot I could not help recalling the lines in the *Idylls of the King*, where the poet tells us how

— Arthur on a Whitsuntide before
Held court at old Caerleon on the Usk."

(It is the river which gives the name to the little tower of Usk)—

"There on a day, he sitting high in hall
Before him came a forester of Dean,
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart,
Taller than all his fellows, milky white,
First seen that day, these things he told the King.
Then the good King gave order to let blow
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn."

Arthur himself is more utterly a name and a tradition than this great forest of Dean, which even in Elizabeth's day was regarded as being of especial value and consideration. But Caerleon remains, and our Laureate's great work has invested it and the neighbourhood with new and special interest.

The town of Caerleon retains few traces of grandeur or importance. It had a castle, it was walled even in the time of the Romans. The castle, in the hall of which Arthur held his court, has entirely disappeared, and of the walls only fragmentary traces reward the scrutiny of the antiquary. Wandering through its forlorn and squalid streets, where all life seems stagnant, and the feebleness of the age seems to have overtaken even inanimate things, it is hard to realise that it was here that—

"—— first the question rose
 About founding of a Table Round
 That was to be for love of God and men
 And noble deeds, the flower of all the world."

Yet here, after all, one soon finds that the tradition of what has been regarded almost as a creation of romance has been most thoroughly preserved, because it has been associated with something tangible and material. Speak to a schoolboy in Caerleon of Arthur's Round Table, and he will offer to show it you!

"Does it still exist, then?" you ask incredulously.

"Indeed, yes, Sir."

"Where?" (For you would almost as soon expect to be shown Excalibus in some local museum.)

"Close by, Sir."

And, in effect, if you place yourself under his charge he will conduct you to a field not far distant, quite within sight of the town, and point out the spot where the knights might have assembled in the king's presence, as tradition asserts. In the middle of the field is a great hollow, elliptical in form, evidently an amphitheatre of the old times, and no doubt of Roman construction. The turf-covered ground slopes gradually towards the centre, which is sixteen feet below the level of the field. Curiosity has led to the digging up of portions of the ground here and there, and fragments of stone found, leave no question but that stone seats, ranging row above row, formerly existed. It would be pleasant to believe that these seats were occupied by the knights of the Arthurian Court, while

"Each incited each to noble deeds."

But antiquaries do not countenance that view of the matter; they pronounce this a Roman circus, the proportions of which, by the way, are given as 220 feet by 190 feet. That gives a goodly ellipse, and the existence of such a relic shows that Caerleon was a place of no mean importance in the remote times from which it dates.

Usk is not so interesting. It is a quiet little town, with little to attract except the remains of its castle and its church, with a far-famed inscription on a monument in it—an inscription which no antiquary has yet been able to decipher! Some considerable portion of the castle remains, but it is not worth while for the traveller to stop to investigate it. Castles are the great product of Wales. They are as plentiful as roses in June. Every little hamlet has its views in this kind, and from them one can understand the desperate resistance which the Welsh were able to offer in the olden times against the invaders constantly bent on subduing them. What with its mountain fastnesses, its rugged strongholds, and the impenetrable forests that overspread great portions of it, and these innumerable

castles, the country must have been deemed impregnable. The people felt it to be so, no doubt, and on these grounds flattered themselves with the notion that they could, or ought to, persist in their independence. What an idle dream that was everyone now sees. How vainly the land was ravaged, and its resources exhausted, and the blood of the people shed like water, we know; and while the patriotic struggles of a brave people cannot fail to appeal to our sympathies, the verdict of common sense is that the happiest day for Wales was that which saw the birth of Edward's son at Carnarvon Castle. The subjugation of the kingdom was complete when that unconscious infant was dubbed first Prince of Wales; and though, no doubt, the event was regarded as a national calamity, it was really a blessing in disguise. The annexation of Wales to England was a geographical as well as a political necessity. It could never have existed as an independent kingdom. A little principality like that could not have held its own against the world. Innate weakness must have caused it to succumb to some hungry foe; and while on its own account its nominal independence was ridiculous, England could not afford to leave it as a bone of contention lying close to its borders. So while one feels that the policy of our early monarch as to the conquest of France was false and ruinous, there can be no doubt that the determination to subjugate Wales was dictated by a sound, political, common-sense view of things—in other words, by sound statesmanship. And there can hardly be a Welshman in these days romantic enough to indulge the faintest wish that the solid advantages his country enjoys under the crown of England should be exchanged for any empty figment of nationality—anything involved in the notion of Wales for the Welsh.

But I must not shoot off into a political "siding."

THE BANKS OF THE FOWEY.



SHORT distance south of Restormel is Lostwithiel, a little town which is very pleasantly situated in a low valley on the western bank of the river, and which has been supposed by many learned in antiquarian lore to be the Uzella of Ptolemy. Historians give numerous supposed derivations of the name of this borough, but the tradition most commonly circulated among the people is to the effect that the town was once a large city which was destroyed by an earthquake, and that the present name is derived from that event—*Lost-with-all*. Tradition always exaggerates facts, and as such improbable stories are related in almost every part of Cornwall, it is obvious that no reliance can be placed on this supposed derivation. Still, it is evident that Lostwithiel is a place of very great antiquity, though it doubtless owes its present position and former importance to the patronage of the Earls of Cornwall, who resided in such close proximity at Restormel. It possessed the sole sale and coinage of tin, and was made a free borough by Richard, King of the Romans. In those mediæval times such advantages as those conferred on Lostwithiel by Earl Richard were not to be despised, for they added greatly to the wealth and importance of the town. Subsequently the county assizes, elections, and archdeaconry courts were held there, and it had the power of returning two members to Parliament. But all these privileges have been swept away, the borough having been disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832. The removal of royalty from Restormel Castle in the middle ages gave rise to a very singular custom which prevailed at Lostwithiel on Easter Sunday. The freeholders of the town and manor assembled together, and one of their number, each in his turn, gaily attired and gallantly mounted, with a sceptre in his hand, a crown on his head, and a sword borne before him, and attended by all the rest on horseback, rode through the town in great state to the church. This mimic grandeur was carried on with great pomp, and after attending divine service, the puppet monarch and his retinue repaired to a house in which a feast had been prepared for the occasion, where he was served with bended knee, and with all the punctilio of a real court. For many generations this custom was rigidly observed, but it is now almost, if not entirely, forgotten.

In the summer of 1644 Lostwithiel was the head-quarters of the Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general, previous to which a battle had been fought near the town in which a body of Royalists under Sir Richard Greville was defeated by Lord Robartes. The Parlia-

mentarians used the church as a stable, and in their puritanical bigotry injured the sacred edifice by an explosion of gunpowder, and destroyed many of the ancient records. The font, on which is sculptured a heterogeneous mixture of figures representing among other things the crucifixion and a huntsman, formed a convenient watering-trough for the horses of the fanatical Roundheads. In modern times Lostwithiel has been chiefly notorious for the scenes which were enacted at its contested elections before the advent of Redistribution Bills, and for the profuse expenditure of those who were candidates for Parliamentary honours. At these periods wine flowed like water, and as teetotallers were mythical personages, it was usual to see the "free and independent electors" day after day in every stage of inebriety, rolling about the streets and in the churchyards like so many drunken swine. Sir Robert Walpole's famous saying that every man had his price was undoubtedly correct when applied to these pattern Cornish voters—a fact which was unpleasantly evident to the candidates. There was, too, something ludicrous in the conditions they submitted as part of the price of their votes. One man would only vote for the candidate whose pipe of wine was tapped at both ends, and another would insist on something equally antagonistic to political morality. Thus were affairs carried on until "at one fell swoop" the Reform Bill demolished the electoral fabric, and Lostwithiel relapsed into insignificance. At present the town is a place of very little importance, its chief interest being derived from its historic associations, and from the supreme beauty of the locality in which it is situated. It is the spot *par excellence* in that part of Cornwall where the tourist should fix his head-quarters.

From Lostwithiel an interesting walk might be taken to Boconnoc, the residence of the Hon. G. M. Fortescue, and famous as having been the birthplace of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the celebrated statesman. Lady Grenville, "the last of the Pitts," was the proprietor of Boconnoc until recently, where she died at a very advanced age, and thus was snapped asunder the one living link which connected the spot with those great men who wielded the power and guided the destinies of Britain with such marvellous success. There is a kind of mystic influence pervading the solitude and retirement of this neighbourhood, with its fine old park, well stocked with deer, its hawthorn groves of fragrant beauty, and its fine surrounding woods. The contemplation of the present, and the recollection of the past, the knowledge that before him is the ancestral home and patrimonial property of the Pitts, and the memories that crowd upon his mind, almost make the observer catch the inspiration of genius, and lead him to imagine that he is standing on hallowed ground. But however suggestive these considerations may be to an imaginative mind, there

is plenty of evidence to show that the great drama of life has there been enacted in all its stern reality. On an eminence at some distance from the house is an obelisk, elegantly proportioned, erected to the memory of Sir Richard Lytton, and rising to the height of 123 feet. This column stands in the centre of a square entrenchment, which was probably raised during the civil wars of the seventeenth century. In 1644 Boconnoc House was captured from the Earl of Essex by the Royal troops, and King Charles himself afterwards took up his quarters there. The immediate vicinity was the scene of fierce contention during that period, and a decisive battle was there fought between the king's troops, commanded by Sir Ralph Hopton and the Parliamentarians, under General Ruthven.

At Lostwithiel the Fowey becomes navigable for boats and barges, and further down for small vessels. About two miles from the town there is a sudden and fine expansion of the river, and as from its winding nature there is no visible sign of inlet or outlet, it presents the appearance of a beautiful lake. The surrounding hills being covered with verdure fringe the apparent lake with the richest foliage, and the whole character of this splendid scene being perfectly unique, its beauty is probably unrivalled in the west of England. Among the trees on the left bank is the picturesque little church of St. Winnow, with its grey tower clad here and there with ivy, having every appearance of a place sacred to the memory of the dead. Opposite St. Winnow is Penquite, the residence of Colonel Peard, who distinguished himself in the Italian war of 1859, and became a famous character, with the appellation of "Garibaldi's Englishman." When General Garibaldi was in England he paid his old friend a visit at this interesting spot, and this was his last resting-place before he quitted the English shores to return to his sea-girt home at Caprera. At the charming residence of the friend who had fought by his side, Garibaldi must have seen much in the beautiful prospect before him which would bear comparison with many scenes in his own classic land; and he must have been reminded of his earlier years, when, by the soft waters of some Italian lake, the spirit of the young enthusiast burned with the desire to see his country free. Close to Penquite is Golant, or St. Sampson's, which in rural phrase possesses "three wonders"—a chimney in the church, a well in the church porch, and a tree higher than the tower. There is a curious old custom prevailing at this place. On a certain day in the year the poor parishioners go out on a common and cut ferns; the land was given them, and they hold it by the observance of this singular custom. Nothing will induce them to part with their right, which is probably a relic of some antiquity. Opposite Golant a beautifully wooded creek runs up to Lerren, on the banks of which

are the house and park of Ethy, the residence of Philip Melville, Esq., late Military Secretary to the East India Company. The river here makes a turn, and in the projecting point of land thus caused there is a deep cleft which has a legend attaching to it. Wild and extravagant stories of the kind have ever floated about among the Cornish people, and even now receive much credence. It is said that in consequence of the fearfully formidable number of Cornish saints, the devil is very shy of the country, but on one occasion had the temerity to pay it a visit. Being discovered by some housewives in the neighbourhood, they gave chase in order to put him into a pie (Cornwall is famous for the variety of its pies), and in his haste to escape his pursuers he had not time to go round the point of land alluded to, but broke through, kicking down a portion of it to make way. This part of the country is also famous for piskies—little people supposed to be fairy-like, and so small as to be almost if not altogether invisible—who ride horses to death in the fields at night, or twist their manes into all kinds of fantastic knots, and do much more mischief. The belief in piskies, witches, ghosts, and other absurdities was at one time general, but now

“The Cornish drolls are dead, each one—
The fairies from their haunts have gone;
The world is got so learn’d and grand,
There’s not a witch in all the land.”

The town of Fowey is romantically situated along the western bank of the commodious harbour, into which the river runs, and which was at one period commanded by castles and towers. In the town itself there is nothing to attract more than ordinary attention. It consists principally of one long, irregular street, at the end of which is a fine promenade, commanding beautiful views of the river, the surrounding heights, and the adjacent country. The harbour, which is capacious and safe, formed a most convenient port during the war-like times of the first and third Edwards and the fifth Henry. During that period, therefore, Fowey rose rapidly into importance, and to the fleet of Edward the Third before Calais contributed 47 ships—being a larger number than that furnished by any other port in England, with the exception perhaps of Yarmouth. The seamen of Fowey kept the towns on the opposite coast of France in continual alarm; and during their ravaging excursions performed such daring feats that they earned for themselves the appellation of the “Fowey gallants.” At the entrance to the harbour were two square towers, erected about the time of Henry the Fourth, but now in ruins. Both towers were provided with portholes and cannon, and, as additional security to the town, a chain extended across the mouth of the harbour from one town to another. But in 1457 Fowey suffered its

retribution, for the Frenchmen landed at midnight and destroyed a large portion of the town, and carried off much of the ill-gotten wealth.

"Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed."

The inhabitants, terrified and panic-stricken, fled for refuge to Place House, which was gallantly defended by the lady of the mansion in the absence of her husband. Leland tells us that "the Frenchmen diverse tymes assailed this town, and last most notably about Henry VI. time, when the wife of Thomas Treury (Treffry) the II. with her men repelled the French out of her house in her husband's absence, whereupon Thomas Treury builded a righte faire and strongly embattled towr in his house, and embatteling all the waulles of the house, in a manner made it a castelle, and unto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Fowey." During the civil wars Fowey was at first one of the Royal garrisons, and the fortress and haven were held by the Royalists till March, 1646, when they were delivered up to Sir Thomas Fairfax. Fowey sent representatives to Parliament from the 13th year of Elizabeth's reign until the time of the wholesale disfranchisement of Cornish boroughs in 1832, when it shared the fate of many others, and has now subsided into a quiet fishing town.

In the neighbourhood are many interesting sights, but our limited space has necessarily made the description of the river and its scenery imperfect, and prevented our entering more fully into the varieties connected therewith. Should this brief sketch, however, induce any of our readers to visit the scenes we have attempted to depict, their minds, whether inquisitive, contemplative, or philosophical, can be satiated in few localities in England better than on the banks of the Fowey.

CHARLIE WARDEN'S PIPELIGHT.

By NELLA RAYNES.

"LL tell you what it is, Agnes dear; if it were only for one little thing, I wish we were married."

The young lady addressed as Agnes, raised her great brown eyes to the speaker's face, and with as much unconcern as she could assume on the spur of the moment inquired what the "one little thing might be."

"Well, I dare say you'll laugh, Aggie, but I was thinking that then I might be able to have a few pipelights made, and then you would indulge me to that extent, sometimes, would you not, my darling?"

"I am not quite sure that I would," replied Agnes, laughing and blushing, "can't you find time to make them yourself?"

"No, indeed! Besides, that's one of the things men never care to do for themselves; you can't think what a nuisance it is. I used to leave a lot of old letters on the mantelpiece, but the servant found out what I used them for, and took them regularly to light the fire; so that little game's knocked on the head."

"Used you to leave *my* letters about, Charlie?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear; don't think that, Aggie."

And apparently Aggie did not think it very seriously, for she smiled at the vehemence of his contradiction, and the smile was so bewildering that Charlie could not help stooping to kiss the rosy mouth it curled.

There had been a vast amount of excitement amongst their mutual friends when Charlie Warden's engagement to Agnes Flay became known. They were so thoroughly unsuited to one another, people said; but then people always do say something on such occasions, and very seldom appear to consider that the two most concerned had any right to judge for themselves, or even allow their ability to do so. Whether Charlie and Agnes were unsuitable companions to run the race of life together it remained for time to prove; unlike they most certainly were, but then extremes meet. Charlie was a merry rattle-brain, fond of company and excitement, endowed with few reflective faculties, and intensely practical, especially in his devotion to his lady love, for whom his affection bordered on the veneration a good Catholic might feel for his patron saint; and she, with those wonderful eyes of hers, and her pale oval face, round which her masses of light brown hair waved, was not unlike some old saint worshipper's ideal. Stronger than Charlie in intellect, perhaps, she leant upon his physical strength, and exactly defined the kind of love she felt for him when she told him one day that "it rested her."

Of course, our lady readers can imagine the result of the foregoing conversation, which was that before Charlie's next visit, Agnes found leisure to devote to the manufacture of some pipelights, which were duly presented and accepted with reiterated thanks.

"You really are a thoughtful darling," was Charlie's unqualified praise; "I don't know what I should do without you, though I am afraid I scarcely deserve your love."

"Wait until I tell you that, Sir, whilst I am contented you need not trouble about what you deserve; just 'take the good the gods provide' you, and be thankful."

"I am that, dear; what a quantity of paper you have been wasting on me, Aggie," he continued, half remorsefully.

"Why, *caro mio*, what earthquake has made you propound economy?" asked Agnes, laughing; "however, to set your mind at rest, I'll let you into the secret. It is some of my old MSS. cut up that made your improved vesuvians."

"I don't see any writing."

"Goose! we authors only write on one side of the paper, and I took good care to fold my scribbling inside. Now are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, and I shall take particular notice that Mary Jane don't have any of those to light her fires."

Charlie Warden was anything but a model hero—a fact with which no one was better acquainted than himself, and he had simply uttered his thoughts aloud when he said he scarcely deserved the love he had won. Perhaps to some extent he was right, but then that love had been a turning point in his career, and the saying that "the love of a true-hearted woman is the best safeguard a man can have," had proved itself correct in his case. Many pleasures that before his engagement were considered legitimate, were thrown aside, many questionable amusements abandoned, and many old acquaintances dropped. In short, as one of the said acquaintances remarked, "Charlie was growing awfully slow and beastly respectable."

We have not the slightest intention of attempting to palliate the fashionable follies and vices of the day; there is much that needs reforming, much that needs expunging altogether, in the manners of this vaunted nineteenth century; we only wish to point out to those who condemn without understanding the power and contagion of example; that Draconic severity cures few evils. We have grown so fond of effect and show that Virtue in Judah's garb appears less attractive than Vice in purple and fine linen.

Homekeeping squires who send their sons to London, and wonder how on earth the boys can spend so much money, would cease to wonder were they let into the mysteries of "fast life," and made acquainted with the temptations of music-halls or billiard-rooms

Charlie *was* firm. So, without giving Eustace time to enquire what the interrupted answer to his question meant, he leant his elbows on the table, and, supporting his head on his hands, looked steadily in his companion's face, saying, with a sort of determined desperation—

"I'll tell you what it is, Eustace, it's not the slightest good trying to persuade me to go this evening—I've made up my mind to drop that sort of thing. You two, at least, ought to know that I mean what I say. Don't think I want to preach, but I bought my experience at a dear shop, and I don't want to buy any more at the same rate—for, after all, it is very unsatisfactory, and never pays. There, that's all I have to say. No doubt you think it comes with a very bad grace from me; but as we used to say, all throw the dice, and if the double six has not turned up (although I fancy it has), yet it is so near it as to make me perfectly contented with my lot, and all the harm I wish you two fellows is that you may be equally lucky."

"I'll give you up as a bad case," said Eustace, rising; "your sermon has made me unpleasantly conscious of the fact that I belong to the unregenerate. Ta, ta, old boy; congratulate your lady love for me on the transformation she has effected in you. I yield to her superior influence."

For some time after he was left alone, Charlie sat revolving in his thoughts his newly-acquired strength of mind, feeling very well-satisfied with the novel performance, and when the last post came in bringing the expected letter from Agnes, in which she informed him of her intended return on the following day, he was able to arrive at the conclusion that an evening spent with Minnie would most likely have proved a sad bore.

"I'm so awfully glad you've come home," said Charlie the next day as he lifted Agnes from the railway carriage.

"So awfully glad," was the laughing rejoinder; "has it been so lonely then without me, *caro mio*?"

"Yes, dear, very; but never mind if it has done you good; and, Aggie, I have managed to keep out of mischief while you have been away."

"I *know* you have," was the reply made with very decided emphasis, and accompanied with a bright trustful smile.

Charlie did not ask *how* she knew then, but in the course of the evening the remembrance of her words came to his mind, and he startled her by exclaiming—

"Aggie, what made you say you *knew* I had been behaving myself lately?"

The same smile that he had seen that afternoon flitted across Aggie's face, as she clasped her hands on his shoulder, and answered—

"Because I heard you had."

"The deuce——" Here a finger was held up in warning, and Charlie continued—"Oh! I beg your pardon, my darling, but how could you hear?"

"Well, it was rather strange, but when you have heard my story, perhaps you will guess the culprit's name. I do not know it. This afternoon the train stopped at Forest Hill, and two gentlemen got in; as they did so one of them mentioned your name. Don't be cross, Charlie dear, I could not help listening, and the consequence was that I heard a detailed account of your firmness last evening; I know it must have involved some amount of self-sacrifice, but if you could only know how proud and happy their unintentional information made me feel, you would not think the sacrifice had been in vain."

We are not quite sure that Charlie did not offer up a mental thanksgiving for the chance that had prevented Agnes hearing a very different tale, before replying.

"Keep to that opinion, Aggie dear, and please God you shall never have cause to change it. Yet, my darling, I candidly tell you I wavered for a moment, but a few words on one of the pipe-lights you gave me attracted my attention, and weighed down the balance on the right side. You are not angry that I hesitated, are you?"

"No dear," said Aggie, and she said it truthfully, like a wise woman; she saw the influence she had over him, and did not care to weaken it by trite advice for the future, nor comments on the past, and she has never had a moment's cause to repent her conduct. After all, there is a great and holy truth contained in the lines—

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

CHURCH-BELLS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

From the dim town, a mile away,
 Ring the clear bells—but not for me—
 As when in childhood's golden age
 They sounded with such laughing glee.

From the trim streets, amidst the hills
 (Chalk buttresses and wooded crest),
 The peal breaks sudden, glad, and proud,
 On night-wind breathing from the west.

The stars are spangling the firs;
 Night covers up hill after hill,
 And brushes with her muffled hand
 The town that grudges to be still.

On clustering roofs the hurrying sounds
 In sequence sweet, and swift pursuit,
 Follow and fly, flock after flock;
 A moment clamorous, and then mute.

Sure, it is angel-music! Ah, yes!
 This day were blest above the seven,
 Were I vouchsafed to hear the bells
 Ringing in some far town of Heaven!

They sound with Memory's greeting sad,
 Bringing old thoughts,—half tears, half joy.
 The bells are lead, not golden now:
 'Twas not such music charmed the boy.

"Poor, wearied straggler," sighs a voice,
 "Chide not the cadence wild and free.
 The bells sound as they ever did;
 The change, the change, it is in thee!"

A CORONET AT LAST, A TALE OF AMBITION.

BY G. C. CENTREVILLE,

Author of "The Surface and the Deep; or True to the Last."

I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—SHAKESPEARE.

There is a mystery.—*Id.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIDAY'S PAPER.

IT was past four o'clock when Mr. Jurysplitt rose to address the jury for the defence. It was admitted, he said, by the counsel for the prosecution that it was necessary to bring home guilt beyond doubt to the prisoner, and he argued at great length that it was not so brought home; on the contrary, he contended that the case was left in great mystery and obscurity. Amongst other doubtful points was the period at which death would have occurred from acetate of lead taken at the same time and in the same manner it was here supposed to have been taken. He contended that it was not proved that the poison was in the wine, or that it might not have been taken earlier, or that it had not been voluntarily taken by deceased herself. It was necessary that it should be proved that it was taken in the wine. It was an undoubted fact that acetate of lead was the cause of death, and that it had been administered by some one. But by whom and in what? The case for the prosecution was that it had been given by the prisoner to the deceased in the wine knowingly and of malice aforethought, whereas it might have been taken by deceased herself on purpose or by accident from among the numerous phials described as left unlabelled on the bedroom mantelpiece. He strongly urged the fallacy of the theory of the prosecution with regard to the motive for a murder. As to prisoner's desire to get rid of deceased because they occasionally had words together, it was simply absurd. Most married people had words, as it was called, sometimes. He had known married people who quarrelled verbally—aye, and more than verbally, too—like cat and dog, as one of the witnesses remarked, and loved each other all the better for it. It was absurd to suppose that because they disagreed sometimes the prisoner must necessarily be guilty of murder—and a murder, if murder it was, of horrible atrocity. The learned counsel not only contended in conclusion that the evidence as it stood was insufficient to convict his client, but that he was prepared to call testimony to overthrow the whole of the evidence for the prosecution. First of all, he would call

Algernon Fribble, the assistant of Mr. Sperge, to show that that gentleman had been actuated by personal enmity against his client, and would call Mr. Sperge himself to confess who it was who first laid information against him.

Algernon Fribble, recalled, said—The prisoner owes Mr. Sperge money. The deceased and her daughters bought things at our shop. When the bill came in the prisoner would not pay it; he said he never authorised them to go there. The ladies denied it, and said he did. There was a great piece of work. Mr. Sperge said he would be revenged upon him. Mr. Sperge always said he would be revenged upon him whenever his name was mentioned or any of the family. Mr. Sperge has also attended deceased once or twice. He has charged for attendance in the disputed bill. Mr. Sperge was very rude to Miss Alice when she came into the shop once and he happened to be there; that was after the dispute about the bill. He said to her, "Oh, *you* are coming here, are you? What do *you* want?" The young lady looked surprised, but asked for sixpennyworth of sticking-plaster. Mr. Sperge said rudely, "Where's your money?" Miss Alice looked at him, and did not say anything. "Where is your money?" ~~roars~~ Mr. Sperge. I said, "Miss Alice has not got the plaster yet." "And do you think I will serve one of that swindling family till I see their money first?" says he; and with that Miss Alice put the sixpence she had in her hand back into her purse, and said, "You'll never see any of *my* money, then," and walked out of the shop. I spoke to Mr. Sperge about it, for Miss Alice is a very nice, mild-spoken young lady—not but what she can speak to the purpose if any one annoys her. Mr. Sperge said he should like to see her in the workhouse. He is the parish doctor. I said he ought to be ashamed of himself, and he answered that he would be revenged on them—sooner or later—he would be revenged, and he ground his teeth. Mrs. Sperge came into the shop after he had gone out, and said she was very sorry. Miss Alice was a sweet girl.

Cross-examined: Mrs. Sperge said she was a sweet girl? Yes, Mr. Serjeant Bullysome, I think Miss Alice is a sweet girl.

Serjeant Bullysome: Oh! that is it, is it?

Witness: Yes, it is, Mr. Bullysome. Is there anything else you would like to know?

Serjeant Bullysome: "I should like to know what things the ladies bought.

Witness: What, in the disputed bill?

Serjeant Bullysome: Yes.

Witness: The greater part of the bill was for attendance, pills, and draughts, sent by Mr. Sperge. There was a box of toothpowder, 1s. 6d., and a toothbrush, 1s., for Miss Woodward; and a piece of

diacalum plaister for Miss Alice when she cut her hand open. There wasn't much else. There was some seidlitz powders and some spirits of camphor. Witness produced a copy of the bill and handed it in. Witness made out all the bills. Witness was not a shop-boy. He was pupil. Witness's parents were gentlefolks; they lived in the country. He would have property of his own when he came of age; he was twenty now. It did not matter how much it was. He did not care for Mr. Sperge. Mr. Sperge *would* have dismissed him for speaking out, no doubt; but he had dismissed himself. He was not living at Mr. Sperge's now; he was in lodgings. He was walking the hospitals. It was not their business what he had passed and what he hadn't. He did quarrel with Mr. Sperge. Yes, it was about Miss Alice Woodward that he quarrelled. He never sent letters to that young lady; he should not have taken such a liberty. Mr. Sperge never spoke to him on such a subject. Miss Alice Woodward was a very reserved girl. Never talked to her in particular. Might have liked to; that was not Mr. Bullysome's business. He did not receive any encouragement—no such good luck! He was annoyed to see a young lady insulted. Should have been less annoyed to see her sister insulted. He did not like Miss Woodward. He should have been annoyed to see any one insulted. Did not see what right Mr. Bullysome had to ask such questions. Thought he ought to be called Bully-all. (Order.) Wished the Court would call *counsel* to order. Never got on with Mr. Sperge after that dispute. Left Mr. Sperge after the inquest. Mr. Sperge laughed when he came home from the inquest, and said "I've served him out." Mr. Sperge treated them all that night. They had punch and oysters for supper. Generally had bread and cheese and beer. It was very small beer turned sour. It costs half-a-crown for nine gallons. Mr. Sperge proposed "Success to the Old Bailey!" and "Richard Woodward and a pleasant swing!" Mr. Sperge was not drunk, but he had been drinking.

Amos Sperge, cross-examined: The prisoner did refuse to pay a bill. The bill was for attendance and medicine and a few articles bought in the shop. Mrs. Woodward sent for him. The daughters generally came into the shop, but they came in their mamma's name. He was obliged to summons the prisoner, and it had done him harm in the neighbourhood. People had talked about Mr. Woodward, of course, in consequence, but as he was not in business and visited no one it made no difference. He considered it made no difference. He considered it had been a considerable injury to himself. He might have grumbled; he might have said he would serve him out, or be revenged or something of the kind; people often said such things in a moment of anger. He could not swear he did not. After witnessing the death of deceased he went to the police station and gave information. He

considered it his duty to do so. No person was justified in attributing any other motive to him. After the inquest they might have had punch and oysters—they were all very tired and upset; it was, of course, a painful business. Would not answer for what he might have said after the punch. Words of that kind ought not to be taken as evidence. Mr. Fribble was a very impertinent young man, and he was glad to get rid of him. It was a very hard thing that a doctor should be called in and his bills left unpaid for years, with the ultimate scandal of a county court.

At this moment there was some confusion in the court, and Mr. Picklebury handed a paper to Mr. Jurysplitt.

"Here, gentlemen," he said, holding it up to the court with sudden animation, "here is intelligence which will enable me to prove that my last surmise was not only possible, but actually the case; I am in a condition to prove, by the appearance of an unexpected witness, that the potion was never taken in the wine at all."

His Lordship gave permission, and

Rebecca Dawkins was called, and proved a most important witness. She said: I am a married woman. My husband keeps a marine store in Paradise-street, Somer's Town. Sometimes I go out charing. The diseased been very good to me. Miss Alice has been most good to me since my boy died. Here the witness sobbed. I went to Keston Villa on Sunday, April 22nd. It was just after church time. The diseased came down to make some pies; Miss Woodward came in from church and down in the kitchen for some luncheon, as their pa didn't allow them none. Martha put me in the back kitchen and I skinned the taties for her, that Miss Woodward should not see me because she is so jealous and like her pa. When she went up I came in again, and the missus, that is the diseased, gave me some bite of bread to take home, and something to eat myself then and there. She asked most kind about my boy. She sent Martha up to her room for a drug she recommended me, but Martha could not find it, and the missus, that is, she you call *the diseased*, goed up herself and came down with it and a cut glass pomatum pot, saying she was glad she'd gone, for she'd found a pot full of pounded sugar fit to sweeten the custard pudding, and it would make it beautiful. So she put in a good lot, and said she hoped it wasn't too much, and put the pies into the oven. And I can call to mind as I heard when I did about this trial, as she locked up the pot in a corner of the best chimney cupboard by the kitchen fireplace, for another time. "Yes," says she, "we can't get enough of these things easy." She was wishing, dear heart, for a bottle of essence of almonds to keep it company. Afterwards I went home to my boy.

Cross-examined: I was not called to give evidence at the inquest.

Nobody knew as I was of any consequence—and how should I? The first I heard of the matter was that I was fetched to wash the body, and then I might have had the charring; but my poor child as was ill was took worse, and I obliged to stop at home. Miss Alice is as good as an angel. She come and see him. She sent him her own pillers. But it is not like, I asked about her family matters, and Martha was laid up. I did hear she died of poison, of course; I did hear the master—the prisoner—was took, but I thought of nothing beyond my little Jim.

Lord Chief Baron: How came you to think about the sugar in the tart, or to suspect it was poison? That was not your little Jim?"

Witness: A cousin of mine called, and I asked her to walk down to Keston Villa with me, to fetch some things the dear young lady had promised me. Then I heard all about it from my cousin; she went into a shop and got the old paper, and read the inquest. I ran down and told Miss Alice, and afterwards Mr. Picklebury called upon us, and we was *supined*, as they call it."

Martha Brooks, the servant, was called. She is recovering from the effects of the poison, but seems very weak. Permission was granted for her to retain her seat whilst giving evidence. She said—On Sunday, April 22, the deceased came into the kitchen about one o'clock, and made a rhubarb and a custard tart. Whilst she was making it Mrs. Dawkins came to see her. She put Mrs. Dawkins in the wash-house to peel the potatoes when Miss Woodward came down. Afterwards her mistress talked to Mrs. Dawkins, and gave her some bits. Mrs. Dawkins had chared for them a few times. Her little son was ill, poor dear. Missus, the deceased, sent her up to fetch a bottle from among some on her bed-room mantel, but she could not see it. She remembered noticing a fine-looking one, and thought it were master's. Deceased went up and fetched the pot. She heard her say she had found some pounded sugar. She went out to clean the knives, and when she had done in the wash-house Mrs. Dawkins had gone. She went out the side way by the garden.

Gross-examined.—Did not remember when it was that Mrs. Dawkins came again. She had eaten some of the custard tart her mistress made on the Sunday, and directly after Miss Alice brought her part of a glass of sweet wine. Soon after she had drunk the wine she was seized with dreadful pains. Could not say the wine gave them. How could she tell? She ate the custard tart directly before she drank the wine. It might be if the poison were eaten in the tart the wine might set it off—she didn't know—how should she? She was very ill, and kept her bed. Too ill to make any depositions. Mrs. Dawkins came one day to see Miss Alice; it might have been a week back, and she and Miss Alice and Miss Woodward comes down

into the kitchen and opens the china cupboard, and in a corner Mrs. Dawkins points to the very pot she had seen on master's mantel. The young ladies made a great fuss, and said that would save papa, meaning the prisoner.

Miss Alice Woodward recalled, said: On the Sunday, April 22nd, I dined, as I have already stated, with my parents. We had a leg of mutton and potatoes for dinner. Afterwards we had a rhubarb tart, and also a custard. Deceased helped. The prisoner took no custard; he dislikes custard, and I declined for the same reason. I asked for some of the crust of the tart, which I did not eat, but cut up. My sister left the table to lie on the sofa, and took neither tart nor custard. The prisoner was angry about the custard and disparaged it. Deceased, partly because she liked it, and partly to prove how nice it was, ate a great deal, and seemed to enjoy it.

Cross-examined: I cut up the crust as if I was eating, not to vex deceased any more. I am fond of crust, but could not eat because the prisoner was scolding the deceased. He was scolding because she made two tarts. He said it was extravagance. He was often cross, but I believe he loved deceased too. He was greatly affected when she died. He was very fond of making chemical experiments. The back parlour is fitted as a laboratory. Mr. Sperge might have told you so, as he bought many things of him both before and since the dispute about the bill. He was never rude to prisoner; I think he dared not be rude to him, but he has been rude to myself and to my sister. I did go into the shop for plaister, and he asked me for the sixpence first. He called ours a swindling family. I left the shop without making a purchase, and have not been there since. I did not tell the prisoner, as he is very hasty, and I believe would have gone over and kicked him. Mr. Sperge has often been into the prisoner's laboratory. There was a lamp on the dinner-table, and I could see very well. The deceased drank the wine about two minutes after she had eaten the custard.

Amos Sperge recalled and examined,

Lord Chief Justice: Did you know that the prisoner studied chemistry?

Witness: Yes.

Lord Chief Justice: You have been into his laboratory often?

Witness: I have been, once or twice, into a small room on the ground floor where he has a good many bottles on shelves, and a still.

Lord Chief Justice: And you have sold him chemicals both before and since your dispute about the bill?

Witness: I have.

Lord Chief Justice: For what reason did you conceal these very important facts?

Witness : I did not consider them of any consequence. I do not see how they affect the case.

Lord Chief Justice : 'On the contrary, they are most important, and affect it materially.

Alice Woodward, recalled, said : Mrs. Dawkins called a week ago, and told me what she has stated upon evidence about the pot, the contents of which she says deceased used to sweeten the custard. I called my sister and told her. Went into the kitchen, accompanied by her, and found the bottle in the cupboard as described. The bottle was sealed, and I took it myself, accompanied by my sister, to Professor Aylor. Afterwards I searched the pantry, which through Martha's illness and family affliction had been much neglected, and found the remains of the custard very dry and mouldy. I took it the next day to Professor Aylor.

Maud Woodward, recalled, said : I dined with prisoner and deceased on Sunday, April 22. We had meat and potatoes ; afterwards, a tart and a custard. I did not take any of the confectionary, feeling indisposed, but reclined on the sofa. I heard my father refuse the custard, and Alice say it was nasty. I did not see what they ate. Prisoner brought the wine five minutes after dinner. The meal did not occupy half-an-hour altogether. I had my eyes shut. I was thinking of something else. I saw my mother making the tart and custard in the morning when I went down for some luncheon. Martha was in the kitchen, but no one else. Alice was in her own room. I remember Mrs. Dawkins coming a week ago, and we found the bottle where she said, in the cupboard. Since the deceased died I have had the keys, and they have not been out of my possession. I will swear to that most positively. I put them under my pillow at night. I did not suspect any one would come for them while I slept—certainly not ; but I like to have them safe. I went with my sister to take the pot to Professor Aylor, and afterwards the custard which Alice found. There was only a corner of it left, and that was mouldy. Martha had eaten the rest. We did not think of the custard before. The house was in great confusion and completely neglected, owing to our trouble, or it would have been thrown away. It is very fortunate it was not thrown away.

Professor Aylor deposed to receiving the pot from the daughters of the prisoner, and said that it contained acetate of lead. He had analysed the portion of custard tart, and found it to contain acetate of lead.

Cross-examined : The custard, when it came to him, was quite dry and moulded, the crust crumbling. The poison could not have been added since it was made.

Algernon Fribble, recalled, identified the pot as that which the prisoner had brought to the shop on the evening of Friday, April 20.

This closed the defence.

Mr. Jurysplit said there was no occasion for him to address the jury again.

The Lord Chief Baron then summed up the case to the jury, and said he thought that it had been most satisfactorily proved that the deceased lady accidentally placed the poison in the custard under the supposition that it was pounded sugar, to which it was similar. They heard that she let the bottle slip, and it was most providential that no one else partook of the custard except the servant, who was now happily recovering. The bottle had been found, and even a portion of the custard itself. The prisoner certainly bought the poison, but it had been seen he was addicted to chemistry, and had a laboratory into which Mr. Sperge had often penetrated. And here he could not help commenting most severely upon the conduct of that gentleman in endeavouring to throw as bad a light as possible upon the position of the prisoner by studiously concealing this fact. He, too, had been the first to accuse the prisoner of the wilful murder, when it seemed he should have rather defended him by alleging an accident. He could not but admire, he said, the conduct of Miss Alice Woodward throughout the affair, with the exception of her thrusting the decanter into the hands of her bewildered father, which had at one time given so suspicious a colouring to his actions. But the very clear and spirited manner in which she had given her evidence, and the heroism with which she had kept up throughout the painful affair, were most creditable to any one, particularly a young and fragile girl. Unless the jury believed that the poison was in the wine, and in the lost decanter, there could not be two opinions on the subject. After commenting in this manner, the Lord Chief Baron wound up a charge of considerable length by a most earnest and eloquent appeal to the jury, not to forget the ends of justice; but at the same time, he could not refrain from remarking that he did not see a shadow of doubt to cloud the innocence of the prisoner.

At the close of the charge, which was not over till past 7 o'clock in the evening,

The jury retired for a minute and a half, and then returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*, which was received with shouts and every noisy demonstration of the intensest satisfaction.

Mr. Sperge was obliged to be conveyed from court under the protection of a detachment of police, and amidst hootings and execrations of the mob.

THE TOWN MOUSE.

IN spite of the rainy, Novembry, dolorous weather—notwithstanding the red-heat of war has scarcely cooled down on the Continent, and railway companies have barely yet entered into arrangements to “book you through” to all sorts of remote and impossible places—in spite of the depression of the money market, and the general sense of impecuniosity engendered by the recent panic—the usual autumnal exodus of London has taken place, and we feel compelled to make our annual exclamation that “no one is in town.” ’Tis true if we walk up the Strand we appear to meet the same amount of pedestrians, and we cannot recognise any appreciable difference in the number of cabs and omnibuses which clatter along the roadway; if we venture in the city, we see the usual bustle, we observe the same anxious faces, the same care-worn, haggard expressions, the same mysterious whisperings on ’Change, the worry, the high-pressure speed of the day, and the wear and tear of business life. Do we chance to look into certain printing-offices with which we are but too familiar, we find them going on in the usual manner. Compositors busy at work early and late, the clank and the buzz of the printing press everlastingly going on; sub-editor sitting till early morn in a close, hot room, with the ruthless glare of gas-light reflected on his head by a green shade, up to his eyes in alips and manuscripts till he can scarcely see.

If we stroll up certain courts, certain fever-dens, and cholera-haunts, we shall find the usual quantity of human beings packed in the smallest possible space; we shall encounter the average amount of squalor, of vice, and of poverty; we shall also note that the children are as numerous, as dirty, unkempt, and ragged as ever; we shall see viragos whom it were mockery to call by the name of women, and ruffians to whom it would be a libel to apply the appellation of men. All these we may see in overwhelming numbers, and yet when we know that the traffic of our streets is something enormous—that our commerce is prosperous—that transactions in stocks, shares, money, and merchandise are effected daily in the city—that newspapers and magazines are published with their accustomed regularity and despatch—that our streets and alleys are overpopulated, so that not one person out of ten has his proper amount of space and air,—we coolly state every autumn that “no one is in town.” We are apt to forget, amidst the pleasures of a hardly-earned holiday, the thousands of workers in the great hive of London who stop at home to keep the great machine going whilst we are away in the country.

The tourist excursion season, which has this year, from a combination of circumstances, been very late, has now set in with unexampled severity. Already have vast detachments of the ubiquitous and immortal Murray left their quiet shelves in Albemarle-street, and are disporting themselves in the most eccentric and erratic manner all over Europe. Already have crowds of rash tourists taken Mr. Adams's attractive little shop by storm, and have borne thence the bulkiest of *Bradshaws* and the nattiest of knapsacks. Already have enthusiastic excursionists called frequently at Mr. Cook's office, and made that gentleman's life a burden unto him by the pertinacious way in which "they want to know, you know." Now is the season for intending tourists to sleep with Murray continually beneath their pillows, and drive themselves to a state of temporary insanity by the perusal of railway guides. Now do tailors receive orders for the most cunningly devised "tourists' suits," curious as to make and infinite as to pockets. Now is the question of compressed luggage made a study and science; and writing-cases to go in your waistcoat pocket, and dressing-cases in your hat are *desiderata*. Now do pedestrians become learned in the matter of woollen socks, cunning in clump soles, and particular in the disposition of hobnails. Now are drawing-rooms closed, and chambers dismantled, and club-rooms given up to the tender mercies of whitewashers and decorators. Now do we attempt to see friends in vain, and are saluted with a general chorus of not at home at every house we call at. "Not at home?" Of course not. Every one, save and except the few insignificant millions we have casually alluded to, is off and away.

Off and away! Everywhere and in every direction. Off to the fresh breezes and invigorating brine of Ramsgate and Margate, to listen to the same inharmonious band, to tread on the same parade, to *flömer* on the same sands, to bathe from the identical machines, to see the boat in with the same pertinacity, in company with the same medley combination of Whitechapel and Houndsditch—if possible more Whitechapelly and Houndsditchy than before. Off to the pleasant Isle of Wight, wandering through its shady lanes, climbing the breezy sides of St. Boniface, botanising on Shankling Chine, or enjoying the most delicious *idlesse* whilst yatching on the Solent. Off to the pleasant, dreamy, do-nothing of the grand old Thames, sketching beneath the superb woods of Cliefden, bathing beneath the weir at Marlow, or lazily rowing at Henley. Off to the novelty of Jersey and Guernsey, to see those marvellous myrtles growing in mad luxuriance over the cottages, and to note the unusual sight of cabbages climbing to the apple tree, to drink cheap brandy, smoke doubtful cigars, and listen to the most extraordinary *patois*, which is neither French nor English, but a spurious mixture of both. Off to Scarborough, to

flirt, to dance, to dine, to dress, and recruit in one of the most charming sea-side resorts in England. Off to the English lakes, intent upon "doing" the entire neighbourhood, from tourist-ridden Windermere to sweet, secluded Silverdale. Off to Brighton, the baking and unendurable; off to Worthing, the dull and dyspeptic; off to Eastbourne, the domestic and highly respectable; off to Tenby, beloved by naturalists; off to Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Febristown, Littlehampton, Llandudno, Dover—"Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world" of London, which has become so unbearable and detestable during the last few weeks.

Off and away, too, they fly further afield. Toiling up Swiss mountains and through Alpine passes, making glad the hearts of the inn-keepers of Helvetia, and cheering the waiters and *vetturini* of Italy; fishing for *agoni* on Lake Como, or lazily lunching at Varenna; punting for five franc pieces at Baden-Baden; picnicking in the Black Forest, or panting and puffing o'er the many steps which lead to the top of the Duomo at Milan; in ginglyng *diligences* over some of the almost forgotten roads of Brittany; in Belgian railways, reading *Galvani*; on board Rhine steam-boats, partaking of bad dinners under awnings, and drinking an unknown quantity of doubtful Hock out of long-necked amber-coloured bottles; walking up the fertile slopes of the Tyrol, and munching grapes at Meeran, or staying at some lively French watering place, enjoying the pleasant society, the cheerful *table d'hôte*, the lively dances at the *Etablissement*, and the decent and decorous bathing, which are only to be found at such places. At all and every one of these resorts are to be found some of our fortunate brethren. Indeed, they literally pervade every place where "they spike the English," and where Murray and Bradshaw are "familiar in their mouths as household words." London is a desert, and but few remain to filter news through the sands of this great Sahara.

We spoke just now of bathing. The lamentable accident which took place only a few weeks ago at Brighton has given a painful prominence to the subject lately. We have no hesitation in saying that all round the coast of England the bathing is scarcely looked after, and few regulations with regard to decency or safety are observed. It is high time something was done in the matter; it is high time that the Government took it up, instead of leaving the question to impotent town councils and imbecile mayors. Putting aside the question of the propriety of allowing boys who could not swim to bathe in a "lumpy" sea, such as it was on the morning on which the accident took place, we may venture to assert that the boys might have been rescued, if men had been stationed there, whose duty it was to watch the bathers and nothing else. At some of the French bathing-places we learn

there are no less than thirty-nine regulations on the subject; but in England, with a wisdom which also shows itself painfully in other matters, any one may bathe as he pleases, and if he does not get drowned has his own skill or luck to thank, rather than any care the authorities may take in the matter. Whilst on this subject, we would suggest to ladies the propriety of at once abandoning the wretched old-fashioned bathing gown, which is neither decent nor comfortable, and adopting the pretty French dress—the tunic and trousers—which admits of any fanciful decoration, allows full play for the limbs in swimming, and is eminently graceful and modest. Those of our fair readers who happen to have spent any time at any of the French seaside resorts will at once recognise the truth of our remarks.

A sad gloom has been thrown over the pleasant little village of Chamounix by the lamentable accident which happened to Sir George Young and his brothers. We cannot help thinking that, however experienced mountaineers they might have been (and they certainly were, one of them having ascended Jungfran from the north-west side, last year), it was extremely rash for them to have attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc without guides. For, however good they were as climbers, and however well constituted they might have been to endure the fatigue of the expedition, we apprehend that a professional guide would have known the constitution, so to speak, of the mountain so well that he would have been able to tender advice that might have obviated this sad occurrence.

That gifted entertainer, Mr. Arthur Sketchley, has left us, and taken all London's particular friend, "Mrs. Brown," along with him, to introduce her to our American brethren.—We believe the most popular of American humorists—Artemus Ward—who has lately given us a further taste of his quality in *Punch*, will occupy Mr. Sketchley's pleasant little room at the Egyptian Hall, and the British public will have the pleasure of seeing the wondrous showman "in his habit as he lives." Talking of Artemus Ward reminds us that we have just received an admirable portrait of that gentleman which has been taken by Messrs. Walker and Sons, of Margaret-street. The likeness is capital, and the quiet humorous expression of the eye, which is so noticeable in the original, is charmingly reproduced in the photograph.

It is with the greatest pleasure we allude to the steady decrease of the cholera, leading us to hope that its disappearance from amongst us will not now be far distant. Too much cannot be said for those who manfully helped to battle with the foe, to those gallant physicians and surgeons, to the tender "womanly"—we cannot find an adjective of higher praise—volunteer nurses who joined so heartily in the cause. Let us hope, however, that we shall not sink into apathy when the scourge disappears; the question of overcrowded dwellings, impure

water, and imperfect drainage, should be kept constantly and persistently before the public, until some great starting improvement has been made.

Glancing at literary matters, we find that Mr. Yates has just commenced his novel, "Black Sheep," in *All the Year Round*. We believe this is his fifth novel within two years, and, judging from the first instalments we have seen, we see no diminution in the graphic power of his pen and the dramatic force of his situations. In the same periodical a week or two since we read an admirable article on the comic songs of the present day, showing them in their true colours. As the writer observes, "They are only tolerable because their vulgarly nonsensical words are smothered in pleasing music." When is this curse of "music-hall song" to be withdrawn from us? We know we must not expect to always have writing of the highest class in songs, but we do expect to have something better than this senseless farago of rubbish which is everlastingly being dinned into our ears. We doubt if we could find a good song amongst the entire lot; most of them seem to oscillate between vapid silliness and scarcely-veiled obscenity.—We hear great things of Miss Braddon's new magazine, *The Belgravia*. She has secured the services of some of our most popular and powerful writers, amongst whom we may mention the names of G. A. Sala, Robert Buchanan, Winwood Read, &c. We venture to predict the first number will be something very choice.—We have received Mr. William Sawyer's charming little book of poems, entitled *Ten Miles from Town*. It shows evidence of deep thought and high poetic feeling; his verse is musical and flowing, whilst his similes are apt, and his diction is elegant. It is just the sort of book you would like to take with you on a quiet country holiday, whether you chance to be going either "ten" or a hundred miles from town.—The publication of Mr. J. E. Carpenter's *Penny Readings*, which were so popular and successful last year, will be renewed on the first of this present month.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts still continue to draw large houses. The old favourites, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti and Signor Bottesini, are still to the fore. The refreshments, too, under the superintendence of those monarchs of refreshments, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, are still not the least part of the attraction to these pleasant entertainments. It is good to know where you may revive yourself with claret-punch after a "Capriccio Brillante in Brumos," by Mdlle. Marie Krebs, or cool your throat with a lemon-ice after witnessing Master Bonnay's marvellous manipulation on the Xylophone.

And now the pen must be laid aside, for before these lines are before the public, the author of these pages means to quit the busy hum of

London, to free himself from the thralldom of printers' devils and their exegeant demand for copy, to put himself out of the reach of all editorial communications, to leave no address—in short, to follow the example of many of his brethren, to be “off and away!”

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

RADED pansies and sprigs of clematis and jasmine, together with a few acacia and laburnum blossoms, all once carefully cherished, lie scattered amongst a *débris* of hopelessly-knotted scarves, soiled gloves, cigar-ends, play-bills, and other relics of the past; her letters are docketed and hidden in a remote corner of the huge black box, studded with brass nails, which has been my companion in many wanderings, and which now seems taking its ease as it sprawls across my bed-room floor; and the “In Memoriam” (bound in Tennysonian green—“To T. W., from R. S., May 25th, 186—”), over whose pages we so lovingly pored, under blossoming chestnuts on bright spring days, has not, I can conscientiously declare, been opened by me since—it would be a humiliating confession—I will not say when. And yet I have a vivid recollection of even the most trivial details of my intimacy with Rose; and, despite my vows and protestations, I feel compelled to reveal a secret which I have religiously kept for many months.

Those of my readers who may be acquainted with the suburb of Camden Town, will readily admit that Torchester-square is an enclosure of unquestionable respectability; and they will, I feel confident, as freely confess that its laburnums, acacias, dwarfish poplars, and weeping willows, as well as its geraniums, verbenas, and hollyhocks, are unequalled in that locality. Artists, *litterateurs*, and Government clerks are devoted to its many conveniences and charms; and it was there I lodged at the time I first became acquainted with Rose.

My life, on the whole, passed pleasantly enough just then: I sauntered through the squares to the British Museum every morning; read or wrote in the library until it was time to leave, and returned in a leisurely manner to my apartments. In the evenings, when the weather was fine, I took rural walks, penetrating at times to the remote villages of Finchley and Cricklewood. The name of Hogarth is associated with the former; the latter divides with Ealing the honour

of giving birth to some of our most celebrated laundresses. My favourite stroll, however, was through the lanes between Highgate and Hampstead, on towards the ponds where Shelley delighted to sail his paper-boats with Leigh Hunt as a spectator.

It was early in May—the 10th, I think—and a beautiful but rather warm day. I started in the evening for my usual walk, and soon found myself on Hampstead Heath. Instead of strolling through the lanes to Highgate and on to Hornsey, as I had first intended, I followed the Finchley-road; but somehow or other I became dissatisfied with this route, and retraced my steps, determining to take the lanes after all. By walking briskly, I managed to make up for lost time, and before long I was resting myself under a shady oak not a very great distance from Highgate.

I had lighted my pipe, and was enjoying a comfortable smoke, when I heard the loud barking of a dog, and the voice of somebody reproving the animal; and turning round, I beheld advancing towards me in a most aggressive attitude a black-and-tan terrier, with ears and bristles erect. He evidently regarded me as an interloper—as an individual of indolent and depraved habits, who preferred a lounge and a pipe to any quantity of rat-catching or sheep-hunting—sports in which he greatly excelled. Charlie (he had been scolded as “Charlie,” and I will not call him “dog” again) was followed by four young ladies and one young gentleman. Three of the former and the latter were walking on in front. Behind was Rose.

Behind was Rose! The “children,” as they were called, were dressed in half-mourning, the girls wearing broad Tuscan hats, trimmed with black and white ribbon, and dresses of the same colour, and the boy a suit made in the Scotch fashion, with kilt, &c., &c. In his hand he carried a miniature cane. It was my first impression that Rose stood in the relation of a governess towards these young people; but as they came nearer I discerned at a glance that she was their sister.

Charlie, emboldened, I suppose, by my taking things so coolly, barked louder than ever as he came nearer, ran towards me, and even proceeded to the length of attacking my boots. At this critical juncture I gave him a gentle tap on the head with my stick to remind him of his impertinence. Still he was undaunted, and seizing the cane, which I had laid aside after chastising him, between his teeth, trotted off with it in triumph. Blanche, Amy, and Florence (the three younger ladies) tittered; Master Gus chased the dog, and Rose stood still, looking, I thought, very helpless, very confused, and very pretty. I got up to recover my stick, and had to pass her. She muttered something in the shape of an apology, and I think I declared that the whole proceeding was not a bad joke. I hardly know now what I really did say; but I am

only too well aware that I felt at the time as if I had just been brought out for immediate execution.

The stick was at last recovered, Charlie revenging himself by snapping at my heels. . . . It was, of course, highly improper; but I was walking along by the side of Rose, and Rose (how could she so forget herself?) was chatting to me in quite a confidential tone. I had already learned that she and her sisters and brother were in mourning for their grandmammas—that they resided in the adjoining square to the one in which I myself lived—that—well, on second thoughts, I think it would be a breach of confidence to give publicity to her statements of that evening. The children still “walked on in front,” and I and Rose continued to chat until we arrived at Camden Road. “Now,” said Rose, with a blush, “I really must ask you to leave us.” I pleaded earnestly for another two or three hundred yards, but in vain; Rose remained firm, and she and the children, after bidding me good-bye, proceeded down the road towards home. I walked slowly and guiltily behind them, and consoled myself with the reflection that it was highly probable we should soon see each other again. Why conceal the fact?—I had extorted a promise from Rose to the effect that she would meet me on the following evening by the temporary church at Tufnell Park. “I will meet you,” she had whispered, “but I shall be obliged to bring the children. However, they can walk on in front.”

The following day was wet—the rain fell in a gentle drizzle in the morning, increased to a steady downpour by noon, and in the evening descended in torrents. I was in the most disconsolate state imaginable. I went as usual to the British Museum, but found it impossible to settle down to work, and spent the greater part of the day in leaning against one of the pillars of the portico, watching the dull, heavy, leaden clouds, and longing for a change in the weather. About four o'clock I sallied out into Great Russell Street, and took a cab home. When I arrived there Tottenham-square looked anything but cheerful. The laburnum and acacia branches were dripping with moisture, the dwarfish poplars swayed and groaned as each successive gust of wind burst furiously against their forms; the weeping willows presented a highly dragged appearance, and the flowers were all in a state of collapse. As for myself, I was wet, weary, and wretched—almost ready to cry with vexation. “Would Rose be insane enough,” I asked myself, “to attempt to meet me? Would the children tamely submit to be walked on in front?” “No!” I exclaimed, melodramatically; “No—a thousand times, no!” And yet, so I reasoned with myself—and yet why should I throw away a chance—why should I be deterred by the weather from hastening to the place of meeting, and satisfying myself as to Rose’s absence? In a

moment of desperation, I determined to proceed to Tufnell Park, and to take up a position by the temporary church. I arrayed myself in a thick blue pilot-coat, grasped my umbrella, opened the door of No. 2, closed it with a bang, descended the steps, turned to the left, and there I was *en route* for Tufnell Park in as pelting a storm of rain as the spring of 186—knew. By the time I reached the temporary church I was very nearly wet through.

I had paced to and fro for about a quarter of an hour, gradually becoming damper, and continually bewailing my fate, when the church clock struck seven. Rose was to have met me at seven, and I looked anxiously towards the road along which she would have to pass if she came; but I glanced again and again in vain, and after waiting another quarter of an hour, I shook my umbrella and started for home, anathematising myself for my folly as I trudged along.

The clock struck eight as I reached Torchester-square. I rushed up the steps of No. 2, opened the door with my pass-key, hastily sought my bedroom, and divested myself of my dripping clothes; and then adjourned to my sitting-room, and sat down to have a quiet read. I was in too excited a state to remain seated for any great length of time; besides, my "reading" was confined to turning over the pages of the volume in a most ridiculous and absent manner. At last I rose, went to the window, and saw, with considerable satisfaction, that the rain had ceased. I put on my hat, and sallied forth for the second time. I may as well confess that I hastened to Carlton-square, and set up a promenade within sight of Rose's dwelling.

It was half-past nine o'clock. The blinds in nearly all of the houses in Carlton-square had been pulled down, and the lamps lighted, but the windows of the drawing-room of No. 227 (the Saltouns' residence) were still unshaded, although the gas was burning brilliantly—so brilliantly that I could easily distinguish Rose and the children amongst the other people who were assembled in the apartment. How aggravating it was to be sure! There was Rose, clothed in the most spotless of muslins, with her golden hair arranged in the bewitching fashion of the period—there she was, I say, seated at the piano, singing and playing for the especial delectation of the tall mustachioed individual who was dancing attendance upon her, and turning over the leaves of the music; and there was I, suffering from the premonitory symptoms of rheumatism, vainly endeavouring to attract her attention. I was mad with jealousy, and behaved in the most eccentric manner imaginable. I accosted and conversed loudly with the postman who happened to be passing at the time, and raised my voice to a still louder pitch as he attempted to disengage himself from me; I incited a dog to attack another, and the battle raged furiously beneath the very windows of No. 227; I availed myself of every known device likely

to succeed under the circumstances, but all to no purpose—Rose would not stir from the piano. It was true that her cavalier left her side for a moment and went to the window while the two dogs were fighting, but he quickly returned, after shading his eyes with his hand and glancing at me as if I was lurking about the premises for no good, and as he returned I could see that Rose was scolding him for his neglect. Then came a girl to pull down the blinds and close the shutters. I waited no longer than to see her fellow-servant in the kitchen below perform a similar operation, and then returned thoroughly miserable to Torkester-square.

A considerable length of time elapsed before I was fortunate enough to again meet with Rose, but one day when I was passing through Hanway-street I accidentally met with her and the four children. Rose had been purchasing crayons, and was just in the act of emerging from the shop (the one on the left-hand side as you enter from Tottenham-court-road) as I sauntered by. She welcomed me very heartily, and confessed that she had been highly vexed at the unpropitious state of the weather on the evening of the 11th. I, in return, informed her of my enthusiasm on the occasion; whereupon she scolded me for my rashness, and declared that I had carried my devotion to too great a length.

After a little persuasion, I prevailed upon her to allow me to accompany her and the children home—at least as near home as existing circumstances would permit. In order to avoid the bustle and roar of Tottenham-court-road, we crossed over to Great Russell-street, and walked through the squares towards Camden Town. The day was beautifully fine, and the trees in many of the enclosures gave abundant signs of the approaching summer. The white and pink hawthorns had begun to blossom, the laburnums were covered with a slight sprinkling of gold, and the tall white blooms of the chestnuts contrasted magnificently with the deep green of the broad leaves.

The children, as usual, “walked on in front,” and I and Rose, as on a former occasion, chatted confidentially behind, until, to my undisguised vexation, Camden-road was reached. Again was I requested to beat as speedy a retreat as possible; and again did I implore Rose to allow me to remain in her company for another five minutes—for another two or three hundred yards. My entreaties were in vain, and I was obliged to satisfy myself with her promise that she would meet me at the British Museum on the following day.

The next morning was a fine one. I left Torkester-square rather earlier than usual, and walked so hastily to the Museum that it was only half-past nine when I arrived there. Rose was to meet me at twelve, and I debated with myself how I could best employ the

interval. Should I settle down and do some reading? Certainly not; I knew only too well that it would be impossible for me, under the circumstances, to do anything of the kind. What was to be done, then? There were the Elgin marbles, the mummies, and the zoological specimens to fall back upon. Should I walk through the sculpture corridors, ascend the staircase, inspect the rooms, and so endeavour to perfect myself in several branches of study at the same time? Yes; my determination was fixed.

I soon found out, however, that I was in too restless a state to give proper attention to anything but the face of the immense clock which stares at you from the right hand wall as you enter in from the portico. Half-past ten, a quarter to eleven, eleven, half-past eleven, a quarter to twelve. I became more excited than ever, and examined and cross-examined myself incessantly. "Will Rose be punctual?" "No; I think not." "Why not?" "Because of the children—children are great hindrances." "Will she bring Charlie?" "Ah! yes—what a bore!" "But didn't I tell her that dogs were not allowed?" "Oh! I forgot—I *did* remind her of it." And so on.

I must confess that I thought it would appear more studious if I went back to the reading-room, and emerged from it precisely at twelve, looking as though I had been hard at work all the morning. I returned accordingly, and just as the clock was striking I sauntered abstractedly through the corridor towards the glass doors which are situate at the end.

The glass doors swung heavily to and fro as I passed out into the entrance hall, and long before they had finished swinging I had glimpsed Rose and the four children, who were all seated on the stool which is placed for the accommodation of visitors, in close proximity to the statue of Sir Joseph Banks.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS WORTH READING.

The Mosi-o-a-tunya, or Victoria Falls, Zambesi River. Sketched on the Spot, by T. BAINES, F.R.G.S. London: Day and Son.

AFRICAN research has revealed nothing which, in point of sublimity and grandeur, is at all comparable with the Victoria Falls. Situated in the very heart of southern intertropical Africa, and far from any part to which the white traveller had ever penetrated, these Falls were only discovered by Dr. Livingstone in 1855, as that eminent explorer was on his return journey from Loando across the continent. In each of Dr. Livingstone's works the frontispiece is a picture of the Victoria Falls; but however good these representations may be, they convey but a very inadequate idea of the size and splendour of the mighty cataract. Fortunately for the lovers of art, and the admirers of what is grand in nature, the Falls have been visited by Mr. Baines, the "artist-explorer," whose delineation of every variety of African scenery is absolutely unrivalled. In 1859 Mr. Baines left Dr. Livingstone's expedition, to which he was attached, and returned to Cape Town, where he met Mr. James Chapman, a trader to the interior; and they agreed to attempt together the passage from Walvisch Bay, on the western coast, to the mouths of the Zambesi, on the east. After many weary months of monotonous travel, they at length arrived at the Falls, which form one of the most beautiful sights the world can produce. The Zambesi, which at that point is from 1,800 to 2,000 yards wide, sweeps over into an immense chasm 400 feet deep; and the foaming waters send up a cloud of spray to the height of 1,200 feet. In portraying this splendid scene, we are certain that everything which art can accomplish has been effected by Mr. Baines. He not only furnishes us with eleven magnificent views of the Falls, but delineates the varieties of glorious tropical verdure which flourishes in the richest exuberance; and Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone, tells us that Mr. Baines "has so scrupulously adhered to nature, that any one familiar with the vegetation may name the very plants represented in his paintings." All the views were sketched on the spot, and most of them painted within a few miles of the scene. The volume of coloured lithographs which has been issued by Messrs. Day and Son is such as defies criticism, and richly deserves world-wide patronage. There are a few pages of descriptive letter-press, which are necessary to explain the various features of the cataract, but which cannot weary the most indolent reader. Want of space forbids our entering at length into the merits of this very charming volume; but we give it our heartiest and most unqualified approbation, and recommend it to our readers with the greatest confidence, knowing that it would be impossible to have a better pictorial description of the great African Falls than that for which we are so deeply indebted to Mr. Baines.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

A GOOD FOWL CURRY.

Put a bit of butter about the size of a hen's egg into a pan with a cover; when melted, slice and half-brown some onion in it. Add a spoonful of currie powder and a bit of ginger beaten to a pulp; also a few capsaicums, which should be mixed up in a cup of water. Cover the pan close for about ten minutes; then brown the whole till the butter begins to appear, but do not let it burn. Add the fowl; mix the whole well while on the fire; then put in as much water as will be enough to dissolve the fowl, with a cup of milk or butter-milk. Cover close; and cook on a slow fire. The fowl should be cut up into small pieces, as for stew, &c.

HOW TO SELECT MEAT.

Venison: The choice of venison should be regulated by the appearance of the fat, which, when the venison is young, looks bright, thick, clear, and close. It first changes towards the haunches. To ascertain whether it is sweet, run a knife into that part; if tainted, it will have a rank smell. **Beef:** True, well-fed beef will exhibit an open vein of deep coral red, and the fat will appear of a healthy, oily smoothness, rather inclining to white than yellow. The suet firm and white. Yellow fat is a test of meat of an inferior quality. **Heifer** beef is but little inferior to ox beef; the lean is of a closer grain, the red paler, and the fat whiter. **Veal:** When you observe the kidney well surrounded with fat, you may be sure the meat is of good quality. The whitest is not the best veal. There is a vein in the shoulder very perceptible, and its colour indicates the freshness of the meat; if a bright red or blue, it is recently killed; if any green or yellow spots are visible, it is stale. **Pork:** In young pork the lean when pinched will break; the thickness and toughness of the rind shows it to be old. In fresh pork the flesh is firm, smooth, a clear colour, and the fat set. When stale, it looks clammy and flabby. Mealy pork may be detected by the kernels in the fat; it should not be eaten. **Lamb:** Lamb should be eaten very fresh. In the fore-quarter, the vein in the neck, being any other colour than blue, betrays it to be stale. In the hind-quarter, try the kidney with your nose; the faintness of its smell will prove it to be stale. **Mutton:** The best is of a fine grain, a bright colour, the fat firm and white. It is better for being full-grown.

STORING POTATOES.

Dig the potatoes in fair weather, sort out such as are desired for table use next season, and put them in boxes or barrels, filled in among the potatoes with dry sand or fine dirt. Keep them in a dry cellar where they will not freeze, and in the spring when they start their sprouts, turn them out. Take off the sprouts, and then put them back into the boxes.

NEEDLEWORK.

A BEAD SLIDE FOR THE WAIST, A BROOCH AND A CROSS.

Cut out the shape of two square buckles in stiff card. Both must be alike, and neatly covered on one side with ribbon or silk. Take one, and with white cotton (Walker's glacé, No. 50), string seed crystal beads across the short way. Take care that each string is close together, but not too crowded with the beads, or they will not sit flat. Tack down each row as it is finished. When the buckle is covered sew it to the other shape, taking up a crystal bead on every stitch to form an edge. Before the two pieces are sewn together a stiff wire, double, should be firmly sewn to the under shape to form a centre, over which the waist ribbon may be passed. The crystal beads will show the colour of the silk through very prettily, but gold, steel, chalk or jet beads may be successfully employed to make alides. Crosses for the neck may be contrived in the same manner, with a larger bead to ornament the centre and corners, or brooches shaped as a cross, crescent, or circle. A nursery pin must be used for the brooch, securing half of it between the two card shapes before they are sewn together. The round may be slightly raised in the centre by the use of a little wadding filled with powder scent.

FORGET-ME-NOT SERVIETTE ROLLERS.

Evans's boar's head cotton, No. 14. Walker's Penelope crochet hook, No. 4.

1st round: Make a chain of 4, unite it, and work nine d. c. *into it*.

2nd: 4 ch., miss 1, d. c. 3 ch., miss 1, d. c. Four ch., miss one, d. c. Three ch., miss one, d. c. Four ch., miss one, and unite the round.

3rd: Into the chain of four work 1 d. c., 10 tr., one d. c. Into chain of three, 1 d. c., 8 tr., 1 d. c. Into next ch. of four, 1 d. c., 10 tr., 1 d. c. Into ch. of three 1 d. c., 8 tr., 1 d. c. Into *ch. of four*, 1 d. c., 11 tr., and into the last ch. of 4, 11 tr. and one d. c. Unite at the back and break off.

Make seven of these flowers. Then make five ch. and take up the flower at the third stitch from the centre of the two upper petals that *are not divided* by a d. c. (where the 11 tr. occur.) Unite with a plain stitch. 2 ch., and take up with a plain stitch the next petal in the same place; three the other way from the centre. Five chain and take up the next flower, and so on. The flowers will thus all be held by the two upper petals. At the lower part of the flower the centre stitch of one petal in each must be taken up by a plain stitch, 7 ch. between each.

The edge is to be worked on the chain that unites the flowers at either edge. One d. c., 3 ch., miss 2 and repeat. 2nd row, 1 d. c. into loop of 3 chain, 1 d. c., 5 tr. with one ch. between each,* 1 ch. and one d. c. into next loop of 2 ch. One ch, 5 tr., with a ch. between each into next loop of two ch. and repeat form.*

To make them up. Cut a strip of card and cover it with silk or

ribbon, and sew it into a ring. Tack on the crochet, letting the edge come a little over the ribbon roll.

These napkin rollers may also be made in coarse purple silk, black, or coloured.

SHAMROCK LACE.

Use Evans's boar's head cotton, No. 14. Walker's Penelope needle, No. 4. For handkerchiefs, veils, or muslin work, Evans's boar's head cotton, No. 20, Walker's Penelope needle, No. 3.

1st round: Make a ring of 8 ch., and work 12 d. c. into it.

2nd: 11 ch., miss 4, 1 d. c., 11 ch., miss 4, 1 d. c., 11 ch., miss 4, and 1 d. c. into the commencing stitch.

3rd: * 3 d. c. into first loop of 11 ch. Make 3 ch. and unite them back to the last of the d. c. just made. Repeat from * three times more. Then 3 more d. c. all into the same, the first loop of 11 ch. Work the other two loops of eleven chain the same. Finish by a d. c. into the commencement stitch and fasten off.

Having a sufficient number of shamrocks, make a chain the length required. Work on this a row of d. c. as a foundation. Then five plain, 2 ch., draw the cotton through the first little loop of three d. c. on one of the shamrocks, and make a ch. stitch, 2 more ch., and a plain stitch into the same hole on the foundation as the last, 5 more plain stitches, 2 ch., stitch through the centre of shamrock, 2 ch., one plain stitch into the same hole as last, on the foundation. Five plain stitches on the foundation, 2 ch., and make a stitch through the next little loop of three on the shamrock, 2 ch. One plain into same hole as last, 5 plain. Fasten on all the shamrocks the same way. They may afterwards be sewn together just where two of the little loops of three chain meet at the sides.

LA MODE.

THE short dresses worn at the present moment in Paris are the greatest innovation of long-established custom of any recent introduction in the world of fashion. The chapeau *Lamballe*, the little round ornament worn at the top of the head, with all its infinite variations of form, startled the female mind not a little at its birth. On first beholding it, ladies instinctively clasped the backs of their little heads with their still smaller hands, to feel what wealth of hair, or what deficiency of luxurious locks was there, and, ere adopting *la mode*, not a few anxiously sought some hairdresser in whose skill and silence confidence might be reposed, and trusting him with a shorn lock "to match," waited the arrival of the now indispensable chignon in trepidation and suspense. Chignons may be bought—but, alas! pretty feet are neither to be had for love or money. Still, pretty boots are purchaseable, and if in relinquishing six yards of training *gros grain* in the skirt is hailed by Paterfamilias as the advent of reduction in the toilet expenses of the fair creatures dependent for such trifles upon his purse, the dear old gentleman will, alas! be sadly disappointed. Boots, when well made and nicely cut,

especially Polish boots, are not cheap articles; and if short skirts are worn, only the nicest cut and best made will be available; no more wearing out stretched rights and lefts, dear papa; no more making do with a shabby thing for common, good spouse. And, perhaps, when that imperious tyrant man has worried, sneered, and teased his special antipathy, crinoline, out of the domestic circle, he will learn to know its excellencies, just as we do with too many things despised and undervalued when with us, sighed after and vainly recalled when out of reach for ever.

In sober earnest, the short skirt is now cut not only looped above a false underskirt, a broad band of the same material sewn on a little above and inside of the festoons, doing duty for a jupon, but simple tunics variously cut and shaped hang over a short underskirt, which only reaches the ankle. The feet of the wearer are protected from too much exposure to observation by Polish boots ascending about four inches and a-half up the leg, where they are cut to a point in front, and ornamented with tassels.

Some of the petticoats are fluted like a pianoforte silk, others are plain. In Paris, blue scarlet, and mauve merino skirts are in vogue. The tunic is either black or grey, and the tight-fitting jacket, with peplum ends, either corresponds with the petticoat or the dress, according to the taste of the wearer. Some dresses have the body *en suite* with the dress-skirt or tunic, and the sleeves and peplum to match the petticoat. Most of the short skirts that we have remarked in London are of black *glacé* or *gros grain*, the whole toilet of the same material. Some of the tunics are straight at the hem, much shorter in front than behind, with a graceful slope. Others equal in all parts, and ornamented simply with a few rows of ribbon, velvet, or braid. Some are cut in mitres, vandykes, and tabs, and others in very large deep, sharp points all round, edged with fringe, and corresponding with a peplum. This is fanciful, and scarcely in such good taste as a plain hem. Jackets, short and loose, are in great favour. Most have tabbed or mitred edges, and are profusely embroidered with jet beads. The Neapolitan bonnet is most adopted at present. This is square like the head dress of an Italian peasant, with half ears. Black bonnets, spangled with jet beads, and trimmed with flowers to match the toilet, are a good deal worn. At the present moment, black horsehair of [this description took well. The square edge is trimmed admirably by a fringe carried round it, or a wreath of small flowers studded together.

Hair is still dressed on the top of the head, off the forehead and high in front, where it is generally waved, and in very large round flat chignons behind. This style can be ornamented with cordons of flowers, a number of single flowers pinned in over the head, or with a bouquet of flowers on the forehead, and a long spray carried round one side over the back.

FAMILY PASTIME.

1.

REBUS.

My *first* will correctly a moiety name ;
 Change its head twice, each word means the same—
 The attribute of those who are often to blame ;
 Transpose it, its meaning's exactly the same ;
 A command of our Lord's to the halt and the lame ;
 Behcad it, the signification's the same ;
 A title bestowed on the fair married dame ;
 Spelt backward or forward, 'tis always the same ;
 You will find on your clothes what the *initials* name ;
 Transpose it, and then you will find it the same ;
 The *finals* transposed will a half rightly name,
 And if they're read downwards, it means just the same.

EUREKA.

2.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Transpose the first compatriot you meet,
 You'll find it by the seaside at your feet.

EUREKA.

3.

CONUNDRUMS.

Casting Lots.

What lot is very earnest ?
 Name a maritime lot.
 What lot was unfortunate among the Spartans ?
 What lot distributes ?
 Name a lot sacred to the Hindoos.
 What lot is a lot of lots ?

EUREKA.

4.

CHARADES.

Councillors, beware !

My *whole* is a lad, void of sorrows and cares ;
 My *second* a part of his face is ;
 My *first* is two-thirds of the cap which he wears.
 Now ye that are "first class'd,"
 And ye "second" and "last,"
 The answer find out,
 Or beyond e'en a doubt,
 Ye that fail will not maintain your places !

EUREKA.

5.

My *first* in the future is looming,
 My *next* in the present is seen,
 My *third* is my last—
 'Tis a thing of the past ;

You'll admit I am right in assuming
That my *whole* in *all* ages is cast—
That it will be *is* now!! and has been!!!

EUREKA.

Transpose some donkeys (here's a joke!),
And naught is left of them but smoke!

EUREKA.

I'm often run, I'm often won;
Transposed, I'm but a measure.
Transposed again, I'm used by men
To gain and guard their treasure.

REV. S.

My *first*'s an article of dress;
A colour forms my *second*.
When man allows my dreadful *whole*
To sway and subjugate his soul,
A fiend he may be reckoned.

REV. S.

Just take one of the baby's best friends,
And cut off the poor creature's head;
Rearrange then the part that is left,
And a practical joke's there instead.
Now cut off the head of the joke,
I make *easy* whatever you do;
Next curtail me, and then you will find
What's left to be just me and you.

A. S. G.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

Mo(or) ho! rum.—Mohorum.

2.

MYTHOLOGICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

Names of Fruit.

1. Lemons—Melons. 2. Hazel Nuts. 3. Orange. 4. Mangoe. 5. Pomegranate. 6. Mangosteen. 7. Nectarine. 8. Damson. 9. Raisin. 10. Dubberries. 11. Tomato (Love Apple).

CHARADES.

3.

Constance.

4.

Pointless.

5.

Herald (lad).

ENIGMAS.

6.

Harebell.

7.

Mental Historical Picture. William, Prince of Orange, competing with James II. for the Crown of England, is reported to have been killed at the Battle of the Boyne. Louis XIV. of France supports the Royal cause.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.

Because bell(e)s without hoops are often hung !

2.

Because everybody possesses *calves*.

3.

Because there must always be age in a cottage.

4.

Because there is a "din" in it:

5.

Because where there is "*pluck*" there must be "luck."

OUR COUNCIL:

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

No. I.

Qotacamund, the most frequented and popular sanitarium of the *Benighted*, as the denizens of the sister presidencies designate Madras, is cosily fixed in the midst of high hills near the highest point of the Neilgherries, some 7,000 feet above the sea level. Its elevated position makes it dependent on the low countries for its supplies, and these are brought up once a week to the shandy or market place—the subject of the present sketch—on shandy-day.

The shandy building is a large square, of verandah-like structure, the uncovered side of the verandah opening inwards. In the centre of the court this building forms a large shed, leaving a pathway surrounding for the crowd of buyers to pass to and fro. Picture to yourself, reader, this building occupied by a lot of traders squatted on the ground, with open bags of rice, and rapo, and other kinds of grain in front of them; a throng of Europeans, East Indians, and natives, buyers and lookers-on, crowding and trying to force their way through the open space between the veranda and shed; picture a range of traders outside the range of buildings, dealers in fruit, vegetables, poultry, curry, stuffs, betle and pawn, oil, earthenware, baskets, and almost every mentionable Indian etcetera; and a never-ending string of buyers, pushing and wriggling through them and each other; picture, also, a herd of some thousand pack bullocks, asses, and horses, nibbling at the grass on the neighbouring green, the approaches to the shandy lined with carriages of every description, with loaded pack bullocks, burdened coolies, intending buyers, master and man, mistress and maid, of every country, and creed, and caste, all hurrying to the

shandy—and you will have a very faint idea of the place and its approaches.

Although most of the traders come from far, yet some of the bazaar dealers attempt a little extra business on shandy day. Make-believe tents are pitched in every available corner, beneath which turbaned Mahomed, with his chintzes and native clothes, barepated Mootooawmy, with pens, ink, paper, and nick-nacks, and fezged Edulgee, with pickles and oilman's stores of every sort—all the way from Europe—do a respectable business, for many of the buyers come from distant tea and coffee and cinchona estates, and these sage merchants know that many things which they deal in will be purchased at 10 per cent. over usual prices rather than the tired planters and planters' deputies would trouble themselves by visiting the bazaar. Snug is the trade these swarthy ones do, and handsome the profits they make for the trouble of fixing a few bamboos and four square yards of *dungaree*, and for the bringing their wares to the shandy!

A veritable Babel is the shandy—a confusion of tongues equal to that of the land of Shinar—one continued din from morning till evening. The guttural Toda, the barking Budaga, the high-sounding Musselmann, the drawling Parsee, the jabbering Tamulian, the chattering Canarese, the hesitating, half-choked Chinaman, the Eurasian hybrid with his mixed Tamil, Portuguese, and queer English, the foreigner of every European and Asian land, with his strangely rendered English, and stranger vernacular, and the hearty-voiced Briton, all combine in a confused uproar—dinning in its midst—and which at a distance seems like the roaring of an angry sea. Women and boys screech, donkeys bray, horses neigh, oxen low, dogs bark, and men shout to one another, quarrelling and bargaining in angry expostulation and argument.

The shandy is an institution in Ootacamund. Officers, extensive planters, and well-to-do residents, generally have their club and library—expensive luxuries which are out of the reach of their clerks and subordinates, who have only the shandy. Here European meets European, Eurasian Eurasian, and native native. Knots of the former, and large and small groups of the two latter, stand in places where the press is thinnest, and retail news and scandal—and what a quantity of both fly about!—sufficient to afford conversation and discord in families for the rest of the week. Clerks in their best attire (for shandy-day is a general holiday), saunter around the place, throwing sly glances at the fair, and rosy and nut-brown daughters of thrifty housewives. Many matches originate in the shandy, old poems and proverbs, notwithstanding! Butlers and maties, in bright-coloured blankets and jaunty turbans—handsome fellows—here stand and chat, and make love to spruce ayahs, in red, green, and parti-coloured cloths, well-oiled, neatly-combed heads, betel-stained lips and teeth, and flower-bedecked *condays*! Here the one reporter of the one newspaper, issued once weekly, strolls about, or stands in the shandy building, hears and sees all that is going on, and “takes notes” for the next issue. And here, too, invalids, who are confined to their houses for the rest of the week, seat themselves on *bandy* shafts and other impromptu places of rest, to breathe a little fresh air, and see the life of the outer world. Verily, a great institution is the shandy!

Ootacamund, in common with every Indian town and hamlet, has its complement of beggars. Few will be met with on ordinary days, but they muster strong on market-days at the shandy. What a chorus of entreaties for charity meets you as you make an ingress or egress to and from the place, from whatever corner! What quavering of feeble ones, and drawling of uncouth voices in unknown tongues! What rattling of metal pots and platters—the receptacles of alms! They point to sightless orbs, and withered limbs, to spaces where legs and arms, and fingers and toes are wanting, eaten off by leprosy and other foul diseases. “Amah! Amah! Iyah! Iyah!” (Madam! Madam! Sir! Sir!) Thus they greet you as you advance and recede, until you are fairly out of hearing.

Fashionable beggars, too—beggars of caste, brahmins and fakirs—stalwart fellows—roam round the place, from trader to trader, soliciting their portion. In all guises are they, with grates of iron riveted round their necks, with long iron lumps, with iron and wooden spikes thrust through their palms and cheeks; with arms unalterably fixed pointing to the skies, on all fours, performing vows of penance; with rattling gongs, tinkling triangles, horn-toned couches, and shrill pipes! How unfortunate they are, and how they grumble! Wherever they solicit gifts, gifts they must receive; wherever they receive, they bestow a blessing, grumblingly or heartily, as the gift is small or large. How various their budget! Pinches of salt, half-dozens of chillies, garlics, betle-nut, pawn-leaves, and etceteras; handfuls of rice, ragee, cholam, and other grains. Such is their maintenance from year to year—such is their life from youth to age! 'Tis their caste!

European, Eurasian, and native missionaries preaching to the crowds; police striving here and there to keep order; half-drunken fellows elbowing their way through the crowd; native auctioneers shouting and beating tom-toms to draw the attention of passers-by; and at the entrance of the shandy, a turbaned official gathering toll on bullock, cart, donkey, horse and sheep, on cooly load of merchandise, and on all who come to sell; all form a scene peculiar of its kind, peculiar to India—to the Neilgherry Hills.

About four o'clock in the evening the crowds begin to disperse—that is, such as have not far to go, for purchasers for far-away estates have left long ago; and at six o'clock all are gone, with the exception of traders from the low country, who require to commence their journey in the morning in order to finish it by nightfall. During the remainder of the week, a stranger would wonder at seeing the deserted, ungainly building, not knowing its uses, for not a living-being, but a sweeper or two, and such as would be houseless but for its welcome shelter, will visit it until shandy-day comes again.

EUREKA.

THE LAST REQUEST.

Come hither, darling Miriam, and lay your work aside,
To come and sit beside me this quiet eventide;
I want to talk awhile to you before the light is fled,
And I like to watch your shadow flitting all about my bed.

OUR COUNCIL.

How fresh the air blows from the fields ! how gay they are with flowers !
And a sweet faint perfume riseth from the lilac-scented bowers ;
And the great red sun is hiding down behind the mountains dim ;
And the birds seem singing a chorus by their happy evening hymn—
How strange it seems that we should die, and yet I would not live,
This world, so fair and beautiful, to me no joy could give ;
But there was a time, dear Miriam, when I even drew a line,
To think the world holds not a heart so light and gay as mine !
That was before this sickness came, when Ernest first I knew ;
And sure am I the summer sky had never been so blue ;
Never so green the springing grass as when he told his love ;
And the birds had never sung before such joyous songs above.
But think not, dearest, I lament, because of this I say
I would not change with that wild joy the peace I have to-day ;
And I do not sorrow, Miriam—I was but a foolish girl ;
And he was far above myself in pleasures giddy whirl.
But I cannot help rememb'ring all that happy summer thro' ;
And I know, if you confess it, dear, you half liked him too ;
I am sure you could not help it ! Oh ! what happy times were they.
In the copse and by the river nutting all the livelong day.
'Tis but a year since last I danced with Ernest on the green ;
And since that happy May-day what changes I have seen !
I could have borne disease and pain if he had but been true—
Have borne them bravely, Miriam, for his sake, and for you.
But when he proved so false to me, and left me here alone,
My heart seemed nigh to breaking when I knew that he was gone.
When he crowned me with the lilies gathered fresh from yonder glen,
Oh, I know he never thought of this, but loved me fondly then.
Those lilies I have cherished, you will plant them on my grave,
And sometimes come and tend them ; 'tis the only boon I crave.
Then should he ever, passing, pause by the spot, he'll see
How truly I did love him, though he was so false to me.
And the little cross he gave me, let it lie upon my breast ;
With my hands close folded over it much better shall I rest ;
And the myrtle in the garden, and the trellis by the lake,
You will see that they are cared for, for your little sister's sake.
And a faded rose I wore one night ; he placed it in my hair :
Lay that among my tresses, too—its rightful place is there.
And be sure and think with kindness upon Ernest when I'm gone ;
And only let my name be graven on the churchyard stone.
“ Nellie Grey, aged seventeen ”—that will be enough, you know ;
And if the neighbours think it strange, why say I willed it so.
And to the village children and the poor I used to see,
Give them my dying love, and bid them often think of me.
And now I've said enough, Miriam—I'm very tired and weak ;
I think if you would sing to me I soon should be asleep.
Good night, my darling sister, if I never wake again
You'll meet me one bright morning upon the angel plain.

A. M. FINDLAY.



THE
FAMILY FRIEND.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER XX.

LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW.



NEAR the spot where now stand the gloomy and blackened walls of Newgate a stately mansion was situated at the period of our story. This was the house of Fitzalwyne, the first Lord Mayor of London. It was surrounded by a broad space of open ground which sloped down towards the west to the banks of a murmuring brook, afterwards known as the Fleet Ditch; and within this space a noisy multitude of citizens were assembled on the 10th of August, 1195. Around the entrance to the building the people were pressing with great eagerness, and those who had given up all hope of pushing their way through the mob were collected in groups conversing in a loud and excited tone.

"He'll have his say—he fears them not; he'll plead our cause in spite of 'em. By St. Dunstan, I'd like to hear him; I'd give twenty pounds of the best wax candles to get inside," said a little fat man, returning breathless from a vain attempt to penetrate the crowd.

"Whether thou art inside or outside 'twill make but little difference; Fitzalwyne loves his new dignity too well to oppose the wishes of his patrons," replied Tapper, the maker of pots, regarding his perspiring friend Wickles with an air of undisguised pity.

"Aye, man, but Longbeard has a marvellous gift of speech, and his thoughts fly from his tongue like sparks from the flint," replied Wickles.

"I fear me this gift of speech will do little good. 'Twere better to be unjustly taxed than have our pates broken in a riot. I would rather lose a little worldly gear than lack peace."

"Peace!" exclaimed a voice behind the speakers. "Peace is the sweet fruit of gentle patience, humble content, and steadfast faith."

"Ah, Father Broadhart!" said Wickles, uncovering his head with a display of abject respect, "thy wisdom and philosophy do not suit this noisy world."

"It would do well enough," replied Broadhart, "if men would chain up their restless passions, and learn to understand the proper use of life, of strength, of intellect—aye, of all the countless blessings vouchsafed by a loving Providence."

"You would have men live in plains where honey and milk abound, and never seek to climb the mountain side in search of stronger food," said a sturdy citizen. "I am much of thy opinion," he continued, "but some men cannot live in so mild a fashion."

"Cannot?" exclaimed Broadhart with a sigh—"will not, would be nearer the truth."

The discussion was suddenly interrupted by the clatter of approaching horses, and the appearance of a cavalcade at the opposite side of the bridge that crossed the Fleet brook. The rich appointments of the horses, and the sumptuous attire of the young lady who sat with graceful ease on a palfrey of spotless white, excited much curiosity among the groups of people. At the same moment a man whose clothes were covered with dust hurried over the little bridge, and made his way through the crowd, looking eagerly about him, and stopping at intervals to ask questions of those citizens who seemed most capable of giving the information he required. Persevering in his search, he drew near to the little group of disputants, of which Wickles, the maker of candles, Tapper, the maker of brass pots, and Broadhart, the priest, were conspicuous members.

"Know thou if there be a priest named Broadhart here?" he asked of Wickles.

"Aye--aye! What sayest thou," exclaimed the candle maker, somewhat alarmed at the fierce look and uncouth bearing of the stranger.

"If you seek Broadhart, of the Priory of Holy Trinity, Aldgate," said Broadhart, "I am at your service."

"Ah! at last. The saints favour me! I have had a hot ride to get at thee, good father. Read this."

Broadhart took from his hand a small scroll, and hastily breaking the wax, read its contents with evident surprise.

"Follow me," he said, stepping a few paces aside. "Is yonder lady Mary de Lawnford?"

"Aye, of a certainty; I have followed in her track all the way from Norwich."

Broadhart stood for a few moments gazing abstractedly on the

ground. "Go to the Priory," he said at last, "and tell them to give you rest and refreshment. I will see to this at once."

The man hastened away, and Broadhart slowly followed him.

Drawing near to Mary de Lawnford, who had remained on the other side of the bridge watching the multitude with some impatience, he greeted her with solemn dignity, and requested a private audience.

Mary's large eyes—they always mirrored her thoughts—betrayed her astonishment at this request, but she courteously consented, and signed her attendant to withdraw.

"What have you to say to me, good father?" she asked, with a smile that failed to disguise her wonder.

"You are the bearer of a missive to Fitzalwynne," answered Broadhart, "and in the cause of Christian peace and charity I would urge you to withhold it for a few days at least."

"What know you of my mission?" exclaimed Mary, her face strangely flushed.

"I know that it is full of evil hatred, and malice, that it is the last feeble blow of a wicked woman who even on her dying bed nourished the hope of completing an abominable scheme of persecution."

Mary remembered the words of the Lady de Danedred; she believed that the mission which she was bearing to Fitzalwynne contained some charm that would rid her of her rival; but she did not question how; she never contemplated any injury to an innocent person; maddened by the rekindled flame of hope and love, she had determined to follow the brief advice gasped forth by Sir Hugh's dying mother, trusting that some dark curtain of mystery would thereby be rent asunder, and that she would behold the realisation of her life's dream. The stern voice of the priest dispelled much of the romance with which she had fondly surrounded her journey to the Mayor of London.

"How have you learnt this?" she asked, looking with wonder into the calm face of Broadhart.

"Evil news," replied the priest, "flies quickly. Suffice it that I know enough to implore you to hesitate ere you become the bearer of a message that will hasten the coming storm?"

"I am ignorant of what I bear, good father," answered Mary. Heaven forbid that I should be the instrument of evil. The hour is late, it is getting dark, and the crowd still impedes our entrance. I will consent to withhold my mission until to-morrow morn that you may have good time to prove to me the value of your strange advice."

"Be it so. The sisters of Holy Trinity will provide you with lodging and refreshment, and I will accompany you thither.

Mary slightly bent her head in token of assent, and, beckoning her

attendant to follow, she rode by the side of the priest, and alighted at the low and massive gateway of the priory.

The gloom of evening was closing over the city. A white veil of mist hung over the dancing waters of the Thames, little stars peeped forth through the darkening purple of the heavens, the evening air sighed gently among the gabled roofs of the houses and among the grey towers of monasteries and churches, when Broadhart and Mary went out from the portals of the Priory an hour afterwards, and walked slowly along the river bank to Fitz-Osbert's house.

"Then it is for the sake of the daughter that you are anxious to save the father," said Mary, continuing a conversation which the closing of the priory gates had interrupted.

"She is a noble girl," replied Broadhart, "and endowed with a gentleness of spirit that influences all around her. Hard would be the heart that could see the storm clouds gathering about so delicate a flower and not yearn to snatch it from the impending tempest. Her father is hurrying to ruin. He is proud, and dashes at every obstacle like an impetuous torrent that leaps the rocks and plunges down into the yawning chasms of the mountain side, while calmer streams glide smoothly round and reach the sloping meadows at its base. And over this unruly spirit Nelly Fitz-Osbert is the guardian angel. Never did a child so truly love her father, never did a father so dote upon his child! She is proud of his earnest, devoted life in the cause of the oppressed, and in ministering to his comforts she feels a sacred pleasure in watching the power of her own gentleness over the habitual sternness of his nature."

Mary listened patiently to the priest as he thus poured forth his enthusiastic admiration of the citizen lawyer's daughter. She was anxious to learn all about this woman who had come between her and the warm sunlight of her life.

"Yonder," continued the priest, "is Fitz-Osbert's house. He has probably returned home by this time from Fitzalwynne's court at Newgate."

"It may seem strange to you, father," said Mary, "but I take a great interest in these people. I should like to see this Nelly Fitz-Osbert in whose praise you speak so well. See! there is a light—it is the glowing of the fire," and without another word of explanation she ran towards the window and looked into the room.

Suddenly she appeared to stumble, but saved herself by pressing her hand against the wall.

If Broadhart could have seen the ashy whiteness of her face, the trembling of her lips, and the fixed agonised expression of her large dark eyes, as she stood gazing into the apartment—if he could have known the tumultuous tide of grief and despair which in that instant

had extinguished every spark of hope in her breaking heart—the good man would have been moved indeed. As it was, he regarded Mary's advance to the window as a whim of idle curiosity, and he awaited her return with some impatience.

It was no dream—no phantom picture—no mad delusion that burst upon Mary's senses as she looked through that window.

Before the fluttering and crackling fire on the hearth sat a beautiful girl, whose golden tresses shone like liquid gold in the glancing light, and by her side was Sir Hugh de Danedred. Her head was resting against his broad breast, and her little hands were both clasped in his. They were gazing dreamily into the fire, and Nelly's voice, like a silver bell, floated through the casement and fell on Mary's ears—fell like drops of burning fire on her throbbing heart.

"And now you have come again, dear Hugh, we will never part. Oh! how I have prayed for this sweet joy, and to hear you talk of wondrous Palestine ——"

Mary heard no more—her heart was too full. She pressed her hand more tightly against the wall to save herself from falling, and shrank away among the dark shadows of the trees. Broadhart had turned towards the river, and did not observe her. She put her hand to her burning temples and hurried along, forgetful of Broadhart—of everything but the dreadful anguish that filled her bosom. Staggering over the loose stones and uneven ground, she sat down beneath the shadow of a willow, and burying her face in her hands, she wept aloud.

The good priest, turning round, was attracted to the spot by the sounds of half-stifled sobs.

"My child, my child, what means this grief?" he exclaimed, leaning over her, and putting his hand gently on her shoulders.

Mary did not heed him, but bowing to and fro, gave way to the full force of her great grief. "Oh, Heaven!" she cried, between her sobs, "forgive me, forgive me. I cannot live. Let me die. Oh, help me to die!"

"Hush, my child! Come, let us return. What has happened?" asked Broadhart, raising her tenderly from the ground. The effort awakened Mary to a consciousness of her position. Removing her hands from her eyes, and brushing away the hot tears that were rolling down her pale cheeks, she looked intently for a moment at the kind features of her companion like one suddenly aroused from a dream, and allowed him to lead her away.

Broadhart possessed too sensitive a nature, and too delicate a sense of sympathy to press any questions then, and they walked slowly homewards in silence.

"You must wonder at this madness," said Mary, as they approached the priory.

"I am, indeed, surprised to discover so much grief in so young a heart," answered Broadhart.

"If you had been wandering for years," said Mary, "in a dark uncertain labyrinth, with your eyes fixed on one solitary light until that light became your one hope—your one care—your one dream of life; and if, while you toiled wearily onward, it was suddenly extinguished for ever, you would feel as I do now—hopelessly, helplessly, miserably crushed—utterly crushed. Oh, death would be better—far better—than this cruel despair! Pardon me, kind father; this weakness is foolish. I cannot help it—indeed, I cannot. I am alone now in all the world, without even one ray of hope to bear me company."

Broadhart shuddered at the tone of intense agony with which the poor girl thus sobbed forth her sorrow. He felt that no words of comfort which he could speak would avail then, and he wisely contented himself with simple expressions of earnest sympathy. Although he knew not the actual cause of Mary's grief, he was conscious that her's was no ordinary sorrow. That she had seen or heard something at Fitz-Osbert's house which aroused this tempest of woe in her young bosom he felt certain, and as he parted from Mary and walked to his own cell in the Priory, his brow contracted, and he muttered to himself, "An evil cloud hangs over that man's house."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIOT.

The tempest which had been gathering for years burst upon the City of London at last. Fitzalwynne had never wavered in his purpose, had never flinched in his bold advocacy of the people's cause, had never sought to compromise the difficulties which separated the interests of the poor from those of the rich, and Fitz-Osbert had possessed neither the courage nor the power to avert the inevitable outbreak. The strong arm of authority on which the Mayor of London depended, had hitherto proved all-sufficient to maintain order and to enforce the unjust system of taxation. On this authority, which meant the assistance of the Archbishop, who acted as Chief Justicier of the kingdom, Fitzalwynne rested in confidence. He could not avoid the knowledge that every hour brought the storm-laden elements nearer to the moment of collision, but he watched events, and awaited the result with the firm resolve of one who felt himself able to do battle with the hurricane.

A cold gloomy sky, torn into vast chasms and seams of leaden clouds fringed with spray of feathery white, seemed strangely ominous of the disturbance about to take place in the City.

Fitz-Osbert was unusually silent and calm on that eventful morning.

Nelly prepared with her own hands his morning meal. She knew that his mind was occupied with affairs of great anxiety—she scarcely dared to question the full extent of their importance—and she was careful not to interrupt his meditations. A secret fear that the quarrel between the people and Fitzalwynne would soon take a more formidable shape, and that her father would fall a sacrifice to the cause, robbed her beautiful face of its usual rosy tints, and made her look even more spiritual than ever. When her father rose to depart she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him with an earnest enthusiasm which he well understood. He hurried along Cheapside with the warmth of that expression of his child's love still lingering on his lips, and it seemed to give him new courage for the great work before him. His eyes gleamed almost fiercely, and he clenched his hands with an involuntary movement as he walked towards Paul's Cross. As he came in site of the open space he beheld a great crowd surging to and fro—a dark and restless tide of human beings. His appearance on the scene was the signal for a shout of welcome from those of the multitude who recognised him, and the cheer was swiftly taken up by all the excited mob. "Longbeard!" "Longbeard!" "Long live the people's champion!" was shouted, shrieked, and howled from hundreds of excited throats. The cool and determined leader of the faction showed his intellectual superiority to advantage at such a moment. With calmness and dignity he bowed to the enthusiastic people, and advanced through the space willingly made for him, shaking heartily as many of the eagerly extended hands as the peculiarity of his position would permit. The crowd was increasing in dimensions every minute, and he saw that without leadership no good results could be effected by the meeting. He did not hesitate, therefore, to accept the invitations vociferously pressed upon him by the people around, and ascended a hurriedly-constructed rostrum at the foot of the Cross. As his massive brow and dark beard rose above the multitude, every head was upturned towards him, and the hum of tongues suddenly ceased.

"Citizens!" he said, raising his right hand on high, with the fingers extended as if to grasp the whole attention of his audience, "for what do you assemble here to-day? Have you one grief, one wrong, one hope, one purpose, that you have gathered together here with mutual sympathy and resolve? If so, let us not loosen this sacred bond of union until, by one great and united effort, we have flung off the heavy yoke imposed upon us by unjust and unscrupulous oppressors. There is a day still fresh in the memory of every true-hearted citizen—a day full of hope and gladness—a day when we hung forth gilded banners from our windows—when glittering cloth of gold swayed in the wind from the portals of our shops—when incense burned on the hallowed altars of our churches

—and when the fanfare of a hundred trumpets, the ringing of bells, and the clash of brazen symbols welcomed King Richard to London. Above all the splendour, and above all the loud strains of martial music, there rose on that day a mighty shout which went to our great King's heart. It was the welcome—the honest, earnest, hearty welcome—of his English people. But why did you raise that shout of joy? Why did you press forward with beaming faces to greet your long absent monarch? Because you felt that the day of persecution was over—the hand of the oppressor was lifted from your necks—the reign of extortion and massacre was closed—and saw in the return of the Lion Heart the dawn of a new life. You breathed freely with the sweet hope of freedom, and you shouted forth your hope and confidence without misgiving, without hesitation. What has been the result of your faith, patience, and loyalty? Alas! I shudder to contemplate so splendid an offering of popular love and devotion cast aside so carelessly, and trodden under foot so ruthlessly by the shameless minions of a too generous and easy king!" Fitz-Osbert was here interrupted by the hoarse roar of enthusiastic applause. Again lifting his right hand on high he restored silence, and resumed his fervid address. "We all know," he said, "that it is not King Richard's will to crush us thus with the burden of taxes which ought to fall—and would fall lightly—on the rich. In vain you labour and toil through the long year if the bread which you have well earned is snatched from you by the idle and dissolute men who feed like vultures on the helpless poor. I have raised my voice against the wrong-doers, but their hearts are of stone, and their ears are as dull as their reason. Words will not avail against your oppressors, and the hour has come for action. Solemnly, and with the awful sense of a great responsibility, I commend you to your task."

He was about to say more, but he was suddenly interrupted by a commotion among the people, and the unexpected arrival of a body of armed horsemen from the Tower. The horsemen drew up in line at about twenty paces distant, and a powerful knight, clothed in complete steel, rode forward and called upon the people to disperse. Fitz-Osbert did not move from his elevated position. His face was as calm as ever, but his eyes glowed with the fire of enthusiasm. Many looked at him to know what to do in the emergency, and his cool unflinching attitude instantly inspired them with confidence. A few of the mere idlers slunk away and hurried home, alarmed at the prompt and formidable measures to maintain order. Others, on the contrary, not only remained doggedly around their leader, but raised a cry of derision at the request. One bold fellow sprang forward and threw a handful of mud into the face of the knight, and another

instantly followed his daring example by flinging a stone. The officer dashed into the crowd, and stooping down over his charger's side contrived to seize one of these assailants. This was the signal for riot. The mob dragged the horseman to the ground, and his retainers galloped up to defend him. Swords were drawn, arrows darted on their fatal errands, maces and axes clashed and rang, shouts and groans, mingled with the tramp of feet, filled the air with a loud, confused clamour, and the multitude which a few moments before stood motionless listening to Fitz-Osbert, was now heaving and rolling like a sea swept by an impetuous whirlwind. The troop of horsemen being mounted and well armed, appeared to have the advantage, but the citizens were maddened into fury by the sight of their companions crushed and battered beneath the horses' feet, and with wild yells and execrations they closed round the troopers, and dragged them to the ground by force of numbers. One only of the number contrived to escape and gallop off to the Tower for assistance. Arrow after arrow followed the fugitive, but they either glanced off his polished armour or fell short of their mark. Glutted with blood, and hilarious with victory, the frantic crowd poured down Cheapside on their way to Fitzalwynne's house at Newgate. On the tops of poles and pikes they carried with them the ghastly heads of the unfortunate soldiers, and Fitz-Osbert was born triumphantly in their midst on the shoulders of two of his most staunch supporters.

(To be continued.)

ERRORS IN JUDGMENT.

“Pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona.”

JUV.

“How few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.” DRYDEN.

“Fate hath before us thrown both good and ill,
Decked with such strange variety of scene,
That he alone can safely judge between
Whom Heaven hath gifted with a chastened will.”

JOHANNISVILLE.

“In every instance of vanity it will be found that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches. All who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason and corrupters of the world; and, since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.”—JOHNSON.



SOME one said of Voltaire that he was *l'enfant gâté d'un monde qu'il gâté*. The description might be applied to many popular favourites. Reciprocity of evil is more general than reciprocity of good. If we encourage folly, no doubt we shall be “fooled to the top of our bent.” If in mere thoughtlessness, or for the sake of amusement, we applaud what we should blame, the time will come when applause will be impossible and blame unheeded. How often do we see children encouraged by foolish relatives or friends in tricks of amusing but audacious naughtiness, which grow by-and-bye into something intolerable. The same relatives and friends can then reprove with very grave looks things of which they greeted the beginnings with grinning faces. That of which they made sport in young master of eight or ten, becomes exceedingly inconvenient in the young gentleman of eighteen or twenty; but they who censure should consider whether they had not themselves sown the evil which in after times they reap.

We once knew a man, very shrewd and clever in the management of affairs, but not encumbered with a conscience, who used to boast that he could always make himself popular with mobs or children—he had merely to teach them some new mischief, or take the lead in some old one. He never troubled himself with a consideration of the price which might afterwards have to be paid for his popularity. Dr. Johnson points out some cases of practical life where we are apt to condemn the evil which our own encouragements have promoted:—

“It is common to consider those whom we find infected with an unreasonable regard for trifling accomplishments as chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of their own unhappiness; but, perhaps, those whom we thus scorn or detest have

more claim to tenderness than has been yet allowed them. Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches at the expense of wisdom and virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct and exciting their eagerness by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wisdom and virtue can only deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or to supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But where was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness or inspire that ardour which beauty produces wherever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies that the time spent at the toilet is lost in vanity, when they have every moment some new conviction that their interest is more effectually promoted by a riband well disposed than by the brightest act of heroic virtue?"

These observations are very just. If men would suit their practice to their theories, virtue and moderation might have some chance in the world; but as it is, we find almost every one giving practical encouragement to that which in theory has been condemned. Every one is ready to concur in censures upon extravagant and ostentatious living, but how few there are who do not pay more outward respect and attention to those who have feasted them and surrounded them with pomp and splendour than they pay to those who have not done so! We satirise (when he is out of hearing) the millionaire who talks of his thousands here and his thousands there, and seeks to astound his company by hints of the greatness of his havings and his comings-in; but do we not on account of these very things treat him with a particular deference? Do we not wish that he should be aware of the respect which we entertain for his great wealth. If he honour our poor house with his presence, do we not give him of the best, and express our regret that it is not better? Is there any one else who can on account of his being merely a good man, or merely a man of extensive knowledge, we would receive with so much earnestness or entertain with so much attention? We see people of great rank and wealth do very foolish things and very wrong things, and in their absence we comment freely enough upon their follies and their errors; but how very few there are whose behaviour in the presence of these great persons would lead to the supposition that there was any want of admiration or esteem for them! How very many there are who flatter and compliment before these great persons the very follies which, in their absence, they make the subject of ridicule or

blame! How can we wonder at the excessive unreasonableness and bad taste which are so frequently displayed by persons of rank and wealth, since so many are ever ready to applaud even the worst or most foolish things they say or do; and so very few have courage to be even negatively on the other side—to refrain from the eager assent, or the applauding laugh?

Of late the world has been startled by the discovery that some persons of the middle class, who have been living in a very expensive manner, had done so on the proceeds of fraud or embezzlement. We are now told that it might have been known that the means of living at such a rate had not been honestly come by. But they who shared in the gay festivities of these criminals were, we may be pretty sure, not at all critical while the smack of the rich wines was on their palates and the sound of the hired music in their ears. They exhibited no disgust when the carriage of Mr. This, or Sir That, rolled up to their doors, nor held back their hand because the equipage was something too fine for a joint-stock company's clerk or contractor to afford. People do not know, or do not consider, how far they may encourage even crime by paying deference to the exhibition of grandeur, and by receiving with welcome the gifts which wealth can bestow, without one thought of the source of the profusion in which they share. If men can obtain the applause of society by mere profusion, some of them will become thieves to obtain the means of this profusion.

Turn we now to literature. Here we see in its strongest light the reciprocity of evil. We have scarcely any literature of a high order at present, for this is a democratic age. Persons who have (as *Curl* said of *Pope*) "a knack of writing," write to catch the taste of the multitude. The multitude patronise showy trash, or something which is level to very commonplace capacities, and the writer for the million is encouraged to go on, getting worse and worse. The fashion of the day, even in high places, is not to correct or to guide, but to yield to the will and the taste of the multitude; and thus in all quarters a very feeble and verbose literature is encouraged. It is in vain for any one to censure such literature, unless he also be prepared to say that he does not think the taste of the majority ought to be attended to in such matters, and that there are other and more important standards of good and bad in literature than popular approbation. Two hundred years ago literature very much depended upon the patronage of a few persons of rank and fortune. Books were written addressed to men of education—men capable of thought; but then there were prefixed to them fulsome dedications for the sake of obtaining patronage and protection. One hundred years ago authors began to look more to the patronage of publishers and booksellers, who stood between them and the literary

public. But it was to the literary public that most books were then addressed. The mere multitude, it was well known, did not read at all. The trade of authorship was then by no means lucrative. A very successful writer might make, perhaps, as much money as a grocer with a moderate trade, but not more. He did not want more. An author did not dream of living in style. Competence, and the reputation of being a man of letters, were enough for him.

These democratic times have altered all this. Politicians in the senate, and writers in their chambers (no longer garrets), do not think so much of what is noble and just in government, or what is sound and judicious in literature, as what will please the multitude. They *do* please the multitude, and they thrive; but politics and literature do not thrive. Both of them are vulgarised and degraded by the encouragement of the vulgar and the ignorant, which is the encouragement sought. The multitude gives the reward. "There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent." So says Lord Bacon, and this is the maxim which so many in these days, who should have more elevated views, are content to follow. They do not consider what Lord Bacon also says, that the boldness which leads men thus to take advantage of the foolish part of men's minds "is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts; but, nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part; yea, and prevaieth with wise men *at weak times*."

Well may the philosopher say that the disposition to work upon the foolish parts of men's natures—which are very much the most abundant—is a child of ignorance and baseness; and more especially of the latter, for what can be more base than that they to whom the power is given to maintain high principles, and to disperse sound instruction among the people, should, on the contrary, take their cue from popular prejudices, and rather justify to the people their errors than teach them what is wiser and better? It is bad enough to see an ignorant buffoon, who knows no better, tumbling and gesticulating to provoke the laughter and obtain the pence of the crowd; but it is monstrous when persons of education and ability follow the example, and set before them no better task than that of pleasing the multitude for the sake of the favour or the fortune which the multitude can give them in return.

As to those who look into the future, such conduct will appear ignorant as well as base; for the spoiled multitude will, in the ripeness of time, bring forth the fruit of such encouragement, and become the tyrants of those who are now its flatterers.

THE GUEST OF THE LOTUSES.

IT was towards the close of one of the most brilliant of South African summer days, that climbing the steep rocky path leading up from her home in one of the neighbouring valleys, a young girl stood on the edge of the immense plateau bordering the valley of the Great Fish River. It was her favourite spot from which to view the splendour of the setting sun, as he sank behind the Tumie mountains, throwing their varied and picturesque peaks into the deepest shadow, while his red gold rays flashed above and through every gorge and pass of their precipitous sides.

And even apart from this fleeting glory, the scene was one well worth looking on—the long winding valley of the Fish River, with its deep treacherous stream; the bold, bare-browed hills that stood forth into it, like headlands; the double row of fertile valleys nestling between them; and beyond a twin plateau to that on which she stood, its vast expanse dotted here and there with islet-like thickets of clustering bush, while antelopes were feeding on it in herds, and five or six ostriches speeding across its centre; and, to complete the picture, far to the southward her elevated stand disclosed the blue South Atlantic Ocean, chequered by a solitary sail.

At length the glory of the setting sun died out, and the fast gathering darkness of a region almost without twilight, warned the gaze to hasten homeward. But rough as was the zig-zag path, and obscured by overshadowing branches, the light steps familiar with the way, neither paused nor faltered in the descent, until well nigh half was achieved. Here a jutting rock broke the rugged pathway into two, and Lilian Grant was about taking the opposite one to that by which she had ascended, when a sound suddenly broke upon the stillness—it might have been a moan or groan, or a low muttered growl, the startled listener could not tell which, only that the sound was close at hand. At once she paused and looked earnestly around her, but naught was to be seen save a dim, dusky mass beneath a clustering tamarisk. Among those wild South African kloofs and jungles, without counting the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the lion, which are their occasional visitants, there lurk in numbers the stealthy leopard, the hyena, and the wild buffalo, a more savage and dangerous enemy than either; and it was not without some doubts of her own wisdom, though her heart was resolute, that the young girl approached the unknown object.

As she drew near the sound was repeated in an unmistakeable groan, and then two large lustrous human eyes were raised to hers. She

startled back with an exclamation of astonishment, and a powerful young Kaffir, clad in the leopard skin kaross, or mantle of chieftanship, raised himself partially from the ground—evidently some injury prevented his rising altogether—while in a mixture of English, Dutch, Kaffir, and gesticulation, he made his young listener comprehend that, being provided with a pass for entering the colony, he was on his way to Graham's Town, but, in springing heedlessly up the rocks, one had given way with him and bruised his ankle.

Lilian was deeply touched by the stranger's evident suffering. Late years had taught the settlers that the Kaffirs were their most bitter foes, who had brought death and desolation, fire and deadly weapons, to many a happy and unsuspecting home. But in his hour of pain the generous heart of the young girl felt that the Kaffir was a fellow-creature, a brother who must be tended and cared for like themselves, and in a corresponding mixture of languages she pointed to her home and promised to bring him aid.

On examination the Kaffir's ankle proved to be both dislocated and fearfully bruised, and evidently weeks must elapse ere he could return to his own country. But beneath the roof of the English settler he received the kindest of welcomes, and no effort on the part of any of the household was too great if it could relieve his pain or minister to his comfort, the young girl who had discovered him being his most unwearied helper. As time passed, and with it the severity of the young chief's sufferings, she even tried to civilise him, sparing no pains to arouse his slumbering intelligence, and patiently explaining every object which attracted his attention.

But though Umkanie listened to her words with a grateful smile, and a brightening of his keen eye as though he prized the rays of light thus let in on his mental darkness, yet he loved most to lie on the broad stone steep in the sunshine, and look forth upon the valley. Lilian, as she sat apart at work in the shadow of the overhanging vines, scarce wondered at his liking, all savage though he was, so fair was the scene that met the eye. The sparkling stream gliding by, with its broad white and purple blossoms, which had gained for the valley its graceful designation of "The Lotuses"; the palms springing from the ground in long arching branches, which waved in every breeze; the stern aloes, with their many spikes of gorgeous flowers, encircled by long sword-like leaves; the glowing orchard; the ripening corn-fields; and the white forms of the sheep far away on the hill-sides. Then, beyond the Fish River, rising ridge above ridge, until they faded from vivid green to the faint blue of the distant sky, stretched chain after chain of mountains, among whose deep recesses the lion and the leopard have their lairs, and whose wild defiles and rocky fastnesses have often sheltered the marauding Kaffir and his plunder.

But Umkanie heeded the charms of nature as little as he understood them. It was not on the glancing stream or the waving trees that his eye was fixed, but on the fair herds of the settler, which were daily driven forth to pasture among the verdant hollows. Avarice is the ruling passion of Kaffir hearts, and in Umkanie's the feeling swelled into positive covetousness as he looked on the white man's fat kine and mighty oxen, so different to the small Kaffirland cattle.

"Ah! if those were mine," he thought, "what a great chief I should be. I would fill my kraal with rifles and with powder, I would gather round me many followers, and I would buy many wives—not arum-browed women, as she is (and he looked admiringly towards his fair preserver), but tall, strong wives, to hoe my maize and carry my water, and I would make the name of the mighty Umkanie feared from the salt waves to the Griqua mountains."

Soon after the young chief recovered sufficiently to roam about the valley, though he was still unequal to the journey home. But now he was rarely to be seen upon the steep, but spent nearly the whole day seated on the summit of the hills which bounded the valley of the Lotuses, looking forth on the Fish River and the green land beyond.

"You see how warm is the love of country," said Lilian to her brother, as they observed their guest on his favourite peak. "In Umkanie's eyes earth holds nothing to equal his wild flats and mud-built villages."

"The mind of a Kaffir is a well past your fathoming," replied Herbert Grant, smiling; "nevertheless, I have considerable faith in Umkanie."

A few days more and the Kaffir took his departure, with many expressions of gratitude and affection for those who had treated him so kindly.

"You will not forget the Lotuses and us when you go back to Kaffirland," said the settler hospitably. "Umkanie will always be welcome."

"Umkanie never forgets; he will come back, and soon," the Kaffir replied, in his grave, decisive manner.

The Kaffir guest gone, life at the Lotuses once more resumed the uneventful tranquil course by which, especially on those isolated farms, and in that land of sunshine, days glide almost imperceptibly into weeks. But the young chief on whom so many cares had been lavished was greatly missed. Lilian especially was often anxious respecting her late patient's safety, and whether they had let him depart too soon; and she was rejoiced when they were assured of his welfare by the arrival of a characteristic substitute for a letter, in the gift of a splendid lion skin, whose owner had been shot by Umkanie's own hand.

"It is more than handsome," said Lillian, with generous pride, interrupting her father and brother's admiring comments on the huge black, shaggy mane, and enormous paws and talons of the tawny monarch of the African wilds. "It is a gratifying proof of our Kaffir friend's true heart and kindly remembrance."

The following week saw a large three-days coursing party, collected on the neighbouring plateau. Coursing—which at the Cape extends to the pursuit on horseback of any light-footed beast of chase—is the greatest recreation of the border settlers. And truly it is an inspiring scene—the horses dashing at breathless speed over the elastic turf, the antelope bounding lightly on before them—as if the race were sport to him also—ever and anon pausing to spring into the air with one of those wondrous leaps which have won for him his Dutch appellation of springbok—then coming down light, graceful, and unwearied, to resume his arrowy course, the doubt and difficulty of success keeping up the excitement to both dogs and sportsmen.

And when the many runs over breezy hill and flowery slope were ended, and their trophies of bok, and hartebeeste, and ostrich mustered thick, yet more delightful to the young hunters was the evening spent around the bivouac fire, with nought between them and the sky, brilliant with the fair southern constellations, save the leafy canopy of a tree. How merrily the laugh and the jest went round, and how the gay sporting song, with its wild chorus, echoed through the arches of the trees, and over the wide, silent plain, scaring the birds from their repose, and affrighting the wild beast in its lair; or else, in changing mood, some thrilling recital of sporting peril or adventure held all the party spellbound. And as the Southern Cross, rising towards the zenith, declared the passing hours, yet higher swelled the tide of the festivity, and the keenest sportsman, the best singer, the most fearless in his youthful inexperience of life, Herbert Grant, was the gayest of that youthful band.

Meanwhile in the dim light of that African summer night a dusky band armed with rifle, and assegai, and heavy knob-kerry, or knot-headed stick were threading the steep Kaffirland passes, wading across one of the many fords of the Great Fish River, and gliding silently as shadows through the dense thorny jungles until they paused before the Valley of the Lotuses.

"Now remember," said an earnest voice among them, speaking in the deep, guttural Kaffir language, "remember that when I bring you to the cattle you are to drive them quietly away and hurt nobody, for they are my friends, and have been kind to me."

"Granted," replied a fierce-visaged Kaffir chief who led the party. "We want nothing but the cattle; Umkanie can have the white men for himself. Is it not so, my son Kemar," he added, addressing

with grim jocularity a scarcely less savage-looking chief who stood beside him.

"Yes, or stay with them if he likes it better; we are not like to miss him," was the young man's scornful rejoinder. "But now my soft-hearted brother lead us quickly to the spot."

And, re-assured, the first speaker went on. For though even when beneath the white man's roof, and deeply indebted to his kindness and that of those most dear to him, he had not scrupled to plan the present expedition, nor, under the guise of sending a token of regard, to despatch a messenger to make sure of the locality, yet in remembrance of that kindness he shrank from taking their lives, which would not enrich him, as would the capture of their cattle, by a third of the spoil, the remaining portions being claimed by his father and brother.

The cattle-kraal was, as Umkanie had warned his kinsman, not far distant from the house; but by keeping beneath the bushy bordering of the valley, and treading cautiously on the unechoing turf, they succeeded in reaching it unobserved, though the lights from the windows streamed full in their faces.

It had been a strange sight could any have looked on the marauders as they thus stood there surrounding the settler's herds. How fierce were the gleams of triumph which shot out from their keen dark eyes! how demoniac the grin of unutterable yet wicked joy which spread over their night black countenances as they counted the wealth before them as already their own, and with eager hands they tore out the stakes which confined the cattle, and began to set them free! But scarcely had this new phase of the undertaking commenced when the movement among the oxen aroused the Hottentot herdsmen, who, unsuspected by Umkanie, slept in a little hut lately erected by the kraal; and they at once rushed out to see what ailed their charges. A thrust from Kemar's ready assegai soon silenced the foremost, and then his companion, who in the clear starlight had beheld the savage deed, fled swiftly towards the house, exclaiming as he went, "The Kaffirs! the Kaffirs!"

That cry startled the peaceful family resting in their fancied security, and faces lately smiling and happy, grew pale and terror-stricken as they heard the name of the frontier's most dreaded foes. The sharp crack of a rifle quickly followed as the Kaffirs fired after the retreating herdsmen, though the shattered glass of the windows announced that the aim had missed, while, springing to the door, Mr. Grant opened it to admit the terrified and breathless fugitive.

The next moment a wild tumultuous yell, as of a hundred savage voices, rang through the late silent valley, as finding themselves discovered that fierce horde yielded to their natural bias for strife and

destruction, and rushed in a disorderly mass towards the house. But rapid as were their movements, people work hard when it is for life, and the domestic defences prepared in every border dwelling were quickly in their places, and when with a second and yet wilder burst of that same ferocious war cry, the Kaffirs surged up around the house, a massive and triply-barred door, and heavy window-shutters similarly secured, presented their nail-studded surface against them.

A deep, guttural, almost panther-like growl testified to the invaders' rage and disappointment. But without loss of time they began to take further action, discharging their rifles in volleys, sending their assegais after them in showers, while, as a third resource, their huge knob-kerries thundered against the barricades with almost the force of battering rams.

Should this last attempt succeed, the fate of the besieged would be swift and sure, and in all haste the settler and his few farm servants rushed to the upper windows to endeavour to beat the assailants off.

Whatever the necessity, it is a fearful and appalling act to aim at the life of a fellow-creature; and so the kindly and true-hearted Englishman most deeply felt. But in his case there was no alternative, and with a brief but emphatic warning, the settlers' rifles blazed down on the dusky mass.

The effect was like oil on fire. Louder and more defiantly yelled the whole body of Kaffirs; their blows redoubled in strength, until it seemed as if each must bear in the resisting wood and place the hapless inmates at their mercy, while in a more concentrated and deadly shower bullet and assegai rained against and through the windows at which the defenders had been seen.

Perilous in the extreme was, indeed, the position of that lonely dwelling in the wilds; far from neighbour and from friend—the nearest military post miles away beyond the upland—the son, who was the staff and stay of his parents and of that solitary farm, absent and unsuspecting of impending evil. But short-handed though the little garrison were, they stood resolutely to their arms, determined to defend to the very uttermost the lives so unprovokedly attacked; while, as an additional incentive to their husbands, were it needed, the women-servants gathered around their mistress and wept and wailed in overpowering terror, and shrieked aloud as each fresh blow on door or window-shutter resounded through the building.

Lilian and two or three maidens, whom her example strengthened, alone preserved their self-possession, and, though pale and trembling, did as many another fair and gentle girl has done in the many similar struggles for life that wide frontier has witnessed—brought the powder and shot, and loaded the relays of rifles; so as, in effect, to double the number of their defenders.

It was a fearful scene; the fire of rifles flashing redly athwart the gloom—the white flights of assegais flitting, like spectral weapons, through the air, inflicting many a slight and more than one severe wound on the little garrison within—the return-fire pouring hotly down on the besiegers, while the din of battle and the yells of those fierce assailants filled the entire valley and rang among its enclosing hills with an appalling echo. And as that night of strife went on, many times Lilian thought of the absent Kaffir friend, whose presence she vainly believed would have arrested this attack.

At length a shot from one of the windows struck down a gigantic Kaffir. It was Kemar, the chief's favourite son. Wild, savage, and regardless of human life, as are the Kaffirs, they yet cherish the warmest and most devoted affection for their kindred; and not only was the leader filled with a deep, revengeful grief for his lost first-born, which bade him call on his men for yet further efforts, but Umkanie, who had hitherto stood apart, forgetting the many cares bestowed on him beneath that roof, sprang forward, eager to avenge a brother at whose hand he had oftentimes suffered wrong. Something from his hand gleamed like a meteor through the darkness, and the next instant an assegai was quivering in the thatch, from the top of whose slender shaft flowed a long streamer of burning grass.

A cry of consternation burst from the beleaguered household when they discovered this fresh and immediate misfortune; for, with the swiftness almost of lightning, the fire caught to the thatch, dried by the tropical sun-rays to the combustibleness of touchwood, and in a brief minute from the time the assegai had touched the roof its whole surface was hidden beneath a covering of flame, which heaved and rolled and surged above it like a burning sea, and leaped in long, forked tongues of fire high towards the darkened sky, showing like some mighty beacon for miles around.

The sportsmen had stretched themselves around the fire for a few hours' sleep ere daylight should recall them to the saddle, when the last open eye caught the reflection of that strange light upon the sky, and the next moment his companions were aroused. It needed but a second glance to perceive the locality was the Lotuses.

"The Lotuses!" was repeated by every voice, but by none with the same thrilling anguish as by Herbert Grant; while the whole party, without waiting even to call their attendants, sprang forward to catch their knee-haltered horses and hurry off to render assistance. But Herbert's horse was soonest caught, and, without even a saddle, he dashed over the dim plain at a pace far exceeding the swiftest coursing of the morning, for he was flying to the help of his beloved parents and sister. And no words may tell the bitterness of the

young man's regret that he should have been absent at such an hour; and his distress well-nigh reached frenzy as the conviction forced itself upon him that those flames, however they had arisen, would have done their ruthless work ere he could possibly arrive.

Fire above, and Kaffirs around! The danger was even beyond what the sorrowing son suspected. Each moment the flames shot higher into the darkened air and deeper into the tinder-like thatch, until they burst through in a flood of fire and smoke, compelling retreat to the lower rooms, around which the Kaffirs still continued to rage like wolves panting for their prey.

Overpowered, but still unvanquished, the besieged stood amid the din. There was still an alternative remaining to them—the Kaffirs or the flames; and unanimously they chose the latter, weeping women and trembling girls growing calm and still and brave as they resolved to meet the fiery ordeal.

The moments, in their dread extremity, seemed to them as hours, as, clasped hand in hand with those most dear to them, they silently listened to the progress of the power which was to free them from the fierce horde without, whose yells and war-cries and whizzing bullets appeared to them to be redoubled.

Louder and louder swelled the tumult as their terrible deliverer drew nearer—louder and more appalling in his roar and rush and detonating crackle. The hot air swept down on the devoted band in suffocating gusts, the beams above their heads flashed in wreaths of sparkling fire, and the glowing embers fell in a hot hail around them. The bravest bent his head beneath that burning shower, and clasping his beloved ones closer, as if with a last vague idea of protecting them, awaited the fiery death he had chosen, and whose coming those signs announced as close at hand.

Suddenly the loud beating upon the door was resumed; but it had no longer any terrors. A cry quickly followed, and the words rang out on their astonished ears, in a clear, distinct, English voice, "Open, and out, for your lives!"

There was an answering cry, a rush, and a hurried raising of bars, and they who had so lately stood between the shadows of two terrible deaths could scarcely believe the reality of the change, as, passing out into the night, they found themselves surrounded by a small military party, and consequently in safety; while, with a crash, the walls fell heavily in, burying in smoking ruins the spot they had but just quitted.

In the joy of that great deliverance, they almost forgot their wounds, and in the thanks showered on their rescuers they scarcely remembered to ask how it had been achieved, though that was easily explained. A patrolling party that day had crossed the Kaffir's "spoor," or trac

and, following it up, reached the Lotuses too late, indeed, to prevent the assault upon the house, but in time to attack and defeat the Kaffirs—the sounds of battle the besieged had lately heard—and by mercy of Providence to save the imperilled lives.

But no words can express their astonishment, and that of the newly-arrived Herbert, when the remainder of the patrol returned from pursuing the fugitives, bringing with them, among other prisoners, their late guest and patient Umkanie, and they discovered that it was to him, whom they had believed bound to them by the ties of friendship and gratitude, that they owed this outrage, which had undone the work of years, filled their beautiful valley with ruin and devastation, and reduced themselves to comparative poverty.

Now that the object had failed, the young Kaffir seemed filled with a half abashed repentance. But Umkanie had long paid the penalty of his offence in a six months' imprisonment, and probably had almost forgotten the whole affair, ere a rebuilt home and freshly-tilled fields, enabled the family of the Lotuses to forget their treacherous guest.

HYPOCHONDRIA.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Paltry spirit, meanest fiend,
Satan's shadow ever screened—
Cower to thee, thou serpent evil,
Subtle, slimy, painted Devil?
Hence with all thy changing faces
And thy cruel, sour grimaces,
Showing through long gloom no hope
But the razor and the rope.
Bringing glimpses of pale men
Cowering in a beggar's den,
Drowning creatures, prison bars,
Storms of sorrow, falling stars,
All the eddies of cross fate,
Fortune turning, but too late,

Thunderbolts, wrath, ruin sent,
Smiting, crushing punishment
On an unoffending one
For a crime—half thought—not done.
All these cowering miseries blended
In a dream that's never ended.
Cower to thee, thou meanest fiend,
Satan's shadow ever screened?
Fatal only to thy slaves,
Let them fill thy yawning graves;
Cruel only to the meek,
Where is now thy boasting—speak?
Spite of all thy wicked guile
I can scare thee with a smile;
As a dog before a staff,
So before my children's laugh,
Fiend, thou slinkest; monster, hence
With thy feigned omnipotence;
Thou art powerless, goblin base,
Where there comes a—happy face.
Friend with hearty hand in mine,
Cheerful song or gladdening wine,
Sunbeams darted from the eyes
Of young love with sharp surprise,
Stab thee, tyrant, thou that art
But a phantom to the heart
That has courage; sink thou, then,
To thy native Hell again.

HOW WE INVADED WALES.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER CAMPAIGN IN THE PRINCIPALITY.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.
Author of "With a Friend in Paris."

CHAPTER II.

DOWN THE WYE WITH A PERSON OF QUALITY.



"Of course you came down the Wye? You can't go up it, you know; you can only come down it; but go, of course you did?"

"Your pardon, madam, but we did not."

"Indeed! You surprise me!"

It was at Chepstow that we effected this surprise.

The interview took place at the railway-station there, between a lady, heavily hung in chains of jet and silver, and ourselves, the Invaders. She was a very high and mighty, yet, withal, gracious, personage—this beauty in fetters. Wonderfully aristocratic, with a tossing head, and an inflexible back-bone, and a wonderfully defiant Roman nose. She was the very ideal of a person of quality. She had, it seemed to us, been dragging all her life at the wheels of Fashion, tugged and hurried along, in perpetual triumph, until she had become not only resigned to her fate, but considered herself essential to the success of the pageant, and was rather proud of being so. In virtue of this position, and of her fetters, we christened her Boadicea on the spot, and never knew her by any other name, though we subsequently came across her again and again, until we came to regard her a feature in *our* triumphal progress through the land of our invasion.

The strong mental point about Boadicea was her faith in the necessity of doing "the right thing" under all conceivable circumstances. Whatever Fashion ordained she complied with, no matter at what cost. And whenever Fashion raised its eyebrows, or lifted its hands in surprise or condemnation, Boadicea lifted her eyebrows and raised her hands with a commendable shudder. We found this when we happened to express an opinion that half the popular resorts in Wales was a mistake, and that most of its real beauty—most of that we should term characteristic—lay beyond the reach of railways, and wholly beyond the ken of Fashion. Boadicea shook her head. She was far too polite to question our position, or dispute the point with us; but clearly she regarded us as heathen Goths, the freedom of whose opinions trenched very closely on infidelity—a word which people of her class apply—intentionally or not, I don't know—to every form of incredulity, whether of things religious, political, or social.

The remarks about the Wye were, however, attended with one result. They directed our attention to this "route of Wye," and we came to the conclusion that it would have been well had we gone on board one of the little steamers that ply between Ross and Chepstow, and reached the latter town by that means. The Wye stretches across the Principality from Plinlimmon, in the west, to Hereford; at this point it takes a turn and runs south, and it is then—between Hereford and Chepstow, where it joins the Severn—that it is navigable. The boats, however, do not run from Hereford, but from Ross to Chepstow, which is a pretty little water excursion.

Boadicea was in raptures over it. The river was so light and sunny, she said, and its banks displayed such a charming variety of scenery, chiefly of a wooded and umbrageous character. Her descriptive powers were limited to such ejaculations as—"Oh, lovely!" "So picturesque, you know!" "Deliciously romantic!" "Oh, yes, we would not have missed it on any account!"—all expressions indicating extreme gratification, but hardly so minutely descriptive as we could have wished. But the fushion is apt to be a little vague in its raptures.

Subsequently, on returning through this district we took occasion to examine some of the main features of this Wye route, as it may be convenient to set them down here, because they belong to the borderland of Wales, of which we are now treating.

The route begins at Hereford, with which most readers are familiar. It is a little cathedral town, as sleepy as such towns usually are. In very good taste the railway station is gothic in character, and so in keeping with the main features of the place to follow. One was pleased to note this as a singular instance of propriety and good taste among much that is so barbarous in railway architecture. There is no earthly reason why railways should have covered the land with brick and mortar ugliness, any more than there was why during the last century Dissent always took refuge in buildings that in themselves repulsed advances. "As ugly as a Methodist chapel" is no longer applicable as a form of reproach. Many of the meeting-houses of Dissent rival, and some surpass, the orthodox places of worship. So it is in respect of railways. The argument used to be that they were built for use and not for show, but that argument is singularly unphilosophical. The first principle of beauty in buildings is their perfect applicability to the purposes for which they are designed. The eye is satisfied with their fitness, and that is a point gained. But in railway structures the eye is generally outraged by an attempt at something beyond fitness, genorally in the worst taste. In the matter of road-side stations there is a wide field for the display of fancy and the indulgence of correct taste, and this has been almost entirely neglected. However, at Hereford there is nothing to complain of—at

least in the character of the building—a middle-age station admits you to a middle-aged city.

As a matter of course you make at once for the cathedral, which occupies the centre of the place, and is worth seeing, though it is a somewhat incongruous mass of Saxon and Norman and later styles. The work of restoration has been going on briskly of late, and the effect of the exterior is somewhat marred thereby, but the interior is lovely. Here we were pleased to recognise that superb metallic screen which was shown at the last International Exhibition, and was so greatly admired. It was designed for this cathedral, and looks much better and more in keeping here than it did with all its incongruous surroundings in the hideous exhibition building. A marked object in this city is what is called the Old House; it is a beautiful specimen of the old frame-house of the fifteenth century, with black beams wrought in fantastic devices, and filled in with white plaster. Near it I noticed a shop kept by a firm whose names have in combination a curious, not to say political significance. "Whalley and Voyce" must surely have something in common with the member for Peterborough, whose vocal powers are so highly applauded by his fellow legislators, that "Sing Whalley, sing!" is their customary greeting whenever he rises to his feet.

It seems curious to speak of Hereford as a theatrical town. Yet it enjoys some precious recollections in reference to the stage. Local authorities tell us that David Garrick was born at the Angel Inn in Widemarsh-street in the year 1716. In Pipe-lane they until recently showed a house as the birthplace of Nell Gwynn, the object of Charles II.'s latest expressed wishes. The place also abounds with traditions of the Kemble family, who resided here, and had the wretched little theatre under their management—upon its boards the Clives and the Siddons, with various members of the Kemble family, made their first appearances. So that alone is a shrine worthy of a pilgrimage.

But let us hasten on to Ross. And why Ross? the uninformed stranger brought hither might well ask. There are twenty places of more interest, so far as appearance is concerned, for when you have said that it is pretty as regards situation, and that a few gabled roofs and sacred fronts give it an air of antiquity, you have described it. The real interest of the place lies in the fact which the poet has stated—

"Here dwelt the Man of Ross."

Yes, it was the residence of John Kyrle, whom Pope has immortalised under that title, and for that reason it will be regarded with special interest in all coming time. Out of an income of five hundred a year, as Pope has himself told us, Kyrle long occupied the position of public

benefactor to this town. It was pleasant to recall on the spot the familiar lines—

“Who hung with woods yon mountain’s sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
 ‘The Man of Ross!’ each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place, with poor o’erspread,
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion’d maids, apprentic’d orphans blessed,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, and medicine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
 Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more.”

There are two points in Ross to which the pilgrim, of necessity, bends his steps, One is the house in which “The Man” lived, and where he died, in 1724, at a ripe old age. It is a bookseller’s now, and is easily found, by an inscription let into the wall, describing who was its former tenant. From thence we go to the church, and are there shown a curiosity, in the form of two elm trees growing up in a pew, *inside the church*, and just in front of one of the windows. Those elms were planted by the Man of Ross, but not where we now see them. He planted them *outside* the window, but the tradition is that they were ordered to be cut down years ago, on account of their darkening the church. The order was obeyed; but, lo! next spring, two young elm-shoots were observed to have forced their way up through the paving inside the church, and this so impressed the superstitious—or let us say it awoke so much interest on the simple ground of the curiosity of the thing—that the shoots were suffered to remain unmolested, and in time grew into these large and, as they are esteemed, sacred trees.

Boadicea was pleased to go into modified raptures over the elms, and the church, and more especially over a mural tablet in the chancel, erected in memory of Kyrle, in 1776, by Lady Dupplin. Her fetters trembled with the pleasurable emotion she derived from reflecting that this was the act of a Person of Quality. I am afraid, too, that they were agitated by a different feeling when I ventured to doubt—as some have ventured to doubt in respect of Shakspeare—whether the Man of Ross ought to have a monument.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with her Roman nose highly exalted, "and why not?"

"That, madam, was the very interrogation Pope set himself to meet, only he phrased it thus:—

" ' And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His face, his form, his race almost unknown.' "

"And you know how he met the enquiry. In view of his splendid verses, it seems as if there would be a greater fitness of things in the Man of Ross remaining without a monument."

But Boadicea only tossed her head.

She did *not* know what I had paid her the compliment of supposing to do, and so relapsed into silence. By the way, I have always been struck by the acerbity of tone in Coleridge's sonnet on visiting Kyrle's house, which is almost as well known as Pope's lines, especially when he bids his reader

" ——— in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness thou hast never felt."

The contemplation of Kyrle's goodness, as opposed to the uselessness of those of greater means, appears to have stirred up his Republican bile.

I did not see Goodrich, where Wordsworth met the little girl whose remark furnished him with the poem, "We are Seven." There is a castle in ruins there, worth seeing, I believe; but in Wales one does not go out of one's way for castles. It is as much a relief to find a place without one, as to light on an English town without a museum "stored with rare and curious objects, which will well repay inspection." Nor did I stay at Monmouth, though a Guide assured me that "the houses generally are substantial, and many of them have spacious gardens." Indeed! Nay, further—"the administration of local affairs is conducted with judgment and energy, and the public buildings are highly creditable." Prodigious! And yet I was not tempted. Nor did I afterwards regret this, when I learned from a fellow-traveller that at this time the Assizes were being held there, and that all the inns were full, and not a bed to be got for love or money. In truth I blessed my lucky stars that neither substantial houses, *with* gardens, nor the admirable condition of local affairs, had tempted me to linger in that favoured spot.

Following the course of the Wye, we came on metal more attractive in Tintern, with its world-famous Abbey. You get a superb view of this grand old ruin from the river, where it occupies the centre of a verdant, slightly-wooded meadow, shut in, amphitheatre-wise, by gently rising hills. Although the ruins are, to quote the old joke, in a very indifferent state of repair, enough remains of them to

afford a very good idea of the magnificence of the Abbey in its palmy days. It was in the form of a cross (150 feet in length), and this form is clearly preserved, the walls remaining in parts as high as the roof, and the pointed ends on which it rested rising like towers against the sky. From without you see little of the building, except that it is of a florid style of architecture; but directly you enter, its extreme beauty bursts upon you. Like Melrose, to "see it aright" you should "visit it by the pale moonlight." But as this is not, like the place described in the auctioneer's advertisement, a "favoured region in which the moon is nearly always at the full," we were not fortunate enough to get this view. Had we waited about a fortnight, we might have been gratified; but not being prepared for that sacrifice to the picturesque, we were obliged to rest content with the light of day. Boadicea, who, as a Person of Quality, had been favoured with a very full moon indeed—quite a superior sort of thing in its way—bustled all over with ejaculations of rapture at what she had seen. "To stand at the western door," she said, "and look towards the eastern window—that glorious eastern window even now all but perfect—oh! it was soul-entrancing! So richly ornamented against the moon! And the long perspective of the fine nave, with shafts of light falling across it! Dear, dear! I would not have missed it for the world!"

To this neighbourhood—by the way, I said nothing of this to the Person of Quality—we owe some of Wordsworth's most delightful poetry. I have mentioned one poem; but it was impossible to stand by the Abbey and look up the river without recalling that exquisite gem of his, composed some five miles above the Abbey, on revisiting the scene after five years' absence:—

"O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!"

he exclaims, and proceeds with picture and philosophy, both suggested by the beauty before him. The concluding lines, addressed to his sister, are exquisite:—

"If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes those gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together, and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service; rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear both for themselves and for thy sake."

I have since regretted that I did not recite these lines to Boadicea.

Would she have clasped her hands and murmured, "Delicious!" or would she have left me with clanking fetters, in utter disgust? Who shall say? All I can answer for is, that her fetters would have entered into the poet's feelings quite as ardently as she was capable of doing.

The Wye terminates at Chepstow, whence, in deference to our lady-friend, we started on this digression. Having done the river, and got back in safety, there is nothing to prevent our proceeding in an unbroken course along the southern coast, as intended in our last chapter.

The first place we come to in that direction is Newport, a flourishing manufacturing, trading, and commercial place, which few excursionists, I imagine, care to stay in longer than necessary. I, for one, saw nothing of it but what was visible from the station; and I find on my notes only this entry in a practical point:—"At Newport the welcome cry of 'Morning paper!' greets the ear, and we hasten to invest in the *Times* and *Telegraph*. For the former the price in these parts is 3½d., though, go far westward as you like, the penny papers are only a penny. This is "one of those things that no fellow can make out;" but there is another point in connection with this matter which "every fellow" ought to bear in mind. You get your *Times* and your *Telegraph*, but you get no supplements. It is just the same in Manchester, and down in the North generally. The bulk of the paper is handed to you, but the extra sheets, half-sheets, or whatever it may be in which advertisers put their trust, never turn up, or, at least, never have within my experience."

AILEEN'S WEDDING-DAY.

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BADIANTLY over mountain, loch, and fen shone the rays of the morning sun, and Sir Walter Gordon hailed its brightness as a type of the future happiness of his mountain rose, his darling Aileen, whose wedding day was thus auspiciously ushered in; but it was beyond the hour at which she generally rose, and her father accosted old Elspie, the nurse, with the words uttered in a tone of affectionate impatience—

"The lassie lingers lang this morn; her foot is wont to fling the simmer dew from the gowan ere the lavroch has left her nest. Elspie, is na' my dochter up?"

"Truth, an' I dinna ken; I didna fash the bonnie birdie, for well I ken the bairn is laith to meet ye a' this morn, but I'se ca' her now; a blink o' her bright een wi' help me wi' my wark. Wae's me! 'twill seem nae like hame wi'out her." And the eyes of the faithful nurse swam with tears as she entered the apartments appropriated to the use of her loved charge on whom she had bestowed more than a mother's care.

Everything was in its usual order, and Elspie, while she considered this a fresh evidence of Aileen's thoughtfulness, would still have preferred performing those little offices of affection which custom and love for their object had rendered so dear; but what was her consternation and surprise when she found that Aileen was not there, and that her bedroom was just as she had left it the previous night. For a moment she fancied Aileen must purposely have avoided her, but a glance sufficed to show her this idea was wrong, and dreading she scarcely knew what, she flew to acquaint her master with the unlooked-for tidings. Search was immediately made through the house and grounds, but without success, and it was all in vain that Sir Walter, nearly frantic with terror, rushed from room to room seeking Aileen. The servants, too, sought wildly, for she was dearly loved, and at length Donald, the groom, entered breathless with haste, exclaiming "Where's the master?"

"Here! here! Have you news of my dochter."

"Yes, and may Guid forgie me that I canna bring ye better. Ye yenned I lookit where she could be, and couldna fin' her, and sae I kenned that if she wasna' where she could be, she must be where she couldna be; sae I gaed to the stables and heck! I did stan' glowran to fin' that Mistress Aileen's horse, and your ain Brownie were gaen."

"Elspie," said Sir Walter, "see if Aileen's riding-dress be in its usual place," and while she hastened to obey his commands he paced the room with a forced calmness that was more painful to witness than the wildest grief.

"I canna fin' it," muttered Elspie, on her return; "but ——"

"Then may God hae mercy on me and her. Little did Walter Gordon think he would live to see the day when he should hae to mistrust his dochter's honour."

"An' ye needna doot it noo," forgetting, in her excitement, her customary respect. "It's a'maist twenty years syne her dying mither pit her in my arms, a helpless babe; an' I trow that in a' that time she has na deceived ye ance. An' you," she continued, addressing Donald, "Dinna come deavin' me wi' your clavers. What an' the lassie had taen every beastie there was, ye needna fash yoursel'. Aiblins, she has tint her gate. Gang awa' wi' ye, and fin' her, yo menseless coof."

"Elspie, Donald, leave me now," said Sir Walter, "and tell the others there is no occasion for further search." Then, as the door closed behind them, he exclaimed, in agonised accents, "How shall I tell Allan Rothsay his promised bride has left her home and disgraced her name," and with a groan of bitter anguish he buried his face in his hands, sick at heart, and utterly regardless of all that passed around him. Meanwhile, Elspie, confident in her belief that Aileen would return, and satisfactorily account for her absence, but, anxious lest harm should befall her, was not at all inclined to deliver Sir Walter's message, and Donald was the least likely person to remind her of the omission; so the fruitless search continued. The minutes passed by, and Elspie, restless and uneasy, with a vague dread of some misfortune, was gazing up the road that led to the open country, when she fancied she descried a dark moving spot in the distance. It came rapidly nearer and nearer, soon she could trace the outline of a horse, then she recognised the flowing dress and graceful form of his rider, and in a few moments the noble animal she rode, flecked with foam with the speed at which he had travelled, Aileen was beside her.

"My heart's darling, my bonnie bairn, where hae ye been? Sir Walter's gaen nearly daft about ye," cried Elspie, clasping the girl to her heart. The caress was warmly returned, and then Aileen inquired for her father, in answer to which Elspie simply beckoned her forward, and led the way to the room, in which Sir Walter sat in the same despondent attitude he had at first assumed.

"Father, dear father, are you ill?" exclaimed Aileen, throwing herself on her knees beside him. The old man looked up with a bewildered air, as if he did not know who was addressing him. For a moment he gazed speechlessly at her, and then murmured—

"Aileen, Aileen, ye hae nearly broken my heart; where hae ye been? If you could know what I have suffered, ye wadna hae left me."

"Dear father, I was unavoidably detained, but had I known you would have been so anxious, I would have left a note in my room for you. However, I am sure, when you know all, you will say I have acted rightly."

Sir Walter looked into the fair face upraised to his, and it was impossible to gaze into the depths of those clear, dark eyes and still mistrust; so, in accordance with his feeling, he said—"I believe you, child, before hearing your tale. Forgive me for doubting you, but my love made me jealous." He kissed her broad white forehead.

Sir Walter spoke slowly and distinctly, carefully avoiding Scotch words, as he usually did when wishing to be emphatic in his conversations with his daughter; but it was with difficulty that Aileen conquered the pang that shot through her heart at the thought of her conduct being misjudged, for, proud in her conscious rectitude, she had never paused to consider that other than honourable motives would be imputed as a cause for her absence, and when she spoke again it was in a slightly mournful tone.

"Do you remember, father, that when I was staying with my aunt in England? I nearly lost my life by venturing into a field where (though I did not know it) a bull was kept. I had wandered carelessly on, ignorant of my danger, when suddenly I heard the sound of hoofs on the turf behind me, and, turning hastily, saw the savage animal advancing furiously towards me. There seemed no hope of escape, for meadowland of great extent lay in front, whilst the bull was between me and the only entrance there was to the field. Overcome with terror, I sank fainting to the ground; and when my consciousness returned I was at some little distance from the scene of my adventure, and a stranger, who, from his dress and bearing, I conjectured to be of some distinction, was bending over me and sprinkling my face with water. Imagine the feelings of gratitude with which I regarded him upon learning that he had saved me from what had seemed inevitable—death. He was out shooting, and happened to see my danger just in time to avert it. To take aim had been the work of a moment, and the next the bull lay dead within a few yards of my feet; but he would scarcely wait to hear any thanks, and from that day until last night I never saw my deliverer."

"Then, were you out riding all night with a stranger, and that stranger a cavalier?"

"Yes, father," and Aileen drew herself up proudly as she answered; "but that cavalier had saved my life, and I should have been unworthy the name of Gordon had I hesitated to sacrifice some scruples of false

delicacy when his life was in danger. Listen, and judge for yourself whether I could have acted otherwise. I was walking alone yesterday evening, near Glenlyra, when I was startled by the sound of branches being broken in a hedge beside me. I looked in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and was surprised to see the form of a man emerge from the covert, and still more so to find he was the cavalier who had saved me from a fearful death; but no longer attired in the rich dress he had before worn, and so changed in appearance—so pale, emaciated, and careworn, that had not gratitude painted his features so plainly on my heart, I should scarcely have known him; but he had recognised me, and boldly resolved to throw himself on my generosity and feelings of honour. He said that his only attendant and guide was too ill to proceed farther, that a large reward was offered for his own apprehension, and that a party of Cromwell's soldiery had obtained some clue to his hiding place. All he asked was the loan of a horse and directions how to proceed to the nearest seaport. I could not refuse to assist him in his distress, so I bade him follow me, and led him to the blue chamber, where I thought he would be safe and undiscovered, as it is so seldom used or even entered; and you can imagine my agony of fear when you announced your intention of going there in search of some heraldic bearings you wanted last night."

"Yes, and your well-arranged manoeuvres to keep me away. I remember thinking at the time your words seemed strangely anxious."

"You would have smiled, father, accustomed as you are to highland appetites," continued Aileen, "had you seen the zest with which he attacked some of Elspie's favourite dishes, which I managed to procure for him, and his evident enjoyment of a flask of your best wine."

"Tuth, lassie, ye catered for him well," said Sir Walter, laughing; "but how did ye get him out of the house?"

"Oh, that was an easy task. You know some time ago when you lost your keys, father, and were obliged to have others, I found the old ones afterwards. I have kept them ever since; so, you see we had no difficulty in the shape of bolts or bars. Then I saddled the horses, and, when all was ready, summoned my companion. He was evidently surprised when I announced my intention of being his guide, for he remonstrated, and would have proceeded alone had I not convinced him of the hopelessness of such an attempt on a road so winding and difficult to travel as the one that leads from Glenlyra to Fenloch."

"You were very wrong, Aileen, in going; for could no other guide have been found? I myself would have acted as such."

"Dear father, I knew right well that you would have risked life

and lands to have requited my debt of gratitude; and there was not one of the servants on whose fidelity I could not have relied, but I chose rather to incur the danger, if danger there really were, myself."

"My birdie, ye maun coom noo," interposed Elspie; "'tis time ye were dressed. Ye willna be ready, and ye maun be famishing, too."

"Wait just one moment, Elspie. I went with him, father, as far as the outskirts of Fenloch, where we parted; he promising to send back your horse by a trusty dependent he had in the town. There is no occasion to repeat his expressions of gratitude for what was after all but a slight service. I should have been home before you missed me had I not thought it better to make rather a wide circuit than meet a party of parliamentary soldiers, which I believe to have been the one sent to prevent his escape."

"And what was this cavalier's name?"

"I do not know; somehow I fancied he did not wish to tell it. It would not have been in accordance with our notions of hospitality, to pry into his secrets. Now, father dear; tell me, have I acted rightly?"

"Rightly, as you always act, and nobly too, my dear; but though I may be satisfied, what think you Alan will say?"

"Exactly the same, though it may be mingled with a little chiding, that he was not considered worthy to be entrusted with the safety of this fugitive cavalier." And Alan Rothsay, who had entered unperceived and had heard the greater part of the conversation, stood beside the blushing Aileen.

"And now, darling," he continued in a lower tone, "Elspie and your bridal dress await you, and I am all impatience."

In the afternoon when Aileen was receiving the loving farewells of those with whom her girlhood had been spent, one of the servants came to say that a wild-looking chief had brought back Sir Walter's horse, and insisted upon seeing Mistress Aileen; so, accompanied by Alan and her father, she descended to the hall where one of the most picturesque of Highlanders awaited her coming, and who, with a profusion of good wishes and blessings, couched in his own peculiar language, placed a small packet in her hands, which on being opened revealed to Aileen's astonished gaze, a splendid diamond bracelet. A scrap of paper lay in the case beside it, on which were written the words:—

"A bridal gift to Mistress Aileen Rothsay, from one who may at some future time be able to make a more worthy return for her generous daring and kindness to a fugitive cavalier, who asks her in the meantime to accept his warmest gratitude and heartfelt wishes for her happiness."

There was no name signed to this vague effusion, and it was in vain

that Sir Walter attempted to discover who the unknown cavalier could be; his messenger, though communicative on other points, was dumb on this, and at last, under pretence of seeing if the horse he had brought home was properly tended, he started off at a pace that defied pursuit, and was soon lost to sight.

* * * * *

Cromwell, the stern regicide, was dead; his son's incapacity had paved the way for the Restoration, and English hearts rejoiced to see the son of their murdered monarch ascend the throne. Alan and his fair wife had been staying a short time with some friends in London, when one evening a stranger was announced, who craved permission to speak to Mistress Rothsay alone. The favour was accorded, and Aileen, entering the room, did not at first recognise in her visitor the cavalier whose escape she had assisted, and it was not until he had removed the plumed hat that shaded his features, and bowed over the hand he had taken, rather than she had given him, until his lips touched her slender fingers, that she recollected him, and interrupted his somewhat exaggerated expressions of delight at their meeting, by saying:—

“The pleasure is mutual; and now that there can no longer be any reasons for concealment, may I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?”

Her companion looked at her doubtfully for a moment, and then answered in a slightly hesitating manner,

“My name, ahem!—is—is Edward Clare, commonly called Lord Clinton,” but quickly recovering his composure, he inquired after Sir Walter and Alan.

“My father is quite well. My husband I hope to have the pleasure of introducing to your lordship, as I expect his return in a few minutes, and I assure you it would be a great pleasure to him, for you often form the subject of our conversation.”

“I heard of your arrival in town some days ago,” remarked Lord Clinton. “Have you seen the king yet?”

“No! I was so unfortunate as to catch a severe cold during my journey, and have been somewhat of a recluse since we came to London, so that I have only caught distant glimpses of his Majesty, not near enough to distinguish his features. Ah! there is Alan,” she exclaimed, and the next moment he stood beside her, but her words of introduction were unnecessary, for he said in a tone of very evident surprise, “Good Heavens! your Majesty? and *here*” bending his knee to the once proscribed Royalist, who laughed heartily, and then said:—

“So Rothsay, you have not contrived to spend a week in our capital without learning our features by heart; i’faith, it was worth something to hear your lady wife inquire my name, and I would willingly have

preserved my disguise a little longer. Forgive me for jesting, Mistress Aileen," he continued, in a more serious tone, as he turned to where she was standing speechless with astonishment, "but it is not the homeless stranger flying for his life, nor even Lord Clinton, whose coffers are in too sickly a condition to pay debts, though I borrowed his name, but Charles, King of England, who here renews his expressions of gratitude, and only seeks the best means of showing it."

Little remains to be added. Charles, after his usual fashion, kept his word royally—as far as promises went—and fortunately for Aileen and Alan they never needed any more tangible proof of his gratitude. So, years after, when children and grandchildren gathered round her chair, Aileen would recount for their benefit the particulars of her midnight ride to Fenloch.

A DAY'S RUN THROUGH CANTON.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

PURPOSE to give an account of a day's run through Canton, as, perhaps, many of you know that, though not the first city of China, this is the largest. Peking is considered the capital of the country. Of that city I know nothing but what, in common with others, I have gathered from reading. I was much interested by my visit, and trust the short account I am able to give will be equally so to all my hearers.

A few months since my ship was ordered up to Wampoa, a small town on the banks of the Canton river. This port is the nearest to Canton, large ships not being able to get higher up. It is also the port allotted to European nations by the Chinese, before the treaty of 1842. At that time, and for many years after, foreigners could not get inside the city; and, even up to within a very few years, it was not safe to walk about this city without a guard. While at this place I received an invitation to go over Canton from the Rev. Mr. Gray, Garrison Chaplain. I accordingly started one morning at six o'clock, accompanied by my 1st officer, in a native boat, manned by the father, wife, and three children. This is strange to our notions; but in China, generation after generation have lived in nothing but a boat. In Canton alone, the number, roughly computed, who live entirely on the water is some three hundred thousand. I arrived in Canton about nine o'clock, and started at once.

I will now endeavour to give some little idea of all I saw. Our first visit was to one of the largest temples. Mr. Gray, who could read and speak Chinese, explained the system, if I may so call it, of three modes of praying, exemplified at that moment by a dirty fellow going through the forms. The temple is open in the front; on one side is a large picture showing the future happiness of those who have been faithful followers of the great teacher and prophet Confucius; on the other, a frightful representation of a man going through unheard of torments at the hands of Joss. This is the name given by them to their bad spirit; and they pray to this spirit oftener than to the good one. If a man contemplates committing murder or any other crime, he first goes to his Joss before attempting it. On the left of the temple is a shop, where, for a small purse of money, he buys a piece of paper on which is a spot of gold-leaf. This he burnt in a brazier placed in the centre of the Temple. He then supposes he has bought the good-will of Joss. After mumbling a few words, he goes to an attendant priest, who gives him a bamboo cup, in which are a number of thin slips of wood. He shakes this till a slip falls to the ground. He takes this to the priest, who, from 3, the number on it, refers to a large book, and gives him an answer to his prayer. Mr. Gray said, "Now, we will see what this fellow is after; he will tell us if it is not anything very bad." He questioned him, and he told us that on the last evening he had lost nearly all his money in a gambling-house, and, finding he had only a dollar left, he came to ask Joss if he should go that day and try his luck again. The answer was "No." Our time being limited, we were obliged to go on to other things.

The streets of Canton, like those of all Chinese towns, are very narrow and dirty, though the shops are good. I noticed that the city is divided into different trades. One street is entirely taken up with shops for the dead. On one side you see a shoemaker to the dead; opposite a dealer in letters of condolence—these are sheets of black paper about four feet long by two broad, and in the centre one or two Chinese characters; two means a large amount of grief, which, of course, you pay more for. This is sent to the person who is grieving over the loss of some dear one. The dead are buried with all their clothes on, the same as worn in life; the rich man has the luxury of being buried in a coffin. An affectionate son, if he wishes to pay his father a very great compliment, presents him with a coffin while in this life. In England we should take it as a very doubtful one! When a person of any great consequence dies, the body lies in state three or four days, while on the outside walls of the house are large placards setting forth the name and good actions of the deceased.

Passing through this street, we came to another occupied by shops devoted to the good things of this life, and I will now give you some

little idea of Chinese table luxuries. Stopping in front of one, Mr. Gray asked me what I supposed that to be, pointing to what I thought a nice young pig, the head, tail, and feet cut off. I said "Pig, to be sure." "No," was the reply, "that is dog." This was flanked by bundles of skinned rats. Dried in one corner was a heap of rotten eggs. These are considered a very great treat. The eggs are buried in the ground until they become quite green, and one or two were broken to show how beautifully rotten they were! At the door of this shop was a large pan of meat stewing over a charcoal fire, emitting, I must say, a very nice odour. A board setting forth all its charms to entice the hungry passenger, put into English—was "Good black cat—always hot;" though why black cat should be better than tabby I cannot tell.

We then went into an opium smoking-shop. These shops are the great curse of China. Smoking opium is one of the worst habits a Chinaman can well contract. It renders him perfectly helpless, and, in time, completely breaks down his health. I saw four men under its deadly influence. They appeared to be asleep, but were in fact insensible to all round them—their bodies frightfully thin, though a happy expression rested on their faces. I am grieved to be compelled to say that they are indebted to Englishmen for this most pernicious drug.

We will now go on to something more pleasing, especially to the fair sex. Mr. Gray, having the entrée into several of the Mandarins' houses, took me into one. We passed into a large room, where I observed three ladies sitting in great state, with faces painted and in very gay dresses. They were of the small-footed class, the foot about the length of my little finger. The middle of the room was crammed with cakes of all sizes. Mr. Gray told me the ladies were the daughters of the Mandarin (I forget his name), and the middle one was on the point of marriage, and then receiving presents in the shape of cakes from all their gentlemen friends. One of the ladies I observed was very pretty; but the face being so covered with rouge it was difficult to see it well. A lady in China is always known by her face, only ladies being allowed to paint. They do not put it, as some of our fair countrywomen do, on the cheek, but from the roots of the hair down to the throat, ears and *all*. Thinking to pay them the usual compliment, I took off my hat and bowed, on doing which they clapped their hands and burst into a roar of laughter, in the midst of which we withdrew.

On our way down the street we came upon an old man sitting with a table before him, on which were several porcelain basins covered with a small mat. Had I been by myself I should have passed, giving him a look only, thinking he was only selling trifles of some kind; but Mr. Gray stopped and called my

attention to the table, explaining that Chinese gentlemen bought of this man—what do you think? Why, nothing but common crickets. I uncovered one basin and saw a small one about three-quarters of an inch long. These insects bring long prices, from 10 to 40 dollars, equal to 2*l.* or 8*l.* in our money, and large sums are constantly lost and won on these harmless little creatures in this manner. One *pits* his cricket against another in a regular betting-place used for nothing else, and the owner of the winning cricket of course takes the stakes. Mr. Gray asked the man to show the way in which it was done. He then put two crickets into one basin, and with the feather end of a piece of grass tickled first one and then the other, by gently touching the horns or feelers. This excited them very much; first they began to flutter their wings, then to chirrup loudly, and at last flew at each other in a most savage manner. So fiercely do they fight that often one is killed. In this case, after fighting some five or six minutes, one ran up the side of the basin and made his escape; the other, of course, was declared the victor.

We then visited one of the principal colleges. The Chinese are a very intelligent race and very proud of the different degrees granted, as in England, by the colleges, for superior learning. It is a common thing, when you go into a shop, to see a placard posted up telling all persons that the shopkeeper's son has taken such and such a degree. They have a great veneration for their own literature, so much so that the smallest scrap of paper with any writing on it is never allowed to remain in the streets. Each college employs a certain number of men, whose business it is to go round the city and pick up every piece of paper he may see. The day's gathering is then taken to the college and burnt with all respect.

I will say a few words on a spot called Beggars' Corner. This is a plot of ground in the centre of the city, on which are several small bamboo huts, just large enough to hold one person. Here all beggars, who can do so, crawl to die, and if they die here they are buried at the expense of the city. I saw one poor woman breathing her last in one of these huts. As well as I could judge she appeared quite resigned to her fate, though the impression left upon me was a very sad one.

The vice of gambling is very common in China, and more so in Canton than any place in the country that I have visited. I cannot tell you the number of gambling houses in Canton; but there are a great number. I went into one, and saw large sums won and lost. They are licensed by the Government. The rage for gambling is shared alike by the rich and the poor, women as well as men. Ladies gamble by proxy—that is, they send their servants to do it for them.

THE THOUSAND-POUND NOTE.

By J. ASHBY STERRY.



ALMOST at the top of Denmark Hill, within the sound of Bow bells, and within earshot of the Victoria Clock, just outside the range of 'bus-dom, and nearly verging on rurality, was situated Hurdle Lodge. This house was small, having only one storey. It was rambling and old-fashioned, and, moreover, had the appearance of having been recently painted and beautified. It stood in the middle of a good-sized garden, in which were several fine elm-trees, also one or two luxuriant lilacs and laburnums, which, being in full bloom, added much to the bright and gay appearance of the little mansion and its surroundings. The smooth shaven lawn, the well-rolled carriage-drive, and carefully-kept *parterres* spoke volumes for the care of the gardener and taste of his master.

There was an air of comfort and affluence about the whole place, which one glance at the plate-glass window and warm-tinted curtains, visible through them, was sufficient to confirm. On the left of the house was a small stable, and through the yard gate, which was partially open, might be observed a groom, who was busily engaged in saddling a sleek and thoroughly respectable chesnut-coloured, quiet cob, which was presently led round to the front door to await the coming of its master.

Precisely at half-past nine the door opened, and issuing therefrom came Mr. Arthur Maybury, junior partner in the well-known firm of Ingot, Moidore, and Co., bankers, of Prince's-street. This gentleman bore the unmistakeable stamp of moneyed respectability. You could see this at a glance in the well-fitting coat, in the light brown riding trousers, also in the simple but costly gold pin in his scarf, and the plain but massive chain hooked into his waistcoat. You might observe it especially in his carefully brushed hat, which, in the strong light of the morning sun, showed not so much as a dent or ripple on its glossy surface. There were no signs of late hours about the unsullied castor of Mr. Maybury, you may be sure. In point of fact, he was emphatically a well-dressed man, as his spotless wristbands, with their plain gold links, and also his unexceptionable boots, well testified. There was nothing of the swell about him. He was always rather behind the fashion, but invariably so scrupulously quiet and unobtrusive in his attire that he would pass muster in any society in which he might happen to mix.

He was on the right side of thirty, and there was a kindliness in

his clear grey eye which contrasted forcibly with the firmness about the corners of his well-shaped mouth, which led one to believe that if he had a duty to perform he would not shrink from it, but, should the task be unpleasant, would temper it with all the kindness and charity in his power. He had dark curly hair and luxuriant whiskers, which, however, were carefully trimmed into the bounds of propriety, and there was not the slightest trace of bombast or eccentricity about him in any respect. He looked like what he was—a well-to-do English gentleman of the middle class.

A young lady, five years his junior, accompanied him to the door, and she looked very blooming and fresh in her crisp morning muslin. Her light brown hair, braided plainly across her forehead, and gathered into a net behind, showed what masses of hair she had at command should she wish to practice any of the freaks and vagaries of modern *coiffure*. How her blue eyes sparkled and how those pretty lips of hers pouted when he gave her his parting salute—within hearing of the groom, too—before he mounted his horse. Well, well, there was nothing wrong that was there? Mr. Arthur always kissed his dear little wife before going to town. We suppose most men kiss their wives before they start for business—at any rate, they ought to do so.

"Be sure don't be late, Arthur," said Emma, as the groom ran forward to open the gate; "dinner will be on the table at six, and if you're not home in time I shall *scold awful*."

"All right, Em," said Arthur, as he rode away, laughing; "I shall be in time; but if you look so black, I won't come home till three o'clock in the morning, you little termagant."

"Dear old boy," thought Emma to herself; "just fancy, supposing he should'n't come home sometime till three in the morning, what should I do?"

The fact was this couple had only been married about six months, and they were still, so to speak, lovers—that is, lovers of an acceptable and wholesome description, who could tolerate and be tolerated in other society besides their own. They were companionable and pleasant to their numerous acquaintances, although they had not yet dropped into the monotonous jog-trot, every-day life of old married people. Emma loved her husband most devotedly. She was as happy as the day was long; in fact, she was so happy that she lived in a state of fear and trembling that it would not last, and that the cup of pleasure might some day be dashed cruelly and suddenly from her lips. She had heard of Arthur's being engaged to a Miss Paley some years ago, and never heard her name mentioned without feeling a hatred towards the young lady that one could scarcely have imagined to exist in the kindly heart of Emma. Last night, however, Arthur

informed her that Clara Paley was going to be married, and although he told her in rather an absent and thoughtful manner, it was a matter of great congratulation to the little lady, and accounted, in a measure, for her sunny smiles, and the exuberant manner in which she went carolling about the garden after her husband had left.

She fancied, however, that he looked rather grave when he made the announcement, and detected the slightest approach to a sigh after he had given her the particulars of the engagement. "Could he be regretting his lost love, and wishing he had waited a little longer till she had thrown over Captain Verner?" thought she. No, no; it was impossible—not to be thought of for a moment. Arthur was so kind, so loving, and so good, that she was quite cross with herself for allowing the idea to flit across her brain for a moment, and hastily dismissed the little cloud that overshadowed for an instant the sunshine of her life, and went about her household arrangements as contentedly and cheerfully as if no evil thought had for a moment disturbed the pleasure of her existence.

Meantime Arthur was riding leisurely up to town, and thinking how much he should like to have stopped at home all day—for, strange to say, this young man, who had been always most exemplary and exact as far as business was concerned, had frequently, since he had been married, looked upon the bank in the light of a bore, and his little private parlour in Prince's-street by no means that paradise of quiet and propriety that he had hitherto imagined it. But no, he could not any how have managed to remain at Hurdle Lodge to-day. He had fifty things—to speak in a general sense—to see to. First, there was a new junior clerk coming, whom he must put in the way of doing his work; then there was an important consultation between him and the senior partners, for which old Mr. Ingot was coming up on purpose. Old Mr. Paley was coming to see him about his account, and various money-matters connected with his daughter's approaching marriage. These were affairs to which nobody but Arthur could attend; so he in town he must, and there was no use regretting it. He urged his steed quickly over London Bridge, and in due time arrived at Prince's-street, where there was a man in waiting to take his horse round to the livery-stables near at hand.

Mr. Maybury passed quickly through the banking-house to his little sanctum, wishing the clerks who came in his way a courteous good morning, and proceeded at once to open the letters which were awaiting him. It was a cozy little place, was this little parlour of Arthur's. Everything fitted up in the best style of office furniture. There was a large library table, best mahogany as to legs, and best Morocco as to top. On this was arranged a despatch-box—we believe it is called, we do not know why—containing every variety of papers

and envelopes ready for use. This was flanked on either side by gigantic richly-cut glass ink-bottles, reposing in polished walnut-wood stands. A fire was burning cheerfully in the little grate, and on the mantel-piece stood a small contrivance, more like a miniature wild-beast den than anything else, labelled "Post" and "Delivery;" on either side of this stood a letter-weigher and a gum-bottle.

Arthur began quietly to snip all his letters with a very sharp, brightly-polished pair of scissors, one by one, till he came to one directed in a scrawly hand, on very thick cream-laid paper, which had been delivered to him by hand, and did not look at all like a business communication. This he put on one side, and did not open it till he had inspected all the rest of the letters, and sorted them into little heaps, some of which he gave to the head clerk, Mr. Diss, who attended immediately he was summoned by a little catch-bell; others he locked up, and then drew his chair to the fire, and opened the epistle. It ran as follows:—

"Charing-cross Hotel, Tuesday morning.

"DEAR ARTHUR,—Have only just come over from Paris. Heard from Jack Leighton that Clara is going to be married to-morrow. I think I have been used very badly in the matter, and shall make a point of seeing old Paley on the subject at once. It may not be too late even now, for I verily believe little Clara's heart is in the right place after all. This marriage must have been patched up most hastily. Will call on you at twelve to-day, so more particulars when we meet. In haste.

"Your most miserable brother,

"FRANK MAYBURY."

"Poor Frank!" ejaculated Arthur. "Upon my word I did not think he cared so much about the girl. By Jove, too, old Paley's coming at twelve. It will never do for them to meet."

Arthur then sat down before the fire, and read the *Times* till his partner, Mr. Moidore, came in to have a chat on business, and soon after Mr. Ingot arrived from the country. This gentleman was termed the head of the firm, simply from the reason of his being very pompous and plethoric, doing no work whatever, and drawing his full share of the profits. The old man, however, laboured under the impression that he was a most important personage—the main-spring of the business, in fact;—consequently, his partners dared not make any alteration or innovation in the affairs of the concern without his sanction. And when he did come up on such occasions, which luckily was very seldom, he generally managed to upset all the clerks, from the courtly Mr. Diss down to corpulent Nailer, the messenger. In fact, young Skipperton, the wit of the establishment, who belonged to an histrionic club in Wardour-street, and knew more about low comedy than banking, called him "the head of the *in*-firm."

Fortunately, on this occasion the old man had another appointment, and Moidore and Maybury, who knew better how to manage him than anyone else, smoothed him over by asking his advice on minor details which were of no consequence, and carrying all the important points their own way, as a matter of course. So they soon, to use the language of the facetious Mr. Skipperton, "polished him off."

He had not been gone long when Mr. Nailer threw open the door of Arthur's room, announcing—

"Mr. Paley!"

"I have come," said this individual—a fussy old man, who went in for port wine and geniality; "I have come, my dear Mr. Maybury, about a little money-matter I want you to transact for me. Truth is—you know what's going to happen to-morrow, I suppose?"

Arthur intimated that he had heard a report of Clara's wedding.

"Ha! ha! Yes, yes," continued Paley, with forced merriment. "You know when little girls run away from their fathers it is customary to give them a trifle—in point of fact, a—a little pecuniary remembrance—on their marriage day."

Arthur mumbled something about a marriage settlement.

"Yes, yes, my dear Mr. Maybury," rejoined Paley, "we've done all that, but I wish to slip a—a—a—in point of fact, a thousand pounds into her hands to-morrow morning after church. Here is a—a—in point of fact, my cheque."

"Nothing easier, Mr. Paley," replied Arthur. "We have not a note of that amount in the house at present, but I am going across to the Bank myself immediately, will get it changed, and send a clerk round with it to your office."

"Thanks, thanks, my dear Mr. Maybury. Your brother, Mr. Frank, is he a—a—a, in point of fact, well? Still in Paris, I suppose?"

"My brother Frank is well in health, Mr. Paley," answered Arthur, significantly. "He is at the present time in London, and purposes calling upon you this day!"

"Good morning, Mr. Maybury." And the fussy old gentleman hurried off at once down to his house at Clapham Common, without going back to his office, for he dared not face the impetuous rage of young Frank Maybury. Arthur immediately went to the Bank of England to get Mr. Paley's note; and on returning with the note in his hand, met at the door of his own establishment, his brother Frank.

They had hardly exchanged greetings, when Frank began to pour out the account of all his woes to his brother.

"Why can't you come in, Frank, instead of jawing outside on the steps?"

"Because I could not put up with the shaking hands and twaddle

that I should have to endure," he replied. "I should *firstly* have to talk my head off with Moidore, then I should have to smirk to old Diss, and enquire after his mother, and, perhaps, be obliged to crack a joke with young Skipperton, and pat Nailer on the back. No, no, thank you, I have no time for that sort of fun this morning; besides, I want to see old Paley."

"He has just been here," said Arthur, doubling the Bank of England note down the middle lengthwise.

"Curse him!" interrupted Frank. "What shall I do in the matter?"

"My advice is, Frank, leave it alone," replied Arthur, folding the note across the middle.

"Leave it alone! I tell you what, I'll do nothing of the kind. Leave it alone! when I've had the dearest and most loving little letters in the world from her within the last month. Not if I know it."

Arthur once more folded the note.

"No, that I won't. Clara's as good and true as ever. It's all that confounded old father of her's. I'll run away with her to-night. By Jove, I will!"

Arthur again folded the note, which by this time was reduced to about the size of a shilling.

"But, first of all, I'll go and call upon him, and ask him what he means by so unwarrantable an interference. The old wretch may possibly listen to reason even at the eleventh hour."

"You must be careful what you are doing, old boy," replied Arthur, who by this time had rolled the note up into a pellet, and got it between his finger and thumb.

"Careful!" indignantly rejoined Frank; "how's a fellow to be careful when such a girl has been threatened and cajoled from his love?"

"Well, well, if the girl really has a heart, and truly loves you, I wouldn't care *that* for the churlish old governors in the world," said Arthur, suiting the action to the word, and filiping his pellet away.

The pellet glanced on to the hat of an old gentleman who had happened to be passing, and came with a smart tap against the window, causing the frivolous Mr. Skipperton, who was always on the look out for some amusement, to throw his face over the blind.

"At any rate, I must be off," said Frank, "for there's that ass, Skipperton, sniggling at us behind the window."

And off he went and Mr. Maybury went in doors, glancing severely at Skipperton, who appeared, however, to be in a state of abstraction, casting up unknown quantities of columns of figures in a ponderous ledger. The day wore on; Arthur forgot all about Paley and his thousand-pound note, wrote his letters, and transacted his business

with the utmost method and regularity, and mounted his horse when his day's work was done, and rode home, thinking sadly of his brother and his love affairs, and wondering what would come of it.

Precisely at six o'clock that evening Mr. and Mrs. Maybury sat down to dinner in their most comfortable little dining-room. The cheerful blazing fire and the subdued light of the moderator lamp just served to light the room well with glare and glitter. In fact, there was just light enough to show the pictures and engraving with which the warm-tinted walls were hung. When Arthur entered the dining-room he was surprised to see a third person sitting at the table. This was a young lady, and from the unconcerned way in which she laughed and put out her pouting lips for him to kiss must have been a relation of his; and sure enough she was. This young lady was Fanny Carbutt, Mrs. Maybury's youngest sister. She was only seventeen years of age, and from being rather *petite* in figure a stranger might be well excused if he at first sight took her for a year or two younger. She was very pretty, with a profusion of rich light chestnut-coloured hair and sparkling blue eyes, which literally danced with fun and merriment.

"Well, puss, what brought you here?" demanded Arthur.

"A four-wheel cab and mine own indomitable will, monster," laughingly replied Fanny.

"Well, since you have come, kitten, you must make yourself useful. Come into the study after dinner and play pantomime music to me," said her brother-in-law.

This was a task which Arthur always set his little sister-in-law to perform. She was a very skilful *pianiste*, and had a wonderful knack of stringing together all sorts of old-fashioned and popular airs, and playing them as a medley, which she called "pantomime music," and this performance was an especial favourite of Mr. Maybury's. So, after dinner was finished they all went into the "study," as Arthur called his little sanctum, which was principally used to smoke his cigar of an evening. Whilst he lounged in the easy-chair and smoked, his wife pretended to do some work, and Fanny played all sorts of things on the old square piano. She was just in the middle of a wonderful combination of the "Devil among the Tailors" and "Hot Codlins," when Maybury, who had hitherto been lazily smoking and enjoying the music, suddenly jumped up, rang the bell, and said, "By Jove—I've forgotten something. I must go to town at once!" For all at once, to his horror, it flashed across him what he had done with the thousand-pound note.

"Oh! nonsense, Arthur," said his wife; "you don't really mean it?"

"I must, indeed, pet; it's a matter of the utmost importance, and to-morrow morning will be too late."

"But what is it, Arthur?"

"Never mind, my child—you wouldn't understand it if I told you—don't sit up, as I may not be home till the morning. Fan will take care of you."

At this moment the servant came in to say that the horse was ready. Poor Emma, half mystified and half disappointed, burst into tears, and sank back on the chair.

"Don't—pray don't, pet" said her husband feelingly. "I must indeed go, and every moment is of the greatest consequence." And he kissed off her tears as she struggled hard to look cheerful and smile through them.

Fanny accompanied him to the door, and helped him on with his coat, and was rewarded by a sounding kiss on her pouting lips.

"Take great care of Em., Fanny," said Maybury as he mounted; and then in an undertone he muttered, "By Jove, poor Clara Paley!"

When she returned to the study she found her sister sitting there, but evidently calmer and more composed.

"I wonder what could have taken him to town, Fan, at this hour," said she.

"Oh, some business or other; it doesn't matter—he'll soon be back."

"Did he say anything as he went away?"

"Well, he muttered to himself something about 'Poor Clara Paley.' I can't tell what he meant."

"No, no—not that," said Emma, and she once more burst into a violent flood of tears, much to the astonishment of her sister. Poor Mrs. Maybury indeed felt most wretched; her foreboding of evil had been so soon realised. He cared so much about Clara Paley that he had positively gone off to see her at this unaccountable hour. Perhaps he would even run away with her. But the fact of his ever loving her was quite enough for poor Emma, and she said to her sister, "Fanny, I'm the most miserable person in the world. I don't go to bed till Arthur comes home."

Fan put her arms round her neck, and beseeched and implored her not to sit up, but without effect; so at last she said, "Arthur put you under my charge, Em.; so if you don't go to bed, I vow I won't;" and she did not.

Meanwhile Maybury had arrived in town, his conscience somewhat smiting him for not having confided the whole matter to his wife. He went to the police-office, informed them about losing the note, and obtained the service of a policeman, who accompanied him to the bank. After pealing the bell for some time, Nailer appeared, rubbing his eyes and thinking the world was coming to an end at seeing his master at that time of night. Presently down came Mr. Skipperton, who was in charge of the bank for that week, in his night-shirt, and

horrified at the presence of the two policeman. As he said afterwards, he thought he was going to be then and there taken into custody on account of some jokes he had made respecting old Mr. Ingot. The matter was soon explained to these two worthies, and by that time they were fully awake and entered into the spirit of the search. Mr. Skipperton having put on his trousers, was especially on the alert. By aid of the policeman's bull's-eye they searched all through the gutters, underneath gratings, and everywhere, without success. At last Skipperton, who had been for some time on his hands and knees, grubbing amongst a heap of rubbish behind some railings, suddenly seized a little noblet of paper, carefully unfolded it by the aid of the light of his lantern, and, striking into a dramatic attitude, handed it to Mr. Maybury, exclaiming at the same time, "*Eureka!*"

The next thing was to send the note to Mr. Paley, as Mr. Maybury knew it was of the utmost importance he should have it early, and thinking, after all the mistakes that had occurred, it would be best to take it himself, he sent his horse round to the livery-stables, and, hailing a passing Hansom, jumped in, telling the driver to go at his utmost speed to Clapham Common. It was past twelve o'clock when he reached Paley's house, but seeing the windows all lighted up, he determined to go in and apologise for the delay, instead of slipping his communication into the letter-box. He found everyone up, old Paley as polite and ceremonious as ever, and his daughter Clara sitting on the sofa looking fagged but defiant.

"Very kind, in point of fact, a—a—most considerate, Mr. Maybury, to take such a deal of trouble about the matter. Clara, dear, you should thank Mr. Maybury."

"Im sure I'm very much obliged; but I'm so tired. Good night, Mr. Maybury," said Miss Paley, as she left the room.

"Fact is, Mr. Maybury," said the old man mysteriously, "your brother Frank's been here; only just left. Quite a scene, you know—in point of fact—a—a—awful scene. Would take no denial till he heard it from her own lips. Very desperate young man. Afraid he'll attempt to stop the marriage, or make some disturbance at the church to-morrow."

"No, no, Mr. Paley," eagerly interposed Arthur, "there shall be nothing of that kind. I shall take care that he is not there. But I must get off—it's getting frightfully late."

"Well, good night, Mr. Maybury. Quite sure you will take no refreshment? And you'll take care of that little matter in the morning. Thanks—in point of fact, a—a—many thanks."

"You may depend on me, Mr. Paley," answered Arthur, solemnly. As he was getting into the Hansom, whom should he see but Frank,

walking up and down like a maniac, and pulling his moustachios as if he would tear them off.

"Hi! Frank," he shouted, "jump into the cab and come home with me, and don't let's have any more of this tomfoolery."

After a long parley, and an elaborate explanation as to why Arthur came to Paley's at that unaccountable hour, Frank at last consented; and, under the soothing influence of a cigar, began to get calmer and calmer as they bowled along. At last he said—

"I really think, old man, you were right. I believe, after all, from what Clara told me to-night, she is a heartless flirt."

"Without doubt; and if you'll spend to-morrow with me, and promise not to attend the wedding, or make a fool of yourself, I'll soon convince you you've had a lucky escape."

All this time—it was now nearly three o'clock—Emma had steadfastly resisted Fanny's entreaties for her to go to bed. The servants had been sent off long ago, and, thanks to the useful little Fanny, a blazing fire had been continually kept up, and the bottles of spirits and box of cigars placed on the table as if the master might be expected at any minute. The poor child had done her best to comfort her sister; she had ingeniously found out all sorts of pretexts for Arthur's absence; she tried to impress upon Emma that sometimes business must be attended to before everything else, and that in money matters the greatest secrecy was very often requisite. Poor little soul, she invented all these fictions with the kindest intent, for she probably knew as much about the money-market as a member of the Vagrant Club. At last both the sisters went off into a profound sleep—the one because she was worn out with anxiety and weeping, and the other because it was long past the hour of her natural bed-time.

It was getting on for two o'clock when Emma started up, for she heard the wheels of a cab stop just outside the garden gate. She gave Fanny a shake, saying, quite cheerfully—

"Wake up, Fan; I do believe he's come. Run out and see who it is. There, I hear him opening the door."

When Fanny got out in the hall she saw what she supposed to be Arthur, standing with his back towards her. She rushed up to him in her impulsive way, threw her arms round his neck, and exclaimed—

"Oh, you bad, bad man; why didn't you come home before?"

Suddenly she started, blushing to the roots of her hair, to find herself in the arms of some one she did not know. It was Frank, not Arthur. Arthur, who had been paying the cabman, at that moment entered.

"Upon my word, Fan, that's precious cool. I can't bring a young

man home but that you fall into his arms and kiss him in that outrageous manner."

Then Frank looked foolish, and Fanny did not know what to do with herself; but at last she said gravely—

"Arthur, Em's in the study; you'd better go and see her. I'm very tired, so good night."

He immediately went into the study to see his poor little wife, leaving Frank kicking his heels about in the hall. After a long conversation he suddenly recollected him, and said—

"Oh! by-the-way, I've brought poor Frank down here to-night. You know, he's awfully cut up about the marriage of his old flame, Clara Paley."

"*His* old flame!" screamed Emma with delight, "I thought she was *your's*. Oh, Arthur, Arthur, forgive me, and may God pardon all my evil thoughts;" and the young wife dropped her sorrowing head on the shoulder of her husband.

Presently, Frank—who was getting very impatient and furious, had kicked over an umbrella-stand, and was on the point of smashing the barometer—was called in. Everything was explained—all about the thousand-pound note, and every particular concerning Clara Paley.

Mr. Maybury took a holiday the next day, and they all breakfasted at twelve. Over this breakfast they all got very jolly, and there were many jokes respecting Fanny and her unceremonious embrace of Frank. This made the poor girl blush a good deal, but she got used to it after a time. As for Frank, as he had nothing particular to do at present, he accepted his brother's invitation to spend a fortnight at Hurdle Lodge; consequently he saw a good deal of Fanny. He went out long walks with her, took her up to town shopping, and very soon there was a sort of pleasant "cousinly" confidence established between them.

* * * * *

Just a year has passed away since the incident of the thousand-pound note took place. Mr. Skipperton has, in reward for his exertions on that memorable night, been raised to a responsible post in the bank. He has given up his histrionic club, and is engaged to a very pretty little girl at Hampstead. Old Ingot, greatly to the relief of his family and the intense satisfaction of the public generally, has been gathered to his fathers, leaving his money principally to people who did not require it, and remembering one of his partners by the bequest of an antediluvian boot-tree, and the other by a plated toast-rack. It is said that Clara Lupton (*née* Paley) leads her lord and master an awful life; whereas Emma Maybury thinks more of, and trusts her husband more implicitly than ever. The lilacs and laburnums once more bloom around Hurdle Lodge, and from this

house Frank Maybury will bear away, as his bride, the lovely Fanny Carbutt one day next week.

Arthur gives away the bride, but we have good and cogent reasons for supposing that Mrs. Maybury will be unable to assist at the marriage ceremony.

THE TOWN MOUSE.

INCE the *Town Mouse* last appeared in the columns of this Magazine he has been anything but a town mouse; indeed he has belied his title most completely. He has been scampering as far away from town and its worry and excitement as possible, and escaped for a few weeks from the meshes of the net which confines him so closely during the rest of the year. He has been to Baden. "To Baden?" we think we hear readers impatiently exclaim. "Surely that must be out of the frying-pan into the fire. What with the balls, the assemblies, the gambling"—Stay a moment, impatient readers, and let me explain. We have not attempted to break the bank, nor have we lounged in front of the Conversation-haus, nor mixed with the crowd of gay and *bizarre* toilets which throng the Promenade; neither have we honoured the new theatres with our presence, nor dined sumptuously at the Badischer Hof. In point of fact, neither Mons. Benazet nor any innkeeper in the town have been the better or the worse on account of us this year. Indeed, to the town of Baden we have not been at all, but in the Grand Duchy bearing that name we have spent our holiday. Far away in remote nooks in the Black Forest we have wandered, stopping occasionally in quaint, old-fashioned towns, which *Murray* scarcely mentions and *Bradshaw* wots not of; residing in quiet little inns with out-of-the-way German titles, and partaking of wondrous dinners, whereat freshly-caught trout and tender roe-deer always formed an important item in the *menu*; assisting at marvellous singing parties in low-ceilinged rooms, dimly lighted by swinging oil-lamps, and peopled by a kindly and polite set of men, who smoked eternally, and imbibed an unknown quantity of feeble beer from tall, narrow glasses. Did we feel inclined to be active, we could spend our time in pedestrian excursions over the pleasant hills which abound in the province, or wanderings amidst the green lanes and orchards which flourish so luxuriantly in its fertile vales. On the other hand, did we desire some employment to occupy our mind, without any

great strain on our bodily powers, there were miles and miles of good fishing open to us. And so we managed to wile away the time—now wading in the brawling Wutach, and pulling out silver grayling—anon ‘throwing a fly’ in the Rhine to tempt the wily trout—and again listening to the whirr of the reel, and feeling the bend of the rod, as a voracious pike runs out the line on Lake Constance; leading a delightful existence of quiet and idleness, seeing no newspapers, forgetting the day of the month, having no notion of anything that is going on, entirely eschewing politics, scarcely remembering whether Derby or Russell holds the reins of Government, and indeed not caring the ghost of a krentzer about the matter.

But such a dreamy existence cannot last for ever, and we begin to be gradually weaned from it on stopping, on our homeward journey, at one of those monster caravanserais which the modern rage for travel has demanded and the ingenuity of foreign innkeepers supplied. We mean the monster hotel, which is “supplied with every English comfort,” where “portare—bière,” “pellel,” is to be found on the wine *carte*; where *Galignani* and the *Times* are seen on the table, and a plentiful supply of British Authors (Tauchnitz edition) repose on the bookshelves of the reading-room; and where may be met with that singular anomaly, the waiter who speaks English—which generally seems to mean an utter inability to understand any language under the sun, and who generally passes his time in wondering what nation he possibly can belong to, grinning in an imbecile manner at bewildered tourists, and always replying in a different language to that in which an enquiry addressed to him is made. At these great places—where the British Paterfamilias is pompous, where the British matron can ensconce herself, and glare defiantly at you from behind her tea-urn, where her daughters think the “*table d’hôte* and the charming society delightful;” where the sons are third-rate Alpine Clubbists, and are everlastingly boring you with the account of the last Peak they have done, or the next they mean to do—we always feel uncomfortable; and so we did on this last occasion. We found the *Times* and *Galignani*, *Punch*, and the *Illustrated News*; we clutched them eagerly, and read them with avidity, and even took some of them to our own room, notwithstanding a special prohibition to the contrary inscribed in the Salon de Lecture. In these journals we saw allusions to things of which we knew nothing, and comments upon doings of which we had never heard. We found the world had been jogging on in its usual way, and left us, most inconsiderately, in utter ignorance of its doings; and that changes had taken place even in those few weeks. Indeed we were behind the time, and it was quite clear that something should be done to put us *au courant* with the events of the day; so we speedily packed up our portmanteau,

and once more returned by the quickest route to the busy world of London.

On our way back, last week, we travelled in company with some of the riflemen who were just returning from the Tir National at Brussels. These gentlemen were most enthusiastic concerning the cordial reception they met with, and the sumptuous manner in which they had been entertained. They told us how they had been seized in the streets by people whom they had never seen before, and never expected to see again, and taken into *cafés* and lionized; how Belgians would politely explain any object of interest at which he might see the British rifleman gazing; how, in short, the uniform of the Volunteer was a passport to everything pleasant and profitable throughout Brussels, and which the inhabitants of the town certainly exerted themselves to *viser* in the most magnificent manner.

And now the tourist season is drawing to a close it is time for other places to have their turn. Now is the time for Brighton to have its "innings." "Good, kind, genial Doctor Brighton!" as Thackeray humorously apostrophised it. The new pier which has just been completed will undoubtedly prove a great attraction, and will supply a want that has long been felt—namely, a good lounge on the West Cliff. We hope the authorities will be able to convert it into something more useful than the old Chain Pier, which seems to have remained in the same state of incipient decay ever since we can recollect. There is the same obtrusive double entrance, one for "subscribers," the other for common-folk like ourselves; there is the same feeling—when you pay your money at the shabby, green hutch, that you are going to meet all the rank and fashion of the town—an expectation, we need scarcely say, never to be realised; there are the same shops with ricketty tables overloaded with bright-coloured polished shells and sea-weed impossibilities, and which you always find is so difficult to steer clear of during a brisk gale. Then we believe there is still that shop where lemonade, lozenges, and very yellow Bath buns are sold; and does there still exist that elderly individual with a cracked voice who used to do those striking silhouettes in black paper, tinged with bronze, or has photography quite abolished him? We think tenderly of this last professor of a bygone art, and remember his models of ships were the wonder and envy of our boyhood. Surely the inhabitants of the East Cliff will be spurred into making some use of their Piers. Could not the end of it be covered in, and a reading-room established thereon?

The smoking-in-railway-carriages question seems to be so simple that it is a wonder the various railway companies do not at once adopt it; and were it not for the idea that railways were established entirely for the aggrandisement of the shareholders and directors, and *not* for

the accommodation of the public, it would doubtless long have been put in force. Simply have smoking carriages, distinctly marked as such, on every train, and there would be no more disturbance on the subject, though, perhaps, the guards might find themselves many shillings poorer by the end of the year. Just returning, as we have, from a land of perpetual smoke, where men smoke at any time, in a public dining-room, in their bedrooms, offices—in short, almost everywhere but in church, we feel qualified to speak with some authority on the subject. Yet if they want to smoke when they travel by rail, they go in the smoking-carriage, and would never dream of lighting a pipe or a cigar except in the compartment especially devoted to the purpose.

We are sorry to see the dispute with regard to the new magazine, *Belgravia*. Is it not possible to find out whether a title has been registered or not, and should not the authorities at Stationers' Hall decline to register a title a second time? Why could not Messrs. Hogg have given notice of the fact before allowing Miss Braddon's publishers to go to the enormous expense of advertising the magazine all over London? Miss Braddon has, however, nothing to fear, if we may judge from the first number. It is a good solid magazine of one hundred and thirty pages, and a cover which is as elegant as it is novel in periodical literature. Amongst its contents may be mentioned a good instalment of "Birds of Prey," by the conductress, which opens well, and promises to be one of the best of her many novels. Mr. Sala gossips pleasantly and graphically on "Market Street, Manchester," whilst Mr. Mortimer Collins sings charmingly of "Love in November." His concluding lines—

"And kiss me—kiss close, and remember,
My beauty, my sweetheart, my love,
That even in chilly November
There's summer on lips that can love."

are particularly musical. The illustrations are all good. Mr. Skill's "Aline" is charmingly drawn and admirably engraved. From the announcement of what is in store for us in future numbers of the magazine, we may predict a great success for the new venture. We happen to have seen also the first number of the other *Belgravia*, which seems to be merely a weak slip of *London Society*.

The amusing little *brochure* "Vagrant Leaves," is now before the public. It is very capitally got up, and contains a large amount of humorous writing, especially interesting to those who are well acquainted with the Club from which it emanates.

Amongst the choicest and most amusing of the forthcoming Christmas books will undoubtedly be the "Savage Club Album," which will be edited by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and contain contributions from Messrs. Tom Hood, Arthur Sketchley, Godfrey Turner, E. Draper, W.

J. Prowse, H. Leigh, A. A'Becket, W. Tegetmeir, C. Millward, W. Justyne, besides many others. The volume will be illustrated by Messrs. Paul, Gray, Bennett, and Brunton; and the profits arising from the sale of the book devoted to a charitable object.

Many of your readers will hear with regret of the continued illness of Mr. William M'Connell, whose name is so familiar to everyone acquainted in the least with the illustrated literature of our time. A number of his friends have established a portfolio containing contributions from Sand, Collins, Cattermole, Gilbert, Cruikshank, Keene, Watson, and many others, the sale of which, it is hoped, will raise a fund for the purpose of enabling the artist to proceed at once to a more genial climate. This collection may be seen, we believe, at 17, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square.

PURE WINE.

BY BENJAMIN JESSOPP MACKEL.

 ENGLISH people, though proverbially fond of malt liquors, are not insensible to the charms of generous wine. As dwellers on a soil unsuited to the production of the grape in its richest and ripest development, but eminently adapted to the growth of the constituents of our ales and beers, it is not surprising that national inclination and home produce should have advanced together, the one reproducing the other *ad libitum*, even in the face of the strongest competition.

Till within a very late period the high cost of good wine was an effectual bar to its extended use among the masses; and although, by Mr. Gladstone's recent action in the removal of restrictions on the importation and sale of the foreign products, the way was opened up to a more general wine consumption in this country, still the price charged was too high to make its complete triumph other than problematical. Happily, this question of "cost" is not insurmountable. The large vintages of the past three years, the great efforts making in the vine-growing districts to produce more extensively, the rapid development of the railway system throughout southern Europe, each and all are aiding vigorously in the production of better and cheaper wines. In addition, the annihilation of the middle-man system is now become, to a large extent, possible, because of the means for cheap and rapid conveyance of parcels and produce from one part of the kingdom to another. Where the direct importer and wholesale purchaser choose

to engage in retail as well as larger transactions, and to deliver the goods at the houses of the small buyers, the necessity for the middle man no longer exists, while all his profits are at once saved to the purchaser.

This is the ground just occupied by the Victoria Wine Company, of 63, Great Tower-street, City—a company among the most conspicuous and successful in the path of improvement, and is deserving special notice in consequence. In the face of the strenuous opposition of the trade, in defiance of the remonstrances of retail dealers, publicans, and all the host who usually come in to take their profit on each bottle of wine, so to enhance its price to the small purchaser, the Victoria Wine Company has opened direct communication with the growers abroad, and, purchasing largely, is thereby enabled to sell—and does sell—a good and pure wine—one which has never left its care, to make adulteration possible—at about 10d. (Claret and Sauterne), or 1s. (Spanish wines), per bottle, ordinary size. This is a great feat, and a comforting fact, and must bring the foreign wines into powerful competition with our own long-worshipped “malt.” In these days of co-operative societies, labour agencies, and all kinds of schemes to get rid of the obnoxious middle man, with his profits, and to bring the producer and retail purchaser in contact, there cannot be a doubt but that the Victoria Wine Company will be eminently successful.

The only difficulty to be overcome is prejudice. A large number of persons in this country will not believe that a cheap wine can be a good one, simply because they have been accustomed to pay, or to hear of others paying, a very exorbitant amount for a like product. They rather like to be gulled, it's so charmingly conventional. Of course, it is the interest of the publican to encourage this delusion; but the inquirer may easily ascertain the truth of the matter by entering into a small rule-of-three sum for himself—perhaps that may be convincing. Taking the cost of the cheap red and white Spanish wines imported into this country at £12 per butt of 108 gallons, and putting on 2s. 6d. per gallon for duty, gives a quotient of 5s. per gallon, or 10s. per dozen, so leaving a profit (after bottling and delivery in town, as the bottles have to be returned) of about 15 per cent. on cost price, if 12s. per gallon be charged to the purchaser. With a large sale, all ready money, this gives a very respectable income to the importers. Again, if you take the cost of Claret, Sauterne, or Chablis, at £5 per hogshead of 46 gallons, put on 1s. per gallon for duty, that gives the price as 8s. 6d. per dozen, leaving also (at 10s. per dozen) a tolerably reasonable profit. The above rates are very low, but not so low as to leave room for doubt, or fear of adulteration, and prices will probably remain the same for some time to come, in consequence of our present excellent vintages. Now, then, with good pure Port and Sherry at

10s. to 12s. per dozen, as supplied by the "Victoria" (instead of the publican's 4s. and 5s. per bottle "decoctions"), it is reasonable to infer that ere long thousands of humble homes and numberless poor invalids will be succoured, aided, and cheered by this most beneficial of all the drinks of Nature's laboratory.

I am not now speaking so much of fine as of pure wines; and it is to the latter the "Victoria" Company especially refers. As a pleasant drink these wines are unsurpassable, whatever may be the season of the year, as the amount of spirit in their composition does not destroy the virtue of the grape, nor make the wine heating, heady, and intoxicating, but simply preserves, warms, and flavours. As a substitute for the vile concoctions of brandied products, sold in public-houses under the names of Port and Sherry, innocent as they are of all connexion with grape-juice, or of any former residence in the vine-lands of the sunny South, they are beyond praise. From long personal knowledge, acquired by constant attendance in the Police-courts of London and the provinces, I believe that far more of the usual drunkenness is the result of bad liquors—malt or spirituous—than of excess in consumption.

All who have our national sobriety and national health at heart should encourage the consumption of pure cheap wines. Far less intoxicating in their character, uninflamatory to the system, giving invigoration and strength without stupefaction and the deleterious narcotic influences of malt liquors, they will tend, in a short period, to change totally the character of our hard-working drinking population. Brutal, insensate rage, acted on by stupifying opiates and fiery alcohols, will give way to cheerfulness, pleasantry, and good-nature; and even where unduly indulged in, good wine never leaves behind the bad bodily and mental effects and prostration invariably connected with malt-liquor inebriety.

In sickness (as before adverted to) pure wine is invaluable. Requiring no digestive vigour, it builds up the depressed system, raises its vitality, purifies and enriches the blood, increases appetite, and generally helps on the work of reparation. Philanthropists in general, all those connected with hospitals and institutions for the recovery of the sick, and the faculty at large, will confer much benefit on their suffering fellow-creatures by aiding in the introduction of the pre-eminently poor man's wine.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

TO RE-HEAT ROAST JOINTS THE SECOND DAY.

ONE of the small misfortunes incident to inexperienced house-keeping is the occasional appearance of a joint on table so underdone that but very little of it can be eaten hot, and none at all cold, and the mistress is in despair at the prospect of a protracted course of hashes and minces, which, though—if made according to *F. F.*'s instructions, are very good in their way—can never be reckoned equal to *the* fresh joint itself.

Betty, perhaps, proposes in the emergency to "hot it up again," but this, as usually performed, results only in the substitution of scorched for raw, and the meat left over, again to become cold, is dry and flavourless in that condition, and will convert into nothing tolerable except by the process of potting.

But now let mistress and maid conspire to perform on the joint as follows, and then see what they shall see.

Take sweet fat, dripping, or lard, or even fat taken off soup; if it be very hard, warm it before the fire very gently, but *by no means melt it*.

Now spread the whole *cut surface* of the joint closely over with the fat to about the thickness of a penny piece; spread fat also more slightly over the whole of the rest of the joint, and then roast it over again in a gentle heat, nearly or quite as long as it had been done the day before. It must also be basted as in the first roasting.

And let not Betty coax the mistress into the persuasion "that if I takes and bastes it well, ma'am, the fat goes all over it, and that's all it wants."

No, Betty, that is not all, the cut surface must have the fat applied well into the grain while it is *cold*; as soon as the meat begins to get warm, the gravy begins to draw and run, and *hot fat will not stop it*; so do it, like a good soul, just as *F. F.* tells you.

In dealing with a roasting joint of top side of round of beef of a size that the mistress knows will supply the family the first day without cutting very deep, it is no bad plan to let it be underdone on purpose. The slices being all taken from the surface of one side, the joint is not only as good, but looks as well the second day as the first.

In these days of close kitchen ranges broiled chops are a rarity, and *F. F.*, much meditating on the unsatisfactory nature of fried chops, devised and has *proved* the following recipe:—

Tie three small skewers together at one end, and tie string to each of the other ends, with space left so that the skewers thus connected will form a tripod.

Spread the chops with fat, as directed in the last recipe, and fix each one upright in a tripod; the whole of them should be arranged in a baking-dish or tray. Be sure to pull out the ventilating peg belonging to the oven.

Put in the dish with the chops, and do them in a moderate heat about half an hour. If a little pure roast meat gravy be at hand it should be put in a jar standing in a stew-pan of water, which should be brought to boiling heat on the fire, the gravy to be poured into the dish in which the chops are sent to table.

It is a defect in this recipe that it takes such a number of skewers to cook a few chops.

LA MODE.

IN our last number we mentioned the adoption of short skirts for walking dresses. For evening parties in Paris the same style is gaining favour, and of this no doubt many young ladies will be glad, as the inconvenience and extravagance of attempting to dance in the very long robes hitherto fashionable has been a cause of annoyance to many, and is a mode generally entailing entire spoliation on the luckless dress. The fashion, however, of trailing skirts will still be retained for all full dress occasions, with the exception of dances. For the ball-room the Polish boot will, no doubt, be now tried, made in white, pink, and blue kid, or in rich silks and moires, finished off with tassels, and mounted with heels. Many white boots have pink or blue heels, and tassels to correspond with the rest of the toilette. The most dressy assumption is the gold or silver heel and gold or silver tassels.

No new fabric for winter wear has yet appeared. The fine but cold weather now prevailing favours the use of thick materials in light shades; hence serges, reps, and poplinettes in bright blue, French grey, and stone shades, may be named amongst available materials. Linseys are but little worn in comparison to more expensive articles, but they are very serviceable for common house wear. A number of gaily-printed flannels, with stripes of fancy patterns, are filling the shop windows, and will be used for petticoats, garibaldi, and children's dresses. The latter are now constantly made in one, something after the fashion of a round pinafore, with a pleated garibaldi bodice and plain skirt. Very broad mohair braids are chiefly used as garnitures for thick materials, and there is also a checked tubular braid brought it. Gimp skirt trimmings and enormous frog drop trimmings are retained for stuffs or silks.

The favourite mantle shape is the peplum, with a loose, paletot back—that is, short before and behind, but presenting two long vandyked peaks below each hip. These may be made short, like jackets, or as long as shawls. Peplums added to the dress are much worn indoors, and look very stylish. A very low corsalet, with shoulder straps, is also stylish. It should be prettily trimmed to match the peplum, and worn over either a white muslin or lama garibaldi or above a tight-fitting bodice corresponding with the dress. If the skirt is trimmed with a different shade, the peplum and corsalet may correspond with the garniture. This corsalet is not pointed either at the waist or top, but cut straight. Vivandiere leggings are a capital

introduction both for uncertain weather in London and for general use in the country. They are made of fine morocco leather, to be pliant, and simply buttoned over the leg above the boot like a Polish top, to preserve the stockings from wet, mud, and cold. They are made in all colours, black to match the boot, or brown, grey, mauve, blue, or scarlet, to correspond with the petticoat or stockings. They can be carried in the pocket, and cleaned with a sponge.

NEEDLEWORK.

A RICH ANTIMACASSAR IN CROCHET.

Made in separate Hexagons and united.

SUITABLE ALSO FOR A

MUSIC-STOOL COVER, TABLE-COVER, BABY'S COUNTER-PANE, &c.

USE Walter Evan's Boar's Head cotton, No. 16 ; Walter's Penelope crotchet hook, No. 5.

1. Tie a small ring of cotton, and work into it 36 treble crotchet, taking care that they are drawn together as closely as possible.

2. Work one double crotchet *between* every three treble stitches of last round, with ten chain between each. There should be twelve loops thus formed. Finish off.

3. Work into the first loop of 10 chain, three treble, three chain, and three more treble. Repeat this in every loop of ten chain all round.

4. Double crotchet *between* the six treble of last row (formed by two clusters of threes coming together), three treble into loop of three chain, three chain, three more treble into the same loop, and repeat all round.

5. The same as last round, but four chain instead of three between the clusters of three treble. Finish off.

6. D. c. into loop of four chain. Eleven chain worked close; double crotchet into next loop of four chain, eleven chain, and repeat all round.

7. Double crotchet into every loop.

8. 1 tr., 1 ch. Repeat twelve times, then 3 ch., 1 tr. into same hole ; one tr., and repeat.

FAMILY PASTIME.

1.

PUZZLE.

I am a word of 14 letters. My 1, 6, 12, is that which is worn by a boy on his head ; my 4, 8, 11, 3, 14, is a hard substance, and often thrown by juvenile offenders ; my 13, 9, 7, 10, 14, 5, is an English bird ; my 4, 8, 6, 12, 13, 14, is an iron fixture ; my 1, 6, 8, is a domestic animal ; my 4, 8, 11, 12, is to desist ; my 2, 10, is a preposition ; my 12, 13, 6, 10, 5, is a thing seen in a garden ; and my whole is one of the largest towns in Turkey.

2.

REBUS.

(a) The proudest and greatest of the kings of Mexico ; b) a celebrated prince renowned for his exploits in France ; (c) a Mexican general, who disputed the advance of Cortes upon the capital ; (d) a prince of Cyprus, imprisoned by Richard Cœur-de-Lion ; (e) a king of France, famous for his wars against the Saxons ; (f) the scene of a great battle fought between the Spaniards and Mexicans. The initials read downward give the answer.

EDWARD LANPLOUGH.

3.

CHARADES.

Go, see me atop of the struggling waves,
Or at famed Niagara's fall ;
Behead, and a duty is briefly enjoined—
A duty belonging to all ;
Behead me again, at once will appear
A pencil of light from some distant sphere.

4.

Just take up a slice of something that's nice,
And remove from this fragment its tail ;
Transpose, and a very small portion you'll have
In a bank, or, perchance, in a rail ;
Transpose once again, and we send o'er the ground
If only we hear the dread bark of a hound.

5.

Of value great I'm thought—
From ocean I am brought ;
Behead me, I'm a noble ;
Curtail me, I'm a fruit ;
Behead me and curtail me,
I'm a listener most acute.

6.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a gardener who is short of a certain herb like an overworked signalman?
2. Why ought you to try to win the friendship of a knock-kneed person?
3. What is the difference between a course of study and acquaintance with a tailor's charges?

CARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

REBUS.

Semi, hemi, demi. Evil-minded, vile-minded. Arise, rise. Madam, Seam, same. Demi, idem.

2.

TRANSPPOSITION.

English—shingle.

3.

CONUNDRUMS.

Casting Lots.

Zealot, pilot, helot, allot, lotus, lottery.

CHARADES.

4.

Urchin.

5.

E R A—Era.

6.

Mokes—Smoke.

7.

Race—acre—care.

8.

Hat—rod—hatred.

9.

Nurse—ruse—use—us.

OUR COUNCIL:

NOTES AND QUERIES, MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS, &c.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

Everybody has heard wonderful stories of dreams that came true, resulting in marvellous discoveries of wealth, revelations of crime, and mysterious information of various sorts. Sceptical people are at liberty to believe, of course, what they please, but the following story comes to us well authenticated, and the finale is, we think, quite original. The dreamer was a gentleman residing in one of a row of houses in a street in Islington; to mention names might be unpleasant. He dreamed one night that he had discovered at his house a hidden closet, which was stored with silver and other valuable articles, sufficient to set him up in the world as a man of wealth. In the morning he told his wife, who, like a sensible woman, asked him what he had eaten before he went to bed, and warned him of the ill effects of late suppers. The next night he went to bed as usual, when lo! the same dream was repeated. To doubt any longer would be to fly in the face of fortune that was opening the portals of wealth to the happy dreamer. He resolved upon an exploration. Modern-built houses, put up in rows for speculation, to sell or rent, do not present any architectural intricacies where a closet might be stowed away unperceived; the lines are rectangular, and every inch of space saved. The hidden closet with the treasure must be somewhere in the walls. With a hammer the dreamer went about the house, sounding the walls, for indications of the concealed receptacle.

At last his search was rewarded. A blow struck on the wall brought forth a metallic jingle in response. He struck again, and the same musical echo came forth. Bewildering visions of wealth arose before the delighted —; he called his wife to behold the realisation of his dream.

Two or three vigorous blows brought down the plaster from the wall, broke through the lath, and revealed an aperture, through which Mr. — thrust his hand, and brought forth a handful of spoons and forks. Mrs. — now suggested that they had better proceed cautiously, and keep their good fortune quiet. The hole in the wall was covered up, and the happy couple retired to discuss their fortune.

In a few minutes they were startled by a violent ring at the front-door bell. Mr. — responded to the summons, and found on the step his next-door neighbour, in a state of intense excitement.

"Are you the proprietor of this house?" said the visitor.

"I am," said Mr. —.

"Then, sir, allow me to tell you that there is a robber in your house, who has been committing burglary on my premises, by breaking through your wall into a closet, and stealing my silver-ware."

Mr. — countenance underwent an extraordinary change of expression as the truth flashed upon him. He rushed upstairs to take a closer inspection of his secret closet, when the true state of the case

was soon disclosed. The houses were separated by a partition wall, and Mr. — had realised his dream by breaking into his neighbour's premises, and had "struck silver" in the store-room next door. A full explanation had to be made to satisfy the injured neighbour. The spoons were restored, the wall repaired, and the strictest secrecy enjoined and promised, but the joke was too good to keep, and we publish it as a caution to people addicted to dreaming.

THE GRAVE OF THE GIFTED.

A grave for the gifted—where shall it be?
 Where shall we lay her, the child of song?
 On a pearl couch watched by a mermaid throng?
 Oh no! for the blue wave's restless strife
 Is a standing type of her changeful life,
 And she of the loving, yet weary breast
 Must needs have a grave of perfect rest.

A grave for the gifted—where shall it be?
 Where the crowd ignoble may idly tread?
 In the city's deep walled cemetery,
 A marble monument at its head?
 Oh no! for she loved the breezes free,
 And partook of their glorious liberty;
 And sang of the riches Nature gave.
 Not there, I ween, shall her grave be made.

A grave for the gifted—oh! it shall be
 Far in the depth of the forest green;
 Where golden bees make minstrelsy,
 And flowers are the fairest ever seen;
 Where violet beds are gently swayed,
 And boughs droop over a tender shade,
 Far, from all worldlings' strife and throng,
 A grave shall be found for the child of song.

A grave for the gifted—the spot she loved
 In her pilgrimage here on earth below;
 The place she wander'd, the haunt she roved,
 In the balmy splendour of summer's glow.
 The daisied sward of emerald grass
 Through which her thoughtful step would pass;
 Where fell the gold at eventide,
 And ray'd her in it's glinting pride.

Where the midnight moon shall over her beam,
 And the stars keep watch in the purple deep,
 Where the dew of heaven in tears shall gleam,
 And seraphims guard her peaceful sleep;

And the tender snowy glimmering,
Of their white wings winnowing,
Shall make that grove a sacred spot,
That may be never again forgot.

Rear no monument over her head,
Let the nightingales sing at will,
And the sweet wild flowers shall spring instead,
And the air with fragrance and music fill ;
And the glory crests in the argent sky
Shall tell of a spirit form on high ;
Who, even among those throngs so fair,
Sings wondrous melodies sweetest there.

ALICE M. LINDLEY.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

I can hear the fountain's plash
Tinkle on the marble face
Of the statue 'neath the ash,
In the garden's brightest place.

I can see the sunny gleam
Falling on the roses fair,
As they bow their heads and dream,
Kiss'd asleep by perfumed air.

See yon statue's face upraised
In wild agony of woe,
And the sculptor's skill is praised
That such anguish he could show.

I have heard thee tell the tale
('Twas in classic times of yore,)
Of a life whose joy did fail,
Lost in youth for evermore.

She is chained to a rock—
Yet her face the sunbeams kiss,
And her sorrows seem to mock—
Once they came in days of bliss.

Look upon that brow's still pain,
What to her was summer's glow ?
Knowing love and life were vain—
'Tis so *now*, as long ago.

In another tale I heard
Two were parted loving well
Hope and joy too long deferred—
Of this did'st thou weeping tell.

See'st thou not my weary wings
 Beat against each cruel bar?
 Happy heart that gaily sings,
 Gladdest lark that soars afar!

Hear'st thou that bird's sad note
 From the green old forest tree?
 On the summer air doth float,
 Wailings of my love for me!

And my ditty loud and shrill
 Seemed by thee all wild delight,
 For the melody doth fill
 Room and house till day takes flight.

Ah! this strain so sweet and clear
 Is my last, my dying lay;
 And 'tis for my love to hear
 As she mourneth far away.

ELLYS EARLE.

A JUST DECISION.—One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three. "I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at —," said the officer.—"I have sat as judge twenty years in R—," said the judge.—"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at M—," said the minister.—"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five-and-twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

LITTLE KATIE.

Do you know my bonnie Katie?
 Little treasure,
 Flinging o'er my sombre pathway
 All its pleasure.

Do you know her lissome figure,
 Light and airy?
 Skipping hither, dancing thither
 Like a fairy.

Have you heard the gleesome patter
 Of her feet,
 Scattering through all the household
 Music sweet?

Seen her face, while deepest mystery
 Holds its sway,
 As she at my home returning
 Hides away?

And the sudden raid upon me
On the stair?
And the spring into my bosom,
Nestling there?

Then the glance to take in fully
My surprise;
Then the trilling laugh, like bird-notes
Near the skies.

Better, far, though you should see her
When I'm weary
Of the turmoil of this journey,
Long and dreary;

How her little dimpled fingers
Stroke my hand,
Soothing many a sorrow, she can't
Understand.

How her mother's eyes beam on me
Sweet and fair,
From beneath the golden glory
Of her hair.

How she murmurs words which comfort
By each tone—
Words which seem quite half her mother's,
Half her own.

I have often thought while gazing
On her thus,
That her mother's spirit surely
Was with us.

Else who teaches to my darling
Such wise ways?
Else how can her childish eyes give
Such a gaze?

And there's more than gentle soothing
Often given,
For her angel glances raise my
Thoughts to Heaven.

So I trust my dead wife's last gift,
Little Kate,
May at last lead my tired steps to
Heaven's gate.

STONEY.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"After the night—the day !
 After the darkness—dawn !
 Trust to the sun's bright ray,
 Though for awhile withdrawn !"

So sings a tuneful bard,—
 Well, perhaps, so to do ;
 Poets, when ill press hard,
 Hearts from despair may woo.

Yet 'tis not always here
 Happiness follows woe ;
 Some in the brighter sphere
 Only relief may know.

Often the "weary and worn,"
 In the black night of care,
 Here look in vain for a morn
 Waiting them only there !

Born in that medium state
 Sages declare the best—
 Where soberest pleasures wait,
 Where truest comforts rest—

Years of *two lives* were pass'd
 Under a cheering sun ;
 Few were the clouds that cast
 (Earth is a heaven to none)

Gloom o'er their path, and when
 Awhile they did intervene,
 'Twas but to leave again,
 Bright as before, the scene.

But in this "vale of tears"
 No flowers amaranthine bloom ;
 Often the good of years
 For direst ill makes room.

God, with His sovereign hand,
 Did their possessions blight ;—
 Took from them health and land,
 Much that did erst delight ;

Left them to strive alone
 With hardship—unrelieved
 By "friends" they had joyed to own,
 "Friends" they had ne'er aggrieved.

Still, in His boundless love,
 Gave them the grace to look
 Up to His court above,
 Into His holy Book,
 Clouds might obscure earth's sky,
 Ne'er could the soul despond,
 Fixing an earnest eye
 Full on *the light beyond*,—
 Light of which not one ray
 Is "for awhile withdrawn;"
 Ever the noon of day—
 No eve—no night—no dawn.
 There, with adoring eyes,
 Now they behold his face:
 Earth was for tears and sighs—
 Heaven is their resting-place!

CHARACTAGUS.

WISHING.

Wishing cannot call back into being
 The sunlight and the flow'rs;
 The shattered hopes and vanished dreams revive
 Of youth's unclouded hours.
 Wishing cannot stay our joys from fading,
 Or guard from sorrow's breath;
 Never brings back those idols cherished,
 Torn from our grasp by Death.
 Ah! vainly the voice of longing sigheth
 For lov'd ones pass'd away;
 No tender prayers, no tears restore them,
 Till Death hath no more sway.
 If our wishes could bring love and gladness,
 Earth might be Paradise;
 And towards our *true*, blest home in heaven,
 Our weak hearts would not ride.

HOPE DOUGLAS.

A SISTER.—He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom more sluggishly, or if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes

of manhood. "That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady, of much observation and experience, remark.—"And why do you think so?" said I.—"Because of the rich development of all the tenderer and more refined feelings of the heart which is so apparent in every action, in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the genial influences which moved him in his earlier years.

WINTER.

The mellow light of Autumn hath gone by ;
 The gentle flowers have sickened and decayed ;
 While chilling winds with moaning sounds are nigh,
 From northern shores where thy round icebergs played,
 Now, with their icy breath no longer stayed,
 Come rushing on with hollow shriek and blast,
 Or moan through leafless trees with wailing sound ;
 While laughing streams are silent—bound at last,
 And on the listening ear no sound of joy is cast.

The earth, who lately smiled in conscious pride
 With wealth of gorgeous flowers in her hand,
 Doth now, with snow and ice round her, abide
 Shorn of the loveliness that made her fair ;
 Forlorn and desolate, she waiteth there
 The coming of the blithe and sunny Spring,
 To wake with gladsome voice her loveliest things—
 The ornaments of earth with her to bring,
 While she with merry heart abroad her gifts doth fling.

Stern Winter, in his icy robe of snow,
 Sitting 'mid icicles in chill array,
 Doth give a type, as seasons come and go,
 Of a bright holy resurrection day,
 When, 'neath the fair resplendent ray
 Of the eternal morn, earth's human flowers
 Shall rise in the bright image of their Lord,
 And spend from age to age the holy hours ;
 For aye, secure in heaven's celestial bowers.

SO WEARY.

Father, I am very weary of this my lonely life—
Its carking little cares and troublous strife.
Is there no rest for Thy dear children here?
Must we ever tread in trembling and in fear?

Must no bright sunshine cheer our way to Heaven?
Must we always have our dearest hopes here riven?
Must we grope our way, and clouds beset us round,
Until our eyes grow dim, and we cannot see the ground?

Thick darkness closes round us, we—do not look above;
We cannot trust our Saviour's care, we do not trust His love;
We have not always what we wish, and then we faint and cry,
"O Lord! Thou hast forsaken us, and we shall surely die."

But His kind arm is round us—He will not let us fall;
He sees our troubles, every one—He hears our faintest call;
He sends us trials here below to draw us nearer Him;—
Oh, that we could trust His love, and strive to conquer sin!

Sometimes 'tis very hard, in this our daily strife,
To feel in these our trials the needful discipline of life—
To feel we must go through them until our journey's end—
To know in earth's fierce struggles our lives we are to spend.

If we put our trust in Him who died our souls to save—
Died to rescue us from death and from the darksome grave—
We shall a purer life here tread, and happier by far
Will be our crushed, worn spirits, though they very weary are.

If we think what Christ has suffered to save our sinful race—
How they drove the nails into Him, and spat on His dear face,
How they reviled and mocked Him,—oh! scoffers, will ye say
That ye do not believe in Him? Oh, turn to Him to-day.

For our Saviour dear is waiting, with outstretched arms and kind,
To fold us in His fond embrace, if only we will find
The way our path on earth to tread, and all our sins forgiven,
To join His own bright angels there, and be with Him in Heaven.

ELTON EARNSCLIFF.



“THE GRAVE.”

THE
FAMILY FRIEND.

DECEMBER, 1866.

WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD
CŒUR-DE-LION.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEFEAT OF THE RIOTERS.*



HE victorious insurgents experienced a sudden check to their impetuous progress when they arrived at the foot of the hill near Newgate. Assistance had been procured from the Tower, and Fitzalwyne had collected together as many of the loyal citizens as was possible in so short a space of time. When Fitz-Osbert surveyed the formidable array of the Mayor's forces, an ominous shadow passed over his face, and he ordered his excited followers to halt. It was not an easy task to control the movements of the maddened and clamorous multitude pressing around him. Although they outnumbered the military by hundreds, it was impossible to use the rebel citizens effectively against the trained and well armed horsemen in their front, and if they retreated to the narrow streets, their greater number would give them but little advantage. Fitz-Osbert fully comprehended the difficulty of his position; but he also knew the danger of hesitation, and when he looked at the eager faces of his followers, he resolved at once to lead them on to the attack while they were yet inspired by the enthusiasm of victory. A loud yell of savage triumph greeted their leader's command to "press forward," and Fitzalwyne's party responded with a loud cry of execration as they beheld the heads of their slain comrades swaying to and fro in

the midst of the advancing rebels. They rushed forward on the furious multitude thirsting for revenge, and the air was rent by the awful crash and the shrill wail of the collision. For a few moments the great crowd appeared to waver and break up before the heavy rush of the cavalry, but one after another the herdsman were hurled from their horses by the strong arms of the citizens and fell ponderously in their massive armour. Encouraged by every such success, the rebels recovered from their first shock of the attack and hurried forward more furiously than ever. Fitz-Osbert was foremost in the strife, dealing blows right and left with a heavy axe. His long black beard tossing about with the rapid evolutions of the struggle, his dark flashing eyes, and his strange stooping figure made him a conspicuous object among the heaving and tossing crowd of combatants. Around him the soldiers pressed with frantic energy. They knew that a price was on his head, and they fought desperately to hem him in and separate him from his followers. Their efforts met with but little success. The terrible blows of his battle-axe cleaved and shattered their armour, and already five or six sturdy men, well trained to arms, had fallen crushed and lifeless at his feet. At last, however, an opportunity occurred. Fitz-Osbert's foot slipped on the gory ground, and he stumbled over the dead body of a follower. In an instant a dozen swords were raised to despatch him.

"Surrender thee, Longbeard!" cried a stalwart knight, who had closely pressed the rebel leader throughout the contest.

"Not yet," muttered Fitz-Osbert, raising himself on one knee and dexterously warding off the blows aimed at his head.

"Not yet, for *her* sake," cried a stern voice close behind, and a knight, with a strange crest and with his visor down, sprang at the foremost assailant, and smote him to the earth. Fitz-Osbert leaped to his feet, and, with his new ally, broke through his astonished opponents and rejoined the citizens, who were showing an inclination to retreat. The re-appearance of their leader, accompanied by the valiant stranger, whose prowess was even greater than that which Fitz-Osbert had displayed, filled the insurgents with new courage, and they again gathered themselves together, and pushed vigorously forward. All their efforts were, however quite ineffectual against the discipline and steadiness of the force opposed to them. The first body of cavalry had hurled them-

selves madly among the crowd; but Fitzalwyne disposed of his forces judiciously, and kept reserves in readiness, anticipating the moment when they might be used with advantage. Two hours' hard fighting found the insurgents much reduced in numerical strength, and less ardent in their onsets. This seemed to the Mayor the right moment for availing himself of his reserves, and he ordered them to the front. Fresh, and ready for their work of slaughter, they fell upon the multitude with loud shouts of victory, and Fitz-Osbert tried in vain to rally his followers. Retreat was now the inevitable course of the rebels, and to prevent it from becoming an abject flight, Fitz-Osbert and his mysterious ally, surrounded by a few stout adherents, protected the rear of their undisciplined partisans.

On reaching the narrow thoroughfares within Ludgate, the rioters sought shelter in the houses and hurled missiles from the windows at Fitzalwyne's victorious partisans. In several places houses were set on fire by the enraged soldiers, and great columns of smoke curled upwards, increasing the terror of the citizens and inflaming the fury of Fitz-Osbert's followers. Fitz-Osbert and his mysterious companion, however, endeavoured vainly to make a stand, or to rally the retreating crowd. The soldiers were armed with crossbows, and maintained a continuous discharge of bolts. How Fitz-Osbert escaped these deadly missiles none could understand. He seemed to possess a charmed life. Again and again the horsemen rushed forward to capture him, and again and again his remarkable agility and the heroic courage of his comrade baffled their attempts. When he looked round, as he frequently did, in the hope of saving his followers from the immediate disasters of a complete rout, he was greatly distressed to observe how rapid their number was diminishing. Anxious to save themselves from the destruction which now appeared certain, many of them fled down the narrow lanes on either side of the street, and concealed themselves as best they could from their merciless pursuers.

"The day is lost," said the brave stranger.

"I fear it is," replied Fitz-Osbert.

"We must seek some place to make a stand," continued the stranger.

"It is too late," muttered the citizen lawyer between his clenched teeth, at the same moment warding a blow from the mace of one of the soldiers who now pressed them closely.

The stranger drew back, raised himself in his stirrups, and swinging his long and heavy sword in the air, dashed at the foremost soldier and smote him to the earth. Another and another fell before his powerful arm and desperate energy, and for a brief moment the confusion was spread through the advancing ranks. Taking advantage of this, the stranger and Fitz-Osbert turned their horses' heads and galloped away, hotly pursued by the soldiers. Some of their more active and faithful partisans followed them on foot. They hurried along Cheapside and did not pause until they arrived at Fitz-Osbert's house. There was no time for consultation, not a moment for hesitation, and the stranger seemed to anticipate Fitz-Osbert's thought when they reached the door of his house. "Leave her to me," he exclaimed. "To the church! to the church! I will bring her there."

Fitz-Osbert had good reason to be confident in the prowess of his gallant ally, and rushed at once into the portals of Bow Church, followed by about half-a-dozen rioters, who were resolved to die rather than desert their leader. Fitzalwyne's party were hurrying forward to finish their day's victory, and raised a loud shout of triumph when they beheld the miserable remnant of rioters retreat into the church. At the same instant the stalwart knight who had fought so well by Fitz-Osbert's side, was seen to run from the citizen lawyer's house, bearing a woman in his arms. There was a hurried movement to intercept him, but he sprang towards the church and disappeared within the shadow of the doorway with a speed that appeared almost supernatural.

A yell of rage arose from the soldiers as they beheld the knight reappear at the entrance of the church and close the massive doors in the face of his pursuers. The scene inside the sacred edifice when the last bolt had been driven into its place, and the great iron bars securely fastened across the oaken doors was strangely impressive. Fitz-Osbert retreated to the altar, and at his feet they placed the apparently lifeless form of Nelly. His friends gathered round him and awaited in silence to hear the will of their leader.

The chivalrous stranger stood at some distance, leaning on his blood-stained sword. "Good neighbours," said Fitz-Osbert, it is the will of God that the good purpose for which we have taken up arms shall not be accomplished by our devotion. We have seen our

faithful friends fall [around us to-day—martyrs in the sacred cause of liberty. It may be our lot to join them soon in that eternal kingdom where the selfish tyranny and the cruel malice of the world cannot enter. It may be that by the desperate course we have this day chosen, we shall have gained a liberty far more lasting than any the world can establish. It may be that we shall ere long assemble together where there reigns a sweeter peace than any we could hope for here. The wanton wretches who are thirsting for our blood will not hesitate to desecrate this holy building to satiate their cruel vengeance. Hark! they are battering at the doors! They are resolved to break in. I am content to end my life, sword in hand fighting with my last breath in the sacred cause of freedom. If there be any here who are willing to do the same let them step up by my side, and let those who deem the few remaining years of life worth bartering for, seek some refuge whence they may go forth and claim the mercy of our enemies.”

There was a pause.

Slowly and solemnly, with faces pale and determined, the little group of stalwart men ascended the steps of the altar and placed themselves silently by the side of Fitz-Osbert.

The tall, and stately stranger did not move. The light streaming through one of the narrow windows flashed on his bright armour, but it was impossible to recognize his features, covered as they were by the steel bars of his visor.

Fitz-Osbert looked at the knight as if awaiting some explanation; but none was offered.

“To whom, Sir Knight,” he said at last, “have we to offer our humble gratitude for the valorous assistance we have so unexpectedly received at your hands this day?”

“To your daughter,” replied the Knight.

“My daughter!”

“Aye, your daughter,” replied the stranger. “When thoughtless vengeance, such as now thunders at yonder trembling doors, would have robbed me of life, your daughter came like some good, gentle angel, and rescued me from the cruel hands of my enemy. For her sake I am here to-day, and for her sake I will stand by you to the last.”

Fitz-Osbert started as he recognized the voice of Sir Hugh de Danedred.

"You are too brave and noble," said Fitz-Osbert, advancing to Sir Hugh, "to be sacrificed in such a cause as this. You have done good service to-day. Further help is useless. Is there no means by which you may escape?"

"None," replied Sir Hugh calmly, "I have cast my lot with yours, and we will fight our way from hence, or perish together. See the door is giving way! Let us retire to the tower, they dare not follow us there——"

The great beams of oak were at that moment rent asunder amid the yells of the crowd without. Sir Hugh seized Nelly in his arms and led the way up a narrow ladder into the bell tower. Fitz-Osbert and his friends quickly followed.

The ascent was by no means easy, the ladder led to a kind of landing on which another ladder rested, leading to the top of the tower, in which there was a large chamber. They could hear the wood-work of the doors splitting wider under the heavy blows of the besiegers, and they knew that their temporary escape entirely depended on reaching the first landing before the besiegers could arrive at the foot of the ladder. The last man had just stepped on the landing, when with a loud crash the doors were heard to fall in, and a shout of mad triumph rang through the building. Fitz-Osbert and his followers grasped the ladder and with a desperate effort dragged it up on the platform before they were discovered. The ascent of the second ladder was less hurried, for in spite of all the threats and imprecations of the furious soldiery below they knew that they were comparatively safe. Nelly, whose nerves had been completely unstrung by the terrible sight and the yet more terrible sounds of the strife, gradually recovered under the influence of the cold breeze that swept through the openings of the tower. Some moments, however, elapsed before she could understand where she was.

The warm blood rushed into her face, and her beautiful blue eyes lighted up with a sudden gleam of joy when she found Sir Hugh bending over her.

"Have you come to die with me?" she asked, clasping his blood stained hands.

"If God ordains it, Nelly," answered Sir Hugh gravely.

"But cannot we escape?" asked Nelly, looking anxiously at her father.

"Impossible!" replied Fitz-Osbert folding his arms with an air of solemn resignation.

"Not impossible!" said Sir Hugh, putting his hand on the hilt of his sword. I have fought my way through sturdier fellows than these below.

While he was speaking a loud cheer was raised by the noisy crowd, and looking into the street below Fitz-Osbert observed some of Fitz-alwyn's party bearing a ladder into the church. He communicated this to Sir Hugh.

"Leave them to me," exclaimed the young baron, and urging all of them to remain perfectly silent, he crept down the ladder to the first landing, and, concealing himself behind a projection in the wall, quietly awaited the result.

With shouts and oaths the crowd below fixed the ladder against the platform and began to ascend. Sir Hugh did not move until the helmet of the foremost man appeared, then springing from his place of concealment, and casting his sword aside, he gripped the ladder with both hands and hurled it back against the opposite wall with such violence that the greater part of those who were climbing up fell headlong below. Again the ladder was replaced, and archers were ranged to cover the attack. Sir Hugh picked up his heavy sword, and utterly regardless of the arrows that glanced off his armour and split against the wall behind him, he advanced to the edge of the platform and struck at the ladder with his ponderous sword. The fellows who were half-way up hesitated to proceed, and Sir Hugh took the advantage of their fears to repeat his blows until the ladder broke, and fell against the wall several feet below. Leaving Fitzalwyne's followers to their rage and disappointment, he returned to the anxious group in the chamber above. They had heard all and seen part of the strange contest, and they instinctively regarded Sir Hugh as their leader.

"They will try the same means again," said Fitz-Osbert.

"If they try a hundred times," replied Sir Hugh, "we may easily defeat their purpose. One man may defend this tower against hundreds, unless they use fire or batter down the walls. I have seen places less easily defended hold out against far greater odds."

Sir Hugh spoke with the excitement of one to whom scenes of strife were familiar, and the enthusiasm of his manner inspired Fitz-Osbert and his companions with a faint hope that some mode of escape might yet be devised.

"They will never dare to fire this sacred building," said Fitz-Osbert. He had scarcely uttered the words, when great shouts below attracted his attention. Sir Hugh ran down to the lower platform to see the cause, and quickly returned with the terrible news that they were placing stacks of wood below for the purpose of firing the tower.

"We must yield at once," said Fitz-Osbert, looking at his daughter, "for her sake we must yield."

"Father," cried Mary, "if there is a chance of saving yourself, do not throw it away for me, I am quite prepared to die. We will meet again, when all this wicked work is over—we will meet again, dear father, in Heaven." She looked very beautiful standing there resigned to her fate, and strong in the faith of God's help. Still more beautiful she looked when her face suddenly beamed with a new thought, and putting her hand eagerly on her father's shoulder she said, "I know how to save you. I will go down to Fitzalwyne myself—they will not dare to use their weapons against a defenceless woman, and I will plead for our lives."

Sir Hugh looked at Mary with astonishment and admiration. He did not approve, however, of the proposal. The coarse and horrible threats of the soldiers led him to expect but little respect for her sex and innocence. Fitz-Osbert had more faith in the influence of his child, but cared not to sue for mercy from the tyrants against whom he had declared open hostility.

Nelly's resolution was not shaken by the objections of Sir Hugh, and her father, nor by the entreaties of the brave men who had determined to perish by her father's side; she advanced towards the ladder and began to descend. Sir Hugh and Fitz-Osbert followed. When she reached the lower rounds of the ladder, and before she came in sight of the crowd Sir Hugh held her back, and calling all the little party together, bade them stand ready and follow him when he gave the signal; then he allowed her to go. The clamour of voices suddenly ceased when she appeared on the platform. There were hard and cruel hearts below, but the hardest of them all was

softened by the calm, brave look of the beautiful girl, as she stood there resolved to face their fury. Sir Hugh advanced to her side, and with the assistance of one of Fitz-Osbert's companions, the ladder which they had dragged up after them in their retreat was lowered without opposition.

"They yield! they yield!" shouted the soldiers; and one of the officers attempted to clear a space for the proper reception of the captives.

Boldly and firmly Nelly descended the ladder, and begged to be conducted into Fitzalwyne's presence.

"Thou'lt go there soon enough," said the officer, producing a cord and preparing to fasten Nelly's hands.

"Can I not go now?" asked Nelly quietly.

"Not till thy fellow birds come down from their roosting in yonder tower," said the fellow, proceeding to draw the cords tightly round her delicate wrists.

The insulting jeers which followed this remark stung Sir Hugh to the quick, and seizing a huge beam of timber that stood against the wall he hurled it down on the men immediately under the ladder and gave the signal for the descent. Notwithstanding his heavy armour he bounded lightly to the ground, closely followed by Fitz-Osbert and the others. His long sword glanced over his head and fell to the right and left with a force that seemed to sweep all before it. In an instant, the rascal who was binding Nelly's hands fell to the ground, stunned and gashed by that terrible blade. He lifted Nelly in his arms and rushed towards the door. Fitz-Osbert and his companions were closely pressed, but they fought desperately, and were rapidly forcing their way out of the church, when a loud cry of pain burst from Nelly's lips, and Sir Hugh was seen to reel and fall with his burden. They fought their way to the spot, and in doing so two of Fitz-Osbert's followers fell mortally wounded. A few moments of frantic wrestling, and the surging and heaving of the maddened crowd subsided. The loud wail of strife ceased, and the soldiers and citizens made way for the prisoners. Fitz-Osbert went first, bound with cords, two of his faithful adherents followed, and then Sir Hugh and Nelly. Every eye was fixed on Sir Hugh as he walked with his head hanging over his broad breast, his crest broken, and his armour blood-stained, between six sturdy soldiers armed with

pikes. Then followed Nelly, borne in the arms of two rough men, her white robe wet with blood, and her face calm and beautiful in death. An arrow had pierced her fair breast, and her spirit had gone to join the angel through she so often pictured in her sweet dreams of another world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRISON—THE GRAVE—THE END.

Cold grey walls, the stones of which were monotonously regular, a cold stone floor; a small window protected by a stout iron bar, a massive door studded with nails, and crossed and recrossed by bands of iron, an arched roof glistening with moisture, a small wooden bench, and a bed of dried fern leaves, constitute all the items of the scene to which we must now conduct our readers.

This little drama is drawing—or dragging to an end. Sir Hugh de Danedred has been the solitary occupant of this cheerless apartment for several months. His handsome face, which was wont to beam with so much manly vivacity, is now sadly changed. The fire in his dark eyes has been quenched, and a pale, unhealthy hue has settled on his brow. Sorrow has been gnawing at his heart, and her sister Melancholy has poured her drowsy influence over his brain. In one long dream the young Crusader has spent his days and nights within the narrow limits of his cell. For hours he has sat with his face buried in his hands, dreaming of the past, and holding imaginary conversation with Nelly. Her large blue eyes, her wild golden hair, and her graceful form rise before him with all the vividness of reality.

In this attitude he was sitting one morning, when the grating of the heavy bolts, and the gruff voice of the warder awakened him from his reverie.

“Not sleeping, Sir Hugh?” asked the man kindly.

“I’m not sleeping,” replied the Crusader with a sigh, “but I was dreaming of a scene rather more cheerful than this. Have you brought the warrant?”

“Art thou in such great haste to die that thou wilt still persist in asking me that same question every time I visit thee? Cheer up my

lord—I have better news—thou may'st yet see the blue sky, and feel the warm sun. Here is a messenger from the king. Aye, a most welcome messenger."

"My lord," said Walrick, rushing up to his master and clasping his hand with honest affection.

"Walrick!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, with a sudden gleam of pleasant recollection, which as suddenly subsided. "Alas I have done with jesters now."

"Thou hast *done without* them for some months, my lord," replied Walrick, somewhat pained on observing, the changed appearance of his master, "and thou art not improved by their absence."

"I am of too serious a mood, Walrick. Thy fooling will no longer move me. Pray be gone."

"Because thy fool cannot move thee, thou would'st move thy fool. But what if thy fool can move thee to more than mirth—what if he can move thee from this unsavoury habitation to—freedom and the world. Here is a note from the Lion Heart wherein he does pardon thy offence in remembrance of thy service at Acre."

Sir Hugh rose to his feet and grasped Walrick's hand in silent gratitude. Amid all his sorrow, the love of freedom, and the desire to breathe the free air still remained within him, and so intense was this new and most unexpected joy, that he waited not to inquire by what means his fool had obtained the boon.

The ceremony of release was soon over, and Sir Hugh stepped out into the open air with the feeling of one who was beginning a new life. His first desire was to ascertain the fate of Fitz-Osbert and his friends.

Three human heads on the summit of long poles placed over the postern gate of the Tower were pointed out to him by Walrick, and he was shocked to discover that the centre one belonged to Fitz-Osbert.

He walked along for some distance occupied by the gloomy thoughts which the ghastly sight recalled. It was a long time before he could summon enough courage to ask about Nelly. That she was dead he knew, for the cold, deathly touch of her lips still seemed like an icy drop on his face. He had stooped over her body and snatched a hasty farewell amid the crowd of the justice-room.

Walrick spared his master the trouble of much inquiry, for, leading

him to the open space beside the Priory of Holy Trinity, he pointed out a grave marked by a large white stone, and left him to his own meditations.

From that day forth the little bank of green and the large white stone formed the sacred shrine of frequent pilgrimage. Every day about sunset Sir Hugh was seen standing there in solemn reverie. And when after years had passed away, he found a new comfort, a new hope, a new life in the deep, warm love of Mary de Lawnford, he still remembered the hallowed spot. Often in the bright summer time a stately cavalcade would halt at the gates of the Priory of Holy Trinity, and Sir Hugh de Danedred, accompanied by his wife, Mary, and by Broadhart, the priest, was seen planting flowers on Nelly's grave.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE POETS.



HERE is nothing to fix the exact date at which the commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ settled into an institution of the Church. By some it has been said that the observance of this feast began as early as about the year A.D. 68; and it would seem that Telesphorus, who flourished a century after this date, ordered divine service to be performed, with the singing of an angelic hymn, on the eve of the Nativity. The Emperor Dioclesian, who publicly abdicated in the year 304, amongst the incidents of his inveterate persecution of the Christians, on one occasion caused a church to be fired in which a congregation had met in honour of the Nativity, and consumed them together with the sacred building in which they were assembled.

Commemorations of the Nativity, if desultory ones, are thus shown to have taken place before the time of Constantine. But it was only about the period of his reign, and probably owing to his encouragement, that the natural tendency to the observation of this festival developed into a fixed celebration that promised to become at once catholic and perpetual. The comparatively late date at which the honour of general recognition was paid to Christmas, was owing in part to the fact that the early Church directed its attention to the public ministry of our Lord, rather than to the incidents of His birth, childhood, or even His manhood, so long as that was spent in retirement and preparation merely. Thus St. Chrysostom observes that "not the day of our Saviour's birth, but the day of his baptism, is to be regarded as his manifestation."

The institution of the festival of the Nativity in the fourth century has been variously, and, sometimes, rather capriciously accounted for. It has been derived by some persons from the Jewish feast of the Dedication, which Judas Maccabeus ordained after he had cleansed the sanctuary from the pollutions of the discomfited heathen, and had set up a new and purer altar for the service of the Lord. "Now, on the five-and-twentieth day of the ninth month (which is called

the month Caslen) in the hundred forty and eighth year, they (Judas and his friends) rose up betimes in the morning, and offered sacrifice according to the law, upon the new altar of burnt offerings, which they had made. Look at what time and what day the heathen had profaned it, even in that was it dedicated with songs and citherns, and harps, and cymbals. Then all the people fell upon their faces, worshipping and praising the God of heaven who had given them good success. And so they kept the dedication of the altar eight days, and offered burnt-offerings with gladness, and sacrificed the sacrifice of deliverance and praise. They decked also the forefront of the temple with crowns of gold, and with shields; and the gates and the chambers they renewed, and hanged doors upon them. Thus was there very great gladness among the people, for that the reproach of the heathen was put away. Moreover Judas and his brethren, with the whole congregation of Israel, ordained that the days of the dedication of the altar should be kept in their season from year to year, by the space of eight days, from the five and twentieth day of the month Caslen, with mirth and gladness." (1 Maccabees iv. 52—59). This narrative is substantially repeated in 2 Maccabees x. 1—8; and the evangelist St. John has an allusion to this feast. "And it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, *and it was winter.*" (St. John x. 22). We have italicised the last few words because it will be inferred from what is almost immediately to be mentioned as to the uncertainty of the day or the month in which the birth of Christ really took place, that a very colourable argument is found in them for identifying the feast of Christmas with that of the Dedication.

But there are other hypotheses. One of these is that the festival of the Nativity is a Christianized perpetuation of the heathen Saturnalia, during which an attempt was made to recall in practice the peaceful glory of the age of gold. Presents were interchanged amongst friends; feuds were forgotten; criminals were reprieved; war was postponed, and business suspended; and pleasure and license reigned supreme. The Saturnalia were celebrated on the sixteenth, the seventeenth, or the eighteenth of December; and it does not exclude the supposition of the Jewish origin of the observance of the Nativity, to imagine that some heathen practices were engrafted upon its celebration. Neither, if we may trust the

reasoning of Hooker, and Bishop Andrewes, would such a twofold derivation attain the lustre of its sanctity? * Mr. Riddle, who mentions the above amongst other more purely conjectural derivations of Christmas celebration, remarks that after all, "the institution may, perhaps, be sufficiently explained by the circumstance, that it was the taste of that age (the fourth century) to multiply festivals, and that the analogy of the events in our Saviour's history, which had already been marked by a distinct celebration, may naturally have pointed out the propriety of marking His nativity with the same honourable distinction. It was celebrated with all the marks of respect usually bestowed upon high festivals; and distinguished also by the custom, derived probably from heathen antiquity, of interchanging presents and making entertainments." (*Manual of Christian Antiquities*.)

The precise day, or even the month, in which took place the birth of Christ, has not been conclusively ascertained. Clement, of Alexandria, tells us that some persons referred this gladly-momentous event to the sixteenth of May. Others, again, assuming from the time of year that would be convenient for a general taxation, such as took place at the nativity of Christ, and also from the fact of shepherds keeping a nightly watch over their flocks at the time of its occurrence, have concluded it probable that it happened in one of the autumn months, say in September or October.

Be this as it may, the festival of the Nativity was first celebrated in the East on the sixth of January. In the latter part of the fourth, and the beginning of the fifth centuries, this date was appropriated to the commemoration of the baptism of Jesus, whilst His birth was honoured, as now, on the twenty-fifth of December. The orientals only gradually adopted the latter date; and it was not until the sixth century that the whole Christian world became unanimous in observing the feast of the Nativity on the same day.

The consolidating of the festival in the fourth century led to the adoption of a "three-fold cycle of sacred seasons, by which the personal history of our Saviour was represented in a kind of chronological order."† The first of these cycles is that of the

* "A Learned Discourse of Ceremonies retained and used in Christian Churches."

† Riddle's "Christian Antiquities."

Nativity, or Christmas, commencing with the first Sunday in Advent, and terminating with the Epiphany (January sixth); the second is the cycle of Easter; and the third is the cycle of Whitsuntide.

It is proper at this stage of our progress to sketch lightly the topics about which the Christmas Muse is religiously conversant. In an article entitled "Advent with the Poets," published in the "Churchman's Family Magazine" for December, 1865, we took the opportunity of showing how the metrical aspirations of Heathendom had furnished us with at least one genuine Advent hymn; and that the expectation of the coming of Christ was not limited to the line of direct revelation. But the hymns or songs of Christmas can have no such duplicity or twofoldness. The hopes both of the Hebrew and the Greek centred in fact, if unconsciously, in one and the same person. A Jew who recognised Jesus of Nazareth as bearing the *tessera* of his national predictions, and the Gentile who recognised Christ as bearing the *tessera* of his own vaguer hopes, respectively spiritualized his Judaism and vacated his heathenhood by the very fact of such recognition. Every follower of Christ, from the mere circumstance of his hearty adherence, is a mystical child of Abraham, and an inheritor of Messianic promises and prophecies. We crave two sentences to indicate broadly the course of these.

A vague hope springs up to the dispossessed of Eden that a future victory over the Tempter will accrue to the seed of the woman; a hope which by successive limitations is found narrowing itself to the descendants of Shem, of Abraham, of Israel, of Judah, and finally of David. The seed of the woman is announced as Shiloh Prince of Peace; as a Prophet like unto Moses; as the Lord no less than the Son of David; as a Priest no less than a sacrifice, until prophecy does its utmost in the more precise evangelical predictions of such seers as Isaiah, much of whose wondrous imagery our own Pope has grouped together in his well-known "sacred relique," entitled "Messiah," and first published in the "Spectator" for May 14th, 1712. This poem, it may be remarked in passing, was professedly written in imitation of Virgil's "Pollio," which itself was almost certainly an adaptation from the inspired bard whose lips had been touched with a live coal from off the altar of God.

An unfailing store of topics is thus opened up to the Christmas poet. There is a song in every promise; a lay in every fulfilment; an ode in every dovetailing and combination.

The great fact, not of Christmas alone, but of all time—and relatively to the natives of our planet, of all eternity—is the fact of the Incarnation, the fact that God “took upon him the seed of Abraham,” and was in human form, Immanuel, God with us. The minute metaphysical and physiological speculations which originated in the circumstances of this neighbourhood of natures in the person of Christ gave to a large extent a particular complexion to ancient heresies, and a particular character to ancient hymnology. The Incarnation is the settlement, so far as it can be understood or appreciated by mortal intellect, of the long-veiled question of the relation of the human to the Divine. It is the apotheosis of our race; which, before it, either humbly trusting in an announced—or else wearying itself in orphan-like speculations on a possible—Fatherhood, rose, in it, to apprehend the idea of a very *Brotherhood* of God. Doctrinally the Incarnation defined the quality and the limits of the Fall of man, and the depravity of his nature. The Fall was not utter in the strongest and ultimate sense of that word; for there was the possibility of recovery. The depravity was not hopeless—not inveterate or ingrained enough to shut out the nature of man from affinity to the nature of God. These were still so much one that at least they could co-exist in a joint occupation of the same tabernacle of flesh. Man had not exiled himself beyond recall. The earth—*his* earth—tearful wanderer and alien as she had long been from the harmonious sisterhood of the stars, found herself returning from the error of her orbit to be invested with the Imperial crown of space, to be a centre of the universe, the realm and throne of a present God. Christ was the Word and the Wisdom in which a renewed *systematic* trinity—God, Man, Nature found expression. Universal harmony was, in the Logos, recovered or recoverable.

The series of contrasts arising from the juxtaposition of the Divine might with the weakness of infancy; of the Divine wealth with abject poverty; of the ALL with the least—these have ever been themes very dear to the heart of the Christmas poet, whether he has indulged himself in the popular, social, and half-secular carol, or confined himself, as we do now, to what is more strictly the utterances of the rejoicing soul. Apropos of this whole group of contrasts, many of which will be illustrated in our quotations, we are only careful at the moment to make our observation; and this shall be

apologetic of the manifestation of the Creator and Ruler of all things in the guise of weakness and abasement. The midsummer sun needs not to borrow from a taper the light wherewith to eke out his day, nor would he care to be supplemented by a firefly. The moon does not crave the crawling lamp of the worm, does not borrow from the sea its atom stars, or pray to be enlightened by the fitting fires of the swamp. The monarch does not envy the base palace of the snail; nor does the knight indued with plaited steel covet the mail of the wretched limpet. From less to greater—to all from nothing. How should God, upon the occasion of His incarnation, stoop to dignify, by His adoption, the poor pomp of His creature-world? Earth hath no state equal to the demands of Divine magnificence. Manhood is the best that earth can offer to her Ruler; and manhood is greater than its modes or accidents. .

'Tis thus all Godlike voices sing,
And have sung since the world began,
That it is more to be a man,
Than, being man, to be a king.

For nought save us beneath the skies—
Save us, and peers of our estate,
Is worshipful; and nought is great
Which it is greatness to despise.

Moreover, so far as we can see, it was only by the adoption of a life of poverty by Christ, that His religion could hope to be saved from becoming the honour and patent of a class, instead of being, as now, the glory and safety of a race. Had His kingdom been of this world, nay, had His fortunes been such as to have struck in any considerable degree upon the external senses, the Heaven of another life would inevitably have seemed to be the purchase of the wealth of this. Even as the facts at present stand, such a doctrine is not at all hard to discover amongst the phenomena of popular wrong-headedness. Such a doctrine is indeed a deplorable heresy: and one best to be confuted amongst the poor by the benevolent and sympathetic action of the rich.

Ephraim Syrus, a monk and deacon of the fourth century, who "was entitled," says Sozomen, "to the highest honours, and was the greatest ornament of the Church," was born at Nisibis, or in its immediate neighbourhood, in the first year of the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great. By force of natural talent and

power of application, he attained an easy mastery over the most abstruse theorems of philosophy. "His style of writing," to quote Sozomen again, "was so replete with splendid oratory and sublimity of thought that he surpassed all the writers of Greece." To his singular honour it is asserted that his works carried, undiminished, into a Greek translation, all the elegance, and nerve, and vigour of the original Syriac. Basil, bishop of the metropolis of Cappadocia, the most eloquent and learned man of his age, was accustomed to express his reverence and astonishment at the vastness of Ephraim's erudition. He is said to have written verses to the number of three hundred thousand. Some of the productions of his fecund genius were hymns on the Nativity. One of these is so grand in the simplicity of its character of a Divine idyll, that, although its length places it beyond our limits, we cannot pass it by without a short abstract. The author pictures all animated Nature assembling to pay homage to the infant Saviour; the shepherds bringing Him offerings from their flocks—"a lamb to the Paschal Lamb, to the First-born a first-born"—the lamb bleating its praises to Him whose coming as the Lamb of God proclaimed to lambs and oxen an immunity from sacrifice. The shepherds praise Him as the chief shepherd, who shall gather all into one fold; as the child older than Noah, and younger. As David once slew a lion to save a lamb, so, they say, the Son of David is born to destroy that ravening wolf who, in the beginning, slew Adam, then pastured as a stainless lamb in Paradise. Old men and ancient women throng out of the city of David with greetings; young men, maidens, wives and mothers, group around Him who has come to lend a sanction and sacredness to every relation of domestic and social life. Ephraim's treatment of his subject is nearly unique, and altogether idiosyncratic. On some other occasion we may hope to improve our acquaintance with him.

Cosmas, of Jerusalem, is the name of another poet of the Eastern Church, of whom, at some future opportunity, we hope to speak a little more fully. He is probably the most learned of the Greek ecclesiastical poets; and "his fondness for types," says the late Dr. Neale, "his boldness in their application, and his love of aggregating them, make him the oriental Adam of St. Victor." "His compositions are tolerably numerous; and he seems to have taken pleasure in competing with S. John Damascenes (his foster-brother)

as in the Nativity, the Epiphany, the Transfiguration, where the Canons of both are given." Cosmas, or St. Cosmas—for he was canonized, and his day commemorated by the Eastern Church on the 14th of October—was Bishop of Maiuma, near Gaza; a dignity to which he was reluctantly consecrated by John, Patriarch of Jerusalem. He died in a good old age about the year 760.

Cosmas has left a canon for Christmas Day, *ᾠὴς τῇν Θεογονίαν*, a long poem of which the original is given in Daniel's "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," and which is translated in the "Hymns of the Eastern Church." Of the several odes into which Dr. Neale has divided this poem, which he is inclined to think is, on the whole, the finest of all the canons of Cosmas. The first is as follows, prefixed by the opening lines of the original:—

*Χριστὸς γεννᾶται δοξάζατε,
Χριστὸς ἐξ οὐρανῶν, ἀπαντήσατε,
Χριστὸς ἐπὶ γῆς ὑψώθητε,*

Christ is born! Tell forth His fame!
Christ from Heaven! His love proclaim!
Christ on Earth! Exalt His Name;
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation!
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation!
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

Man, in God's own image made,
Man by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day CHRIST maketh him a new creation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

For the Maker, when his foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the Heavens, and came below,*
And, in the virgin's womb His dwelling making,
Became true MAN, man's very nature taking;
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

He, the Wisdom, WORD, and Might,
God, and Son, and light of light,
Undiscovered by the sight,
Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was, that we might Heaven inherit:
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

Our next representative poem is taken from a hymn-writer of the

* The reference is, of course, to Psalm xviii., 9: "He bowed the Heavens also and came down."

Latin church, and from a Latin original which may be consulted in Bæster's "Auswahl Altchristlicher Lieder;" in Daniel's "Thesaurus;" or, in a slightly varied form, in Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry." The author, Johannes Manbuonus, who was of the very latest of Mediæval hymnographers, was born at Brussels in 1460, and, after fulfilling several dignities in the church, died, abbot of the Cloister of Livry, in the neighbourhood of Paris, in 1502. The hymn in question is derived from the "Rosetum Spirituale," and taken from a longer poem of thirteen stanzas, commencing—

"Eja mea anima
Bethlehem eamus."

The three stanzas translated below have long formed a Christmas hymn, which was in favourite use in its original Latin, in the early reformed churches. It is now, Bæster informed us, to be met with in various protestant "Gesangbücher," in an old German version beginning with the line—

"Warum liegt im Krippelein "

which represents the "Hen! quid jares Stabulo" of Manbuonus. English versions are not of the rarest occurrence. We take one of the latest, done by Mr. Herbert Kynaston, from Mr. Orly Shippler's "Lyra Messianica."

Swathed, and feebly wailing,
Wherefore art Thou laid
All Thy Glory veiling
In the manger's shade?
King, and yet no royal
Purple decks Thy breast;
Courtiers mute and loyal
Bend not o'er Thy rest.

Sinner, here I sought thee,
Here I made my Home,
All my wrath I brought thee,
Vile am I become;
All Thy joys redressing
On my Birthday morn,
Give my GODHEAD's Blessing,
In a stable born.

Thousand, thousand praises,
Jesus, for Thy Love,
While my spirit gazes
With the host above;
Glory in the highest
For Thy wondrous birth,
Lowly where Thou liest,
Praise and Love on earth.

We quote a "Sonnet on the Nativity," translated by Mr. Edward Churton, in the "*Lyra Messianica*," from the Spanish of Luis de Gongora, a poet born at Cordova in 1562. He was of a very distinguished family; studied at Salamanca, took holy orders; was made chaplain to the king and prebendary of the Church of Cordova, in which preferment he died in 1687. In his life-time he published nothing. His posthumous works consist of Sonnets, Reliques, Heroic verses, a Comedy, a Tragedy, and Miscellanies; which have been often published with notes and commentaries equal to the pretensions of a poet whom the Spaniards partially reckon as the prince of all their poets:—

To hang transfix'd upon the bitter Cross,
 To bear Thy bleeding brows all pierc'd with thorn,
 For frail man's glory to abide foul scorn,
 And for his gain to welcome deepest loss—
 This was a hero's deed. But to be born
 In such poor abject lodging, such scant room,
 A doorless shed in icy blasts forlorn,
 So low to stoop. Who from such height didst come—
 Oh, what a choice was this, my sovereign LORD?
 What strength did GODHEAD to Thy cradle lend
 To bear that outrage of cold Winter's breath?
 Not more Thy bloody sweat, or body gored:
 For greater far the distance to descend,
 From GOD to MAN, than from poor MAN to DEATH.

As we turn to our own lyrists, we are proudly conscious of an inexhaustible wealth of Christmas verse. Proudly, and yet at present, rather embarrassing. We know how little room we have left for further quotations, and how countless a number of anthologies must be left without so much as mention or allusion; albeit some of these are amongst the chief glories of our literature. It is fortunate, however, that such poems as we have still to present do not demand words of introduction at our hands. "Asly George Herbert," for instance, may safely be trusted without comment to contribute his flower to our anthology. He thus sings of "Christmas

All after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tired, body and mind,
 With full cry of affections, quite astray;
 I took up in the next inn I could find.
 There when I came, whom found I but my dear,
 My dearest Lord, expecting till the grief
 Of pleasures brought me to Him, ready there
 To be all passengers' most sweet relief?

O Thou, whose glorious, yet contracted light,
 Wrapt in Night's mantle, stole into a manger;
 Since my dark soul and brutish is Thy right,
 To man of all beasts be not thou a stranger:

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou mayst have
 A better lodging, than a rack, or grave.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
 My God, no hymn for Thee?
 My soul's a shepherd too: a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is Thy words; the streams, Thy grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the daylight hours.
 Then we will chide the sun for letting night
 Take up his place and right;
 We sing one common Lord; wherefore He should
 Himself the candle hold.
 I will go searching, till I find a sun,
 Shall stay, till we have done;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-night suns look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay:
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till even his beams sing, and my music shine.

Robert Herrick, that jovial poet, and simple-hearted man who in his "Hesperides" sang—

"Of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
 Of April, May, of June and July flowers."

tuned his lyre with a sometimes amazing freshness and piquancy of devotion, for the accompaniment of his "Noble Numbers." The very soul of Herrick seemed one flower-bed; although a flower-bed from the corners of which a flaunting weed was not uniformly excluded. The following dewy poem is in keeping with the naive simplicity of his poetic genius and the devoutness of his religious inspiration. It is entitled:—

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

IN numbers, and but these few,
 I sing thy birth, oh JESU!
 Thou prettie babe, borne here,
 With superabundant scorn here;
 Who for Thy princely part here,
 Hadst for thy place
 Of birth, a base
 Out-stable for thy couch here.

Instead of real inclosures
 Of interwoven osiers ;
 Instead of fragrant posies,
 Of daffadills and roses,
 Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
 As gospell tells,
 Was nothing els,
 But here, a homely manger.

But we with silks, not cruells,
 With sundry precious jewells,
 And lilly-work will dress, thee
 And as we dispossesse thee
 Of clouds, wee'l make a chamber,
 Sweet babe, for thee,
 Of ivorrie,
 And plaisterd round with amber.

The Jewes, they did disdaine thee ;
 But we will entertaine thee
 With glories to await here,
 Upon thy princely state here,
 And more for love than pittie ;
 From yeare to yeare
 Wee'l make thee, here,
 A free-born of our citie.

Our next specimen is taken from the "Hymns and Songs of the Church," of the more sedate Wither. The author has prefixed to it, in that work, a prose abstract of the great Christmas doctrine, and an exhortation to the hospitality and charity of Christmas practice. "This day," he says, "is worthily dedicated to be observed in remembrance of the blessed Nativity of our Redeemer Jesus Christ: at which time it pleased the Almighty Father to send His only begotten Son into the world for our sakes; and by an unspeakable union to join in one person God and man, without confusion of natures, or possibility of separation. To express, therefore, our thankfulness, and the joy we ought to have in this love of God there hath been anciently, and is yet continued in England (above other countries), a neighbourly and plentiful hospitality in inviting, and (without invitation) receiving unto our well-furnished tables, our tenants, neighbours, friends, and strangers; to the honour of our nation, and increase of amity and free-hearted kindness among us. But, most of all, to the refreshing of the bowels of the poor, being the most Christian use of such festivals, which charitable and good English custom hath of late been seasonably re-advanced by his Majesty's * gracious care, in commanding our nobility and

* James the First.

gentry to repair (especially at such times) to their country mansions.

As on the night before this blessed morn
 A troop of Angels unto Shepherds told,
 Where in a stable He was poorly born,
 Whom nor the earth nor heavens can hold,
 Through Bethlehem rung,
 This news at their return ;
 Yea Angels sing,
 That *God with us* was born :
 And they made mirth because we should not mourn.

Chorus.

*Their angels caroll sing we then,
 To God on high all glory be ;
 For peace on earth bestoweth he
 And sheweth favour unto men.*

This favour Christ vouchsafeth for our sake ;
 To buy us thrones He in a manger lay ;
 Our weakness took, that we His strength might take,
 And was disrobed, that He might us array :
 Our flesh he wore,
 Our sin to wear away :
 That we escape it may ;
 And wept for us, that we might sing for aye.

*With Angels therefore sing again,
 To God on high all glory be ;
 For peace on earth bestowed he,
 And sheweth favour unto men.*

We select the following specimen from the "Seasonable" poems of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, called "Festival Hymns, celebrating the mysteries and chief festivals of the year, according to the manner of the ancient Church ; fitted to the fancy and devotion of the younger and pious persons, apt for memory and to be joined to their other prayers." It is the bishop's third hymn for Christmas, and has for its theme—

"CHRIST'S BIRTH IN AN INN."

The blessed virgin travail'd without pain,
 And lodged in an inn,
 A glorious star the sign,
 But of a greater guest than ever came that way ;
 For there He lay
 That is the God of night and day,
 And over all the powers of heaven doth reign.
 It was the time of great Augustus' tax,
 And then he comes
 That pays all sums,

Even the whole price of lost humanity.
 And sets us free
 From the ungodly emperie
 Of sin and satan, and of death.
 O make our hearts, blest God, thy lodging place,
 And in our breast
 Be pleased to rest,
 For thou lov'st temples better than an inn,
 And cause that sin
 May not profane the Deity within,
 And sully o'er the ornaments of grace.—Amen.

The poetic literature of America, so far as it combines vigour and originality of conception with correctness and beauty of expression, is the almost exclusive product of times subsequent to the Declaration of Independence. But since that event, and especially during the last and the present generations, America has made good her claims to be considered a fruitful and tender nursing-mother of the Muses. We derive from one of her poets, Mr. Edmund H. Sears, the Christmas hymn with which we conclude this article. If we had arranged our poetic illustrations of the season according to the order of Christmas events, instead of according to the chronological order of their production, we should have commenced, instead of leaving off, with

THE ANGELS' SONG.

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold.
 "Peace to the earth, goodwill to men,
 From Heaven's all-gracious King:"
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world:
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And even o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel strains have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man at war with man hears not
 The love-song which they bring;
 Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

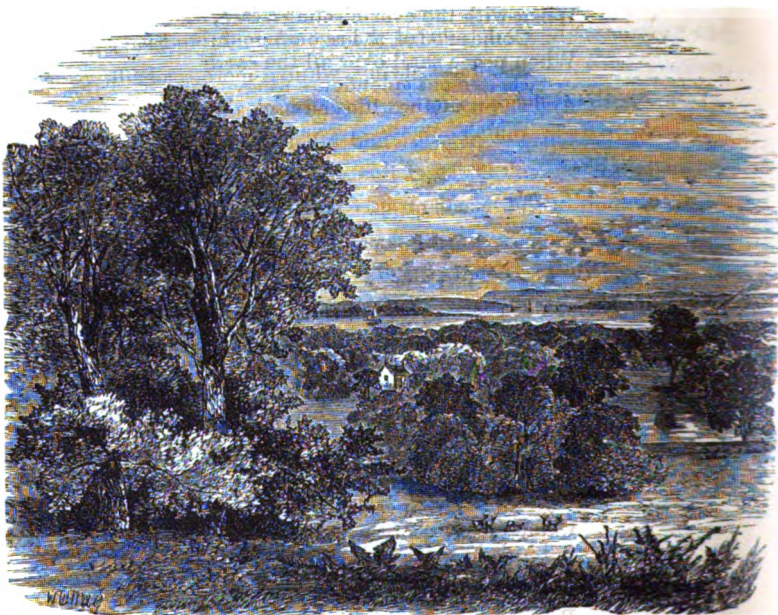


HOW WE INVADED WALES.

THE STORY OF A SUMMER CAMPAIGN IN THE PRINCIPALITY.

By WILLIAM SAWYER.

Author of "With a Friend in Paris."



JUNCTION OF WYE AND SEVERN.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERY—AND THE NUMBLES.

HAVING escaped from the imperious sway of the grand but oppressive Boadicea, we found ourselves at liberty to pursue our original route so far as South Wales was concerned. We were at Newport, and the line of rail extended to Milford Haven, practically the extreme western point of the Principality. There was no reason on earth therefore, why we should not pursue the course thus beneficently open

to us, and at once assume this bold and distinguished position among travellers and explorers—that of having forced our way along the southern coast to its remotest point!

The attractions to explorers in this direction are not, it must be confessed, of a very startling nature. The country is perfectly flat with a general meadow-like aspect, similar to that of the midland counties of England. The Severn, however, flows on your left, broadening as it flows, until it merges into the Bristol Channel, and the sight of water is always delightful, at least to me. A landscape in which there is no water seems unsatisfying, while a mere roadside pond in which the sky is reflected, or that lies shimmering in the sunshine, brings with it a sense of pleasure and relief. As to moving water, it is a positive joy to look at it. I imagine that the passionate love of the sea lies deep in the hearts of us islanders. It is really a part of our nature, and crops up at the slightest provocation. The sight of water is enough to stir that *something* in the blood, which prompted the lines of Kingsley's, never, I think, to be read by an Englishman without a glow of enthusiasm :—

“ But the black North-Easter
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward—round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee;
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come, and strong within us,
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow thou wind of God ! ”

We had still a view of the sea on our left when Cardiff Castle rose on our view, dark against the afternoon sky of cloudless blue. They call it the castle, but in reality all that remains of the old feudal stronghold is the keep and some fragments of walls attached to it. But this keep, which is octagonal, and has a battlemented top, is very effective from its position on the top of a hill. And it is the only connecting link between the Cardiff of the past and the present. Of its age an idea may be formed from the tradition that Robert, Duke of Normandy, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was confined in it for twenty-six years, a business which those royal brutes, William Rufus and Henry I. had a hand in. There is nothing

improbable in the story, and no doubt it had its counterpart in the fate of many a poor wretch whose only crime was that he stood in the way of the ambition or the designs of other members of his family. What a condition Wales must have been in in those old times! The lords-marchers, as the English invaders called themselves—banditti, in fact, acting under royal authority—overran it from end to end, appropriating whatever they could wrest one from the other, and all from the Welsh, and maintaining these infamous gains by the aid of their strongholds, and the hordes of half-savages whom they maintained in them. Why, it is calculated that there are in our day ruins of not less than one hundred and forty-three castles in this little country! How imperfectly we can realise the state of society when these were all in full action, serving the purposes for which they were erected, and each asserting for itself the doctrine of Might against Right. As for Cardiff Castle, Oliver Cromwell made it his business to put an end to that iniquity. He went and superintended its bombardment in person. The siege lasted three days, and might have gone on for an indefinite time but for the treachery of a deserter from the garrison. It is gratifying to know that this man's services were not overlooked by Cromwell. He received the reward he so justly merited. As soon as the castle was taken, the traitor was hung from its battlements.

Modern Cardiff differs in every respect from the town of by-gone times. There is nothing romantic about it. The mansion which the Marquis of Bute raised in place of the castle is remarkable for nothing but comfort and a few pictures, chiefly portraits of no mortal interest except to the members of the noble family who may find it pleasant to compare eyes and noses with their ancestors, and to test the degree of degeneracy in successive links in the chain, if indeed the Bute family is not happily an exception to the general rule as to family degeneration. However this may be, it is clear that the late Marquis had sense enough to see how he could lay out his money to the best advantage. Through his influence a great ship canal and docks were constructed, with handsome quays and other accessories, and the attention thus paid to shipping interests has been the making of the town. The port is one of great importance, chiefly as connected with a rich mineral district to which it forms a natural outlet. Can I describe Cardiff in its modern state? Well, no: not accurately. It presents no points of

interest on which to seize. For a shipping place it is clean and tolerably smart,—cleaner and smarter than most English resort towns, and when one has said that, the subject is pretty well exhausted, except that those interested in cathedrals may like to know that Llandaff is only two miles distant and is one of those places that *should* be visited. I feel convinced that Roldicea would have insisted on taking me there by force of arms had I encountered her thereabouts. She would have raised her eyes and her hands, and her fetters would have rattled in ecstasy at sight of a building dating from the twelfth century, partly Saxon, partly Norman, and partly nothing at all in style. And of course she would have given her mite (represented by the guinea of fashionable life) toward Dean Conybeare's restoration fund. Coming back, I should have been glad to spend an hour at Caerphilly, a great ruined fortress covering thirty acres of land which can hardly fail of being worth a visit. Besides, the leaning-tower of Wales is there. Not a tower like that of Pisa, but a huge mass, part of the castle, eighty feet in height, which has stood for centuries, eleven feet out of the perpendicular, apparently only held in its place by the strength of the cement used in its construction.

How often it happens on a journey that one encounters exasperating human riddles, who admit of no sort of solution! Some people are born conundrums without answers, or at least not to be guessed at by those about them. And this is so irritating! I do believe that had a sphinx stepped into the carriage at Cardiff, in place of, a man who fell over my legs, and hit me a smart blow on the nose in attempting to recover himself awkwardly enough, I should not have regarded it with more curiosity, or have known less about it at this present writing. Of course any man has a right to wear a fluffy hat, that looks as if he passed his life in a high wind, and to carry a blue silk handkerchief in it, if *that* is a source of comfort to him. So, though the wearing of a black velvet coat and knee breeches, with gaiters, is a slight infraction of the mode, it will pass muster. But I maintain that a man so habited has no right to occupy a seat in a first-class carriage, and to deport himself there in such a manner as to drive his fellow passengers to the verge of madness in the frantic effort to make out who and what he is. Yet this was just what our Riddle did. First he remarked, in a casual way, that the country seemed pretty thereabouts. "Oh," we decided, "he is a

traveller like ourselves, and a stranger to these parts." Then hardly had this decision been arrived at before he volunteered the information that the stream we were passing over was the river Ely, and that so tortuous were its windings that the line crossed it twelve times by as many distinct and separate bridges. "Oh, oh, the man isn't quite a stranger evidently," we decided; "he must know something of these parts." On this we ventured to make some allusion to the Welsh people. "Ah, we shall see something of the real natives presently, I s'pose," he returned. "Then, he *can't* be at home in these parts," was our next conclusion. "That's the river Ogwen," he exclaimed, pointing to a thin stream of water, hardly so wide as an ordinary ditch; "at least, it passes for a river down here." Well, now *that* seemed like local knowledge, seeing that only a familiar eye could have recognised the ditch in its capacity as a river. And yet when, in a few moments, we put some question about the neighbourhood, the answer indicated complete ignorance. I had at first taken him for a small landed proprietor; then I shifted my opinion in favour of his connection with the land-surveying interest. A sudden shower of anecdotes of the families whose houses and estates we passed inclined me to the idea that he acted as steward to some one of those families. Then a friendly nod to the guard as he passed the carriage window induced me to shift my views in favour of his being a railway official; and to this I held firm, until he expressed an opinion that the fares were infamously high, and that the directors of companies who did not provide smoking saloons ought to be roasted at *slow* fires, and basted with their own "train" oils. That bothered me again. I was clearly at fault, and waited for further evidence before coming to any definite conclusion.

This was the state of my mind when we reached Briton Ferry Station, near Neath. It is a pretty little flower-covered station, in a charming nook, by the way; but I remember it from the fact of several odd-looking women presenting themselves on the platform in native costume.

They had a singular appearance, with odd straw hats, worn over night-caps, and dresses tucked up through, what I believe the ladies call (but I speak under correction) the "placket-hole" behind, over red petticoats. Black stockings and stout shoes completed the attire. They were all of a burly Flemish build, and apparently strong as horses.

"Those are Gower women," said our Mystery, promptly.

"And Gower is a kind of island, only slightly attached to the mainland, just beyond Swansea-bay, isn't it?"

"Yes; it helps to form that bay on its western side."

"The costume of the people is distinct from that of the Welsh generally?"

"Entirely. The people themselves are distinct. They belong to a colony of Flemings who settled there centuries ago, and who have a wonderful aptitude for keeping themselves to themselves. The singular part of the matter is that these Flemings, though they intermarry to a great extent, do not appear to degenerate."

"That is the case with Flemish settlers in other parts of the kingdom. For example, the fishing population of Brighton consists of Flemings who came over and colonised as far back as Henry VIII.'s day. They are still a distinct and peculiar people, and there is little to indicate that they are dying out."

"The stock must have been fine," said my Mystery; "you have heard of this place?"

"Briton Ferry?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't say that the name is familiar to me."

"What! not the place where Mason wrote his elegy on the death of Lady Coventry?"

I was silent. The words of the Mystery fell on my ears as a rebuke. I did *not* recollect the circumstance. I'm afraid I didn't recollect the elegy. So far as the study of Mason goes, my poetical education has been neglected. Blushing, I admitted this. I confessed that, so far as I was concerned, Mason might as well never have been born, except for the following lines, which, from their beauty, have always lingered in my memory:—

"Many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-god only; where if art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandled foot,
Printless, as if 'twere holy ground."

The Mystery admitted that these lines were good, but was shocked at my ignorance of the elegy. I think he wanted to quote it—in fact I am sure he did, and that he was only working himself up to that inflection, when we reached the next station, and he looked

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wildly around, lifted his hat, wished us good morning, and—was gone.

Yes, gone; and from that day to this I have never succeeded in satisfying myself in the remotest degree as to who or what he was.

It was at Neath that we lost him, and I fancy he took train at that station, and proceeded up the Vale of Neath, through which a beautiful line of rail winds, carrying you by picturesque stages as far inland as Hereford. But I only mention this in passing. Of Neath itself it is sufficient to say that it has abbey ruins of some beauty.

Only a few miles distant—involving, however, a change of train—we come upon Swansea, which I suppose ranks first among the towns of South Wales. It occupies the centre of the bay named after it—nine miles in width—and is approached by the valley out of which the bay opens, and of all towns to approach, this is surely the most repulsive. When “into the Valley of Death rode the six hundred,”* they must have precipitated themselves into much such a scene as is presented to the eye on quitting the Swansea railway station. The neighbourhood abounds in coal and other minerals, and as about nine-tenths of the copper smelted in the kingdom annually comes from Swansea the condition of the neighbourhood may be imagined. In addition to the copper works there are manufactures of iron, zinc, alkali, patent fuel and so forth, and these all help to poison the air and increase the resemblance to a battle-field which the valley presents: smoke charged with sulphureous vapours is incess-

* I may mention here what would be out of place in the text. The allusion to Tennyson's famous verses reminds me that no one has to my knowledge pointed out the strong resemblance between them and the old poem by Michael Drayton on “The Battle of Agincourt.” The style of verse, the ring of it, arrest the ear as identical, and surely it is difficult to believe but what the closing lines of the older poem suggested the close of the laureate's effusion also.

“O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?”

will somehow ring in the ears as we read:—

“When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.

and so on. Coincidence, surely?

antly volleying forth, obscuring everything, and you half expect to hear the booming of cannon, even if you have not to "dodge" shot and shell flying around you. A number of yellow-washed huts scattered in the foreground increase the resemblance to a Crimean battle-field. The town itself is fortunately removed from the thick of the fight. In appearance it resembles Portsmouth, presenting no features beyond those common to such towns, unless it is its pier, with light-house at the extremity; here you have a good view of the town, and of the bay, at the western extremity of which may be detected a series of rocks which have figured in picture galleries more frequently, I suppose, than any other feature in the coast scenery of South Wales—I allude to the Mumbles.

A sight of these rocks was our principal object in staying at Swansea. They are five or six miles distant from the town, and are reached in a very novel manner. A tram-road supplies the place of a railway. On this, railway-carriages are used, but drawn by horses; they have seats on the top like the carriages on the line between Paris and Versailles. In fine weather, the ride in these elevated seats is very pleasant, inasmuch as you pass through charming country, with the sea always in view. On the road boards indicate stations at which the carriages stop, and, in some instances, there may be waiting rooms; but I fancy not. Passengers going from any station, appeared to range themselves by the road side, and wait till the vehicle picked them up. It was a lazy, old-world style of getting along, at the best; but it had the charm of simplicity, and was not without a dash of modern improvement, which was acceptable.

My companions on the journey, were two Welsh women of the genuine species. They wore hats, tall, tapering and substantial,—beaver steeple hats, with flat brims, four inches in width. Under these they had caps with borders meeting under the chin. Huge cloaks completed their travelling dress. They could not speak a word of English; but were bright-eyed, merry and engaging. The half-hour spent by their side convinced me of the worthlessness of human learning. Had I been a young English lover seeking to win either of them for my bride, we could have got on perfectly well, and, I am convinced, brought our courtship to a successful issue, without the exchange of a single intelligible word.

The Mumbles are at Oystermouth, a simple fishing village, as its

name implies ; but with a little castle of its own though, for all that. With one delightful little inn also—The Mermaid—where we spent three days, enjoying all the comforts of a home, with no luxury wanting, on terms that the most exacting must have pronounced moderate. Oystermouth is beginning to raise its head as a watering place, and will of course, be soon spoiled ; but at present it is delightful.

Our chief amusement was going daily to the Mumbles to sketch, or geologise, or ramble about in perfect freedom, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” and having only two objects in life—bathing, and getting an appetite for dinner. Let me give you a pen-and-ink sketch of the Mumbles, and so conclude this paper :—

A rocky headland, stretching out to a point, in a bold, and rugged manner, has at its extremity suffered for centuries from the effects of an ever tempestuous sea. The consequence is, that two large portions have been severed from the mainland, and form rocky islands,—slightly united to the mainland by a sharp backbone of rock at low water, but to all appearance absolute islands when the tide is in.

The first of these—that nearest the land—is the smaller of the two, it is pyramidal in shape, and is rendered striking to the eye, through its geological formation being fully and strikingly revealed. It is lime-rock, and the strata shelve greatly, or as a lady friend expressed it, they run “cater-wise.” On its summit the grass grows but otherwise there is no trace of vegetation about it.

Between the mainland and this rock, the sea flows—dashing and spraying, flashing and sparkling in the sunshine, with ceaseless roar and a peculiar moan, supposed to have given the name to the place. So, in like manner, it has free course between this rock and the second or outermost one, of the same shape ; but arresting the eye from the fact, that on its summit the light-house is erected. From a distance, this has the appearance of being only another of the innumerable ruined castles of this land ; but on a nearer approach, the keep resolves itself into the light-house turret, rising above a castellated peak at its base.

Under almost any aspect—but especially at sunset or by moonlight, these rocks are charmingly picturesque.

WHERE THE FLAG FLOATS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

WHERE our flag floats, land or sea,
 There has Freedom sovereignty;
 Let it moulder in the dust
 England when no longer just,
 Thou hast grown, the scorn of men
 Fallen ne'er to rise again.
 Brave and true be then thy boast
 Sea to sea, and coast to coast;
 Let our Empires drop like fruit
 When the canker's at our root.
 England, generous and brave—
 Mine the land, and thine the wave.

Ye who toil by land or sea,
 Guard our righteous sovereignty.
 By our Nelson's matchless name,
 By our Milton's holy fame,
 By the glory, like a star
 Shining "from where angels are,"
Shakespeare's—By the prizes won
 By our Newton, Wisdom's son,
 By that crowning victory,
 Wellington, we owe to thee,
 Let us, brothers, emulate
 Those who bound and conquered Fate.

England, triumph, land and sea,
 O'er black Hell-born slavery;
 Let the sins of former ages
 Be effaced from History's pages,
 So the power of our great race
 Widen to a firmer base,
 So the golden Pyramid
 Be with mists no longer hid,
 But an Alp of granite power,
 Heedless of the tempest hour,
 Stately, changeless, firm, and proud
 Cleave the sky, and brave the cloud.

PEARL'S, PERPLEXITIES.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

BY MRS. HENRY PARKER.

PART I.

PEARL DISCOVERS THAT EVEN WEALTH MAY HAVE ITS DRAWBACKS.



HERE was certainly an alarming amount of the Sybarite in the composition of Pearl Hulbert, and she was not at all humble-minded with it, and would only have laughed at anyone who attempted to prove to her that the luxury in which she indulged, was in any way wrong. The benevolent gentleman in the "Chimes," who disturbed poor Trotty Veck's digestion, by proving to him that his tripe dinner had been the means of depriving certain poor widows and orphans of an infinitesimal dose of nourishment, would have had hard work to convince Pearl that she was wrong to take and enjoy to the full, the good the gods provided her, or that she ought to endure patiently, instead of trying to smooth any crumpled leaf that might be found in her bed of roses.

Pearl was an only child, and like the majority of only children had been somewhat spoilt. Her mother had died before she had been old enough to understand her loss, but she had grown up surrounded by such an atmosphere of care and love, that what might have been the source of bitter grief, was softened into a painful memory, and the years had passed away very happily and pleasantly it seemed to her in looking back, until the first great shadow had fallen over her life, in the shape of her father's death. He had been so gentle and yielding to her, that dear father, although so haughty and stern to others; his figure had always occupied such a prominent place in all the castles in the air she had built, that the summer and autumn succeeding his death, had been very dreary. The great house was lonely without him, and so day by day under the pressure of her first sorrow, Pearl had drooped visibly. Nothing would in-

duce her to see any company, except now and then the old clergyman of the neighbouring village, her walks never extended beyond the grounds belonging to the house, so Pearl's nightly cry carried out in her daily life was "I can never forget, never, never;" and at the time she honestly believed it, and rather wished that she had lived in the days of yore, when convent walls formed a sure refuge for broken hearts. Most of us have experienced some such feeling, but Time is more merciful than we think, and the days go by one after another, until we begin to believe that "the heart may break, and brokenly live on," and then, at last, we find that it *was not broken at all*. And so, at length, there came a break in the quiet monotony into which the inmates of the Laurels had settled. November was drawing to a close, and the long evenings were very cold, so an immense fire leaped and crackled in the drawing-room grate, round which were gathered the usual trio. Pearl, very quiet and very still, the teaching of the last few months imprinted on her broad, white brow, from which the masses of thick, black hair were carelessly pushed, and beaming in the softened light of her dark eyes.

Seated close to the young heiress, to whose listless attitude, her upright figure, and intensely correct deportment, offered a tacit reproach, was Mrs. Price, who managed to combine and fulfil with tolerable success, the duties of lady housekeeper and companion, to which had sometimes been added, during Mr. Hulbert's lifetime, the character of chaperone to his daughter; but that office had now fallen into disuse, and, as for companionship, Pearl evidently preferred that of her own thoughts, so Mrs. Price devoted all her spare energies to crochet, and the discovery of an intricate pattern or composition of a fresh "wheel" or "star" was, according to the new *régime*, sufficient excitement for a week. Ostensibly Pearl was reading, but a keen observer would have detected the fact that she held the book rather as an excuse for not joining in the occasional remarks exchanged by her companions, than from any wish to master its contents, and presently she laid it in her lap and a gleam of pitying affection came into her eyes, as they rested on a figure half seated, half crouched in a large easy-chair, opposite her. At a first glance it would have been difficult to tell whether the form was that of an old man, or a boy; the stooping shoulders and silvered hair, certainly belonged to age, but the face and delicate-looking hands were those of youth. His dress and occupation, too, were strange, the brightly-flowered dressing-gown he wore was trimmed with a deep border of crape, and his embroidered smoking-cap—Pearl's work in happier days—had a band of the same material. A number of sheets of white tissue paper lay beside him, one of which he was cutting into a fanciful pattern, that at a little distance gave the thin paper the appearance of the most fragile lace.

"I can feel you looking at me, my pretty one," he said, without glancing off his work, "and I know how you look, but I must not leave off, for fear I should forget the pattern. The moon-beams

made it, and the fairies danced it in the corridor last night, and they want me to make it for a carpet for them, when the moon is dead."

And the strange words that still had a little of poetic imagination in them, revealed the mystery surrounding the speaker. In the homely country phrase, Ronald Hulbert was "a natural," in whom intense devotion to his brother and his brother's child, seemed to reign to the exclusion of every other feeling, and when death removed one of the objects of his affection, it only made him cling more closely to the other. Whilst in return, Pearl humoured his fancies, treating the wildest of them with such gentle respect, that one day Mrs. Price ventured upon what she considered a little wholesome ridicule; but that was the first and last time she dared so much, for the girl had turned upon her with crimsoned cheeks and flashing eyes, and commanded her to be silent in very plain terms.

Before Pearl had time to answer the simple, loving words addressed to her, the sound of wheels on the carriage-drive, followed by a loud knock at the hall door, startled and surprised her. Visitors had become such rarities at the Laurels, that Mrs. Price dropped her crochet hook and cotton in sheer amazement, and, after the fashion of commonplace people in general, began to wonder who it was, without taking any steps to acquire the desired information.

However, her suspense was not of long duration, for in a few moments the drawing-room door opened, and a servant, evidently in a state of bewilderment, stammered—

"If you please, miss, a young lady wants to see you. I said——"

"There, that will do!" exclaimed a fresh young voice; "I'll tell your mistress all about it."

And the speaker, flinging aside a large cloak, advanced to Pearl, who had started up to welcome the new comer, with a look of positive pleasure on her face.

"Why, Ella, dear," she said, "have you come from London to see me?"

"Yes, of course. What other reason could I have for coming? Angus is obliged to go into Yorkshire for a week, and I thought I should be so lonely while he was away, that I made up my mind to come and see you, which was a very pleasant arrangement, as the train by which Angus is travelling, stopped at the station near here. Your letters positively frightened me, Pearl, they were so gloomy and as I knew it was no use waiting for an invitation, I came without. You needn't say you're glad to see me, though I believe you are, we'll dispense with the usual civilities," she added, laughing.

Ella Warneford had a happy knack of suiting herself to circumstances, and in an incredibly short space of time, she was behaving as though she had been an inmate of the Laurels for a year, had installed herself in Mrs. Price's good graces and completely won Ronald's heart by announcing her intention of calling him "Uncle Ron," and admiring his "fairy carpet," which she did as gravely and kindly as though making it had been the most useful and commonplace of occupations.

"What a pleasant home you have, Pearl," said Ella that night, as

the two girls entered the boudoir belonging to the latter. "If Angus could see this room he would give you credit for possessing the true artistic feeling, as he calls it. I don't believe he thinks there is an atom in me. He's the very best and dearest brother in the world, but it is impossible to make him understand that one cannot arrive at a state of refined elegance, with the help of one untrained servant, and something less than three hundred a-year. I do all I can, but there is a limit to everything, even my genius for economy."

"I should have thought your brother was rich by this time," said Pearl.

"Then your thoughts would have been very far from the truth, my dear," was the laughing rejoinder. "Nothing is so deceptive to outsiders as the income of a professional man. People praise the pictures Angus paints, and connoisseurs call him 'a rising young artist,' but I know from sad experience, that all that sort of thing brings very little grist to the mill, and does not make the rise or fall of bread of any less importance to me."

"There are many things wealth cannot purchase; things that make me seem poor in comparison with you."

"Humph!" said Ella, looking round the luxuriously furnished apartment, "it's all very well for *you* to affect to despise the gifts of Plutus, *you* don't care if lamb is fourteen pence a pound; I believe I shall have to make our Christmas pudding without eggs this year, if things go on at this rate."

"You would find it cost more to buy *this*."

The tears sprang to Ella's eyes, and in a moment she was kneeling by her friend's chair. "Forgive me, Pearl darling, I have not forgotten your loss, but you have grown so white and thin, such a shadow of your old self, that I was trying to make you forget your trouble in listening to my nonsense. Angus and I are as happy as the days are long; I only wish you had such a brother. I do so want you two—the only two in the world that I think I really love—to know one another. I am sure you could not help liking Angus, and the idea has just struck me that it would half make his fortune to know you."

How do you mean, dear?"

"Why, if you were in the arcana of the artist world you would know that the majority of them are flighty beings, tormented with all sorts of floating day dreams, in which they catch visions of loveliness they cannot always reproduce on canvas. For the last year Angus has been troubled with an attack of this kind,—he has taken it into his head that he must paint a certain picture, which is to be entitled 'Night and Morning.' Now, there was no difficulty about the latter, I did very well for that; of course, with a little of the ideal added," continued Ella, with a slight flush, though Pearl, looking into the sweet face raised to hers, with the soft auburn hair falling round it, and rippling down on the rounded shoulders, thought that but a small portion of the ideal was needed to make the real perfectly lovely, so after a pause, she said thoughtfully, "I can imagine you in that character, Ella, I should like to see the picture!"

"I am afraid it will never be finished though, dear, for Angus is so hard to please with regard to a model for 'Night.' I really am quite jealous, he has thrown his whole mind into that character. He says he often dreams about it. I only wish he would paint in his dreams, for I foresee my life will be a complete burden to me, until his search for 'Night' comes to an end. You can have no idea of the absurd manner in which it makes him behave. I declare the other day he deliberately turned round and stared into a girl's face, because he fancied her nose was the right shape. I was quite ashamed of him."

"You must impute his shortcomings to his love of art," said Pearl, smiling a little at Ella's earnestness; "but I do not see how I can help either you or him."

"Why, the fact is, Pearl, dear, I have been obliged to listen to so many eloquent discourses on the subject of what he does and what he does not want, that I know what would please him almost as well as he does himself, and I thought that as you sat just now; there—~~so~~—you would be the very thing."

For some time Pearl made no reply, and Ella was beginning to think she had offended by her suggestion, when her half-formed apology was forestalled, by the words uttered with a little embarrassment—

"Then I tell you what we will do, Ella; ask your brother to come and fetch you home, and if he thinks as you do, I will sit to him for that picture."

"He would not do it, dear."

"Why not?"

"Because everyone is mad upon some point, and my brother Angus has a perfect horror of appearing mercenary. I firmly believe he would rather have his favourite picture unfinished for ever than run the risk of being considered a fortune hunter. I don't think he wanted me to come, but I was conveniently deaf to his hints. Oh, dear, I almost wish you could reverse your relative positions for a time."

And Ella having relieved her mind by this outburst, discovered that it was past twelve, and that she was very tired; so the friends parted for the night, and went to their respective rooms, where Ella soon forgot her small troubles respecting Angus and "Night and Morning," but Pearl sat for a long time thinking it all over, until she half endorsed Ella's wish, that Angus Warneford was rich, and she herself reduced to the level of three hundred a year; for added to her unbounded love of art, and reverence for those who practised it, was a girlish desire to please her friend, and (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) her friend's brother, for she had heard so much of Angus Warneford, his talents and numerous virtues, that she had learned to think of him as a species of intellectual demigod. All of which was very foolish, no doubt, and not at all to her credit, but Pearl did not stop to analyse cause and effect; she reasoned as the best and truest of her sex most often do, in obedience to the dictates of her heart, rather than her head, and for the first time for many

nights, she went to sleep with a smile on her lips, and a firm conviction that rose coloured hangings, wax candles, and silver gilt fittings to dressing-cases, are not all that is necessary for human happiness.

PART II.

ANGUS FINDS HIS IDEAL.

Angus Warneford, although such a devoted disciple of art, had of course a few touches of the nature that makes the whole world akin, and amongst other points in which he resembled the generality of the lords of the creation, was a weakness for devouring the daily paper with his breakfast; an unsociable habit, at which Ella grumbled a little, but which she would not have had him break for her pleasure. Indeed, if the truth were told, she rather encouraged him in it, breaking his egg, or cutting up his bacon for him, as the case might be, so that his duty of making a good breakfast, should interfere as little as possible with his study of the "Daily Telegraph," (the "Times" was too great an extravagance for the young artist) though she was artful enough to insist on his coffee cup being placed on the tray, which obliged him to sit so close to her that she could easily look over his shoulder, and when her quick eyes detected any paragraph of particular interest, she did not hesitate to deprive him of the paper, until her curiosity was satisfied, a liberty to which he always submitted with commendable patience.

Ella's visit to the Laurels had come to an end; Angus had returned from Yorkshire, and in a few days brother and sister settled quietly down into the old routine. The first days of December in that year, after the contradictory style of behaviour for which our English climate is becoming unpleasantly notorious, were bright and warm. The doctors declared it contrary to the laws of nature, and very prejudicial to the public health, but the public did not mind the unseasonable sunshine much, except the coal merchants, whose stock in trade went down two or three shillings a ton, and the schoolboys who would have liked to have made their fingers blue and their noses red, in the manufacture of a few snowballs before the holidays began, but the sun shone on regardless of these minor objections, and into all the happy homes it peeped, there was not one more ready to reflect its morning brightness, than Angus Warneford's.

It was Saturday morning, and Ella, like a careful little housewife, as she was, was busily occupied in consulting "Mrs. Beeton," as to what fish was in season, and mentally summing up the various articles that would be required for the following week, whilst she awaited her brother's appearance at the breakfast table. It was a pretty home picture (the cheerful little room with its simple but carefully-chosen furniture, its bright fire, daintily-spread table, and, above all, its

girlish occupant, in her picturesque costume of blue Garibaldi and dark-coloured skirt, her auburn hair looking golden in the sunlight), and so Angus thought, as he entered the room, and bent to kiss the rosy lips raised to his.

"Really, Angus, you deserve a good scolding for being so late," said Ella; at which the culprit only laughed and shook back his curly hair, in a manner that implied his knowledge of the fact that the scolding he deserved, and the one he was likely to receive, were very different matters, so he patted his sister on the head, and took up an open letter that was lying beside her.

"Like your impertinence, sir!" exclaimed Ella, snatching it from him; "that letter's mine. However, as it really concerns you more than me, I'll tell you the contents, if you'll sit down, though it's a wonder I can remember them, considering it's an hour since the postman came."

"Now, then, Ella, I'm all attention."

"Which, literally interpreted, means, make haste with your story, as I am all impatience for the newspaper; well, I'll be generous. What would you say if I told you I had found you 'a Night?'"

"Why, that you're a perfect treasure," replied Angus, his eyes brightening as he spoke; "but don't tease, dear; tell me what you mean."

"Well, then, like all rich people, Pearl Hulbert has some poor relations, and amongst them a cousin, a girl about her own age, who will be, I am sure, the exact model for your picture."

"Well?"

"I thought of you directly I saw her, but she is in some situation as companion to a lady living near the Laurels, and was in doubt about obtaining leave of absence for more than an afternoon. However, Pearl wrote me word the other day that she is to have a holiday until the 26th, so I immediately sent her an invitation, which, in this letter, she says she will accept; and now listen, *fratello mio*—she will be here this afternoon."

"What a queer girl you are, Ella; you never told me a word of all this before."

"Because I was not sure that Miss Walden could come, and I did not want to disappoint you, but it is all settled now, except, of course, terms, which, being business, I left to you."

Someway Angus did not settle to his perusal of the "Telegraph" with any satisfaction to himself that morning—home, foreign, or colonial news, it was all one to him, and after poring over the column devoted to "news from our own correspondent," he found himself almost as ignorant as when he began, and, throwing the paper aside in disgust, he made Ella smile, accustomed as she was to his various moods, by the abstracted manner in which he finished his breakfast. As soon as the meal was concluded, he wandered away into his studio, where he sketched and painted in a desultory manner, without doing any real amount of work, until dinner-time, and then his question—

"When do you expect Miss Walden, Ella?" was answered promptly.

"The train is due at half-past five, I am going to the station to meet her, but as I wish you to see her to the best advantage, you had better make yourself scarce for a few hours. You can come to tea at eight."

So Angus finding it useless to oppose his sister's determination, put on his hat and great coat and departed, though where he went or how he employed himself in the mean time, until the hour mentioned for his return, is rather uncertain even to himself—his mind was too full of the expected ideal, the ideal he had been vainly pursuing for months, to take much heed of lesser matters, and spite of all his attempts to quiet himself his heart beat faster, as he sprang up the steps in front of his own door; his loud rat tat wakening the echoes of the quiet street, just as the eight o'clock chimes rang out from the neighbouring church.

Ella ran into the hall, whilst he was taking off his great coat, proceeding in her sisterly fashion, "to set him straight," for the proper performance of which duty she had to elevate herself on the third stair, at which altitude, if Angus stood close by the banisters, she could just manage to give his thick hair two or three little feminine touches, settle his neck tie, and fasten his scarf pin more firmly; after which she would look at him leisurely from head to foot, with a glance that had a great deal of pardonable vanity, and a very small quantity of criticism in it, and give him to understand that he would "do." That night she was even more particular than usual, and, Angus was growing tired and impatient, when she jumped down from her elevated post, and slipping her hand into his, an old trick of their childish days, which she had never lost, led him into the sitting room, and then for a moment Angus forgot all laws of politeness, and stood spell-bound on the threshold, looking at the slight figure that rose to meet his approach, and remained standing on the hearth-rug, her cheeks crimsoned, and her dark eyes lowered before his earnest gaze.

Here then, at last, was the embodiment of his painter dream; here was the *spirituelle* face that had vaguely haunted him for many a long day and night; the face that had been constantly flitting before his mind, but which had so persistently evaded him when he tried to commit his idea to canvas. Angus lived years in those few brief moments. He might paint many more pictures after "Night and Morning," pictures that would be more praised, more generally liked, but never another in which heart would so materially assist brain and hand; and in after years he was destined to look back to that December evening and date from it the rise of feelings that changed the whole current of his life.

Angus did not want much tea that night; indeed, as Ella afterwards informed him, he "fed with his eyes," but she was too wise to hint at such an idea at the time, so she sat quite demurely, behind the tea urn, talking about fifty indifferent subjects; and Angus being the most unselfish of brothers, thought how pleasant it would be for his sister to have such a companion, and though he fancied they had managed to become very intimate on the strength of so

short an acquaintance; yet somehow he rather liked to have Miss Walden there, and hear her call his sister Ella, and be called "Margaret," or what was even better, "Margaret dear," in return.

After that day "Night and Morning" went on gloriously towards completion, the only drawback to Angus being, that, for some reason, he could not exactly define, even to himself, he could not talk about money matters to Margaret, and she was certainly the most unbusiness-like of models, for she sat patiently hour after hour, without so much as hinting at the subject.

At first Ella had been inclined to do propriety, and always brought her work-basket into the studio when the picture was in hand, but by degrees the sittings increased to such a length, Margaret gradually losing her shyness, and Angus recovering his powers of speech, that, what with the talking and the painting, Ella found all her mornings would be monopolised; and having at length been driven to the extremity of informing the two concerned, that they must either promise to be good children in her absence, or run the risk of having neither mincemeat nor pudding that Christmas; they gave the required promise, and, strange to say, did not seem to miss her much.

So the days passed by until Christmas Eve came to find "Night and Morning" completed. Margaret had stood very quietly looking on whilst the last touches were given, and Angus heaved a sigh that was not one of relief, when the easel with the finished picture standing on it was placed back against the wall. Then Ella came in, and was loud in her expressions of delighted admiration, congratulating artist and model on the completion of their task, insisting that they had been in the clouds long enough, and ought to descend from their flights of fancy to her level, which, in plain language, meant the kitchen, where Angus was condemned to devote half-an-hour to stirring the pudding, and Margaret amidst a great deal of blushing on her part, and laughter on that of her companion's, had to turn up her sleeves over her dimpled elbows, and take a lesson in the manufacture of puff paste, which, owing to interference on the part of Angus, or some other mysterious cause, turned out a miserable failure, though it was well worth the waste of material to see how fascinating the character of amateur cook might be.

Angus had worked at his picture with the zeal of a true lover of his art, had looked forward anxiously to the time when his task would be completed, and yet he awoke on Christmas morning with the consciousness that something pleasant had passed away. Did he also remember that on the morrow Margaret would leave, and with her take much of the sunshine from his heart and home?

Two out of the three assembled at the breakfast table that morning were inclined to let the meal pass over in comparative silence, perhaps they thought it more of a holy day than a holiday, or perhaps—but never mind, we will not enquire too deeply into thoughts and feelings. Ella tried hard to rally them into her own merry mood, but with poor success, so directly breakfast was finished she jumped up, gaily jingling her keys and departed to see

that household arrangements were in order, before she prepared for church. Directly she was gone, one of those uncomfortable fits of silence, that sometimes mean so little, but more often mean so much, fell upon Angus and Margaret, and the latter, after a few moments, finding it oppressive rose and left the room, and of course, as is usual in such cases, she had no sooner done so than Angus began to wish that he had spoken, especially on the subject of money matters, which still remained a source of doubt and perplexity to him. So having walked up and down the room in a restless, undecided manner for a quarter of an hour, and finding that neither Ella nor Margaret seemed likely to return, he too went in search of something like amusement, and as Fate would have it, sought it in his studio, finding it in the form of Margaret, who stood there with her little white hands clasped in front of her, gazing earnestly at her pictured semblance.

The studio looked more cheerful that morning than it generally did; the workrooms of art are not always artistically arranged nor appropriate to the work that is carried on there. The author will write a fairy tale, gorgeous with Eastern luxury, in a garret—the sculptor carve by the light of the one sunbeam that falls on his prison walls, and the musician compose his most successful work in the midst of his struggles to keep the gaunt wolf poverty from the door. Not that Angus Warneford had to contend with such tangible difficulties, probably had his yearly income been thousands, instead of hundreds, his studio would have remained the same; there would have been the same bare walls, and uncarpeted floor, and the same litter of paint brushes, palettes, and portfolios, but on that Christmas morning it had a strange unwonted look. Ella had insisted that it should be visited by scrubbing-brush and duster, had cleared out a quantity of old sketches, broken brushes, and other worn out trifles of that kind, and finally she and Margaret had decked the room with evergreens, whilst Angus looked on laughing at their futile attempts to make the lay figures hold bunches of holly with anything like certainty or grace.

Thanks to the light slippers he wore, Angus did not disturb Margaret from her reverie, until he stood close beside her. He had intended to tease her a little on her "brown study," but he stopped short when he noticed tears quivering on her long lashes, and saw the hot blood rush to her face and forehead, so feeling called upon to say something, he said in a confused manner, very unlike his usual calm, collected way of speaking—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Walden, but I had no idea you were here."

"It is I who ought to apologize for my intrusion, but I thought I should like to see the picture once more, and ——"

Sentences abruptly finished with "and" are very unsatisfactory, for they leave one so entirely at liberty to suppose any finale one pleases. Had Angus Warneford been wise, he would have remembered this, and would have known that discretion is the better part of valour, but being very confident in his own strength, which, where Margaret

was concerned, proved sheer weakness, he stayed, and fell a victim.

"My sister comes here, whenever she likes, and never makes any apology for doing so. Why cannot you do the same?"

"For the simple reason that I am not your sister, Mr. Warneford, I suppose," replied Margaret with a smile, in which there was just the faintest tinge of mischief; and Angus, thrown completely off his guard, if indeed he had ever been on it, said impulsively—

"A fact which Ella may regret, but for which I am very grateful."

"Cannot you combine kindness with candour for this one day in the year?"

"You misunderstand me Miss Walden, I meant to combine them. You have enough of the artist in you, to know something of the longing I had to finish that picture, and now the task is at an end; I am more than half inclined to wish myself back again at its commencement. It seems to me I am about to drop the substance, in order to chase the shadow."

"Then you are fortunate—the shadows we chase are shadows of good, they are constantly eluding us, but the shadows of evil, stand constantly by our side."

The girl spoke slowly and distinctly in a hard, dry tone, as though the words were forced from her by outward circumstance, rather than uttered by the dictates of her own natural feelings; and Angus, quick to detect the slightest change in mood or manner, was pained, he scarcely knew why, by the way in which she spoke. He hesitated for a moment, and whilst he did so Margaret moved a step towards the door. The movement appeared to show him the necessity for decision, and springing forward he caught her hand in his.

"This is not the day for shadows, Miss Walden," he said with a poor attempt at playfulness, his broad chest heaving all the time with excess of emotion, "there should be no shade resting on anyone, or anything now, except it be the shade of the holly, and mistletoe. Come own yourself guilty of high treason against his Majesty King Christmas."

"Will the penance be very hard?"

"No!"

"I confess then, and crave absolution."

"That is a very formal confession; I don't believe there is one grain of real penitence in it, so as a punishment, I command you to answer this question: Has the shadow of evil been more often with you, since you were in London?"

Margaret hesitated, so Angus repeated the question, and at last she said with a great effort:—

"Yes! because till then I did not know how happy an active life can be, mine glides by in such a monotone, I am so useless."

"Not useless, Margaret, because you have brought me new incentives to study and labour, you have helped me in my work, have associated yourself with my ambition and its reward, and in doing so have made me better, and wiser, and happier. Your home must be comparatively lonely; don't go back to it, my darling, stay with me here,—here in

the home where you are loved and trusted, and to which you have brought fresh life and light. I cannot let you go, your presence has become a necessity of my daily existence, the hours I spend in this room will drag on so slowly when you are gone, and everything will torture me by recalling the memory of the time when you were with us. Margaret, my future is in your hands, will you stand beside me in the battle of life?"

"If I thought that my weakness would not neutralise your strength, if I thought that I could help you but by one step, to win *this*," answered Margaret, plucking a leaf of laurel from a garland that hung near.

"You can help me to win it. Listen to me for a moment, love. Without you, that picture would never have been finished; let that be an earnest of what you can do for me in the future. There may not be an excess of luxury in the home I offer you, but it will come in time. We can afford to wait a little for that, can we not, my darling? and at least it will be rich in the affection and care that shall guard you round. Look up, dearest, and tell me that the day poets call the best in the year, the one that brought the highest gift to man shall be that from which I am to date the possession of a treasure in comparison with which, even my art sinks into insignificance."

"If I were to put your love to the test, if I did something that might at times appear unkind and exacting—would you trust me?—Angus."

"My own love—yes!" was the passionate reply, as his strong arms clasped the slight figure to him, "nothing could ever shake my confidence in you."

"Not even if I were away from you for a long time?"

"Not even then—but you will not try me in that manner. I cannot part with you—you must not leave me any more."

"I *must*—do not look at me so reproachfully, Angus, it is your turn to listen now. Pearl's loss was mine; her father was not more to her than he was to me; in him I lost my best friend, the only one on whose judgment I could rely for advice or assistance, and, forgive me Angus, it seems almost like sacrilege to be happy and act as if I had forgotten him so soon. Be patient with me and let me go back to my quiet home for a year, it will not seem monotonous now, the time will soon pass, and then if you still wish it, you shall come and fetch me; you promised to trust me?"

But Angus had not expected to be tried so soon, or so severely and he did his best to procure a reversion of the sentence, or at all events a mitigation of it, but Margaret was firm; the tears came into her dark eyes when he described the pain the separation would cause him, yet still her resolution remained unshaken, so, too generous to offer any undue amount of opposition, even to what he considered an overstrained sense of duty, Angus yielded to her wish, though he could not help saying, sorrowfully—

"I shall be glad when all these evergreens are taken down, Margaret, for they will only remind me of the Christmas gift that went

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from me almost before I felt sure it was mine. It will seem such a long, weary time before another winter comes to ripen the holly berries."

But as he spoke, as if to chide his impatience, the sunlight streamed in through the large curtainless window, flooding the room with its cheerful radiance, lighting up the picture on the easel, making the glossy leaves and scarlet berries of the holly look strangely bright, and gifted with supernatural beauty, Angus thought the blushing face that rested against his shoulder, and then suddenly borne upon the clear morning air, telling the old sweet story of goodwill and peace, came the voices of the Christmas bells, now soft and low, now shrill and clear, now rising in a joyous tumult, and whilst the pair stood listening, Ella came to the door of the studio, and reading their secret aright, entered, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, said in her unselfish sisterly devotion, "Angus, dear, I am very glad I found your ideal," and only those who have learnt to be second where all their lives before they had been first, can understand the full amount of self-forgetfulness comprised in that sentence.

PART III.

ANGUS MOUNTS THE STILTS.

MARGARET had carried out her intention of leaving London on the 26th, and Angus had been true to his promise of non-intervention, though at the last it had gone sorely against the grain to do so.

She wrote frequently at stated intervals long, loving letters, in a peculiar cramped handwriting, that at first had seemed strangely unlike what he might have expected, but after a time he grew used to it, though he often complained that she told him so little about herself, and never gave him the slightest insight into her daily life, but to all such complaints she made the invariable answer that one day was so much like another she had nothing to tell, and so dismissed the subject.

Very slowly, as Angus thought, the time passed, the weeks went by the spring, summer, and autumn months succeeded each other, until December, with his holly crown and frost-tipped sceptre again made his appearance, and before the first week had ended, Ella received a long letter from Pearl, in which she wrote: "Margaret has told me her story, which sounds quite like a romance; I think, and so does she, that the most pleasant way for all concerned will be for her to spend Christmas here. I suppose your brother will not mind paying a visit to the Laurels when the object is to fetch his lady love, and as I shall ask no one else, it will be quite a family affair. We shall expect Mr. Warneford on Christmas eve, but if you can come a few days earlier, Ella dear, I shall be glad," and Angus finding that

Margaret endorsed Miss Hulbert's invitation, was willing to accept it.

In accordance with Pearl's wish, Ella left London for "the Laurels" a week before Christmas, a week the two girls found pass very quickly and pleasantly in each other's society.

They had first met about a year before Mr. Hulbert's death, at the house of a mutual friend, and from that time one of those strong friendships that sometimes exist between women had sprung up between them, although Ella, in deference to her brother's prejudice against wealthy friends, had never accepted Pearl's numerous invitations, until her unexpected visit the previous Christmas.

At last the wished-for Christmas Eve came, and Uncle Ron was in extacies; he was easily pleased, and in his childish love for the pure and beautiful, the soft snow covering the earth without, and the evergreen decorations within were sources of infinite delight. He wandered from room to room luxuriating in the warmth and blaze of light, lost in admiration and almost too happy for words, the wealth of love beaming from his eyes as he followed Pearl as she flitted about; atoning for the absence of the steady light of reason. As the day wore on, her manner towards him grew still more gentle and tender than usual, and as soon as her toilette for the evening was completed, she hurried away in search of him, as though anxious to hear his opinion of its effect.

He was seated in his favourite chair by the drawing-room fire, rocking himself slowly to and fro, and softly singing some old-fashioned air. There was a touching contrast between the two—Pearl standing there in her rich evening dress of pale lavender silk, with the soft blonde lace just shading her neck and arms, where the diamonds flashed and sparkled, a scarlet ribbon twisted in her hair, and she herself, despite her fragile, girlish form, looking so strong by reason of the proud intellect that seemed to pervade every feature, when compared with Uncle Ron, though in mere animal strength he would have been ten times her master.

At length she moved forward, and bending over the singer's chair, kissed his broad white forehead; he turned to welcome her, and as he did so, an exclamation of childish delight escaped him.

"Do you like my dress, Uncle Ron?" said Pearl, speaking as she would have spoken to a child.

"Yes, I was so tired of the black, my pretty one. When I dream of the angels they never wear black. What makes your eyes shine so to-night, they are as bright as these!" he said touching her diamond bracelet.

"They are shining because I am happy, dear; so happy dear Uncle Ron, I think the angels you dream about have been talking to me."

"Have they? did that one with the golden hair like your mother's speak to you? I should like to know what she said."

"Never mind that now, dear. I want to tell you about myself, something that you are to keep quite secret."

"Something that Mrs. Price does not know?"

"Yes—there is a dear friend of mine coming this evening, and

that is the reason I have put on this pretty dress, so I want you to be kind to him, Uncle Ron; and tell him you are glad to see him, for my sake, you will—won't you?" she added pleadingly.

"Will he let you play and sing to me sometimes, and not be cross if you call me dear?"

"Oh, yes he will help me to be kind to you."

"Then I will be good to my pretty one, I know how to be a gentleman you know," he added with an air of importance, and Pearl knowing that she could trust him, went back to Ella.

If Angus had expected to find Margaret waiting ready to receive him the moment he reached the threshold of "the Laurels," he was disappointed, for it was Ella's hand that was slipped into his, and Ella's voice that bade him welcome, but she was quick-witted enough to notice his anxious look, and too good-natured to prolong it.

"Margaret is waiting for you in the library," she whispered.

"And Miss Hulbert," said Angus, remembering that the laws of politeness required some small attention to the hostess.

"Oh! never mind her," answered Ella with a strange smile, "Margaret first, Pearl afterwards."

And so Angus, nothing loth, followed his sister to the door of the library, where she made him a curtsy of mock deference, and telling him he did not want her any longer, danced away down the corridor, evidently in high glee.

We leave it to the imagination of our gentlemen readers to decide whether Angus was long in opening the door, and the next moment Margaret was clasped in his arms, and he was murmuring in deep passionate tones—"My love, my darling, this moment atones for the weary past," and the dark eyes raised to his told as plainly as eyes could speak, that the sadness of the months gone by, and the gladness of the present had not been, were not his alone.

Great joy, like great sorrow, is generally chary of its words, and for some time the pair held no connected conversation, then a doubtful expression, half pain, half pleasure, crossed Margaret's face as she said:—

"Angus, dear, there is something that I have wanted to tell you for a long time, and yet, now that the day has come when it must be told I am almost afraid to do so. Sit down in this arm chair, and let me kneel beside you. There, now, promise you won't be cross with me, dear—love."

"I think I can make that promise with very little fear of breaking it," was the reply.

"Then don't look at me until you have heard my story," said Margaret, nestling more closely to him, "I have been very naughty and deceitful Angus, but I must plead an excuse, first, thoughtlessness, and then love for you. From a child my fondness for painting has amounted almost to a passion, and my reverence for those who practiced it was proportionately great, so when Ella came here last year and described your picture of "Night and Morning," adding her belief that I should do for the ideal you had sought so long, my imagination was fired, and I wanted to help you, but before I

could do that there were some difficulties to be overcome. Ella said you would not come here, and at last she persuaded me to come to you, so——"

"It was for the sake of art, rather than to earn money that you came, there is nothing so dreadful in that confession, Maggie."

"Has it never occurred to you, Angus, that the reason I gave for wishing you to direct your letters to the post office, was a very trivial one?—the fact was, that Ella and I were afraid you would refuse to lay yourself under what your pride might consider an obligation to the rich Miss Hulbert, so for a time I put that character aside, and figured as the poor, dependent—Margaret Walden."

As she finished speaking Angus looked at her in blank amazement, and then as many little circumstances came to his memory in corroboration of her story, he buried his face in his hands, and said in a hoarse tone—

"Oh Margaret! Margaret! you have deceived me very cruelly."

"Angus, forgive me, the deception arose, first from sheer want of thought, and I continued it afterwards because I wanted to make myself worthy of you. I have done little but study this past year. Last winter in the shade of the holly berries, I told you I loved you, that love has grown and strengthened by time, and now, in the shade of the holly berries of another year, I implore you not to break my heart by casting it from you."

"Child! child! you cannot understand, you don't know the full extent of the mischief you have done. Oh, Father in Heaven, have mercy on us both," cried Angus, starting up, and pacing the room with hurried, irregular steps. Pearl watched him for a little time in silence, and then going timidly to him, laid her hands on his arm, bowing her head upon them, with the wailing entreaty.—

"Oh, Angus, as the angels brought the first tidings of forgiveness on Christmas Eve, let them bring it once more to-night."

"My poor little bird, my poor wounded little bird," said Angus, laying his hand on her head and speaking in a tone of intense fondness, "I dare not speak of forgiveness, for I fear the pain will fall as heavily on you as me. My own, my only love; mine for a little while, until you know the barrier there is between us. Listen to me—

"My story is a long one, but for your sake I will shorten it as much as possible, and for your sake, too, will deal as gently as I can with the dead.

"Many years ago, when my father and yours were both quite young men, the latter became confidential clerk to my grandfather, who by degrees began to compare his steady business-like qualities with those belonging to his own son. Mr. Hulbert increased this feeling by every means in his power, and the result was, there was a complete estrangement between father and son. In a fit of anger my father left home and went to America, where he married, and where my sister and myself were born. In course of time my grandfather died, having previously made a will by which he left all his property, without reservation, to his former clerk. My mother's death occurred soon after that, and then we came to England. A few years after

my father received a letter from Mr. Hulbert, in which, probably influenced by some qualms of conscience, he proposed a marriage between his daughter and myself. This was indignantly refused, and when, on his deathbed, my father told me of this occurrence, he exacted a solemn promise from me that this match should never take place, unless Mr. Hulbert first restored the property. That is impossible now. You see why I avoided my sister's friend. Poor Ella, it was mistaken kindness that kept her in ignorance of this."

"Oh, Angus, I cannot lose you; do not let the memory of the past separate us. Take the money back from me, and let me atone for my father's sin."

"It cannot be, my darling; the promise I made was too sacred, too binding to be broken—we must part, Margaret, and the parting must be for ever. God for ever bless and protect you; and, as the greatest blessing may He teach you to forget."

"Don't wish that, Angus; I think I should like to keep the memory of the dear old love, until I am at rest for ever, perhaps in heaven we may meet again, and not be separated by the errors and resentment of others. When you have learnt to be happy again; when some one else claims the place at your side that I thought would be mine, try to think kindly and leniently on me, as of one who wronged you unknowingly, and who was sorely punished for her fault."

"Hush, Margaret, my poor lost love, kiss me once more, and let me go. The sooner this parting is over the better it will be for us both. Shall I take Ella back with me."

"As you think best—good bye, Angus! Oh, stay a moment," she continued, wearily, putting her hand to her forehead. "there is no train to London to night, and you will break no promise by staying one night under the same roof with me."

And Angus, finding there was no alternative, was obliged to stay until the morning. Though it cost both a severe struggle to go through that evening and hide the pain there was in both their hearts.

When Angus entered the drawing-room, Pearl noticed, with a sort of dreamy surprise, that a frightened look appeared on her uncle's face, to which, at the time she attached no importance, though subsequent events explained its meaning.

PART IV.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Never had winter evening appeared so long to Pearl as did the evening of that Christmas Eve, that at its coming had found her so bright and joyous, and had left her so weary and worn in body and mind.

She had done her best to fight against the mental pain that oppressed her, but the fight had been a hard one, and a weight was lifted from her mind, when at length she was at liberty to look her grief in the face, to ponder over the bright past, and darkened present, to wonder what the future might bring, and to wrestle with her own heart in secret and alone.

She had bidden Ella good night at the door of her room, and then feeling that it would be useless to attempt to sleep, she went to her boudoir, where she had spent so many hours of quiet and happiness—hours, that as it then appeared to her, must be at an end for ever.

Someway the cheerful aspect of the room, with its luxurious furniture, and blazing fire, seemed to mock her desolation of spirit, so turning down the lamp until it only gave a tiny blue flame, she drew a low chair into the recess of the bay window, and seated herself there with her forehead pressed against the glass.

Pearl's boudoir was on the ground floor, and like most of the other lower rooms at "the Laurels," the windows opened like doors into the garden, a mode of egress of which the inmates of the house often availed themselves in summer, though in winter, when the lawns were covered with snow, it was, of course, seldom used, so when Pearl's attention was attracted by a grating sound as though the window of the room next hers was being cautiously opened; she was sufficiently surprised to be startled out of her sad reverie, and found herself wondering whose taste for moonlight rambles could be strong enough to induce them to leave the house at such an untimely hour, and her surprise was increased ten-fold when she saw her uncle step out, and after a hasty glance around, hurry down an avenue that led to a thickly wooded part of the grounds. Quick as thought, Pearl determined to act upon the impulse of the moment, so snatching up a thick cloak that hung near, she threw it round her, and opening the window, walked quickly, but softly, in the direction her uncle had taken and, she soon came within a few steps of him, but some unaccountable feeling prompted her to follow him without attracting his attention.

It was evident something had agitated him, for he was muttering to himself, though not loud enough for Pearl to distinguish the words, though she guessed his errand, whatever it might be, had something to do with her, for several times he mentioned her name in tones of commiseration, though what it was, or what he wanted with the spade he carried in his hand, she was at a loss to imagine.

Presently he came to a dark spot formed by a cluster of firs and tall holly bushes, through whose dark, thick foliage scarcely a moon-beam could penetrate. There he stopped; and Pearl, drawing back in the shade of the trees, watched with constantly increasing surprise, whilst he dug a deep hole. Long before the work was completed the girl was shivering with cold, but she kept her place until the indefatigable digger was satisfied, when he took, what seemed to her a small parcel from his pocket, which he placed carefully in the hole, then the earth was shovelled in, trodden down, and everything made to look as much as possible as though it had

been undisturbed, and after that, the midnight worker laid down his spade, and bowing his head, said with the utmost reverence—

"The Frost King is a trustworthy guardian, and never reveals the secrets placed under his white mantle; so the dead man's spirit will have to go away again without finding what he wants. Ah! my pretty one, he shall not rob you, Uncle Mon has cheated him, ha! ha! he won't think of looking under the snow! he won't think that the fair white snow is in league against him, and even if the flakes fall round him and whisper the secret to him, he cannot understand them."

And at the conclusion of this mysterious soliloquy, he took up his spade and walked back towards the house, and directly Pearl fancied he was out of sight and hearing, she darted to a toolhouse there was in the grounds, and returning in a few moments with a spade, set to work to discover what it was her uncle had been so careful to hide, and the spade at length striking against something hard, she stooped and found a small iron box.

She was not so careful to efface the marks of her work, as her uncle had been; and not many minutes elapsed before she was again standing in her boudoir, and, but for the substantial proof she held in her hand, could have fancied the events of the past hour had been some strange dream.

Opening the box was the next difficulty, for the hasp was stiff and rusted, but Pearl was not to be daunted by small obstacles, and she succeeded at last in raising the lid, though at the expense of several scratches on her hands, but she had no sooner done so than she started back, for, lying at the top, directed in her father's well-remembered handwriting was a letter, on the envelope of which were written the words, "For Pearl, with her dead father's love and blessing."

"Pearl read the letter through slowly and reverently, as one would read a message from the loved and lost, and when she came to the end of the last page, she laid it on the table, and burst into a passion of tears, and then, when the first paroxysm was over, she leant back quietly in her chair, for the change from overwhelming sorrow to intense joy was too great to leave her strength for anything but a voiceless thanksgiving to the Author of good; and so the moments passed by, and Christmas morning dawned to witness, as a Christmas morning always should, the birth of new hopes and new aspirations after the good and true.

In spite of her long vigil the preceding night, Pearl was the first to enter the breakfast-room, which she did with such a happy, peaceful look on her face, that when Angus came in a little time after, ready dressed for the journey, he was not to take; he noticed it, and man-like, felt something like pain, to think that *she could so soon* forget, whilst *his* heart was still so sore.

She bade him good morning, with a positive smile on her lips, and then laying her hand on his arm, said—

"Will you come to the library? I have something to shew you."

Angus was surprised at the request, but could do nothing but obey; so the pair entered the room where they had felt the pain of their threatened separation.

Pearl opened the drawer of a secretary, took from it a letter, and placed it in her companion's hands, saying as she did so—

"Read that, Angus, and then tell me if you do not think that our Christmas may be happy yet."

And Angus read the letter, a letter in which a father confessed his sin to his child, and implored her to forgive him if he impoverished her, in order to atone for a long course of deceit.

"The will Mr. Warneford made in my favour"—thus ran one paragraph of the letter, "was not his last. Touched by some natural feeling of affection, he afterwards made one by which, with the exception of a trifling legacy to me, everything was left to his son."

"Of this will; no matter how I became possessed, and in an evil hour resolved to conceal it; but always with the idea of restoring it at my death; and now, if I take this step, my child, you will be comparatively poor; but you will forgive me, I think, and carry out my wishes for the sake of your sainted mother. I have placed the will in the box with this letter; my lawyer will tell you what steps to take."

Then Pearl had to give a lengthy account of how, and when, and where she had found the long-lost will, and at its conclusion she felt so sure of her ground, that she actually had the audacity to slip one little hand round her questioner's neck, and whilst her face was so close to his that her hair touched his cheek, whispered—

"Now the wrong is made right, we may love each other again; may we not Angus, dear Angus?"

To which, of course, "dear Angus" was only too glad to return an answer in the affirmative, and the laurel leaves thrilled as they listened to another version of the old, old story, so old and yet so new, so common and yet so precious, that there still seems to be something of the balm-laden atmosphere of Arcadia lingering round it.

For some time Uncle Ron's possession of the will seemed likely to remain a mystery; but Mrs. Price solved it by volunteering the information, that the day before Mr. Hulbert died, he had given her a long, rambling account of a stolen will, saying she would find it in a small iron box in a cupboard in the library; she remembered Ronald being present at the time, but did not think he knew what was said.

The day after Mr. Hulbert's death she had gone to search for the box, in order to give it to Pearl, but not finding it, had been strengthened in her belief that his words had been uttered in delirium, not having any foundation in truth, so she had thought it useless to trouble Pearl about it, and had since nearly forgotten the occurrence. However, Ronald must have understood enough to make him remove the box, and Angus Warneford's resemblance to his father, must have awakened some train of thought, that recalled the will, and what he thought Pearl's danger.

So ended Pearl's Perplexities, though Ella mischievously asserted they only began, when a fortnight after that holly berries looked down on orange blossoms and white favours. Time has proved that the best wish we can offer to our readers, is "that each Christmas day may bring them as much happiness as the two whose events we have chronicled brought Pearl."

A WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

Oh! welcome, welcome Christmas,
 Right welcome, jovial King;
 For dearly do I prize the gifts,
 Thy kindly hand doth fling.

I love the atmosphere of peace
 Thy coming casts o'er earth;
 And better still the story love,
 That telleth of His birth.

I love the welcome rest thou bring'st
 For heart, and brain and hand,
 I love the noisy revelry,
 Thou spreadest through the land.

I love to see thy drifting snows,
 Though something like a sigh
 Half owns I cannot brave them
 As in the days gone by.

I may not greet thee with the shout
 My childish lips would raise,
 Nor dance about like thing possessed,
 With screams of noisy praise.

Thou com'st to find me changed, old friend,
 For feelings deep and strong,
 Have swept some fairy castles down,
 Whose mem'ries linger long.

Yet take a hearty welcome,
 And take this idle lay,
 Though envious Time has tried to snatch
 Thy glamourie away.

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

CHAPTER II.



ROSE who are in the habit of frequenting the British Museum must, I am sure, be aware that a rule exists which obliges visitors to leave their umbrellas, parasols, walking-sticks, and all other implements of a supposed dangerous description at a counter in the entrance-hall before they are allowed to proceed upstairs on a tour of inspection. Rose, who appeared somewhat agitated at our meeting, seemed perfectly ignorant that there was such a regulation in existence, and I, just then, was equally as unconscious. The attendants, however, proved themselves to be highly vigilant, for we had not walked many steps from the stool by Sir Joseph Banks' statue, before we were rather peremptorily commanded to deliver up our sticks and parasols. We obeyed this order immediately, and quietly surrendered everything demanded of us, even to that awfully destructive weapon, the miniature cane of Master Augustus, into whose eyes came tears as he handed it over. This business despatched, we ascended the grand staircase and entered the zoological rooms.

It is by no means an easy undertaking to conduct very young ladies and gentlemen through a building where curiosities are to be seen on all sides; and of the truth of this, I and Rose were very soon fully convinced. Gus questioned us most pertinaciously, and his sisters, Blanche, Amy and Florence, were anything but silent.

"Is the rhinoceros a very fierce beast?" inquired Blanche, retreating two or three paces from the specimen at which we had been staring for some considerable time.

"I believe so," replied Rose. "It is; is it not?" she continued, turning round and addressing me.

I nodded affirmatively, and she then made Blanche and the rest acquainted with sundry interesting facts as to the hardness of its skin, and the difficulty hunters experience in piercing it with bullets

all of which information I felt satisfied must be authentic, because I myself had become possessed of it many years before—at a time, I may add, when I wore tunics and attended a certain academy for young ladies and gentlemen. At this establishment, I recollect, I was initiated into the mysteries of Mavor's Spelling-book; and, if I mistake not, Mavor therein bears witness to the fact that the rhinoceros is a very pachydermatous animal indeed. By an association of ideas, I linked Rose's account with my early school-days, and my early school-days with Mavor and his spelling-book. I believe I did Rose no injustice; and that hers was an unconscious plagiarism, I feel assured.

We were successful in satisfying the children's curiosity with regard to the rhinoceros and many other animals, but our task was by no means ended, for they obliged us to supply them with data respecting the stuffed birds and fishes, the geological specimens, statues, mummies, and nearly everything of interest contained in the Museum. This was unfortunate, the result being that I and Rose were unable to say much to each other on a considerably more important topic. I felt somewhat bored and annoyed, and instead of taking things philosophically, heartily wished that the children had either remained at home or would pay more attention to that golden rule which prescribes that "little children should be seen and not heard;" and I believe Rose's wishes shaped themselves into a similar form. She glanced appealingly at me as if to beg that I would not be very, very cross at her visit having proved a failure, and declared she was utterly amazed at the children evincing such a thirst for knowledge. I vowed hypocritically how rejoiced I was at their showing so much intelligence, and begged that she would bring them again shortly.

Soon after four o'clock we passed through the iron gates into Great Russell Street, where we wreaked our vengeance on the children by commanding them to "walk on in front," and refrain from running back to ask questions. At that period of my intimacy with Rose, I recollect I used to make calculations as to the exact distance between the Museum and Carlton-square, Candour-road; and what space of time it would take to walk it in, allowing so many minutes for delays at crossings and so on. I forget now how long I allowed for the journey; I think it was something considerable—probably two or three hours. Alas! with all my ingenuity, we seemed to do it in from ten to fifteen minutes. But how delightful were those walks, and how communicative Rose! I became quite a repository of family secrets, and could have related, *aya*, could even now relate, that famous anecdote of the ——— fully as well as her grandpapa himself. Rose, do you recollect where it was first told to me? You are not here to answer me, but can it be that you have forgotten? Indeed, I hope not. Permit me to remind you. You are, I know, aware how favourably a certain park was situated for our meetings; you remember, I daresay, its broad gravel-walks, the bright tints of the flowers, the rustling foliage, the roaring of caged wild beasts, and, above all the omnipresence of the keepers;

and, perhaps, you can recollect a pathway bordered with long rows of chestnut trees, which in spring-time bloom most luxuriantly? If your recollection of this has not faded with the blossoms (it is mid-winter now!), it will flit across your memory that one beautiful morning early in June, you and I were seated on one of the many seats which are placed by the side of that pathway, and that you then and there threw aside all reserve, and confided to me many secrets, all of which I promised—I give your own words—"never, *never* to divulge." You will probably recollect this. You prattled away so innocently that I had not the heart to stop you, and I am sure I had not the power, for there was a fascination about you that morning which I found it impossible to resist. My admiration for the delicacy and tact of a certain park-keeper, you will remember, knew no bounds. How thoroughly he seemed to understand the matter; how averted his gaze; how confined his beat! "Ah!" I thought, as I glanced gratefully towards him, "underneath that resplendent waistcoat there beats a heart less stony than I imagined, and surely that gold-laced hat covers a brain capable of conceiving generous sentiments. Unlike many of his race, he is far from being omnipresent. Such disinterested conduct ought not to be without its reward." And yet, Rose, that park-keeper could not have shown us greater favour than he did the rest of the people (I may not write "lovers") over whom he held sway. The secret of the matter, I am inclined to believe, was this, that being of a philosophical turn of mind, and rather indolently disposed, he preferred looking upon the different phases of flirtation with an indulgent eye, considering them of a different nature and perfectly harmless to the mischievous propensities of boys and the floral thefts of misguided visitors to his territory. If he had been more obtrusive, Rose, you would, perhaps, have withheld one-half of those tender glances; and if he had been less persistently deaf, it is more than probable that you would not have confided to me one-tenth of those most delightful of secrets. The chestnuts have bloomed once only since that eventful morning—I scented their fragrance as I walked alone; next spring they will bloom again, but I doubt whether we shall sit beneath their shade. "*Amorium*," and not "*Amamus*," shall be inscribed upon "our seat!"

We had spent more than one pleasant morning in the R.—'s Park previously to the one of which I have just written. Indeed I was in the habit of meeting Rose there at least once a week. The children always accompanied her, but we did not find them very great encumbrances. They were allowed as much play as they pleased, and consequently, they did not interfere with us much. Gus possessed a famous gutta percha ball which was in constant requisition while we were seated under the chestnuts, and Blanche and her two sisters considered it neither undignified nor unladylike to join their brother in his sports.

You may rest assured that I and Rose found enough to talk about at such times, but whenever the conversation happened to flag, she would fumble at her pocket, and after much violent exertion, produce a well-thumbed copy of the "In Memoriam." I have alluded to this

book in a former chapter as being now in my possession. Like many other young ladies of fervent natures, she had "suffered," and, to gratify her whim, I declared that I had "suffered," too; so we desecrated the volume by reading the verses most applicable to our respective cases. Such a proceeding was not very flattering to each other; but, as Rose rather sentimentally argued, "Our lost loves, (I think she meant false) ought not to be forgotten." I fancy I hear her now reciting in low, monotonous tones, and blushing deeply as she recited, the following beautiful lines:—

"O! somewhere meek unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair,
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, thou waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking this will please him best,
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns,
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And even as she turns, the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or killed in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me, no second friend!"

"No, no—not perpetual maidenhood, Rose—you will not be so cruel!" I not infrequently interposed. My appeal was invariably unheeded. Turning over several leaves, she would fly off at a tangent, and recite the following verse, laying great emphasis on the last two lines—

"I hold it true, whate'er befalls,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all!"

"Why, Rose," I asked—"why is it better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all?"

"Why," she would almost shriek, her eyes flashing with excitement the while—"why is it better to have loved and lost?—why, because you have in all probability passed through the fire and been purified, and are more likely to be in a better condition to appreciate true love when it is offered you."

"But have I passed through the fire, and am I purified? Moreover, have I a just appreciation of the true love offered me?"

"You are talking nonsense, sir; I was speaking in a general sense. I wish you would be serious; you only make pretensions of being in earnest. I really think you laugh at me behind my back. Listen to this, and I quote it for your especial benefit, remember—

"Urania speaks with darkened brow,
Thou pratest here where thou art least,
This faith hath many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou."

Her moment of triumph followed, and she knew only too well how to make the most of it. I was deposed for the time, and the children reigned in my stead. However, we always arranged our differences as we walked towards home.

Rose had another sister (about a year younger than herself) of whom I have not yet spoken, and it was not long before she was taken into the secret, and formally introduced to me. The children were, of course, sometimes left at home; and on such occasions I, Rose, and Margaret, held high jinks. Then it was that ices were eaten in the refreshment room at the South Kensington Museum, and visits paid to the Royal Academy, and morning performances of nearly every description attended. Once we had the audacity to journey so far as Kew. Rose, do you not think the gardens there the most delightful in existence? If you do not, I do. And it will not be very difficult for you to guess why. The river too! Does not the river wind away to Paradisiacal nooks, and did not you and Margaret declare that a certain hired skiff, propelled (certainly not rowed) by an unskilful oarsman, who nearly brought you both to grief, was preferable to a gilded and painted gondola or the Lord Mayor's Barge itself? I will not oblige you to answer these questions; I am content to assure you that I have still a remembrance of a very pleasantly spent afternoon.

Rose and Margaret had to meet me at all manner of strange places. I can, with a pardonable egotism, proclaim that I am as well acquainted with the majority of the metropolitan bazaars as most people, and this has been brought about entirely owing to my waiting in them on several occasions and for considerable periods of time for the appearance of these young ladies. Our favourite place of meeting was the German Fair. I have waited there for hours. Is it, then, to be wondered at that I am recognised, and screamed at by the parrots whenever I venture within its precincts, and a matter for surprise, seeing that I never purchased anything of them, that the young ladies who preside at the several stalls should treat me with contempt and disdain as I pass them by? I think not. It is to my shame and confusion I confess that I have experienced similar treatment elsewhere—at the Crystal Palace, in Oxford-street; for we were wont to meet there, too. That I was a mere loungeur and not a purchaser was known to everybody in this establishment, from

the beadle at the entrance to the glass-blower by the refreshment counter. My presence, I am sure, was barely tolerated there; and I felt only too relieved when Rose and Margaret made their appearance, and I was at liberty to walk away. The Pantheon and Soho Bazaar were places of meeting as well. In the former building, if I arrived too early, I could moralise over Haydon's picture of the "Raising of Lazarus." In the latter there was nothing for it but to take an interest in the mosaic jewellery and toys.

I admitted in prefixing the title to this tale that it would not be without elements essentially tragic; and now, after a long preamble, I must bring it to its melancholy conclusion. Usually there is a great deal of beating about the bush before we confess to our having been discomfited, but after the long windy speech the sad truth is sure to follow. Every disagreeable duty is invariably prefaced by its wordy oration.

Things went on smoothly and happily until the autumn; but then the shadow fell. About the middle of September I determined to go into the country for a week or two, on a walking excursion, and as I knew very little of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, I selected those counties for my tramp. I met Rose (by appointment, of course) the evening before I started, and it was arranged that she should address her first letter to the post-office at St. Albans, and that I should write and let her know where to forward the next. At noon the following day I took the train for Watford, and soon arrived there, but did not find much to interest me. The town consists of one long straggling street of crazy-looking houses, a third of which are hotels and beershops. It happened to be market-day, but I had to be informed of the fact, for, left to myself, I should never have discovered it. Stay, there was one unmistakeable sign, the "farmer's ordinary" at the Essex Arms. I strove to be admitted to this banquet, but the landlord refused on the score of the yeomen not liking strangers at their table. "But," said he, apologetically, "there is a nice billiard-room upstairs, sir, and you can have something there, if you like. Sorry there isn't another room unoccupied." Upstairs I accordingly went, and not only found the billiard-room large and airy, but the marker (I believe that's the name) a most obliging and deferential young gentleman—an individual who informed me, somewhat enigmatically, I thought, that he would give me ten if I would pit myself against him. I pitted myself against him and, strange to say, vanquished him, novice though I was. Undaunted by his ill-luck, he offered to play me again on the same terms, and I consented. Again was he unfortunate; so unfortunate, in fact, that he asked me in the same mystifying language what I thought of "level chalks." I hardly knew what to answer, but thinking he wanted to play one more game, I replied at a venture that "level chalks" would suit me admirably. We played with the same result as before. I then left him and the Essex Arms, as I thought it was high time for me to start for St. Albans.

St. Albans is not very far from Watford—about nine or ten miles, I think—and I enjoyed the walk there amazingly. The road along

which I had to pass is for four or five miles skirted with trees, and these, together with the high, bushy hedgerows, give it quite a bowery appearance, and afford ample shade on such hot September days as the one on which I travelled it. I got to my journey's end at about half-past seven o'clock, rather tired and very hungry, and went straight to the Peahen Hotel (to which I had been recommended) for accommodation, but was unable to obtain any, as that highly respectable hostelry was in a state of siege, owing to its being the head-quarters of the All-England Eleven, who had come down to play the Twenty-two of St. Albans and district. From the Peahen, I went to the George, which is a quaint, old-fashioned house, but by no means an uncomfortable one, and, after a short interview with the landlady, managed to secure a bedroom and order some tea, which was a long time coming, owing, as the waitress remarked, with many blushes and much hesitation, to "the house being full." The house *was* full and no mistake, and I found it out when I entered the smoking-room an hour or so later. That apartment, however, despite its crowded state and nearly insupportable heat, was very far from being an unpleasant place, for it was filled with an agreeable and amusing company, the bucolic type (the drab-gaitered, tight-vested, round-shouldered bucolic type) being predominant. There were farmers old and farmers young seated there, all in holiday attire, and all puffing vigorously at that description of pipe which I believe is called a "churchwarden;" and these gentlemen, as they freely confessed, had come to see the match. The confession of one portly old yeoman deserves mention on account of its originality. An acquaintance had just asked him if he had been a spectator, and he replied somewhat after this fashion; "Yes, Henery, I wur down there, my boy, but darn 'ee, I don't think I should have come if 'tadn't been for my missus. She said to me this morning, 'Joseph,' says she, 'that ere cricket match is going on at St. Albans; and I've half a mind to go and see it, so you'd better have the bay mare put in the gig and drive me over.' 'Law bless 'ee,' says I, 'I quite forgot the match; I intended to go all along, so do 'ee run upstairs and put on your things, while I go and see 'Arry about the mare?' So off we started and got there in pretty fairish time, and saw most of the day's play.—Come, drink up, farmer, and 'ave another glass." Thus exhorted, his friend was about to do as he was bidden, but a damper was suddenly placed upon the proceeding by the entrance of the waiter, who whispered a few words into Mr. Joseph's ear, which caused him to rise hastily from his seat, and exclaim, "Very sorry I can't stay any longer; the missus is waiting for me. Good night, George; good night, gentlemen all." That "the missus" was waiting for him was an indisputable fact, as several smothered exclamations of anger, in a female voice, sounding from the passage as Mr. Joseph made his exit, went to prove, besides there was a lengthy and passionate harangue in the stable-yard before the bay mare trotted away with the gig.

After spending a short time in the smoking-room I went for a stroll round the town. The night was beautifully fine, the moon

being nearly at its full; but as I paced the quaint old streets, in which I met scarcely a single person, a feeling of lonesomeness came over me such as I had seldom experienced before, and my thoughts very naturally reverted to Rose. I will not say whether I do or do not believe in presentiments; but this much I *will* say, that I felt that night as if something would shortly occur to interfere with our acquaintanceship, and although I strove hard I could not divest myself of the idea—an idea that a materialist would have scouted at once, attributing it to absence, the clandestine nature of our intimacy, melancholy born of the moonlight, a knowledge of the inconstancy of women, a slightly impaired digestion, and a variety of other causes. From the streets I walked down to the Abbey church, and entered a pathway on its south-western side, but it was impossible for me to remain there long, for some one was playing on the organ, and its subdued pealing, together with the flood of moonlight on the high painted windows, made me more melancholy still; so I determined to stroll back to the George and go to bed at once.

I rose early the next morning, and when the post came in, went to the office for Rose's letter. It was handed to me through a pigeon-hole. Having secured it, I passed under an archway out into a meadow close by the side of the path through which I had strolled the night before. I seated myself beneath an elm-tree and broke the seal. Rose had much to say, and her letter was cheerfully written. The postscript, however, I did not like. It was to the effect that her papa had suddenly made up his mind to go to the sea-side, and they would all start for Brighton in a day or two. When they would return she did not know, but she would write constantly, and hoped I had not forgotten to send her a letter from St. Albans, stating where she must address her next. I may here say that I had written to her immediately on my arrival at St. Albans, and had begged her to write to the post-office at Luton, in Bedfordshire.

Very little remains to be told. I left St. Albans for Luton in the evening, and on the following morning I called at the Post-office at the latter place for a letter, but there was not one for me. I remained in the neighbourhood for a day or two, but still I received no tidings; and, thinking it would not avail me much if I prolonged my stay, I started for home, after leaving my address with the post-master, and giving him instructions to forward any letters to me without delay. All was confusion at Torchester-square when I arrived there. Mr. West, my landlord, was just about to vacate his house, and I had to look out for other apartments at once. After a long search I found some suitable, but not in the vicinity of Camden-road, and I was regretting how far I should be removed from Rose, when I was informed by a friend that the Saltouns would not return to Carlton-square. I felt exceedingly perplexed at this, as I knew very well that the chances were against my seeing Rose for some considerable time. Yet I would not, could not accuse her of inconstancy. I attributed all to some dreadful mistake; and

that I conjectured rightly subsequent events went to prove. But since the evening before I started for Hertfordshire, when I parted with her, I have neither discovered where she resides, nor have I seen her. Before I conclude, however, let me wish her, wherever she may be, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." Even to this, Echo replies, in perverted, but too truthful tones,—“There is no Rose without a Thorn.”

W. J. T.



THE TOWN MOUSE.



ALREADY, even at this early period, some of us have begun to think about Christmas—for there are men of a certain genus who, unfortunately are, for many reasons, obliged to have their imaginations many weeks in advance. They are obliged to eat their Christmas pudding in September, to revel in mistletoe kisses in October, and to think of crackling fires and steaming wassail during the sultry autumn weather. Indeed, they have so much of Christmas, they have to assume such an amount of fictitious jollity, and to wallow—so to speak—in such an overwhelming abundance of good feeling, that when the real period actually arrives, they may certainly be excused if they look upon it in the light of a somewhat dull and spiritless institution. Your *Town Mouse* has but one *beau idéal* of Christmas, namely that promulgated by the amiable fictionists who delight us annually in the columns of the *Illustrated News*, and till he enjoys a Christmas similar to that to which the proprietors of the journal named, have treated us for many years past, he will fail to believe in the original.

When is to be my lot to spend a Christmas week down at one of those wondrous old halls which Mr. Samuel Read draws so charmingly? What shall I be lucky enough to sit down at one of those family parties brimming over with forgiveness, and goodwill, that Mr. John Gilbert loves to depict? Shall I ever have the good fortune to turn out into the hall of a cold, snowy night to welcome that arch impostor, Uncle John? That delusive relative who is supposed to come—unexpectedly, of course—on Christmas eve, with a large woollen comforter tied over his nose, and his pockets bursting with presents for his nephews, and nieces. It is the correct thing for all the family to rush out into the hall to welcome this avuncular humbug—the youngest olive branches cling to his knees, eldest daughter throws her arms round his neck, eldest son helps him off with his coat, papa smirks idiotically, and mamma simpers sympathetically. Bah! I have no

patience with such goings on. I never had an Uncle John, and if I had, I feel certain he would never have presented himself at the paternal mansion on Christmas eve, with his pockets swollen with good gifts for his relations.

Be Christmas a season of unlimited joviality, and unwonted festivity, or a period of countless ills, and—bills, it matters not. At any rate our friends the publishers will not fail to remind us that this is the season for the presentation of gift books, and will continue to publish them at this season—as long as Christmas lasts and publishers exist. One of the most charming volumes of the kind to which we allude is “*Wayside Posies*.” The pictures are by Messrs. G. J. Pinwell, Frederick Walker, and J. W. North—are admirable examples of these well-known artists, whilst the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan as editor of the work, is a sure sign that the poems are of no ordinary excellence. The following lines by Mr Buchanan well bear out the impression :—

“Her hair falls free—her beauteous face
Puts a charm on the common place.

Down, O sun! Arise, O moon!
That the magic may come upon us soon.

Die O day. Come eventide,
That the common things may be beautified.

It is impossible to refrain from quoting a verse of a poem by Mr. W. Black—who is one of the rising and most versatile of our magazine writers. It has such a musical ring and such an harmonious sense of colour—to speak in a pictorial sense—pervading it :—

“I watch the sunset’s latest dart
Pale in the clear, cool even,
Till the white moon becomes the heart
Of the violet of heaven :
And then I watch this glorious flower
Grow lovelier through each silent hour.”

The last thing to be looked at in a book is its binding, but at this festive season it is, alas! generally the first. And in looking at the cover of this volume it may safely be affirmed, should its charming contents fail to sell it, there are many who will purchase it because

its exterior artistic embellishment of purple, cream, and gold "looks well on the drawing-room table."

Next we have "Warne's Christmas Annual," edited by Mr. Tom Hood. The advertisement of the "Five Alls" has puzzled and worried everyone for weeks past. It now turns out to be a collection of tales by the brotherhood who entertained us so well last year with "Rates and Taxes," and the year before with the "Bunch of Keys." Besides the tales just alluded to, we are delighted to find an account of Mrs. Brown getting into a most perplexing *imbroglio* with her lodgers. Mr. Sawyer's verses entitled "The Dead of the Year" are very powerful, and Mr. Clement Scott's "Telle est la vie" has an indescribable charm about it. Besides the above there are some thirty articles, making a wondrous *melange* of riddles, acrostics, tales and verse. The book is copiously illustrated by Messrs. Brunton, Grisct, W. S. Gilbert, and others, and is truly a wonderful shilling's worth.

We had occasion a little while ago to call attention to the inferior and debased character of the comic songs of the present day. It may be whispered that shortly before Christmas, Messrs. Routledge and Sons will publish a book of comic songs edited by Mr. J. E. Carpenter. This volume will be a great boon to all lovers of good comic songs—free from idiotcy and vulgarity. It contains contributions from some of the best of our humorous song writers, and, it is needless to say, that the "caddish" ditties of the "Great So-and-so," or insipid *double entendres* of the fascinating "Mrs. Somebody," will find no place in its pages."

The crowd which assembled to welcome Mr. Artemus Ward on his first public appearance in London almost called to mind that famous evening when Albert Smith gave his final representation of Mont Blanc. Most of critical London were there cramming every seat, and leaving but little room for the British public who had to be turned away from the doors in large numbers. Mr. Ward was hailed with shouts of applause on his appearance, and when his audience became a little quiet, began his entertainment. It is one of a totally different kind ever seen in London before; the lecturer seems so grave, so totally unaware that he is making a joke; his humour is of so dry and peculiar a character, and his fun is of a nature so quaint and ingenious that it is impossible to convey the effect it has to those who have not witnessed one of his performances. To the thinking of many, Mr. Ward will prove even more skilful and amusing as an entertainer than as a writer. The lecture had but one fault—a fault which the lecturer himself, with his abundant resources, can easily remedy—namely, that it was over too soon. If this trifling shortcoming is attended to, a long and prosperous career may be predicted for "Artemus Ward among the Mormons."

The production of "Barnaby Rudge" at the Princess's Theatre was the cause of amusement in more senses than one. Firstly, from the burlesque and pantomimic character of the entire performance; secondly, from the total misconception of the part of *Miss Miggs*, by Mrs. John Wood; and, thirdly, by Mr. Vining's speech after the second act. This speech was in the worst possible taste; it was not

only impolitic, but it was impudent. The idea of a manager saying that if "he only knew who were hissing, he would turn them out." I own I should have like to have seen him try to do so. The real fact was the hissing was not confined to one or two; it was more general than people imagined. It existed in the stalls, in the pit, in the dress circle, and in the gallery. It was indeed a healthy sign to think the British public—although a much abused and long-enduring body—had sufficient spirit to refuse to swallow everything that managerial arrogance might attempt to ram down its throat. At one of the minor theatres there is an inscription in the gallery, "*Any person whistling will be expelled by the police.*" Mr. Vining should have placarded at the Princess's, "*Anyone hissing will be turned out.*" For as long as his theatre is under the same rules as other theatres, Mr. Vining must know as well as the public he presumes to lecture that if people have a right to applaud, they have certainly a right to hiss.

A sad gloom has been thrown over certain literary and artistic circle by the early death of Mr. Paul Gray. It was only last month that I alluded to his being engaged, amongst others, in illustrating a Christmas book about to be brought out by the Savage Club. I believe these very drawings were the last work done by his hand. The first drawing by him, by which he became known to the public, appeared in the pages of "Punch," not long after the death of John Leech, and was conspicuous by that grace and refinement which culminated in his latter works. Since the new series of "Fun" commenced, Mr. Gray has been on the staff, and always contributed the large cartoon till within the last few weeks. These cartoons were remarkable for their careful drawing and their elegance of fancy. It is needless to remind your readers of the popularity some of them enjoyed, especially "Buoyed with Hope," and "Gone from the Helm." He also illustrated "Hereward," and contributed some charming drawings to the pages of "London Society." The great progress he made in his professional career in so short a time is something marvellous, for it is little more than three years ago that he came to London comparatively an unknown man. His early death at the age of twenty-four will be mourned by the many friends he made amidst the brotherhood of art and literature, by those who worked constantly with him in the same field, and who bear ample testimony to the kindness of his heart and the power of his genius.

A more pleasant lounge on a bright morning at this season of the year is scarcely to be found than the French Gallery. It is nicely warmed and softly carpeted; there are luxurious ottomans to recline upon; the place is never overcrowded, and there are just enough pictures to see comfortably, without cracking your neck by gazing upwards or rubbing your knees by looking downwards. It is to be wished that the catalogue was better arranged, so that you might go steadily through it instead of having to flutter backwards and forwards amongst its leaves whilst viewing the collection. What use there is in having the artists names arranged alphabetically *through* the catalogue it is difficult to say. The old plan of having them at the end

with their addresses and numbers referring to their pictures is far better. Mr. Mark's "Garden at Olney" is very fresh and real, and there is an indescribable charm about Mr. Walker's "Wayfarer"—the chill, wintry look of the landscape being capitally rendered. Mr. Rossiter's little picture is very careful indeed, the most highly-finished example of his pencil one has seen for some time. Mr. Elmore's "En déshabille" is very forcible and brilliant. Mr. G. A. Storey's "The Breakfast," contains some admirable transcripts of child-life, tenderly rendered and delicately painted. Mr. Cadberon's three works call for especial remark on account of the admirable pictures he has contrived to make from the most trivial materials. Mr. Watts's portraits of Tennyson and Browning are forcible, but it is a pity a good deal of the individuality is sacrificed by a hazy melodramatic sombreness in which they are shrouded. On the whole, the exhibition is scarcely as good as it was last year. The proprietors should bear in mind that three or four good pictures more or less make all the difference in a small collection.

"Can any of your correspondents inform me?"—to quote the style adopted by country squires in addressing the "Field" newspaper—when the Ludgate Hill Bridge of the London Chatham and Dover Railway is to be finished? When shall we be allowed to cross over those footways which were said would be such a source of safety and convenience to the British public. It is impossible to say how many months it has remained in its present state, an eyesore to everybody and a delight to no one but the bill-stickers, who find an ample field for the exercise of their calling on the adjacent hoarding. The despotism of railways is becoming something frightful. If we allow them to tear down our houses whenever and wherever they please, and throw hideous girders across our streets at the most inconvenient situations, the very least we can expect in return is, that they will do their work decently and expeditiously.

The shameful way in which a certain body of witless youths behaved at Dr. Mary Walker's Lecture, at St. James's Hall, the other evening, has deservedly been the subject for severe comment in more places than one. It is true that the lady in question has a few harmless crochets with regard to dress, and would have the ladies of England attired in a costume similar to that adopted by school girls of ten years ago—which is not an unreasonable costume by the bye—and has a few unaccountable prejudices with regard to woman's mission, but over and above these she is a clever and good woman, who has done hard work and good service for her fellow creatures, and, as such, will receive a courteous hearing from an English audience. It is to be hoped that Dr. Mary Walker will not be discouraged by the brayings of a set of empty-headed donkeys—who think it the correct thing to steep themselves in every species of brainless folly and brutal dissipation, because they are "medical students"—who interrupted her discourse the other night, but will give the London public another opportunity of giving her a fair hearing and a gentlemanly reception.

I went the other evening to "Queen Victoria's own Theatre"—a

place of entertainment which owes its patronage less to the exalted personage named, than a certain individual scarcely less widely known, at any rate in London—namely, “Mrs. Brown.” Though rather disappointed at not finding a spacious *loge* with russet-coloured curtains, and being told it was “Mrs. Brown’s Box,” I was very much delighted with my evening’s entertainment. The new nautical drama “Cast Away,” was capitally acted. Vice, strong in numbers and armed to the teeth though successful at the early part of the drama, was eventually overcome, and shot down in large numbers when the curtain fell on the pleasant picture of *Virtue Triumphant*. The piece was admirably put upon the stage, and the scene of the *Hermione* sailing through the fleet at Spithead, and the carefully grouped tableau of the raft reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Fenton. By the courtesy of the managers I was shown over the theatre, and taken to the top of the threepenny gallery. The *coup d’œil* from thence was most extraordinary—every nook of standing room being occupied. One looked down over an interminable sea of heads on to the row of lamps far below. It reminded one more of one of Martin’s pictures than anything else, and gave one a capital idea of the theatre.

Number two of Miss Braddon’s *Belgravia* is undoubtedly an improvement on its predecessor. *Birds of Prey* increases in interest. There is an admirable paper by Mr. Mortimer Collins, *Through Cornwall*. This gentleman, who is the most pleasant of peripatetic authors, gossips as quaintly and graphically as heretofore. There is a very powerful biographical narrative of *Jacob Lindes Investor*, by Dr. Leoffem. The illustrations are, as usual, well drawn and carefully engraved, witness, Miss Edith Dumas, illustration to *Ten and Twenty*, and Mr. Skills to the *Iron Casket*.

In spite of the dull, foggy weather there was a large attendance at the private view of the Old Water Colour Society on Saturday last. In it is a very fair exhibition on the whole, but it would give greater satisfaction to the lovers of art if it were really what it pretends to be, an exhibiton of “Sketches and Studies.” For it may be reasonably objected that there are too many second-rate finished pictures, too many academy studies hastily vamped up into pictures, and too many “pot-boilers” for the Exhibition to be what it aspires to. As notable exceptions to this however may be noticed Mr. Walker’s picture of a country street, with a flock of geese passing slowly, and solemnly through it. The quiet, humorous colour of the whole picture is especially valuable, and the drawing too of the geese, and the endless variety of their attitudes, is marvellous. Mr. Smallfields large female head is admirable in colour, and has a tender, dreamy beauty about it which is very charming. The quantity, and variety of studies and sketches exhibited by this gentleman testify to the versatility of his genius. Mr. Boyce has some wonderfully real sketches, which have the true impress of nature only to be obtained by being painted on the spot. There are besides these some valuable studies at Rotterdam, and Venice by Mr. J. Holland. But it is useless to attempt to give more than a *souçon* of the quality of an exhibition of this kind in a short paragraph.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, we are told that everybody of ordinary education was able to take their part in a catch or glee, in short, able to read music at sight. It is to be feared, with all our boasted progress in matters musical—we have scarcely arrived at such a pitch of perfection in the present day. For all that, however, part singing is much on the increase, even amongst families and social gatherings. A great difficulty is often experienced in getting suitable music sufficiently cheap and portable for this purpose, but a little work I have lately received will, I think, efficiently supply the want. It is called "The Part Singer," and is edited by Mr. T. Crampton, who has contributed some very charming music of his own. Each number contains two or more part songs arranged for four voices and accompaniment. The price is one penny, and it is so portable that a young lady might carry half a dozen madrigals in her girdle, and the bass might bring enough music for a fortnight in his pocket book.



HARMONIUMS.

THE harmonium is an improvement on the seraphine, invented by Mr. Green, it is an instrument capable of great power of expression so that brilliant pianoforte music can be played with great effect, and the grandeur of the church organ can be easily imitated. The sound is produced by metal vibrators, placed over different cavities in a current of air, produced from two bellows put in motion by the feet, the air enters a reservoir, under which a string is placed to give a gentle pressure. To increase the power, stops are used similar to the organ, the stops on the right hand effect the treble, those on the left hand, the bass. Swells, as on the organ, are finished with great beauty and are generally put in motion by the heel of the right foot. Harmoniums are made with one to twenty rows of vibrators, the imitation of different instruments is very perfect, and affords all the resources of a full band. The French were the makers of harmoniums for some years, Alexandre and Debain being the two principal firms, but lately English enterprise has entered into competition with the foreigners, and produce an instrument of finer quality of tone at a very moderate price. Julius Layland and Co., of 67, Blackman St., Borough, may be noticed as having improved the manufacture of English harmoniums, combining both the quality of the organ with the lightness of the pianoforte; they manufacture on the vertical and horizontal principle, and when combined, produce a superior harmonium, at a very moderate price.

Description of a fourteen stop harmonium. The sounding board or pan of the harmonium consists of cavities of different lengths, according to the number of the vibrations of the reed. There are four complete rows of notes in this harmonium, two rows at the pitch of the organ eight foot pipe, one row at the sixteen foot, and the other row at the four foot. Over the holes that are pierced for the reeds, a palette covered with leather is placed, kept down in its place by a spring. Connected with the palette is a lever, working on a centre, on which the key or ivories act; under the pan are placed the air holes, that allow the air to enter under the different vibrators, these air holes have large flaps that can be opened or shut at pleasure by means of a stop, by this means, any particular stop can be used alone, or with one or two others. To procure a light and elastic spring with the stops, a brass knee is used, which acts on a hinged table, under which is a wooden dowel acting on the different stop actions. The names of the stops used are as follows, expression grand jeu, flute, clarionette, hautbois, fife, tremolo, cor-anglais, bourdon, basson, clarion, sourdine, and two fortes, one forte acts on the treble and makes the treble more prominent than the bass, and the other forte has the power of making the bass more prominent than the treble. (Julius

Layland, has invented a forte that is effective on all the stops.) A wind indicator is placed just by the stops, so as to show the performer the amount of air in the reservoir; when there is only a small pressure the indicator points to dolce, and when full to forte. A knee grand jeu is placed at a convenient place for the knees to act on, so as to bring on the full power of the instrument, or to shut it off at pleasure. At the back of the harmonium is placed a back blower, so that another person can work the bellows, instead of the performer. If German pedals are placed under the harmonium, this is quite necessary, as the performer has to use both feet in quick passages, or if the upper notes are used in slow passages. One of the largest harmoniums ever made is now on view at Julius Layland's show rooms, 67, Blackman Street, Borough, E. C.



LA MODE.

The short dresses are gaining more acceptance than ever, but chiefly in black, and the short tunic is exchanged for a longer skirnoors. Rep dresses will be very fashionable this winter. Twill mohair braids are used to trim these very broad, and supplemented by a very narrow braid sewn on in a pattern. Jet beads are sometimes used on these. All trimmings go down the seams, ending a quarter of a yard above them in medallion, or fan shaped piece. Silk dresses are garnished with bands of silk edged with satin in two inch broad strips down the seams, may have a double piping of satin and silk. Flowers made of satin with a centre jet button, are greatly used, three placed at the end of a straight seam trimming. The same ornament is carried out on mantles, which are striped lengthways, with broad silk bands, or more simply garnished, with very narrow ones. The present fashions glory in extremes. Either the trimming is very simple, or extremely rich and profuse. In the latter case it consists of a perfect mass of jet beads, finely cut, and mingled with delicate braid work. Jet ornaments, are still the height of the fashion. Silver is now very little worn. Petticoats are very much trimmed and ornamented. The Polish boot is very general, but not cut quite so high. A new kind of muff is introduced in black and white Astratran. It is small in size, and fringed round the opening with a deep fall of the very longest haired Astratran, that hangs, like the well-known monkey fur, deeply and gracefully over the hands. The centre fur is short and glossy. The newest boa folds across the neck with the head of the animal at one side and the tail at the other. Bonnets are being worn with deeper ears, now cold weather is setting in. A new shaped bonnet is very small, especially in the front, but still a bonnet in shape, which recent head coverings have not been. This has a very wide, round, flat crown behind, with an inch of stiff curtain, and a small close cottage front. It does not measure more than five inches from back to front. Jet beads are studded on the bonnets, and single sprays of flowers placed outside. A French gray or polonaise (almost a steel shade) are the fashionable colours, and blue is very much worn in the way of bonnet strings and flowers. Some very pretty floral jewellery has been imported from Paris. The comb for the chignon is quite a garland of pink May, tiny blush roses, and forget-me-nots. The brooch a spray of flowers, and from the ears a single flower is suspended from each. Chinchilla fur will be much worn this winter, as well as uncurled black and white Astratran, and seal-skin. Many seal-skin jackets are trimmed round with ermine or grebe. These are very showy. A deep water-proof tweed cloak is much in fashion. This covers the dress and petticoat completely, buttons down the front, has sleeves gathered to the wrist by elastic, and a moveable hood. It is lady-like, useful, and economical.

Many *chignons* are made now over a pad exactly like a wig. The hair is drawn through the centre and adjusted over it. When dressed,

these chignons look like round elbow cushions drawn down by a button in the centre.

Patent velvet and plush are being used for dresses. Hats are much trimmed with braid of Astrakhan, ermine, or grebe, and also some bonnets. We noticed a Neapolitan square of black velvet edged round with a narrow band of grebe. Another square bonnet had a second square added at the back and bent down over the chignon. The whole was covered by rich ruby velvet, simply edged with inch and a half wide Cluny lace. Inside was a damask rose.

NEEDLEWORK.

To be placed over Velvet.

CROCHET, POINT LACE, MANTLE CLOAK, VALANCE, &c.

This pattern is very quickly done, and consists of a point lace pattern arranged in vandykes. Use Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 0., and Walker's Penelope needle, No. 8. Work backwards and forwards. Make a chain the length required. 1st row, 2 tr., 5 ch., miss 5, repeat. 2nd row, ditto. 3rd row, 2 tr., 4 ch., × 4 tr. over two of last row, one beyond on each side, 3 ch., and repeat. 4th row, 2 tr., 2 ch., × 6 tr., over 4 of last row, one beyond on each side, 1 ch., and repeat. 5th row, ditto. 6th row, 2 tr., 4 ch., × four tr., over 6 of last row, 3 ch., and repeat. Repeat the pattern over again, and then work the two first rows again. Work the third row now, only along nine pins. Then turn and work the fourth row back again. Continue the pattern in this manner, decreasing three or four every row, and always taking care that each side of the row is similarly sloped, or the shape of the vandyke will be spoiled. When the pattern is completed there should be only seven pins. At the next completion of the pattern, five, and one pin graduated away from these, ends it. Miss one pattern of the heading, and commence the next vandyke, and so on, till the valance is completed. For a fringe make a chain the length required. Work a row of tr. upon it, and add a fringe. Sew it round the valance. We shall be happy to lend a worked pattern if any difficulty in following the printed directions should occur.

About 14 reels of cotton will be required, and Walker's tapestry Needle, No. 23, sew on the fringe with the same thread. The cost of the whole will be about 2s. 6d.

HOW TO MAKE A VERY PRETTY JET NECKLACE.

A BUNCH of small cut jet beads, something like bugles, must be procured, and a row or two of very large ones, the size every way of the round of a sixpence, or even a little larger. Two yards of the very narrowest black velvet, Walter, Evans & Co.'s black glace cotton No. 30, and Walker's ridge eyed needle No. 7 will be needed—on the velvet thread the small beads in a single row along the middle, and pretty close together. Then make a string of them from the edge an eighth of a yard long; take up one large bead, another eighth of small

ones, and pass the needle through the velvet about half an inch from the first thread. This makes a festoon half inch wide, and an eighth of a yard long, secure it with a stout button hole stitch. Then run the needle down through the small beads half way. Run on a string of small beads an inch long, one large bead, another inch of small beads, then string on *half an eighth* of yard of small beads, and pass the needle through the velvet an inch from the last loop. This last half eighth of beads is to form part of second long loop like the first. Make a stout double button-hole stitch, run the needle down the last half eighth of small beads, and continue the pattern.

DESCRIPTION OF NECKLACE.

To facilitate the work, we will describe the appearance of the necklace which is becoming, elegant and easily made. A narrow black velvet is tied round the neck with long ends hanging behind. The part encircling the throat is studded with jet beads of the small size. All round the neck festoons hang composed of double chains of jet beads, small size, with a large bead at the bottom. These form a loop from the narrow velvet about half an inch wide; an inch of space is allowed between each loop. To unite these loops together (where the inch space occurs), a short chain of fine jet beads, not more than an inch long, a large jet bead, and another fine jet chain an inch long is placed half way down.

FAMILY PASTIME.

ENIGMAS.

1.

My *first* is an animal, my *second* is a preposition, my *third* is a consonant, my *fourth* is a delicious relish, and my *whole* is a county in England.

2.

My *first* is to spoil, my *second* is a French pronoun, my *third* is to load, and my *whole* is a preserve.

3.

My *first* is worn by ladies in winter, my *second* is a preposition, and my *whole* is a light cake.

4.

My *first* is a flower, my *second* is a French article, and my *whole* is used by soldiers.

JULIETTA.

5.

HISTORICAL PICTURE.

A warrior clad in armour evidently of high rank was riding quietly along a narrow pass. On one side of him the cliff rose perpendicularly, on the other a deep blue lake lay in majestic beauty, its clear waters looking more calm and peaceful than ever when thus viewed at evening, by the light of the shining moon and twinkling stars. As he was riding along three men suddenly appeared and one of them seized the bridle, the warrior raised his sword and cut off the man's hand, thus freeing the reins, while the man sank on the ground, and bled to death. The second grasped the warrior's leg, and attempted to throw him from his horse, but the warrior put spurs to his animal, which immediately sprang forward, so that the man fell to the ground, and while he was endeavouring to rise his skull was cleft by the warrior's sword. The remaining assailant sprang desperately forward, but was also killed after a short struggle, though the warrior was obliged to leave his cloak behind him, it being firmly grasped by the dying man.

Required the name of the warrior and that of the three men.

IVY GREEN.

6.

CONUNDRUM.

When is a prisoner like a leaky boat?

CARACTACUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN LAST NUMBER.

1.

PUZZLE.

Constantinople.

2. -

REBUS.

Mexico, Montezuma. Edward the Black Prince. Xicotencatl. Isaac of Cyprus. Charlemagne. Outamba.

3.

CHARADES.

Spray—pray—ray.

4.

Rasher—share—hares.

5.

Pearl—earl—pear—ear.

6.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he hasn't much thyme (time) in bed.
2. Because "a friend in (k) need is a friend indeed!"
3. The one is the price of the pursuit of knowledge; the other is the knowledge of the price per suit.

